

Bellefonte, Pa., May 5, 1916.

THE JOLLY OLD SPIDER.

A jolly old architect is the fat spider. His houses are many and quaint; And he asks not a cent of his tenants for rent. Nor worries at any complaint.

Experts Give Reasons for High Drug Prices.

In Bulletin No. 1 sent out by the public committee of the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association early in January, the enormous rise in price of a small number of drugs was given in tabulated form. Some of these showed increases as high as 2000 per cent.

There are some interesting underlying reasons for this state of affairs. All of the vegetable and animal oils have risen enormously because of the fact that glycerin can be made from them and the glycerin then converted into the explosive nitroglycerin or dynamite.

The compounds of mercury, among which are calomel, corrosive sublimate, gray powder, blue mass, blue ointment, etc., are scarce because mercury is used in making the compounds known as fulminates, indispensable for the caps used for exploding cartridges and shells.

The potash salts are high and scarce because the world's largest available supply of easily worked material containing this valuable alkali is in Germany.

Coal tar dye stuffs are rapidly becoming unobtainable on account of the strict blockade which England has enforced since March, 1915, against their importation from Germany.

All vegetable drugs of Italian, Turkish, Serbian and Bulgarian origin have joined the list of sky scrapers during the past few months, for obvious reasons.

Quinine still maintains its abnormally high price on account of the high figures obtained at the recent auction sale of cinchona bark, from which quinine is made, held at Amsterdam, the world's center for this drug.

Glycerin is enormously high also on account of its use in the manufacture of nitroglycerin. Paris green and other insecticides are high in price on account of the scarcity of the crude products from which they are made.

What is needed more than anything else at the present time and what the members of the Pharmaceutical Association will work for at the coming meeting at Reading, is a proper and intelligent revision of the patent laws and the tariff so as to make it possible for our infant chemical industries to gain a foothold without competition from abroad when the war ends.

Bulletin No. 3, Publicity Committee of the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association.

Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

\$357,000,000 in Gold in U. S. Frisco Mint.

The gold bullion and coin in the United States mint at San Francisco totalled \$357,000,000, with more coming from various sources, according to a statement issued by T. W. H. Shanahan, superintendent of the mint.

A total of \$119,969,505 worth of gold bullion passed over the counter last year, an increase, according to the official records, of \$72,000,000 over the gold receipts of 1914.

More than \$68,000,000 of 1915 receipts, said superintendent Shanahan, came from foreign countries, with the largest amounts from Australia and Japan.

Receipts from Australia for 1915 amounted to \$35,006,290; from Japan, \$19,408,110, and from China, \$9,583,342.

Have your Job Work done here.

Chiseled Granite Mountain Will Commemorate Confederacy.

Stone Mountain, a great naked dome of light-gray granite, an hour by motor from Atlanta, will possibly be transformed into a colossal monument commemorative of the sacrifice and military endeavors made by the South during the Civil War.

The financing of this enterprise is in the hands of the Stone Mountain Confederate Memorial Association, which is headed by the honorary president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It is estimated that \$2,000,000 will be sufficient to carry out the undertaking, and this sum is to be raised by subscription in the South.

One of America's foremost sculptors has been chosen to execute the work. His composition represents an army divided in two wings, mounted and afoot, following the contour of the memorial. Press over the crest and keeping to its right will be the main body composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery.

1916 Summerless Year Weather Prophets Say.

According to old-time weather sages, the backward season is easily explained by what is known in Pennsylvania German communities as the "Hundert-Yarich Kalennar" ("Hundred-Year-End").

Accepting this theory at its face value, Pennsylvania German weather sharps figure that 1916 will be a summerless year, the same as 1816, just 100 years ago.

That the year 1816 was without a summer is a matter of history, and is recalled by many old people, to whom the record of the remarkable phenomenon was handed down by their parents.

It is written that in those sections of Berks, Montgomery and Lehigh counties ice formed every month of the year 1816; that there were heavy falls of snow in "midsummer," and that the grain, fruit and vegetable crops were almost a complete failure.

The year 1817 was, because of the failure of the 1816 crops, one of the leanest in the memory of the then living generation, and many people were on the verge of starvation on account of the famine.

Old-time weather prophets say that the year 1916 will be summerless, and point to the fact that ice formed in every one of the four months so far this year, and that vegetation is more than a month backward in its development.

Warning Against Forest Fires.

First warnings of the approach of the spring fire season were issued recently from the office of the Commissioner of Forestry. Two-thirds of Pennsylvania's 1,100 forest fires last year burned between April 15th and June 1st, and every one who visits the woods during these times of exceptional danger is asked to be more than usually careful with fire.

