

Belletonte, Pa., January 21, 1916.

PEACE.

Were half the power that fills the world with Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts

Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred And every nation that should lift again Its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain. Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing sounds grow fainter and then

And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say,

'Peace! Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of war's great organ shakes the

skies! But, beautiful as songs of the immortals.

The holy melodies of love arise. -Henry W. Longfellow

THAT HORRID MAN.

[By Keith Kenyon.]

Charlie, my brother, tele honed that dreadful Saturday that ... had bought tickets for "The Jumping Jack" in the afternoon and to meet him at Wentworth's, the florist.

I had asked six of the girls in for tea. but when I got Charlie's message. I called up and postponed the festivities until Monday. Charlie must have known I was dying for a chance to wear my new hat and the stunning suit Renarki had just sent home. But, like all of Renarki's things, it was a little striking. I felt queer in it at first, for I have always stuck to styles that are not too extreme, or at least I have not adopted them until people have got over their first gasp.

Well, I put the duds on and, of course, it took an age. I was late starting and had to hurry for the car. I saw it coming before I got to the corner and started to run. Then I did the most stupid thing. I don't know just how it did happen, but I

Just then a man came running and helped me up. He whistled for the car to stop, evidently guessing I had been trying to make it, and he helped me to get on. I thanked him and supposed he would leave, but he got on

The whole way into town that man sat exactly opposite me and scarcely looked away an instant. It must have been the suit, and I got madder every yard of the way. I never was so relieved in my life as I was to get off that car.

But I nearly fainted when I turned to go into the florist's to see my man come in too. He deliberately looked at me, half smiled and followed me back to the counter.

I hate scenes, and have always picme. Here was my cue! Stony silence and extreme haughtiness. Besides. Charlie would come bouncing in in a minute and would do any annihilating | the money thus spared? necessary.

"Oh, Miss Arnold," called a clerk, coming out of the office, "Mr. Arnold just called up and said to tell you he would be late, and for you to go on to the theater and ask for your ticket at the box office. He left it there. You are to go in, and he said he would be there as soon as pos-

sible." Well, there was nothing to do but go. The theater at any rate was a haven of refuge.

When I left the store the man, I noticed, was buying violets. He looked up as I passed.

When I went by the window I saw the clerk hand him the purple box and his change, and the man started hurriedly toward the door. I was getting frantic. Such persistence, the bankruptcy act. such impudence, it had never been my lot to experience!

He followed me right into the theater and stood behind me in line at the box office. I got my ticket and went in. He

to say something to the usher, but It struck me that our seats would not be together, and Charlie would be with me going out. The seats were in right F. Mine

was two. I didn't know which was Charlie's—one or three. But I soon found out. The orchestra was playing the overture and the curtain was going up when someone sat down in the seat beside me.

* The man-violets and all!

He gave me a funny little smile and actually opened his mouth to say something.

I was cold with fright now, and too paralyzed to move. But I saw the violets coming. I could see that he was thinking of a neat way to get to talk to me and offer me the flowers. Then I did move. Charlie's seat evidently was number three. I moved into it as quickly as I could and piled my hat and everything I could think of into the empty one between that

monster and myself. The first act was good, and I had almost forgotten the man was there when Charlie came in.

But the funny part of it was he that man and nearly shook his hand off. He asked him if he got his seat all right, and said he was sorry he couldn't meet him at Wentworth'shoped he got the message all right,

and so on. Then he turned to me, "Sis, I want you to meet Jimmy Livingston. You ing with delight. "My dadda owns a know, my class at Yale, just came motor car, too!"

to town and living out our way. Too bad I had to spoil our little theater party by being late, but we three will have a rousing good dinner after the show and get acquainted right." Mr. Livingston and I bowed.

Charlie jumped up. "Here, sis, you sit here and talk to Jimmy. I want you to like him awfully well, you know. There! That's the ticket! Say, that's a ripping get-up you've got. Never saw you look so fine. I see Jimmy had more brains than I had and got you some violets."

