

TURNING THE TABLE.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb; On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him. Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad. So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad. And it killed that poor boy, and the sparrow was glad. Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees: "Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?" "He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said. And another stone shied at the fond mother's head. And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead. You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed. But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed. 'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird, And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word. And I jotted it down as it really occurred. —Selected.

"THE TAPS THAT TOLD."

BY MARTHA ALRICKS JOHNSON.

Baldwin stood at the window of a stuffy office, on the sixth floor of a New York business building, looking absent-mindedly about over the little back yards, and down into the narrow street that ran along at their rear. It was nearly time for him to leave for the day, and go to his lodging house. A fine, drizzling rain was falling. It was dull and cheerless outside, and no better inside.

The young man was a stranger in the city, having gone there from one of the rural districts of the State, for the purpose of studying law. The man with whom he was associated was abroad for an indefinite time, and Baldwin had the office to himself, save for a young artist who had his studio across the hall, who took pity on him, and a few clients of his preceptor, who not knowing he was out of town, called on business, and the postman.

Baldwin was discouraged enough to "pull up stakes" and go home, but was deterred by the thought of what his friends, and the world in general would say of him. He had his living to make, and had no time to waste in idle dreaming. He was tired to death of the lonely existence he was leading.

Debating in his mind how to mend matters, his attention was arrested by a step on the bare floor beside him. Turning, he saw the postman lay a letter on his desk. Mechanically he took it up and hastily breaking the seal, read:

BECHMONT, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1911. "MR. E. C. BALDWIN,

Dear Sir: A diamond brooch, an heirloom in the family, has mysteriously disappeared at my house. I would like you to undertake the work of recovering it. Will pay for your services \$50.00. Yours truly, J. C. OLCOTT."

"Gee whiz! That ain't bad. I wonder how in the name of all that's good and holy the man Olcott happened to pitch on me? He is evidently laboring under the delusion that I'm a detective. I bet he thinks I'm E. C. Baldwin, the head and front of the Pinkerton force. I've nothing to do with that. Heavens, it would keep me busy if I did." Then he read the letter again.

"I don't know a thing about detective work, wish I did. There's not much to learn, only to know when and where to strike." He paced the floor excitedly. "I wonder how it would be? It would certainly be a diversion, and let me out. I know no other way to make \$50.00. It ain't as if I were going into the business for life. It's not in my line, I confess, but anything is better than sitting here with my hands folded." Suddenly he came to a stand still, then resumed his musings: "I'm getting deuced tired of this beastly hole, without so much as a dog to speak to. Blamed if I don't think the old man's offer a pretty good scheme. Here goes for it," and seating himself before his desk, the young man drew the pad of writing paper to him and taking up his pen wrote:

NEW YORK, Oct. 14th, 1911. MR OLCOTT, Dear Sir: Yours just received, and in reply would say, I will be pleased to look up family heirloom. Please advise me when it will be convenient for me to come to your place. Respectfully, E. C. BALDWIN."

By wire Baldwin received the following message: "Come on the 18th. Carriage will meet you at Bechmont Station, 3.40 train p. m. J. C. O." Miss Olcott was a queenly looking girl. Her picture hat with long willow plumes sat jauntily on her fluffy light curls. Just a tinge of tan lent color to her face. She wore a white swiss embroidered shirt waist, a skirt of some dark wool material, and on her hands were long, buff gloves. Consulting her watch she looked anxiously down the track. "Five minutes to wait," then she drew the lines tighter, spoke reassuringly to the horses, and held the ribbons taut as the great puffing engine rounded the curve, and slowed up in front of the little platform.

Only one passenger alighted from the train. A tall, well built young man. As he glanced inquiringly about him, his eyes lighted on the trim horses, and the girl regarding him searchingly. With an



The Circus Zoo.

Wonderful Menagerie Found With Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus.

One of the things in which the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace circus has always excelled is in its menagerie. Carl Hagenbeck, the noted German animal man, was the first person who ever succeeded in breaking and subduing wild animals for a public performance. He startled the capitals of Europe half a century ago with his intelligent, yet man-eating beasts. At each world's fair that has been held in the United States in the past forty years the Carl Hagenbeck wild animals have always furnished the stellar attraction.

So much interest was aroused at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904 that then Carl Hagenbeck went into partnership with B. E. Wallace, the "circus king," to combine their two shows. At first the idea looked impossible, because of their size. Each show had already reached a state that it required the efforts of only the most skilled circus officials to handle. The greatest problem was the one involved in the transportation. A train, one mile in length, was built and divided into three sections. In this way the obstacle of moving the great institution from city to city was solved.