All the snow has left the mountainsides, and a very few days of dry weather will make the forest floor a mass of tinder, to be ignited by the smallest spark. To add to the hazard, trout season opened Saturday the 15th, and thousands of fishermen were traveling along the mountain streams every day during the months of greatest fire danger.

The fire warden system has been placed on a working basis, and every other preparatory step has been taken which the small amount of money available will allow; but no fire warden system can entirely counteract the carelessness of the individual sojourner in the forest. Snows have been heavy and frequent in the forested parts of the State, and this will somewhat reduce the fire danger; but two weeks of dry weather will completely neutralize the influence of the whole winter's snowfall.

The Department of Forestry offers these suggestions to the man who does not want his favorite camping ground next year to be a charred and disfigured reminder of his own carelessness: Break your match in two before you throw it away.

Clear off a spot ten feet in diameter for your camp fire. Watch the fire all the time, and be dead sure it is out before you leave it.

It doesn't take a conflagration to broil a trout. Have a small fire which will burn to coals quickly. Dry hardwood branches are best for cooking.

Throw your pipe ashes and cigar and

cigarette stubs into streams only, or bury them in damp mineral soil.

If you own or use engines, have spark arresters on them.

Burn your brush on calm, damp days, not on dry, windy days.

Be twice as careful now with fire as you would be at any other time.

If you see a fire, immediately notify the nearest fire warden or forest officer.

Don't stop at that, help him put it out.

FITY NOT CALLED FOR.

The happiest people in the world are the poor. Without attempting to stifle the ambition for self-advancement, religion has always taught men to be content with their lot and shown the folly of relying upon possession as the key to happiness, a writer in Leslie's observes. Our materialistic day has worshiped financial success, and by hearing this doctrine constantly preached those who are poor have been made to feel themselves unfortunate and condemned to miss the great joys of life.

Mrs. Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother," "The Rich Man's Burgoyne" and "Saturday's Child," says that too many writers have been telling us about the sorrows of the poor as though ignorant of the fact that the poor family is often healthier and happier in every way than the rich family. "We need writers," says Mrs. Norris, "who will be aware of the pleasures to be derived from a good dinner of corned beef and cabbage and a visit to a moving picture theater. Often when I pass a row of mean houses, as they would be called, I think gratefully of the good times that I have had in just such places."

Who is there who has come up from a childhood and youth of comparative poverty who doesn't have the same memory of the joys of those days? The simplest feasts are always the best, and holidays and outings which come but seldom are far more to be prized than that seemingly happier state when every day is a holiday that brings a feast. Mrs. Norris speaks of her appreciation of Dickens because he understood so well the joys of the poor. Their life was not one long story of despair, but he gave them "roast goose and plum pudding for their Christmas dinner—he gave them faith and hope and love."

If more of our modern novelists would write of the joys of the poor man's household there would be less of the spirit of discontent in the minds of the people, and of unreasonable envy of those who happen to have more of this world's goods and there would be more of the real spirit of the holiday season.

Motor Car Acts Like Maude.

An automobile that will run on its "hind legs," spin about, buck and perform generally like the trick horse or mule of the circus, has been the star feature of a number of race meets held in widely separated parts of the country. Popular Science Monthly states. The car is known as "Maude, the Motor Mule."

Maude's athletic and adventurous talents are due to a heavy weight hung over her tail and to individual brakes on each rear wheel. The weight is heavy enough to overbalance the car. It runs easily on a little track projecting over the axle, and is concealed beneath the housing. The driver controls the position of the weight by means of a lever and is thus able to make the car buck as he wants it to.

When the car is reared on two wheels one of the independent brakes may be applied and one of the wheels locked, causing the car to spin around on that wheel. The bars usually plays a waltz for this and the driver, Roy Repp, manages to keep in time with the music.

Old Restaurant Man Dies.

James Trainor, whose restaurant gave the name of "Tenderloin" to that section of the city in the neighborhood of Broadway and West Thirty-third street, died recently in a hotel here. Trainor's restaurant, which has since been torn down, was famous for its steaks. When Police Captain Alexander Williams was sent from police headquarters to take command of the West Thirtieth street police station, he dined at Trainor's restaurant. Returning to headquarters for his belongings, he said: "I'm through chuck steak. It's tenderloin for me now up where I am." Thereafter the district included within that police precinct was known as the "Tenderloin."—New York Correspondent Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Are Hands Ever Kissed?

The clinging kiss has been barred by the moving picture censors of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Hereafter no kiss may fill more than ten feet of film. A ten-foot kiss might seem to be a pretty long one to the outsider, but ten feet of film whisks past in about two seconds.