So I sat beside "Jimmy" and talked to him, and he gave me the violets. I got to like him very much. Dear yes! I'm married to him now.

(Copyright by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) French poultrymen have nearly dou

bled the egg production of their hens by feeding them bread soaked in wine JOHN SAW THE LIGHT

AND THE WEDDING BELLS RANG IN DUE COURSE.

Fact That Mollie Had Much the Best of the Situation May Have Had Something to Do With His Decision.

It is three years since the report of the ease with which wealth could be acquired in this country reached John Doe's ears in Europe and lured him across the broad Atlantic. To the questions of the immigration inspectors at Ellis island John Doe answered that he had been twenty-three years in this world; that the blessedness of the married state had never appealed to him, and that he could eke out his existence by plying his trade as a cloakmaker.

His first year in American John Doe devoted to earning and saving every cent he could, picking up English meanwhile. The second year found him starting out in business for himself and meeting with marked success. The third year a general strike occurred among the cloakmakers and the manufacturers had a hard time to pull through.

The strike found John with a large batch of unfilled orders contracted for at the lower rate of wages. When the workmen had won their strike for higher pay and returned to work John discovered himself facing bankruptcy and he cast about him for a means to save what he could out of the wreck.

Mollie was an exceedingly pretty girl. Even John, whose thoughts were devoted to ways and means for making money, noticed this fact, and now as he racked his brain for a scheme to save something from the oncoming storm he looked reflectively at Mollie where she sat working at a sewing machine, and a plan suddenly occurred and what I should do if ever a man engaged to Mollie and give her valuwhom I did not know should speak to able presents of jewelry in honor of the fictitious event, and when the his property and start up again with

When first she heard of it Mollie demurred at being a party to such a project, but upon John's offering her a substantial consideration she consented to undertake the role of temporary fiancee. John then presented her with several pieces of diamond jewelry, such as a ring or two, a lavalliere and earrings, and to make the engagement seem more plausible he fitted out a flat with nice furniture.

After the bankruptcy took place John was forced to testify to the various presents he had made to his fiancee, and the court thereupon ordered that all the jewelry be turned over to the receiver in bankruptcy. As to the furniture, the judge held that it was personal and household property, and as such exempt under

In the course of time John's case was completed and he was free to start over again. Accordingly he determined to sell the furniture he had bought for his supposed bride-to-be. but by this time Mollie had become so came in after me. I had a notion attached to the furniture and so reconciled to the thought of getting married that she refused to give up the property. John was in a quandary.

"You promised to return it to me when I bought it and put it here," said John, as he looked around the

cozy little flat. "But all my friends think we are really and truly going to be married soon, and if I return it to you and we don't get married I may never get another young man. If you are going to break off the engagement you should at least leave me the furniture sc that I will have it for a dowry when I do get married."

John looked at Mollie and she was really good to look upon. "I was only fooling you," said he with a smile. "Come, let's get mar-

ried right away." Sympathetic.

Never before had Speedlimit experienced a breakdown. There he stood, looking at his motor car with an expression that typified anger in its most acute form. In fact, it was only the resence of two nicely dressed misses scarcely looked at me. He grabbed that prevented him using language which was not in keeping with the cold weather.

At length, however, his patience reached the breaking point, and he asked the girls to run away, as he intended to "say things."

"Oh, fire away!" replied one, beam-

Though for a Time the Domestic Peace of the Deary Family Was Seriously Threatened.

A young married woman, whose husband was of an exceedingly jealous disposition, decided to have her dining room repapered, and telephoned to the nearest paperhanger to send one of his men with samples to her home that afternoon.

Promptly at four o'clock the man appeared with the usual large sample book, and Mrs. Newlywed ushered him into the dining room, as she thought the paper could best be decided upon when tried against the wall.

"No, I don't like that brown, Mr. Paperhanger. Try the buff," she said. Then, "No, Mr. Paperhanger, the figure is too large in that; let me see that dark blue! Yes, I like that, don't you, Mr. Paperhanger?

"Yes, madam, that looks very well, but don't call me Mr. Paperhanger. that isn't my name."

