

Democratic Watchman

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 P. GRAY MEEK, EDITOR.
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ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

KREPS.—George W. Kreps, of Tyrone, died quite suddenly at noon on Friday at the home of his son, William E. Kreps, near this place. Mr. Kreps, who the past year or so had made his home among his children, came to Bellefonte two or three weeks ago to visit his son and family. Shortly after sitting down to dinner on Friday he became violently ill and passed away before a physician could be summoned.

Deceased was born in Ferguson township on March 2nd, 1844, hence was 71 years, 9 months and 8 days old. Most of his life was spent on the farm in Centre county, Spruce Creek valley and a few years in South Carolina. He was a devoted member of the Methodist church. His wife, who prior to her marriage was Miss Mary Elizabeth Mallory, died a little over eight years ago but surviving him are the following children: Charles D., of Spruce Creek; William E., of Bellefonte; Louis, of Stuart, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Evans and Mrs. John Smith, of Tyrone; Mrs. Leo Low, of Spruce Creek. He also leaves one brother and two sisters, Thomas Kreps, of Tyrone; Mrs. Emma Ginter and Miss Barbara Kreps, of Pine Grove Mills.

The remains were taken to Spruce Creek on Saturday where funeral services were held in the Methodist church at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning by Rev. H. H. Sherman, after which burial was made at Franklinville.

WILLIAMS.—The sudden and unexpected death of Edward H. Williams, of Boalsburg, was quite a shock to his numerous friends, many of whom did not even know of his sickness. In fact he had been ill only four days. Warding off a threatened attack of pneumonia he was apparently getting along all right and was given permission to get up. He expired while in the act of dressing himself. Neuralgia of the heart was the cause of death. Deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Wash. Williams and was born at Boalsburg thirty-nine years ago. He attended school during the winter sessions and worked at the carpenter trade during the summer. During the past seventeen years he had been one of the county's most successful school teachers and this winter was in charge of the Boalsburg grammar school. Eighteen years ago he was married to Miss Maude Condo, of Boalsburg, who survives with two children. He also leaves one brother, John A. Williams, of Port Matilda, and three sisters, Mrs. W. H. Brouse, of Boalsburg; Mrs. Rothrock, of Port Matilda, and Mrs. Lee Seger, in the west. He was a member of the Lutheran church, the Knights of Malta, I. O. O. F. and the Maccaabees.

The funeral was held at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. Rev. Courtney officiated and burial was made in the Boalsburg cemetery.

WILLIAMS.—George Williams, a life-long resident of Lemont, dropped dead in the postoffice at that place between four and five o'clock last Friday afternoon. He had been in fairly good health for some time and his death was due to heart failure.

He was a son of James and Mary Williams and was born at Lemont on April 14th, 1842, hence at his death was 73 years, 7 months and 25 days old. He was a plasterer by occupation and followed that work for many years. He was a member of the United Brethren church at Houserville for a period of thirty-nine years, and was a devout christian. In politics he was a Democrat and as a citizen was highly respected by a wide circle of friends.

His wife, who before her marriage was Miss Margaret Garner, died about twenty years ago, but surviving him are the following children: Mrs. Grant Houser, of Oak Hall; James, William, Mrs. Jesse Klinger and Mrs. H. N. Kerns, of Lemont. He also leaves one brother, John R. Williams, of Lemont. Funeral services were held in the Houserville United Brethren church at 10 o'clock on Monday morning by Revs. Foss and McKetchnie, after which burial was made in the Houserville cemetery.

BARGER.—Mrs. Elizabeth Barger, wife of C. C. Barger, of Curtin, died on Wednesday morning as the result of a stroke of apoplexy. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Taylor and she was seventy-four years old in June. In addition to her husband she is survived by these children: Mrs. Alice Gingham, of Lancaster; Samuel, of Reading; Mrs. Cora McCannon, of Altoona; Mrs. Lydia Lutz, of Bald Eagle; Mrs. Annie Adams, of Milesburg; Mrs. Edward Funk, of Curtin; Andrew, of Howard; James, of Curtin, and Rachael at home. She also leaves three sisters, Mrs. Rachael Watson, of Milesburg; Mrs. Mattie Walker, of Snow Shoe, and Mrs. Jane Fye, of Karthaus. Burial will be made at Curtin this afternoon.

Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

RIDDLE.—Mrs. Anna Susan Riddle, widow of the late Matthew Riddle, died at her home at Pleasant Gap at 12.10 o'clock on Tuesday noon following a long illness with chronic myocarditis. She was a daughter of Benjamin and Susan Peters and was born in Huntingdon on January 27th, 1854, hence was 61 years, 10 months and 17 days old. Most of her life was spent in Spring township. She was a member of the Pleasant Gap Lutheran church and was highly esteemed by all who knew her.

