

The Test.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.)

stronger each second. Dry snow began to rustle slothfully about their feet. So swiftly were the changes wrought that before the mind had grasped their import the storm was on them, roaring down from every side, swooping out of the boiling sky, a raging blast from the voids of sunless space.

Pierre's shouts as he slashed at the sled lashings were snatched from his lips in scattered scraps. He dragged forth the whipping tent and threw himself upon it with the sleeping bags. Having cut loose the dogs, Willard crawled within his sack, and they drew the flapping canvas over them. The air was twilight and heavy with effervescent granules that hurtled past in a drone.

They removed their outer garments that the fur might fold closer against them and lay exposed to the full hate of the gale. They hoped to be drifted over, but no snow could lodge in this hurricane, and it sifted past, dry and sharp, eddying out a bare place where they lay. Thus the wind drove the chill to their bones bitterly.

An un nourished human body responds but weakly, so, vitiated by their fast and labors, their suffering smote them with tenfold cruelty. All night the north wind shouted, and, as the next day waned with its violence undiminished, the frost crept in upon them till they rolled and tossed shivering. Twice they essayed to crawl out, but were driven back to cover for endless, hopeless hours.

It is in such black, aimless times that thought becomes distorted. Willard felt his mind wandering through bleak dreams and tortured fancies, always to find himself harping on his early argument with Pierre. "It's the mind that counts." Later he roused to the fact that his knees, where they pressed against the bag, were frozen; also his feet were numb and senseless. In his acquired consciousness he knew that along the course of his previous mental vagary lay madness, and the need of action bore upon him imperatively.

He shouted to his mate, but "Wild" Pierre seemed strangely apathetic. "We've got to run for it at daylight. We're freezing. Here, hold on! What are you doing? Wait for daylight!" Pierre had scrambled stiffly out of his cover, and his gabblings reached Willard. He raised a clinched fist into the darkness of the streaming night, cursing horribly with words that appalled the other.

"Man, man! Don't curse your God! This is bad enough as it is. Cover up. Quick!"

Although apparently unmindful of his presence, the other crawled back muttering.

As the dim morning grayed their way downward toward the valley. Long since they had lost their gripping hunger and now held only an apathetic indifference to food, with a cringing dread of the cold and a stubborn sense of their extreme necessity. They fell many times, but gradually drew themselves more under control, the exercise suscitating them as they staggered downward, blinded and buffeted, their only hope the roadhouse.

Willard marveled dully at the change in Pierre. His face had shriveled to blackened freezes stretched upon a bony substructure and lighted by feverish, glittering, black, black eyes. It seemed to him that his own lagging body had long since failed and that his aching, naked soul wandered stiffly through the endless day. As night approached Pierre stopped frequently, propping himself with legs far apart; sometimes he laughed. Invariably this horrible sound shocked Willard into a keener sense of the surroundings, and it grew to irritate him, for the Frenchman's mental wanderings increased with the darkness. What made him rouse one with his awful laughter? These spells of walking insensibility were pleasanter far. At last the big man fell. To Willard's mechanical endeavors to help he spoke sleepily, but with the sanity of a man under great stress.

"Dat no good. I'm going freeze right 'ere—freeze stiff as 'ell. An revoir."

"Get up!" Willard kicked him weakly, then sat upon the prostrate man as his own faculties went wandering.

Eventually he roused and, digging into the snow, buried the other, first covering his face with the ample parka hood. Then he struck down the valley. In one luck spell he found he had followed a sled trail which was blown clear and distinct by the wind that had now almost died away.

Occasionally his mind grew clear, and his pains beat in upon him till he grew furious at the life in him which refused to end, which forced him ever through this gantlet of misery. More often he was conscious only of a vague and terrible extremity outside of himself that goaded him forever forward. Anon he strained to recollect his destination. His features had set in an implacable grimace of physical torture, like a runner in the fury of a finish, till the frost hardened them so. At times he fell heavily, face downward, and at length upon the trail, lying so till that omnipresent coercion that had frozen in his brain drove him forward.

He heard his own voice maundering through lifeless lips like that of a stranger. "The man that can eat his soul will win, Pierre."