"Oh, pardon me, but what is your name?" Mrs. Newlywed asked. "My name is Love," the paperhanger answered, when Mrs. Newlywed be-

gan to laugh. "Yes, Love," the paperhanger repeated, somewhat nettled by the lady's laughter. Then she straightened her face and was about to speak, when her husband strode into the room, with fire in his eyes

"Get out of here, you infamous rascal!" he thundered, shaking his fist in the paperhanger's face. "Get out before I throw you out." "What's the matter with you?" the

paperhanger snarled. "What have I

"Done? Ask me what you have done! Here I just come home from a hard day's work and find you making love to my wife, and then you ask me

what you have done!' "Why, man, you're crazy! Why should I make love to your wife when I have one of my own? Your wife asked me what my name was, and I told her. W. E. Love. Now what have you to say?" and the paperhanger straightened up ready for what might happen next, when Mrs. Newlywed said: "Oh, Harry, don't act so! The man is telling the truth and I was laughing when you came in at the idea of having Love and Deary under the same roof."

This time the paperhanger looked mystified, when Mrs. Newlywed explained: "Our name is Deary, Mr. Love; this is my husband, H. O. Deary!"

Needlessly to say Mr. Deary looked very much ashamed of himself, and Mr. Love is now debating whether he shall change his name or not!

Afire in the Sky!

With flames shooting up to a height of 50 feet, a Paris aeroplane on patrol duty dived to earth just at night

fall recently. The passenger threw himself from tured to myself just how I should act to him. Why not pretend that he was the machine, falling ten feet on to the roof of a house. The pilot, Benoit, came down with the machine, but was burned to death before he could be bankruptcy had blown over reclaim rescued. Thousands of people witnessed the accident, which occurred over the densely-populated quarter of Vaugirard. The machine took fire at a height of 750 feet. It was then a mile from the Issy aerodrome. With remarkable coolness Benoit attempted to volplane into the Issy ground, but was not high enough.

He managed, however, to swing the blazing machine down to the waste land close by, the aeroplane narrowly missing the roofs of the houses and signal posts on the railroad as it dived earthwards amidst the cries of the horrified onlookers.

Tubular Headlights.

A new electric bulb for headlights is tubular in form, instead of being round, with the result that a much more effective light is produced. When a round bulb is inserted in the base of the headlight, rays from the filament have to pass through two and three thicknesses of the glass, on their way to and from the reflector. The tubular bulb, being but of slightly larger diameter than its base, sends the reflected rays straight ahead without any further interference by the bulging bulb in the center. The tubular bulb has another advantage, which may on occasion prove highly important. It can be withdrawn through the rear of the reflector, making it possible to use front lenses which are screwed on tight, instead of being hinged to the lamp.

Popularizing the Deserts. On Thanksgiving day in 1913 many citizens of Phoenix, Ariz., ate their holiday dinners far out on the desert. They went out in automobiles, carrying hampers of provisions with them. and they enjoyed their feast beneath

a wonderful sky of green and purple. Automobiles have made the deserts accessible, F. H. Newell writes in the Youth's Companion. Until recently you could not travel over such dreary wastes at a rate of more than 30 miles a day, and you had to carry water for man and beast; but now, in a motor car, you can run 200 miles a day on the desert in almost any direction you choose, for the ground is ordinarily so flat and smooth that roads are almost unnecessary.

Culinary Mechanics. "What air them kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Deacon Hyperbole Medders, the somewhat

honest agriculturist. "They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upson Downs, his city nephew. in which are molded or cast or somehow produced a flat dweller's daily round of mealettes."—Judge.

NO GROUND FOR SCANDAL KITCHENER AS A PET

ROLE WOULD COME AS SURPRISE TO HIS SUBORDINATES.

Nevertheless, Graphic Picture Has Been Drawn of His Friendship With Two Elderly Ladies-Unique Use of Gift.

