

HIS EUGENIC WEDDING.

Ye remember the day I was married?
It was the day before that I went up to see Father Flannigan, to rehearse a bit, so as to be in trim for the big event.
"By the way," says Father Flannigan says he, "have ye your marriage license yet?"
"License?" says I; "what's that for? I never knew one had to have a license for gettin' married."
The idea didn't suit me at all, anyhow.

"Do they think I'm dangerous," thinks I, "to be needin' a license? I'd not have Katie know this for ten dollars. She'd never take me at all if she knew I had to be licensed."

I kept me thought to myself, for Father Flannigan's a mild, decent man, an' I didn't want to worry him.

"It's all right, Tim," he says, seeing what I was thinking about. "All ye have to do is to go down to the city hall to Mr. Schmid's office, and he'll fix it out for ye in a minute."

Barrin' the idea of it, that seemed easy, so I buttoned up me coat and started off, not lookin' for any trouble, as ye well know, if ye know me at all.

I walked into the big door of the city hall, and I spied a boy with buttons that looked like he belonged to the place, an' I says to him:

"Where's Schmid's office?"
"It's right before your eyes," says the boy, pointin' to the next door an' hurryin' off before any one else could come in an' bother him.

I walked into the doorway, and there was three or four smart-lookin' clerks sitting round, doing nothing unless wishin' it was noon. I walked up to one and said:

"I'm lookin' for Schmid. Is he in?"
The clerk stared at me out of his goggles and was goin' to say something when he could think of it, when a stout man came out of the next room and, seeing me waitin', he says, pointin' to a chair:

"Come over here and sit down."
I sat down an' he sat down by a desk, an' the clerk with the goggles came an' sat down at the other end of the desk, with a piece of paper in his hand a yard long.

"Yer name?" says the stout man.
"O'Toole," says I.

"I want your full name," says Schmid. "Yer name's Timothy, isn't it?"

"It is," says I. Goggles put it down on the paper.

"How old are ye?"
"None of yer business," thinks I, but I said: "Twenty-seven."

Then he wanted to know where I was born and all about it, the clerk lakin' down me answers every time.

Then he asked me had I ever had the measles an' the mumps and the scarlet fever and the rickets, an' had I ever had any trouble of any kind.

I answered all his questions as fast as I could, and all the time Goggles was taking them down.

"Now," says Schmid, "We'd like to know something about yourself." The clerk turned over the page an' got some more ink in his dish.

"Better spit on yer hands," thinks I, lookin' at the clerk. "It's hard work an' ye're not used to it. I hope you'll ast till the end of the job."

"All right," says I; "ask away."
"Do ye drink?" says he.

I never in me life heard the question asked in that tone of voice, an' I didn't know how to take it. There was nothin' in sight, anyhow.

"I can't exactly say I do," says I, "iskin' that nuch, but not quite seein' ne way ahead."

"Ye mean by that," says Schmid, "that ye do use liquors somewhat now and again."

"Ye've hit it exactly," says I. "Now and a'rain I do in the way of sociability, but not regular like some I know."

"That goes against you, I suppose ye know," says he. "You'll have to knock that off entirely," says he.

I was askin' him where he got his information, but thinkin' of Katie again made me hold me tongue.

"Do you chew tobacco?" says Schmid.

"Very little," says I, "and stoppin' now and again for a day or two to show me strength."

"It would be better if you didn't use it at all," says Schmid.

"Knowin' kind of critter," thinks I. There was no end to his questions, and some of them was very impertinent. Some of them I answered with the truth, and some of them I answered the best I could, not knowing what he was at.

"That will do for today. Tomorrow afternoon ye can come in for the reading and the writing examination."

"Tomorrow!" says I. "Tomorrow afternoon! The weddin' is to be the first thing in the morning, and I must have that marriage license tonight if I'm to be havin' it at all, which I don't believe ye're intendin' in the least."

"Marriage license!" says he. "What have I got to do with yer marriage license?"

"I should say ye had a great deal to do with it," says I, "by the way ye've been goin' on the last two hours. And if it wasn't for Katie I'd never stood your insolence."

"Look here," says Schmid, "ye come in here to get examined for the force, didn't ye? and ye'll have to take the same examination we put all the men through."