Sometimes he cried like a child and slaver ran from his open mouth, freezing at his breast. One of his hands was going dead. He stripped the left

mitten off and drew it laboriously over the right. One he would save at least, even though he lost the other. He looked at the bare member dully, and he could not tell that the cold had eased till the bitterness was nearly out of the air. He labored with the fitful spurts of a machine run down.

Ten men and many dogs lay together in the Crooked River Roadhouse through the storm. At late bedtime of the last night came a scratching on the door.

"Somebody's left a dog outside," said a teamster and rose to let him in. He opened the door only to retreat a-frightfully.

"My God!" he said. "My God!" And the miners crowded forward.

A figure tottered over the portal, swaying drunkenly. They shuddered at the sight of its face as it crossed toward the fire. It did not walk; it



"I'm going freeze right 'ere."

shuffled haltingly, with flexed knees and hanging shoulders, the strides measuring inches only, a grisly burlesque upon sensibility.

Pausing in the circle, it mumbled thickly, with great effort, as though gleaming words from infinite distances: "Wild Pierre—frozen—buried—in snow—hurry!" Then he straightened and spoke strongly, his voice flooding the room:

"It's the mind, Pierre—ha, ha, ha—the mind!" He cackled hideously and plunged forward into a miner's arms.

It was many days before his delirium broke. Gradually he felt the pressure of many bandages upon him and the hunger of convalescence. As he lay in his bunk the past came to him hazy and horrible, then the hum of voices, one loud, insistent and familiar.

He turned weakly to behold Pierre propped in a chair by the stove, frost scarred and pale, but aggressive even in recuperation. He gesticulated fiercely with a bandaged hand, hot in controversy with some big limbed, bearded stranger.

"Bah! You fellows no good—too beez in the ches', too leetle in the forehead. She'll tak' the heducate mans for stan' the 'ardsheep, lak' me an' Meestaire Weelard."

Waterproof Paper Coats.

There is probably no more impervious, serviceable waterproof than the raincoats and cloaks of Mitsumata paper made from the leaves and stems of a small shrub which grows in the mountains of Japan. Until one of the experts of the department of agriculture discovered it a few years ago its existence was unknown to the outside world. Even now but little is known of it except that the plant has thrived in some mountainous portions of the United States and, further, that the method of manufacturing the paper is crude.

THE RELATION OF THE STATE TO ITS HIGHWAYS.

A study of the development of civilization demonstrates that in the exact proportion that the education and enlightenment of a people advance, so does arbitrary government recede. The theory of the Divine Right of Kings lasted as long as the people composing the various units were kept in ignorance of the strength they could exercise if acting together.

President Wilson on this subject said: "A nation is bound together by its means of communication. Its means of communication create its thought. Its means of intercommunication are the means of its sympathy; they are the means by which the various parts of it keep in touch with one another."

Absolutism in government began to disappear from the face of the earth when roads began to be built so that the people could get together, and the "consent of the governed" became, not only a factor, but the dominating principle in all government among civilized peoples.

The 15,000 miles of hard surfaced stone roads built in France between 1740 and 1790 were primarily intended for the ready transit of troops. In addition they made the French Revolution possible by bringing the people in touch with each other. When Napoleon extended and perfected the system of roads, and established a system of road maintenance, he dug the

grave of monarchy in France, and made its government "of the people, by the people, for the people." Today France stands first among all nations of the earth in the wealth per capita of its people, and in the general distribution of the land and other property. There are few, if any, great fortunes in France, as great fortunes are counted in this country.

In the exercise of its functions of government the State can have no higher duty than to provide for the tranquillity and well being of its people; not a part of its people, who live in chosen localities, but of all its people; equalizing their burdens, and accelerating, to the fullest extent, their growth along lines of material, moral, and intellectual prosperity. The concentration of energies necessary to this end can only be brought about by ready means of communication; of the producer with his market; of the preacher with his congregation; of the merchant with his customers, and of all the people with one another.