But what about the hand kiss? Did anyone, outside of a book, ever see a man kiss a woman's hand? Not in this part of the country, at least. But in nearly every moving picture love scene the hero bends over the hand of the woman he loves and kisses her fingers fondly and long.—Kansas City Star.

Gets Soft Wood From America.

China draws its principal supplies of soft woods from the United States and Japan. In 1913, the last year for which figures are available, China imported from the United States approximately 79,700,000 feet board measure, valued at \$1,500,000. These imports were more than twice the amount of the preceding year and 16,000,000 feet in excess of 1910.

DIDN'T KNOW THE STAKES

How a Young New York Lawyer Played Bridge With Some Wall Street Men.

You don't hear today of stock market winners whose theory of spending money was that of an inebriated mariner or a Coal Oil Johnny. The nearest approach to the old-time yarns was told me by a friend of the hero.

A young lawyer was asked to call on a widely known financier. It was after the close of the market. He went into the Wall street man's office and was told that owing to the non-arrival of certain documents his legal services would not be required that afternoon. There were a couple of men with the financier, and the young lawyer was introduced to them. The telephone rang and the Wall street man answered it.

"Yes. I am sorry to hear it. Good-by."

The Wall street man turned from the telephone and said to his friends: "John can't come; that breaks it up." His eye rested on the young lawyer, who, by the way, was a member of his favorite club. "Do you play bridge?" he inquired.

"A little," said the young man with the modesty of his profession. As a matter of fact he was a very good player.

"Well," said the financier, "will you fill in? We expected John—but he can't come. Twenty-five a point."

The young lawyer, who was no Croesus, thought it was too steep for him, but he considered even if he did lose a few hundred dollars it would pay him to be on friendly terms with high finance. He swears he did not then and there decide to raise his fees, but that he figured out that he probably played as well as these men. Anyhow, he decided to take a chance.

They played a couple of hours. When the game broke up the young man, much relieved to find himself ahead, said good-by to his client and the others.

"Hold on," said the banker. "I'll give you a check. We always settle on the spot."

The young lawyer smiled tolerantly, good naturedly took the check and put it in his pocket without looking at it. In the elevator by himself he examined it. It was for \$30,000. The 25 a point was not 25 cents, as he had thought with misgivings when he was asked to play, but \$25 a point.—Saturday Evening Post.

New Storage Battery.

A dry storage battery of the same size and shape as the ordinary dry cell is an offering of an American manufacturer. The new storage battery contains a non-flowing electrolyte and, according to the statements of the manufacturer, can be recharged an indefinite number of times at a lower price per charge than the original cost of an ordinary dry cell. The rating of the battery is 0.5 ampere for 40 hours, one ampere for 18 hours, 2 amperes for eight hours, or three amperes for five hours. The average discharge potential is two volts. The container of the battery is made of unbreakable paper-fiber, while the elements are rolled strips of corrugated lead. The electrolyte is contained in an amorphous, non-crystallizing white substance which is claimed to possess exceptionally high absorbing power. A tube is provided in the center of the cell for carrying water in order to prevent the cell from drying out.—Scientific American.

New Ideas in Church Building.

Perhaps the most striking innovation in church affairs is in building. The steeple, bell, and even cruciform ground plan are things of the past. New ideas in constructive dictate buildings that look exactly like other buildings, and that above all are planned to suit needs, and not planned to demonstrate ecclesiastical actions. One church in New York even proposes a church inside of an apartment house, like the duplex apartments inside of big flat buildings. Not a winter in years has brought in as many new ideas in church practice as this one, and leaders in Christian work in America are saying that more innovations are just ahead that are even more significant and that utility and up-to-dateness will characterize church management as never before.—Western Christian Advocate.

American Gets War Cross.

The Paris Journal Officiel publishes a list of citations and names of officers and soldiers who have been awarded the war cross. The list includes the name of Joseph Lydon of Salem, Mass., a member of the Foreign Legion. The Journal calls him an "excellent soldier" and relates the following episode: "At an advanced post outlook he had his foot cut to pieces by a shell splinter. He repressed every sigh, although suffering intense pain. To an officer who encouraged him he answered: 'It is nothing, sergeant; it is for France!'"

Waste of Time.

"Dubwaite interlards his conversation with quotations from foreign languages." "That really isn't necessary." "No?" "What he says is not of sufficient importance to make it worth while for him to be ambiguous."

Silver Imports.

The imports of silver into the United States for the ten months ending October 31, 1915, were valued at \$28,504,857, of which \$17,036,255 came from Mexico.