Mr. Riddle, who during his life served as county commissioner, died a number of years ago, but surviving her are four children: Arthur Riddle, of Lincoln, Neb.; George, of Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Milton Kunes and Ralph, at home. She also leaves one brother, John Peters, of Cameron, Mo.; one sister, Mrs. John From, of State College, and a half-sister, Mrs. Maria Wagner, of Tusseyville. Rev. J. I. Stonecypher will have charge of the funeral services which will be held at her late home at ten o'clock this morning, after which burial will be made in the Pleasant Gap cemetery.

BROWN.—Theodore Brown, a former Pennsylvanian, died on Sunday at Lewistown of grinder's consumption, after a year's illness. He was 42 years, 2 months and 22 days old and was born at Millheim. He followed the occupation of a grinder in the axe works at Lewistown. He is survived by his second wife and one son; also his father, Henry Brown, of Millheim, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. John Hagan, of Farmer's Mills; Mrs. William M. Hartman, of Williamsport; Mrs. James Neff, of Hecla; Aquilla, Charles and Elery, of Millheim, and a half-brother, Edward, of Centre Hall. The remains were taken to Millheim on Wednesday and the funeral held yesterday afternoon, burial being made in the Millheim cemetery.

MILLER.—Clayton Miller, of Beech Creek, died in the Lock Haven hospital on Tuesday of last week after a protracted illness with typhoid fever. He was a son of Nelson Miller and was twenty-four years of age. In addition to his father he leaves the following brothers and sisters: Edgar, of New York State; Thomas, Owen and George, of Beech Creek township, Clinton county; Lear, of Blanchard; Mrs. J. B. Harvey, of Tyrone; Mrs. Albert Glossner, near Beech Creek; Mrs. James Reynolds, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Irvin Smith, of Beech Creek. The funeral was held last Thursday morning, burial being made in the Disciple cemetery at Blanchard.

Baltimore has adopted the old English custom of placing a candle in the parlor window on Christmas eve, as a holiday greeting to the passers-by. Let us follow Baltimore's example so enthusiastically, that in not one home in Bellefonte will there be missing this silent greeting to one another and to the lonely wayfarer who may be in our midst.

Men's guaranteed first quality high cut guns, \$2.48.—YEAGER'S Shoe Store. 49-2t

A Christmas Custom That Should be Revived.

"Old, very old in England, is the custom of setting lighted candles in the windows on Christmas eve to give holiday greeting to the passer-by, but little use has been made of this charming idea in our country. Baltimore, however, has had a city-wide lighting of candles which was so successful that it is repeated every year.

"Weeks before Christmas, when plans were being made for the Community Tree, it was suggested that each household set lighted candles in the parlor windows to wish 'Merry Christmas' to their fellow townspeople, not even the most enthusiastic supporter of the Candle Greeting expected to see half the number of windows that were so lighted when Christmas eve came.

"Scarcely a city block in any section of the city was without at least one illumination, and it was not rare to see every house in a row brightened by this evidence of 'Peace on Earth, good will to men.'" It warmed the very cockles of one's heart to walk through street after street with these silent Christmas greetings everywhere, and no one who has gone through such experiences could ever want to know another Christmas eve without them."

Ladies' \$5.00 colored top shoes, new fall styles, now \$3.59.—YEAGER'S Shoe Store. 49-2t

Licensed Hunters Were away and Game returns to Hills.

While all the licensed deer hunters of Pine Grove Mills, near State College, Pa., were scouring the Seven Mountains for their last shots of the season, five big deer, two bucks and three does, came into the village and spent most of the day feeding in the fields and drinking from the town reservoir.

Everyone of the three hundred villagers went to see the animals, but not one of the stay-at-homes had a license to shoot the game.

The deer were surrounded and herded together until nightfall, in hopes that some disappointed but legalized gunner would return home and shoot the bucks. But none came, and the deer went into the hills, safe for another year.

Find Man Frozen to Death
 The body of a man believed to have been George Boden, no home, was found on the west bank of the Schuylkill river near the Pennock Ferry bridge, Philadelphia, by workmen. From the condition of the body when it was discovered it was evident that Boden had been frozen to death.

The Infant Christ In Art



Saint Anthony of Padua with the Infant Christ—Murillo.