This can only be achieved by the construction of highways over which the people can travel. Roads of easy grades, so that fair sized loads can be hauled; roads that will not cut up into ruts and mudholes; but roads that are broad, and hard and smooth so that with or without loads; for business or pleasure purposes, they will be available for all the uses of the people, and contribute to the wealth and happiness of all.

The people of the State of Pennsylvania recognized these facts in a general way when in 1903 they began aiding counties and townships in improving the roads; and again in 1911 when the magnificent system of State Highways was added. These state highways from the main channels of communication binding together the different communities, keeping them in touch with each in thought, in interest, and in enlightenment. The enactment of the State Highway law of Pennsylvania was the act of statesmen, who builded for the welfare of a Great Commonwealth, and for the generations yet to come.

As the powers of the state are derived from the people, the improvement of the highways can go forward only as the people will. The prosperity of the state is identical. If the people so will, the roads will be improved as rapidly as trained minds can conceive and execute the work; if they will otherwise the work will drag on for a long series of years, and the great grandchildren of present generation will face the same questions which are being faced today.

The people will vote on the subject at the November election. Stripped

of all argument the question is, "shall the State Roads be Built and shall the system of State-Aid to counties and townships be continued without interruption." There is no other question involved. No evasion, or equivocation, or argument concerning methods or anything else can have the slightest bearing. The proposition might as well, for all practical purposes, read "For Good Roads" or "Against Good Roads," as that is what it means in the final analysis. Those who want the good roads, who realize the advantage of improved highways, will vote for them; while only those who either do not understand or who have ulterior motives to serve will be found against them.

Education advances; wealth accumulates; the refinements of human existence multiply; the comforts and pleasures of living are enhanced when channels of communication are provided so that communities as well as individuals can "rub elbows," "swap stories," and "trade" horses and other things.

The duty of the State is the duty of the individual. If the people of the state wish to save the twenty million dollars a year which is wasted because of bad roads, they will vote for Good Roads. If they wish the better means of communication, of marketing, of getting about either for business or pleasure, that Good Roads provide they will, as units of the power of the state, vote for the Good Roads; and next year they will elect a legislature which will devise the ways and methods by which their wishes are to be carried into effect.

Sick Man of Europe.

The phrase "The sick man of Europe," frequently used with reference to the Turkish empire, was made popular by the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia. Conversing in 1853 with Sir George Hamilton Seymour, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, he used the following words: "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."

He accordingly made proposals to both England and France for a division of the sick man's estate, but his overtures were rapidly as trained minds can conceive and execute the work; if they will otherwise the work will drag on for a long series of years, and the great grandchildren of present generation will face the same questions which are being faced today.

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

By J. O. LEWIS

The Farmer and the Merchant.

THERE can be no doubt that the prosperity of the country—the entire people—is based on the quantity of produce RAISED ON THE FARMS, and no other one thing so seriously affects the business interests of the country as a general crop failure. If the crops are generally good throughout the country and happen to be a failure in one particular locality the merchants are not dependent on the home farmer, but can have his goods, produce, etc., shipped in from other sections and thus supply the demand of his customers, while, on the other hand, THE FARMER IS ALWAYS DEPENDENT ON HIS HOME MERCHANTS—the town or city which is his marketing place—and the home banks for the handling and disposition of his products.

THE MERCHANT NEVER BUYS HIS PRODUCE, HAY AND GRAIN FROM OUTSIDE POINTS WHEN HE CAN GET THEM FROM THE FARMER, BUT THAT THE FARMER IS GIVEN LARGELY TO THE PRACTICE OF ORDERING MANY OF HIS NEEDS FROM STORES IN OTHER CITIES, MORE PARTICULARLY THE LARGE MAIL ORDER HOUSES, IS A WELL KNOWN FACT.

Not a day passes that goods of almost every description, from soaps to farm implements, including gasoline engines, manure spreaders, seed planters, cream separators, cooking stoves and ranges, clothing, groceries and what not, are seen in our depots and express offices addressed to local farmers.