Many of the best friends of Lord Kitchener, the great English soldier, administrator and secretary of war, are women, despite the popular belief that he is a grimly uncompromising woman hater. In a recent brief biography of "K. of K," Harold Begbie draws a most winning picture of his friendship with two of his elderly relatives-"two dear, diminutive old Scotch ladies who lived in Phillimore gardens, Kensington, by name of the Misses Hutchinson; and Kitchener was no dearer to these charming spinsters than they to him.

"He wrote to them brightly and boyishly by almost every mail. . . Before he went to Egypt for his advance on Khartum, these dear old ladies presented him with a gold-headed 'swagger' cane; and when the advance was accomplished and the photographer arrived to make a picture of the general and his staff, Kitchener seated himself in the center of the group with this stick held so ostentatiously that the old ladies in Kensington could not fail to recognize it when the photograph appeared in the illustrated papers. He sent them roses from Gordon's grave at Khartum, and coats of the caliph from the Sudan."

Their house was always his goal on his return from distant service, and in it he was like a schoolboy, running up the stairs two at a time, whistling in his bedroom, going and coming as he pleased, and telling them such stories of his campaigns as no one else in London ever heard. They called him Herbert, pronouncing it "Hairburrt" in the broadest Scotch, and would sit on either side of him "studying his bronzed face with their small, smiling, shrewd eyes, teasing him, chaffing him, adoring him, and giving him sound advice."

Later on in his triumphal career their "Hairburrt" once wished to make the little old ladies a gift so valuable and unusual that they felt called upon to pause and consider before accepting it. It was a gold casket-one of the many gold caskets presented to "K. of K." by the grateful corpora tions of provincial cities.

"Do we need it?" propounded the first old lady, pointedly.

"No, we certainly don't need it?" re flectively acquiesced her sister. "What could we do with it?" pursued the first old lady. But the second had

had time to think. "Hum," she suggested contempla tively, "perhaps we could use it as a tea caddy."-Youth's Companion.

How Far Soldiers Can See. Some interesting experiments have-

been made in the German army with the object of discovering at what distance the recognition of one soldier by another is reliable. For soldiers with good eyes it was found that a person seen once before could be recognized at a distance of 80 feet, while an acquaintance could be recognized at a distance of 300 feet, and an intimate friend or relative at a distance of 500 feet.

The various parts of a man's body can be distinguished and any decided movement can be detected by an expert rifleman at a distance of 300 feet. At 1,800 feet, a man appears as a spot on the landscape and cannot usually be seen if he keeps still or if his dress does not contrast with the background. Sailors, hunters and farmers can usually see twice these distances, probably on account of their constant training in making out the nature of distant objects.

Submarine Treasure.

A boat is now being built to locate submarine treasure. The new submarine consists of a steel sphere, eight feet in diameter and capable of carrying two workmen. It is designed to be lowered into the water from a tender, but is provided with electricallydriven propellers by which it can be moved about in the water as it hangs at the end of the cable. One of its essential features is a set of four electro-magnets, which, when energized by current from the motors within the sphere, serve to hold it securely to the steel hull of a sunken ship. Current for the operation is supplied through a cable running down from the tender. In addition to this equipment it will be provided with electric drills for piercing the side of the ship, and with a powerful searchlight for working purposes and for exploring the bed of the ocean when the exact location of a sunken ship is not

Curious Italian Ambulance. There is a vast difference between real warfare and dress parade. Under the exigencies of a difficult campaign one must put up with makeshifts improvised from the readiest means at hand. An illustration in point is to be found in a recently taken photograph of a curious ambulance used by the Italians in the fighting in the Alps. This is really a large sled, fitted with two small wheels. The sled runners permit of hauling this ambulance over bare stretches of ground. The sure-footed little donkey is the best means of locomotion for this type of vehicle. An ambulance of ordinary proportions could not be used on many of the narrow roads and pathways of the Italian Alps.—Scientific American | being six from Texas.

HIS PROTEGEE NOW HIS WIFE

She Went to School as the Object of His Compassion, but Became His Beloved.

Mrs. Borman was a widow who kept a boarding house in a small western town. Her daughter, Alice, was a scrawny little girl of fourteen. Mrs. Borman had been forced to take her out of school to help with the work: washing dishes and waiting on table.