Yet, each year since the consolidation of the shows, the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace circus has grown. All of the wild animals with the show are under the direction of the Hagenbecks. Only the choicest specimens are seen, others are disposed to smaller circuses and zoos. The Hagenbeck farm in Hamburg, Germany, is the world's biggest animal headquarters. As fast as rare and costly specimens are captured by the Hagenbeck hunters, scattered throughout the world, they are sent to their own show, the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace circus.

But the Hagenbeck animals only form one department of the combined shows. The Great Wallace circus still excels as the "highest class circus in the world." The performance is given in three rings on two elevated stages. More than 400 noted artists that represent almost every country on the globe will be seen with the Carl Hagenbeck-Wallace circus in Bellefonte on Wednesday, May 31st.

independent manner he stepped forward. "Is it Miss Olcott?" touching his hat.

"It is," was the reply, in a low voice, "and you are Mr. Baldwin?" When she heard his murmured "yes," she slackened her hold on the lines, drew the horses aside and brought them to a stand.

"Get in if you please." The traveler lifted his suit case into the vehicle and pushing it under the seat, climbed up and took the place by her side.

With a firm hold on the lines, the young woman touched the horses lightly with the whip. At the touch, they sprang forward and dashed briskly down the road.

"I suppose, Miss Olcott," her companion said, with manifest interest, "your father has heard nothing further with regard to the lost brooch?"

"Indeed no, and we are both worried. You see it belonged to an old aunt of papa's, and came to me by inheritance."

"How did you happen to lose it?" "I had it on the afternoon that it disappeared. Papa and I were going out for a drive. At the last moment, I made the discovery that the catch which fastened the pin was broken, and I was afraid of losing it, and as the carriage was at the door and I didn't want to keep the horses standing, instead of taking the pin to my room, I just laid it on the mantle in the library."

"Is the library on the first floor?" "Yes, it's at the rear of the parlor. While we were out a rain storm came up and we were obliged to take refuge at the house of one of the neighbors, consequently we did not get home until after dark. But the servants being trust-worthy, we felt no uneasiness."

"Have they lived with you long?" "Oh, yes indeed. One has been with us for over eight years, and the other six. They are both perfectly honest. The house maid said that after we drove off, she and the cook went up to their room on the third floor, and came down just before the rain to close the windows. And while she was watching the storm, she saw a tramp going down the drive."

"I'm afraid he's got the pin." "Papa thinks so."

It was a charming day, the trees were gorgeous with the autumn tints, and the air redolent with the sweet spicy fra-

grance of the woods. Baldwin was enjoying the drive to the full, and he leaned back and took a survey of the country through which they were passing, every now and then casting furtive glances at the charming girl by his side. He thought to himself that he had never enjoyed a drive so much in his life.

Bechmont, the home of Mr. Olcott, was on the Hudson. A fine old picturesque mansion covered with ivy, stood grim and imposing in the waning light.

Mr. Olcott was a widower; his household consisted of himself, his daughter Anita, two house servants, and two field hands. Mr. Olcott was not actively engaged in any business, having as much as he could do to look after his estate, which consisted of 2100 acres.

When the young girl and her escort drew rein at the door of her home, her father came out to assist her to alight, and to welcome his guest. As he took the young man's hand he looked sharply at him.

"You are a very much younger man, than I expected to see, Mr. Baldwin," he said. "But I suppose you are not without experience?" Baldwin looked confused, and blushing to the roots of his hair replied:

"Oh, I've had lots of experience." Never in the whole course of his life had Baldwin been placed in so awkward a position. He was afraid every moment that his host would touch on his qualifications in the work he had assumed, and in order to prevent him, Baldwin talked about everything he could think of, but the subject his host was most interested in.

Although given every possible clew to work on, Baldwin seemed to make no headway in unraveling the mystery of the lost brooch.

How kind they were to him, Anita and her father. They could not have done more had he been a life-long friend. It was like heaping coals of fire on his head, when he was so basely deceiving them. Still in his heart he believed he would win in the end.

When a week had rolled round and he was no nearer finding the object of his search than he was the day that he came to them, he began to doubt his ability to recover it and questioned in his mind if it would not be better to confess all, and go home.

It had not occurred to him before, what Mr. Olcott and his daughter might think of him. A perfect stranger, partaking of their hospitality, and doing nothing in return but walking in and out, making himself at home generally; driving over the country during the day, and whiling the evening hours away playing bridge.