At no season of the year does man think so much of the Christ Child as at Christmas-time, when the angelic chorus sings again the heavenly message, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men." Of course all lovers of art bow before the pictures which represent the life of Christ from the time of his birth to his crucifixion and resurrection and ascension.

One writer says: "There was an element in Christian art that classic art never admitted—that is, suffering. The one central figure that in the splendor of his divine beauty has consecrated art forever, was it not that of the Master?"

It is to the pictures of the Christ Child rather than as man that he attention is especially directed at this season. The holy night, the Nativity, when as a babe he was cradled in a manger; the adoration of the shepherds, the visit of the wise men, the

flight into Egypt, the presentation in the temple, besides the holy family and the Madonna, have been subjects of the masterpieces of the world's greatest artists.

These subjects of course have won and held the imagination of a long line of artists whose names would constitute a veritable roll of honor. At random one recalls the names of Giotto, Hans Memling, Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Durer, Titoretto, Tizian, Rubens, Dyck, Botticelli, Rembrandt, Murillo, Correggio, Fra Angelico and El Greco.

In modern art the gospel story no longer holds its old place, perhaps, save among the very devout. But on a secondary artistic level the sculpture and paintings sold for use in churches show that the events attending the infancy of Christ have, next to those of the crucifixion, the widest currency in representation. Many of the plaster figures, too, bought for home decoration represent scenes about the manger in Bethlehem, and so it is also with colored prints, paintings and lithographs.



A Chant of Christmas

Oh, holy night, the stars are brightly shining;
 It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth!
 Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
 Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
 A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
 For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn!
 Fall on your knees! Oh, hear the angel voices!
 Oh, night divine; oh, night when Christ was born!

Truly he taught us to love one another,
 His law is love, and his gospel is peace.
 Chains shall he break for the slave is our brother,
 And in his name all oppression shall cease.
 Sweet hymn of joy in grateful chorus raise we;
 Let all within us praise his holy name.
 Christ is the Lord! Then ever, ever praise we;
 His power and glory evermore proclaim!



The Mission of the Christ Child.
 Wondrous indeed was the mission of the Christ Child. He gave himself to the world on the first Christmas day, and with him came every other good gift. This is what is typified by every Christmas tree and every gift it bears, by every bulging little stocking that hangs in the chimney corner, by every wreath of holly, by every greeting and merry wish. And this spirit, oh, how much it is needed on the 24th of December and on the 26th, as well as the 25th, and on every day of the round year as well. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—this motto lived on every day of the year would dispel the sorrows of the world, smooth out its wrinkles, abolish its poverty, soothe its pain, comfort its heartaches, heal its diseases, make it a heaven.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark.

The Birthday of Sympathy.
 Christmas day is the birthday of sympathy, human and divine. There was sympathy in the world before Christ was born, but the words, work and personality of Jesus give to it new meaning and make it universal.

True sympathy rests upon universal brotherhood and that upon the universal fatherhood of God.—Rev. Charles H. Eaton.

The first Christmas

There were no mother dreams for her
 Whose little son was born a King,
 Though wise men came with gifts and myrrh,
 And star led shepherds, worshipping,
 For she foresaw the blinding tears,
 The heartache and the bitter loss
 That lay beyond the waiting years
 Within the shadow of a cross.

And when she held his little form
 Against her heart that Christmastide
 She knew the hollow of her arm
 Would one day shield the Crucified.
 And thus denied the hopes of old
 To which maternity has clung
 The story of her life is told,
 And at its end a cross is hung.

O mothers, you whose lips have known
 The sweetness of a child's caress,
 Yet stand today bereft, alone,
 With hearts that ache with emptiness,
 Turn to that woman, weary eyed
 And pierced by life's supremest loss,
 Whose mother love was crucified,
 Whose hopes were shadowed by a cross.

And when the Christmas bells proclaim
 The advent of the Saviour's birth
 And far and wide his holy name
 Goes ringing through the listening earth
 Then let new hopes ascend like myrrh
 From you whom grief has glorified
 And sorrow made akin to her,
 The mother of the Crucified!

—Ella Bentley.



"The Man of Sorrows."
 The sad have their summons as well as the glad, and the desolate, like the blessed, must answer to the great call of the Christ spirit which rings through the world. He whose sacred birth we celebrate was above all else a man of sorrows. To many a human heart this is the dearest of his titles. Whoever bore trouble as we did? Whoever so grandly lifted the burden? Who so quietly and patiently and pleasantly, if one may say so, accepted the cruelest of lots? Who so flung his own misery out of sight and sound? Who so utterly quenched himself and his personal pang in the happiness and the comfort of others? There he stands, sorrowful and smiling, a spotless mirror.