Jack Forbes, twenty-five, was his widowed mother's only childwealthy, by the way. Jack had never came to live at Mrs. Borman's.

He felt sorry for the poor little scrub of a girl and offered to send her through school. He sent her away to a private school and paid her bills fire all alone. The great white bear regularly, in a fatherly way, though he never wrote her or went to see fire out so he could have all the north her. With him it was simply an act of compassion.

At twenty-two he ordered her home -to his mother's home, feeling that there she could get some finishing touches socially. Then he intended to make a schoolteacher out of her. In the meantime he had gone into business, made a success of himself, and regained his health at the same time. Work was all he needed, anyway, and to get away from his mother's apron

strings. He was not at home when Alice arrived, but came a few days later, probably out of curiosity. I cannot finish this ideal story by saying that Alice had blossomed out into a wondrous beauty, for she had not. But people say she was dainty and refined, with wonderful hair and eyes and the manner of one high born.

Of course, Jack fell in love with her. She had always been in love with him, I think. Had she been courted by a score of lovers I think he would have been her choice. Well, they are married now and, as the story book says, "they have two beautiful children."

Isn't this a regular story book romance? And the beauty of it is it's true. I know, for I am Alice and Jack Jr., is up on my chair back now, poking clover blossoms into my hair, and baby Alice is asleep. And they are two such beautiful, wonderful children!-Chicago Tribune.

Partner's Liability.

A unique question of liability in an automobile accident case was decided by the supreme court of South Dakota in Van Horn vs. Simpson, which held that where defendants were copartners and were riding in an automobile in partnership business, the negligence of the owner and partner in driving the automobile was imputable to the other partner, since as a member of the copartnership the owner and driver was his agent, and both defendants were jointly liable for injuries to a traveler upon the highway. It is pointed out "that these two defendants at the time in question were copartners in the real estate business. and that this auto was then transporting both defendants in the prosecution of such copartnership business: that it was then being used as an instrument for the benefit and within the scope of the partnership business; that Simpson was not a passenger or gratuitous guest of Anderson in said car, but was a party interested in the purpose and business in which such car was then being operated.

Marked Resemblance.

The allies seem to be taking Conseantinople in about the same fashion that we used to spell it, when we were boys and girls, away back in the years of never-mind-what. We had a quaint old crank of a teacher who taught orthography in a most peculiar wise. He would make us spell and pronounce a syllable, move to the next, duplicate the previous perform ance, hop back and bring up the prior syllable, go ahead, back and ahead, and so on to the bitter end. thus: "C-o-n, con; there's your con-s-t-a-n, stan; there's your stan; there's your con-stan-t-i, ti; there's your ti; there's your con-stan-ti-n-o, no; there's your no; there's your ti-no; there's your stan-ti-no; there's your con-stan-ti-no-p-l-e, ple; there's your ple; there's your no-ple; there's your ti-no-ple; there's your stan-ti-no-ple; there's your con-stan-ti-no-ple; there's your Constantinople!"-Kansas City Star.

Blind Man's Advice.

Capt. Francis P. Peirson-Webber became a successful poultry raiser, though sightless. So adept has he become in this vocation that he can tell the weight of an egg to the fraction of an ounce, can determine its freshness, and even what breed of fowl laid it. He is now county adviser in poultry culture to Warwick shire and Northamptonshire, England. He hopes to persuade "everyone who has the opportunity to keep not less than ten good hens, so as to provide a household economy which shall yield an average of 1,500 eggs yearly, the hens being fed almost entirely on household waste scraps prepared the right way."

Well-Dressed Farmer.

Apparently the best-dressed farmers in the country live in California. In a questionnaire 566 farmers gave the cost of their clothes. Of these, 116 paid from \$10 to \$15 each for their suits; 143 from \$15 to \$20; 142, from \$20 to \$25; 26 from \$30 to \$40, and three from \$40 to \$60. Two of the three in the last named class were from California, and 12 of the 26 who paid from \$30 to \$40 were also from the same state, the next greatest number from any one state in this class

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

Indian Story of How the Brave Bird Got Its Red Breast.