"What force is that?" says I, trying

to speak easy and makin' a bad fist of it.

"Police force, of course," says he, "or don't you know what ye're about at all?"

"Whoever said anything about police force?" says I. "And if ye'll have it straight from me I'll tell you I don't know any meaner lot of crooks than them, unless it be the doctors, and, as near as I can make out, you are on both jobs."

We stood looking at each other like a couple of cats on a fence, for neither of us could get a word more to the tongue. I was the first to get my presence of mind, as I think Schmid will remember it if ye ask him.

You hope I didn't harm the man, do ye?

I don't know as ye'd call it harm at all. It's likely it was the best thing in the world for him. Anyhow, ye can judge about the harm for yourself.

I hit him twice, good ones, and very hearty. A man's no business to be the stupid that man was. It's bad for the public safety.

Seeing Schmid was finished with his questions about my health, I took the liberty to get me hat and come out the way I went in. I had a mind to 'ake a rap at the clerk with the goggles, and maybe it's as well for the kid he was out of sight.

Anyhow, I got out without doing any more harm, excepting for breaking the glass in the door, more by my haste than by intention.

Why didn't they arrest me?
Well, I think they would if it wasn't for Father Flannigan. He's a great man and a good one as well.

I had to go back and tell him, of course, I hadn't got me license, and I wished he would repeat the directions to me once more.

"Ye had trouble in finding the place?" says Father Flannigan.

"Well, not exactly trouble," says I, "but I'm wishin' I'd remembered the name of that man a bit better. It would saved me botherin' some that was busy," says I.

Seeing that was getting no further with the difficulty, and the time being short, and me not daring to go back to the city hall alone, I had to up and call Father Flannigan the whole story.

The good man looked displeased, ye can imagine, and a bit puzzled and worried, but he says he thought he could fix it for me somehow.

So off he goes, and by and by back he comes, very red in the face, but smiling, and he says if I'd come back with him I could have my marriage license.

So I went down with Father Flannigan and got me paper without any more disturbance of any kind. It was for fear of Father Flannigan or they'd never let me had it at all.

(Copyright.)

KILLS ALL GERMS IN MILK

Alternating Current of Electricity, It Has Been Found, Will Do the Work.

Electrocution for milk germs is the latest method of providing safe milk. Much of the milk supplied from the large public stations in Liverpool is now treated by electricity. The harmful bacteria are nearly all killed, so that a capped bottle of the electrocuted milk will keep sweet for eight days.

Various methods were tried in the effort to find one that would kill the germs without altering the chemical composition of the milk. A continuous current of electricity would not do it, but a rapidly alternating current at a pressure of about four thousand volts succeeded. Apparently the composition of the milk is not changed at all and the city puts it out as raw milk.

The operation is simple enough: The milk is allowed to flow through a long glass tube; and in this tube, near the ends, are placed two short copper rods. The electric supply is connected with the two copper rods. The milk flows through the tube so rapidly that it passes the two rods in a few seconds, getting by before it is heated very much, though occasional flashes of current, which would burn the milk, must be looked out for.—Saturday Evening Post.

Song and Addition.

If soldiers be encouraged by the authorities to sing on the march, civil servants might be exhorted to lighten their duties in the same way. Sir Laurence Gomme confesses that at the beginning of his official career he used to add up huge columns of figures for statistical purposes by the simple process of doing the task to the tune of Gregorian music, and he was always correct in his arithmetical results. Examples of the practice of performing labor tasks to the accompaniment of music could, Sir Laurence says, be produced from all over the world. He instances the case of the London payors who until 40 years ago or so used to be mulcted by their mates of the price of a pot of ale if they omitted to groan rhythmically at each thud of the ram.

Iceland a Happy Country.

Iceland is not a rich country, but it also is far from being poverty-stricken. Its parliament spends \$500,000 a year in handling its affairs, but has not a penny of debt. In spite of the extreme cold that obtains there during the greater part of the year, the inhabitants of the island are a healthy, cheerful lot, who think nothing of living to be one hundred years old. There are said to be numberless men and women living on the island who have passed the century mark—and they attribute it all to their simple life and freedom from worry.

Hardware.