The Sacred Day.
 Thanks be to God for this sacred day, which beholds the family circle again united and makes home the happiest of all places this side of heaven. Thanks be to God for this sacred festival which makes his house fragrant with the trees of the forest and redolent with the incense of grateful hearts. Glory to God for his death and passion and the day of his victorious triumph over the powers of sin and death and hell.—Churchman.

Angels from the Realms of Glory

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth.
 Ye who sang creation's story
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

SHEPHERDS, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing.
 Yonder shines the infant light.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Religious Significance of Christmas

CHRISTMAS has new meanings as the years go on. There was a period—say half a century ago and less—when the religious meanings were somewhat enfeebled in the minds of many by the dazzling dominance of scientific discovery and thought.

To many whatever Christmas then had of spiritual meaning was rather in the way of sentiment, of tradition, of natural good fellowship and of the spirit of practical charity.

There was a haunting sense of unreality in the direct message of the pulpit, a feeling that the historic supernatural was much akin to the innocence of the Santa Claus myth itself.

Since then the Christ idea has taken new significance and proportions in those minds which are of the kind called skeptical, even in the minds over which the warrant of the supernatural has little sway or none at all.

In books and sermons one comes upon the preaching of the idea of Christ and the message of Christianity in a tone and in a language which appeal with tremendous force not only to the so-called orthodox, but to all serious minds of whatever training or tendency.—Century Magazine.

The Newborn King.

To the superficial skeptic it may seem some ground for doubting the divine character of Jesus Christ that he should be born in a stable and laid in a manger and the first courtiers of the young King of the Jews should be the rude shepherds of Bethlehem. But, to him who thinks, these difficulties become rather evidences of his glorious character and beneficent mission to the human race. Between the stable of Bethlehem and the marble palace of the Caesars in Rome there can be, in the sight of God, only the difference between two little things, for all that is created must be little in the sight of the infinite God. And as the mission of Christ was to elevate the helpless and the poor it was eminently suitable that he should be born among them. For those who are weak enough to be scandalized at his poverty we say, Behold the kings of the east are prostrate at his feet, offering their gold, incense and myrrh. Being wise men, they well understood that the little tinsel of earthly splendor was not essential to such a royalty as his.—Archbishop Ryan.

Christ's Perennial Love.

The living green of the holly is suggestive of the perennial love of Jesus and the scarlet of the berry the price that was paid on Calvary, and as the circle is an emblem of eternity the wreath might teach us that—
 His mercy flows an endless stream
 To all eternity the same.

The Incarnation of Christ

THE incarnation must, for all who believe it, become the absolutely central truth of their philosophy.

Just as the Copernican astronomy and the doctrine of evolution have enlarged and modified our views of the universe, so the incarnation, once accepted, throws a new light upon the entire world.

For, on the one hand, against mere idealism it emphasizes the value and importance of matter as being the agent through which God's spiritual purpose is effected, and, on the other hand, against mere materialism it interprets this value and importance as consisting in the capability to subserve this purpose.

Thus, while rejecting the respective negations of idealism and materialism, it sanctions their positive elements—the supremacy of spirit and the reality of matter—and so, supplementing each by the other, combines both in a concrete whole.

—J. R. Illingworth.

Christmas Gifts

What can I give him,
 Poor as I am?
 If I were a shepherd
 I would bring a lamb.
 If I were a wise man,
 I would do my part;
 Yet what I can I give him—
 Give my heart.

—Christina Rossetti.

Christmas gifts for thee,
 Grand and free!
 Christmas gifts from the King of Love,
 Brought from his royal home above,
 Brought to thee in the faroff land,
 Brought to thee by his own dear hand.
 Promises held by Christ for thee,
 Peace as a river flowing free,
 Joy that in his own joy must live
 And love that infinite love can give.
 Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
 Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Vision of the Angels.
 There is love in the will, truth in the understanding, peace on earth, good will among men. The sight of such a glorious vision, even in the dim distance of future ages, kindled the holy affections of the angels host until their joy burst forth into an anthem of praise that filled the heavens with harmony. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will among men." Let us take up the refrain, and let the earth re-echo the song "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."—Rev. Chauncey Giles.

Christ the Shepherd.
 It is certainly significant of the mission of Christ that shepherds should be the particular recipients of the angelic message. In beautiful parable the Master called himself the Good Shepherd. There is not one of the ordinary vocations of our busy life which has not in it ennobling and divine elements. Unswerving fidelity is the secret of honor.