HOW WAS SHE TO KNOW?

She Was Too Much Engrossed in Her Own Feelings to Give a Thought to His.

"Angelica," he said masterfully, although his voice trembled a little, "I love you. You've got to marry me." "I—couldn't do what you ask," she said in a low voice. "I—didn't know that you—cared!" She smiled a sudden, provoking smile at Stephen.

"Didn't you know that I cared!" Stephen turned white. "Didn't you know that I cared! It's been plain enough to everyone else that you've made a fool of me! What other folly can I commit to convince you that I care?" He laughed bitterly.

Angelica looked down at her little square-toed slippers of black patent leather that she had brought with her from France.

"You never said anything before. How could I guess?" she retorted, tossing her ringleted head.

"Do you pretend that you didn't know that I loved you, Angelica?" demanded the young man hotly. "Are you just the common flirt, ready to ensnare any man that comes near you? You know well enough that I've worshipped you ever since I set eyes on you, and now—now you try to make me believe you've known nothing, felt nothing! Are all women deceivers?" groaned Stephen, looking very miserable.

Angelica touched the plaited hair bracelet on her wrist and smoothed down the frouces of her striped-silk dress. She tilted her charming head at a provoking angle. Suddenly she leaned toward Stephen and laid a small hand on his arm. She was a little pale in spite of the dash of rouge on her round, young cheek, and the dazzling smile with which she regarded the irate young gentleman before her was a trifle tremulous.

"If—if you are quite through scolding me, Stephen, I would like to say—that is, I mean—you—you did not understand. How can I love you 'a little' when I care so much? And why should I be angry with me for saying that I cannot 'begin to learn to love you' when I've known you for—for so long!" Her charming audacity suddenly broke down and she covered her face with her hands.

For an instant Stephen gazed at her in bewilderment.

"Good God, Angelica! What a fright you gave me!" he whispered, and folded her in his arms.—Abbie Carter Goodloe, in Scribner's Magazine.

To Shorten Time in School.

An experiment which may prove of the utmost significance to New York city's school children, their parents, and, in a financial way, to the city itself, has gone into operation at the Speyer school, a model elementary school used in the past largely as a laboratory for the practice of educational theories by teachers' college. Its ultimate object is to reduce by a year, and possibly by two years, the length of the public school course.

The scheme will be tried first on 200 specially selected boys, who have completed the sixth year in the elementary school. In two years it is hoped to cover three years' work, so that they may at the end of that time enter the sophomore classes of the city high schools. Saving of time is to be accomplished partly by a modification of curriculum and by improved methods of instruction, but chiefly by adapting the rate of progress in classes to ability of the pupils, so that the less apt in every particular subject will not retard the advance of the rest.

A Non-Carbonizing Insulator.

What promises to be of most importance in the field of electrical apparatus is the invention of a non-carbonizing insulator by John F. Green of Pittsburgh, Pa. After several years of study the inventor has succeeded in eliminating ferrous oxide and free magnesia from asbestos, producing a quartz insulator designated as fibrous quartz or De Ferroized asbestos, which is claimed to be absolutely non-carbonizing. The material can be made into any required form. At a temperature of approximately 7,500 degrees it melts and runs not unlike molten steel. Experts who have examined the new insulator proclaim it immune to heat and most promising as an insulating material.—Scientific American.

Melba to Train Girls Free.

Mme. Melba, who is visiting friends at San Francisco, announced her intention of buying an estate near San Francisco as a permanent home. She will open it to girls with voice, but no means to cultivate them. Mme. Melba plans to devote her time and experience to teaching these girls. "So many voices are ruined each year," she said, "by the wrong kind of training that I feel I simply must put out a restraining hand. I shall regard the girls as my wards. I shall consider it a privilege to teach them personally and my sacred duty to advise them according to my ability."

Rare Cruelty to Children.

"Don't Let the Kiddies Freeze," begins an advertisement, and we thought it was going on to be a charity appeal. But it continues: "Out of a warm room into a cold car—for a bitterly cold drive to school—down-town—or to bring dad home from the office—the worst thing in the world for youngsters—or anyone else." And it tells of the virtues of a heater for motor cars. Can there be parents cruel enough to send their children to school in a cold motor car? Have we no laws? Is civilization, as Bret Harte asked, a failure?—New York Tribune.

County Correspondence

Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectation of "Watchman" Readers by a Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

PLEASANT GAP PICKUPS.

Many a sweet society bud turns out after marriage to be a crab-apple.

Mrs. Edna Fatkin, of State College, spent her Easter vacation at the Gap.