MR. FARMER, DO YOU THINK IT RIGHT TO COME TO TOWN WITH A LOAD OF PRODUCE AND SELL IT TO THE MERCHANTS OF YOUR MARKET PLACE AND THEN TAKE THE MONEY HE PAYS YOU AND SEND IT TO SOME MAIL ORDER HOUSE AND BUY GOODS THAT YOU COULD BUY JUST AS CHEAPLY AT HOME AS FROM A MAIL ORDER HOUSE AND HAVE THE FURTHER SATISFACTION OF SEEING WHAT YOU BUY?

You may say, "Oh, well, I sold my butter and eggs to the groceryman, but he doesn't handle clothing!" Yes; but, my farmer friend, if the clothing man does not sell his clothing he must go out of business, and the groceryman loses a good customer, his business is curtailed, and he then must needs buy less of your produce. You are just as much in duty bound to buy your clothing, your hardware, your farm tools and other necessities from your home market as if these merchants all dealt in your wares first hand.

THESE VARIOUS BUSINESSES ARE INTERLOCKING AND INTERDEPENDENT, AND ON THEIR SUCCESS DEPENDS YOUR SUCCESS.

A certain good farmer in this county ordered a corn planter from a mail order house and, owing to delays in freights, did not get his planter in time to do his planting while a good spell of weather was on. However, it finally came. He got it to the farm, set it up and started in with his planting. Through carelessness or oversight a small gravel got in one of the holes through which the corn drops and there lodged, with the result that the plate was broken. This put the planter out of commission. The farmer had to stop his corn planting and come to town to see if he could get another plate. He called on the hardware stores and implement dealers, but as none of them carried these mail order house planters in stock he could find no plate, and the final result was he was forced to follow the plow and drop his corn by hand. Had he purchased his planter from a home merchant he could easily have got the necessary repairs and not been delayed. It certainly was more costly to the farmer than if he had paid his home implement dealer many dollars more. Furthermore, the implement dealer had been buying corn every season from this farmer who bought his planter from a mail order house.

Every dollar you send to a mail order house is taken out of local circulation entirely, and the good of it is lost forever. IT HURTS YOU IN THE LONG RUN just as much as any one. Therefore, before you order anything else from out of your home town go to town and see if you can find what you want, or if you can't get to town telephone a merchant, and if it is a small package he will send it out by parcel post. If it isn't satisfactory send it back. Merchants guarantee the goods they sell just as well as mail order houses. There is not a local merchant who will not treat you right. Give him a chance and he will appreciate it.

To be continued under the title, "THE STRENGTH OF THE WHEEL"

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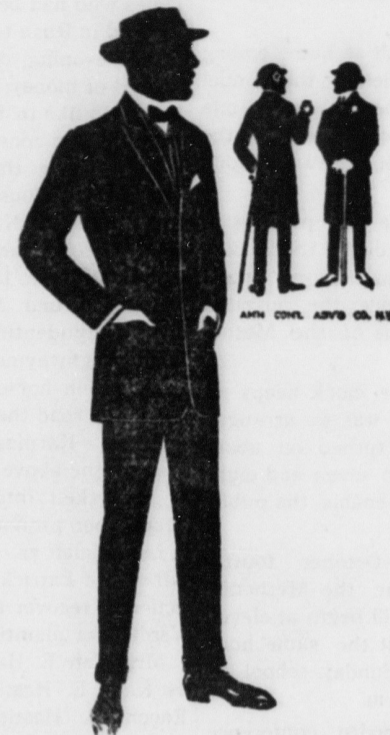
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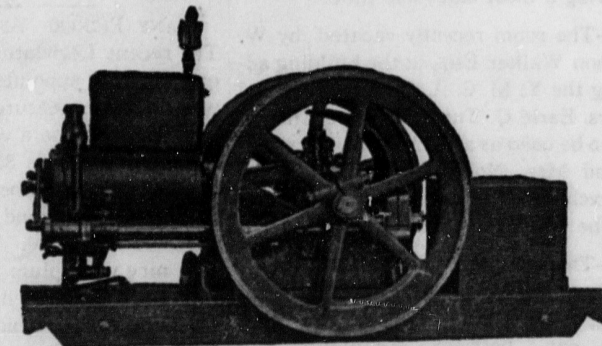
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