When white men first came far across the sea to this country they found many birds such as they had never seen before. But they found one which they liked best of all. It had a pretty red breast, and they called it robin, for its red breast made them think of a bird back in the old home which they loved most of all.

The Indians had a story about how the robin got its red breast. They said it happened a long time ago, when been strong, so he went West. He | there was only one fire in all the cold far north.

A hunter and his son kept the fire burning day and night until the father fell ill, and the son had to watch the was waiting for a chance to put the to himself. He saw the boy fall asleen: then he jumped on the fire with his wet feet and put it out.

But a gray robin saw him, and when he was gone she pecked about in the ashes till she found a tiny live coal. She fanned it with her wings until it blazed out and turned her breast red. Then she flew away to every hut in the cold north. Wherever she touched the ground a fire sprang up, and soon there were plenty of fires to keep the people warm. After that the robin's breast was always red instead of gray. -Exchange.

LESSON OF THE LETTERS.

Warning the Thoughtful Old Lady Gave the Heedless Young One. They were two women, one young,

radiant; the other gently, beautifully "But, auntie, it's such fun."

The older rose. "Wait."

In a moment she had returned. Two faded, yellow letters lay upon the young girl's lap.

"Read them." Wonderingly the girl obeyed. The

first read "Dearest-I leave you to John. It is plain you care for him. I love you. Just now it seems that life without you is impossible. But I can no longer doubt. If you cared there would be no doubt. John is my friend. I would rather see you his than any other's. since you cannot be mine. God bless

The other: "Beloved-I am leaving you to the better man. For me there can never be another love. But it is best-it is the right thing-and I am-yes, I am glad that it is Will you love instead of me. You cannot be anything but happy with him. With me-but that is a dream I must learn to forget. As ever JOHN." and ever.

-Joseph Hall in Life. How the Roman Empire Grew. Rome was founded 750 B. C., the ings were expelled 509 B. C., and it was not until 290 B. C., 460 years after the founding of the city, that the Romans conquered their immediate neighbors, the Samnites, Latins, etc. It was not until 266 B. C., following the defeat of Pyrrhus, that Rome was supreme in Italy, from the southern boundary of Cisalpine Gaul to the Sicilian strait. For 350 years, from the foundation of the city, the Romans could stand on the hills of their city and almost look across their entire territory, as it stretched away only some twenty miles on either hand. After the consolidation of their power in Italy, however, it

Cast and Wrought Iron. In a paper recently read before the Society of Chemical Industry the statement was made that the strength of cast iron was affected by the addition of wrought iron in the following proportions: With 100 parts of cast iron ten parts of wrought iron increase the strength 2 per cent; twenty parts of wrought iron increase the strength 32 per cent; thirty parts of wrought iron increase the strength 60 per cent; forty parts of wrought iron increase the strength only 33 per cent. The maximum result is therefore produced with 30 per cent wrought scrap.-Indianapolis News.

took them but 150 years to conquer the

world.

The Harm of Damp Houses. It is dangerous to health and even to life in a damp, moldy house or one built over a moldy cellar. Many years ago the London Lancet in an article on diphtheria traced the disease in certain cases to the presence of certain molds and fungoid growths which seemed to be breathed into the throat. Remember, one of the best disinfectants is lime. Moldy cloths, such as shoes and other articles that are unfit

Well Informed. "There goes a man who has delved

deep in Roman history.' "An authority on the subject, eh?" "Sure. He knows lots more about Julius Caesar than the average voter knows about his congressman."-Spokane Review.

for use, should be destroyed at once.

Milestones In Life. "Did anything ever feel more conspicuous than your first long trousers?" "Only the vast expanse of my first dress shirt."-Louisville Courier-Jour-

Nothing to It. His Wife -- Never mind if you have lost everything. You still have me. Mr. Bustup-But you're not an asset; you're a running expense.-Judge.

Prejudice corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of Me.-Racine.