....SPECIAL....

Inventory Sale

- First Quality Granite Tea Kettle, No. 8. 39c.
- Eight-quart Berlin Kettle 39c.
- Ten-quart Water Pail 39c.
- Seventeen-quart Dishpan 39c.
- Ten-quart Preserving Kettle 39c.
- A Granite Wash Basin or 2 Granite Pie Plates free with any of the above.

A FEW OF THE SPECIALS
for our Annual Inventory Sale:

- \$1.25 Universal Food Chopper, No. 198
- 1.00 O-Cedar Mops75
- 1.50 O-Cedar Mops \$1.25
- .75 Axes50
- Six-foot Rule15
- One Set Brace and Bits99
- Eight-inch Mill Files 8c each or two for .15
- 105 Carriage Bolts, assorted50
- Paring Knives 3c. 10-inch Agri. Wrench. .35
- Claw Hammers 12c. Ten-quart Dishpan .10

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN HORSE BLANKETS.

- \$1.50 Blankets \$1.00. \$1.75 Blankets \$1.29
- 2.50 " 1.98. 3.00 " 2.19

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.
59-11-1y BELLEFONTE, PA.

BELL TELEPHONES.



**"Did I get that Order?
—I Telephoned."**

And some fellow who has no telephone, or didn't think to use it if he has, is lamenting his luck right now. Luck?

You never hear the man who sticks everlastingly to the job and uses his Bell Telephone complain about his luck, do you?

The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.
W. S. Mallalieu, Local Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.



Subscribe for the "Democratic Watchman."

Irrigate Your Neighborhood

By HERBERT KAUFMAN
Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

HALF a century ago there were ten million acres of land, within half a thousand miles of Omaha, upon which not even a blade of grass would grow. Today upon these very deserts are wonderful orchards and tremendous wheatfields. The soil itself was full of possibilities. What the land needed was water. In time there came farmers who knew that they could not expect the streams to come to them, and so they dug ditches and led the water to their properties from the surrounding rivers and lakes; they tilled the earth with their brains as well as their plows—they became rich through irrigation.

Advertising has made thousands of men rich, just because they recognized the possibilities of utilizing the newspapers to bring streams of buyers into neighborhoods that could be made busy locations by irrigation—by drawing people from other sections.

The successful retailer is the man who keeps the stream of purchasers coming his way. It isn't the spot itself that makes the store pay—it's the man who makes the spot pay. Centers of trade are not selected by the public—they are created by the force which controls the public—the newspapers.

New neighborhoods for business are being constantly built up by men who have located themselves in streets which they have changed from deserted by-ways into teeming, jostling thoroughfares, through advertising irrigation.

The storekeeper who whines that his neighborhood holds him back is squinting at the truth—he is hurting the neighborhood.

If it lacks streams of buyers, he can easily enough secure them by reaching out through the columns of the daily and inducing people from other sections to come to him. Every time he influences a customer of a competitor he is not only irrigating his own field but is diverting the streams upon which a non-advertising merchant depends for existence. Men and women who live next door to a shop that does not plead for their custom will eventually be drawn to an establishment miles away.

The circulation of every newspaper is nothing less than a reservoir of buyers, from which shoppers stream in the direction that promises the most value for the least money.

The magic development of the desert lands has its parallel in merchandising of the men who consider the newspaper an irrigating power which can make two customers grow where one grew before.

(Copyright.)

Shoes.

Shoes.

Yeager's Shoe Store

"FITZEZY"

The
Ladies' Shoe
that
Cures Corns

Sold only at

Yeager's Shoe Store,

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA

58-27

Dry Goods, Etc.

LYON & COMPANY.

White Sale
—) AND (—
Clearance Sale

The Largest White Sale in Town.
Everything Reduced.

Ladies', Misses and Children's
Underwear.

Table Linens, Napkins, Towels,
Bed Linens, Muslins, Sheetings,
Percales, Calicos, Gingham, Etc.

Everything in our large and complete stocks reduced.

In addition to our large White Sale we are closing out all Winter

Coats, Suits, and Furs

at prices that will be a big gain to you.

WATCH THE RUMMAGE TABLE.

Lyon & Co. 57-34-1y **Bellefonte**