One morning when Anita had gone on an errand to town, and her father was busy about the place, Baldwin was feeling nervous and restless. He had been at Bechmont ten days, and was no nearer finding the lost brooch than when he came. Convinced that it was useless longer to keep up the farce of playing detective, he made up his mind that he would confess all, and went into the library to think it out.

It was certainly discouraging and

mortifying to have to explain his boldness in assuming to take up a business he knew nothing about. The more he thought of it the more dreadful his conduct seemed. How did he know but what Mr. Olcott would not have him arrested for having gained admittance into the house under false pretence. At the thought, he paced the floor in sheer desperation.

While he was waiting for his friends to come in, he heard a sound: "Tap, tap, tap, tap." He thought it was the hinges of the shutter outside and in order to rid himself of the noise, he took his hat and went out on the porch. He found it cool, however, and went back to the library, where he heard the sound again.

The window was raised about three inches, and the air from outside blew the lace curtain up and fro. He noticed that every time the curtain touched the sash it made the tapping sound. To satisfy his curiosity, he went to the window and picking up the lower end of the curtain, ran his fingers along it. To his surprise they came in contact with a hard substance like a pebble imbedded in the meshes of the lace. As he held it up to the light, he saw that the stone resembled glass, and was set in something that shone like gold. He worked with it until he dislodged it, and was astonished to find that instead of a pebble it was the lost brooch.

It had been swept off the mantle by the curtain at the time of the storm and caught in the lace. The wind swaying the curtain brought it in contact with the sash, and every time the stone struck it, it made the tapping sound.

Of course Baldwin received the reward, and when he told of his deception Mr. Olcott was so rejoiced to get back the old heirloom that he took no account of it. After Baldwin's talk Anita slipped quietly out of the room into the conservatory, where in a few minutes she was joined by her lover.

"What made you run away?" he asked, looking reproachfully at her. "Was it because I deceived your father, and you do not trust me?"

"No," she replied, with wide, questioning eyes. "If you had not come doubtless the brooch would have been swept out, and we would never have known what became of it."

"Then you do not regret my coming to Bechmont?"

"You have made it very pleasant, and I shall miss you," she replied, with down-cast eyes. "I wish you were not going away."

"I'll come back sometime, if you want me Anita."

"You think you will," she replied, her eyes suffused with tears, "but I fear when you get away, you'll forget me."

"Oh, no, I couldn't forget you, little girl, when I love you so. Dare I hope that my love is returned?" Anita hid her blushing face on his shoulder, and the tender light in her eyes told more eloquently than words how dear he was to her.

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

Shoe Wearers Must "Pay the Price."

A side-effect of the far-away war that interests every man, woman and child is the announcement of the fact that shoes must this season advance in price.

The generally reported scarcity of leather and increased cost of tanning since the war, combined with an enormously increased demand for footwear.

Millions of pairs of shoes for the European armies have been and still are being made by American shoe manufacturers. On the average, these army shoes consume one and one-half as much leather as the average American man's shoe.

Knapsacks, saddles, harness and other material for the armies at war and a general increase in equipment of the American army and state militia account for a still further demand on the none too large supply of leather.

Munitions plants have called for thousands of feet of leather belting and the general picking up of business has started thousands of factories' wheels and greatly augmented the call for belting.

Autoes have also made great and increasing inroads into the available leather supply for upholstery.

Leather is a by-product. The supply cannot be increased at will as crops and metals are, but is dependent on the hide supply; and cattle are not killed, primarily, for their hides.

The latest census reports show that the cattle population has decreased 20 per cent in the last ten years, and the population has increased the same percentage.

Shoes, therefore, are to be more expensive. It is said that the increase for the present will be about 20 per cent, but will likely be more by next year.

When the Squirrel Bathes.

I saw a squirrel take a bath the other day. It was raining, and this seemed to be an assistance to him. I was at a great loss at first to understand what he could be up to. He was in the crotch of a tree, to which is attached the shelf that holds the drinking dish that the squirrels and the birds use in common.

Chippy would first lie on his back and pull himself along; then he would roll to one side and do the same, and then to the other. Suddenly he sprang to his haunches, drew his paws along his wet sides, and then rubbed them over and over each other, as you may have chanced to see a farmer do when he has been washing at the kitchen sink.

His last performance was the most amusing of all. After he had got his body and his hands cleaned to satisfaction, he began on his face. This process also reminded me of the farmer when he rubs the water over his face with his hands. The comical part was to see the squirrel use both hands at once, just as the man at the sink does, except that the squirrel rubbed from his ears to his nose, after the fashion of a cat.