The first thing a man forgets, when he reaches the top, is the place he started from.

Frank Weaver just completed a handsome stable on his new premises on Main street.

Leslie Miller says all you need to be a habitual invalid is plenty of money and a good constitution.

When a man don't like his wife's family, he'd better find it out before he marries her. So says Virgie Bilger.

The venerable Mrs. Catharine Baumgardner, who is nearing her ninetieth milestone, has been quite ill for some time past.

Nearly everybody and all their friends of Pleasant Gap took in the colossal Odd Fellows blow-out in Bellefonte on Wednesday last.

Mr. Webber, Center Hall's ex-planing mill man, has two new houses under course of erection on the Leathers plan of lots, adjacent to Whiterock.

Otto Hile makes the bold assertion that lawyers prefer to be honest when it is possible, and they don't have to sacrifice too large a fee to maintain that principle.

Mrs. Henry Haupt, her two daughters and a lady friend, of Milesburg, were visitors last Tuesday at the home of George Showers. Mrs. Showers is a daughter of Mrs. Haupt.

Mrs. Paul Keller, of Altoona, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Noll, the Ephriam Keller family and friends generally. She will remain at the Gap for a week or two.

The Poorman garage at the cross roads will be completed within a few weeks. It will be a handsome brick structure and will no doubt prove a paying investment, since every third family in this community are the possessors of automobiles.

Ward, better known as Preacher Hile, has resigned his clerical position in the Noll Bros. store and is now running one of the motor cars between Bellefonte and Pleasant Gap. Having a host of friends he is bound to succeed in anything he undertakes.

The district Sunday school convention held in the M. E. church at Pleasant Gap last Tuesday afternoon and evening was very liberally attended. More than ordinary interest was manifested in the good and laudable cause. The session proved a decided success.

Farmer Thomas Jodon lost three valuable horses the past week, the combined value of which aggregated seven hundred and fifty dollars. The animals were recently purchased from a western horse sale in Pennsylvania. Mr. Jodon has the sympathy of his many friends and the Gap.

Our new painting and paper hanging firm, Messrs. Fremont Hile and Leslie Miller, are prosecuting their work vigorously. They report a number of orders slated. With twelve years' experience in the profession, their success is assured. The school of experience also graduates a lot of Dead Bees.

En route for Bellefonte on the trolley car the other day I was the interested audience of a rather peculiar drama. A woman in a very pretty coat of some rich, soft stuff, got on the car and sat down beside me. I noticed that, as she sat down, she arranged her coat with the greatest care. A little farther down the pike a woman with a little boy got on and sat down beside the lady of the lovely coat. The little boy wanted to kneel on the seat and look out of the window. His mother permitted it, and I saw the lady of the lovely coat glance at his dusty feet nervously and draw the coat closer about her. Seeing this, the mother laid her hand over the child's shoes and held them away from the coat. So they rode for a short distance until something excited the little boy and he gave a wriggle which brought his shoes almost into contact with the coat. The lady of the lovely coat could stand it no longer, but rose to her feet. The mother of the little fellow at once made him sit down, grown up fashion. He didn't like it, and his lip quivered. He was an engaging little fellow, and it was plain the sympathy of the car was with him. "People that are so terribly stuck up shouldn't ride in the trolley car," I heard the woman on the other side of the mother remark. "Yes, sighed the mother; people that have plenty of money and fine clothes don't seem to have much use for children. I suppose she has a lap dog instead of a baby at home." The woman with the lovely coat flushed. It was plain to see that she felt the criticism of the car. For myself, I felt that she had been a little more obviously nervous than circumstances required. The child's shoes were not muddy. As it happened we both got off the car at the corner opposite the WATCHMAN office. The woman gazed at me, she spoke up impetuously. "I feel as if I must tell you something," she said. "I hated to act as I did on the car. That was a dear little boy, and I love children. I have four myself. But you see, that coat wasn't my own. A friend insisted on my taking it for a special occasion, when it was really important that I should look right. I didn't have anything suitable to wear myself—you know how it is when you have four children growing up—and she insisted that I leave my coat with her and wear this, and wear it back today. And I've been positively miserable for fear something would happen to it. If it had been my own coat, I shouldn't have acted like that." She paused. "I don't know why I tell you this," she went on, "except that I knew I was being judged and I felt as if I must defend myself to some one. You understand, don't you? I felt that this woman was condemned and humiliated unjustly. We are too eager at times to jump at surmises. You can't judge any act by itself alone. You should know all the circumstances leading up to it, all the motives of those concerned. "Judge not lest you be judged."

They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.