The impression that this gray squirrel was taking a bath dawned upon me when I realized that his fur must be wet through from the rain which was steadily falling. After every part of the body had been thoroughly gone over Chippy scurried to the top of the tree and stretched himself out full length upon a limb, waiting for the sun to come out and dry him.—The Visitor."

DESECRATION OF THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

Many business men are commercializing the Flag and Shield, using these objects of dignity and beauty as advertisements to attract attention. The cases showing lack of respect seem to arise from a mistaken sense of admiration for the colors, rather than from a desire to desecrate the Flag.

The Pennsylvania Flag Law positively forbids the use of the Flag for a trade mark, fining a penalty for such offense of a fine not exceeding \$500 or imprisonment for not more than 6 months or both.

Because of present conditions especially does it behoove every citizen of the United States to know just what our Flag means; the principles for which it stands; and the extent of its power.

If educators, town officials, historical societies, clubs, etc., co-operate in educating the masses splendid results may be obtained and the zenith of patriotism be reached.

The following is a partial list of desecrations which have occurred and will show somewhat the need of enthusiastic activity.

- 1—To hoist the Flag before sunrise and allow it to remain after sunset.
2—To raise or lower it by mechanical appliances or allow it to touch the ground.
3—To fasten it to the side of a building, platform, or scaffold.
4—To hang the Flag in the home lower than one's head when one is standing, or in a place below a person sitting. For decorative purposes it must hang from a pole or rope.
5—To not place the field on the left side; to have the Flag out of proportion. (Length is 1.9 the width; the field 2.5 of length of Flag and 7-13 of width.)
6—To allow Flags to remain on public buildings or in cemeteries until they are in rags, or soiled and faded.
7—To mutilate the Flag. Organizations must not put a border around the Flag or cut out part of Flag to insert organization emblem. (Must be reverently burned when of no further use.)
8—To use as cover for table, pulpit, desk, box, pillow top or window floor.
9—To place objects upon the Flag (The Bible is the only object which may with propriety be laid on the Flag.)
10—To print or write anything whatever on the Flag.
11—To print Flag on lid of cigar boxes.
12—To use picture of Flag for purpose of advertising.
13—To attach political tickets to Flag.
14—To attach advertisements to Flag.
15—To print the Flag on skin paper to use in wrapping fruit, cheeses, hams, thread, soap, chewing gum, fire works, cigars.
16—To print Flag on paper and paste on liquors.
17—To print Flag on back of trolley tickets.
18—To print Flag on confectionery boxes, pillow cases, door mats, paper napkins, handkerchiefs, blotting pads, toilet paper.
19—To print Flag on sides of wagons, on porcelain or crockery.
20—To use Flag for clouts for prize fighters, or for contestants in foot races, etc.
21—To make clothing for clowns, for representations of Uncle Sam and Columbia.
22—To use for sacks to contain merchandise; to use to shade vegetables from sun, to use as flynets for horses and dogs, to use on broom labels, on poster, on sign board, on jittneys.
23—Flag must not be used as Tag for "Tag Day," nor at "Military" card games, nor to draw attention to Charity balls, must not hang over backs of seats in any gathering.
24—Desecration to tear Flag from staff in anger, to tear it in shreds, and to stamp on it. It must not trail on the ground.
25—Flag must not be raised under flags of other nations (The only flag which is ever hoisted above the U. S. Flag is the Church pennant.)
26—Desecration to permit a dilapidated Flag to be unfurled.
27—Desecration to figure in the cover designs of magazines or in cartoons.
28—Paper napkins with Flag on them must not be sold.
29—Flag must not be worked into neckties, nor colors worn in belts, nor bows for slippers nor in matchboxes.
30—Flag must not be used in real estate deals, sample rooms, shooting galleries, nor with patent medicines, nor cheap wares, on lolly pops, fly paper, drum-heads, slate pencil, pencil boxes.
31—It is a desecration to exploit Flag in moving picture shows or in theaters to gain applause.
32—Star Spangled Banner should not be included in medleys.
A mark of disrespect not to stand when the Star Spangled Banner is played or sung.
33—Desecration not to show admiration, love and reverence for Flag in words and deeds.
N. B. Please read the Pennsylvania Flag Law.
MISS MIRA HUMES,
MRS. GILBERT G. POND,
MISS HELEN E. C. OVERTON,
State Chairman D. A. R., to prevent Desecration of the Flag.
—For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.