Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 11, 1916.

LOST.

What? Lost your temper, did you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray, do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words
The laughter, and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
It woul persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it—never, never!

—"Harper's Young People."

THE LADY BEHIND THE IRON FENCE.

On a valuable piece of property stands the Home, the kind that begins with a capital, has a big, clean-shaved lawn that isn't to be walked on, many stockings swinging from a creaking wire line in the back, and a large parlor and visiting day in front, where if you are a lucky "half-orphan," either a mother or a father comes unexpectedly the day you forget to wash behind your ears. But if you are a whole orphan nobody comes at all—nobody, that is, that you belong to.

John Landon went into the Home when he was three years old. In those days he was so sure every visitor had something for him! When he was old enough to understand in what a mysterious way God moves he had, concerning Visitors, hopes other than candy and safe jackknives. Often a lady in black would come in an automobile and afterward there would be Someone missing at the long tables. And Someone would have long rides, real school where you don't have to walk all the way in line, and clothes that look like you. But usually Someone was about two years old and very pretty and almost always a girl. John began early to think hard of God because he had happened to be a boy.

There is some hope, even if you are a boy, until you get to be about seven. Then some of your teeth are out; of course girls' teeth fall out, too, but their curls bob so that you have to look at them instead. At seven, too, you begin to drop your fork and stumble over chairs, and your hands chap. This matter seems not to be remedied by time—at least such time as you stay in the Home. For on the morning you are fifteen you are a man and you do up your clothes in a bundle and go out to earn your living.

Across the street from the Home is a great stone house behind an iron fence. There are gardens, too, wonderful flowers and blossoming trees, and a fountain with a little marble boy holding an umbrella over his head. There is also a lady—a lady such as one reads about in fairy tales—a lady with golden hair and a shawl like white mist falling down over her dress, blue like the sky.

John's earliest remembrance, which had to do with his coming up the steps of the Home, was connected with the lady—for he saw her before he saw the matron, and wished—oh, how he wished!—that whoever brought him had taken him over there instead! She seemed, this golden-haired lady, to like children. She often gave them flowers through the fence and asked them about school and let them touch her fluffy cat. But when you are nine, and your middle upper teeth are too large, you stop looking through iron railings at ladies in gardens.

And now the inevitable was upon him. John would be fifteen tomorrow. He knew he must "begin at the bottom;" the superintendent said so. But just the particular place to put his foot on and say, "Stand over! Give me room!"—that he did not know. Perhaps he would tomorrow, when he was fifteen. For, when you come to think of it, being fifteen is a thing you cannot put off.

The day before you are to be a man you think over your childhood and youth. Vaguely, in some far crypt of his mind, John realized that he was going to lose his youth in the deal; but he had childhood left. This he viewed as he packed his other suit and a few books and trinkets into a bundle. His remembrance of that time was for the most part of wanting a coat with plaits and a belt; of not wanting oatmeal fashioned presumably out of glue—it stuck so queerly to the spoon—out of a grayish white bird's bathtub; remembrance of a great wish that the large-bosomed woman who was paid to keep order in and epidemics out would put her arms around him and hold him—so—for just an instant, and a harrowing fear (later) that she would; of a long string of bony-armed little boys diving into a never quite warm enough Saturday tub; and of a long string of little boys following a long string of little girls into a school house or a church where you are always "one of them."

From his place in the long line he had often seen pale-faced, happy-eyed women wheeling perambulators containing pink-and-white or blue-and-white bundles. He had seen these pale-faced, happy-eyed women stop and lean down close to the bundles and say words not in English, with kisses of lips, kisses of clinging hands and adoring eyes. Even the little girl who from behind a lilac bush waved her fingers in his direction he had seen lean just so over the blue-and-white bundle in her doll buggy. Had he ever been covered with something pink and white or blue and white? Hand any woman ever kissed him? How did it feel?

John went out of the Home with his bundle. Though he had not been particularly happy behind those brick walls, he felt a bit lonely as he swung aboard a car on his way to the place the superintendent had found for him: "a safe place for a young boy." John had wandered about this formula, and now suddenly in the crowded, jolting, dusty car—he knew. He did not know that the size of his other features had long since caught up with those two large teeth and that now he was more than an ordinarily good-looking boy. He did not know why the salamander-gowned girls across the aisle looked at him with such bold, eager eyes. But he was conscious of a new interest in his tie; he would get a new one when he got his first money at that business place where the superintendent assured him there was an "opening." He liked to have the girls look at him. At first shy, he soon began occasionally to look at them.

Once, when traffic was stopped by a policeman's whistle, John saw outside the window a big car, and in it father and son joking together. John looked at them curiously. The street car moved on with new passengers—mother and child, a very little child wrapped in a blue-and-white blanket. Fascinated, John watched them, and it was as though an old, long-healed wound had begun to ache anew. He stirred uncomfortably and cleared his throat and would not look when the girls coughed their subtle invitation. Then all at once—at the instant he pushed back his hat from his high white forehead—he was a cynic. Life had cheated him. Something was wrong. He got up and stepped down into the street with his fist hardened against Someone, the Cause, the Thing to Blame.

The girls were at his elbow. They plucked him by the sleeve; the wind blew their hair against his coat. "Meet us," they said, "tonight at the show here on the corner. Will you?"

He hesitated; what after all would he do tonight? No one else wanted him. These girls wanted him—maybe he would; yes, maybe he would—and with that he left them. He found the Safe Place, where a slatternly shrew was mopping down the stairs and the air was prophetic of cabbage and onion. He had left his bundle in a room that faced the alley, then went out and found the Opening. There, in that office of finance, in the few moments when he was learning his duties, he heard profanity that he would never forget. Then he went out on the street.

What should he do tonight? He had time on his hands, time and no one to inquire into its spending. He was alone; he was free. He thought with nausea that was a sickness of the spirit rather than of the body, of the Safe Place and the hag on the stairs. A wave of homesickness swept over him for the home he had never had. The little child craves home love, craves the clinging arms, the shelter of the body. The boy who will be a man tomorrow craves it with reason and realization of irremediable loss.

He found himself turning toward the Home. It was not, had never been a home; but it was where during all the life that he could remember he had lain down to sleep at night, sat down to eat, put on his clothes; it was all he had.

Getting off the car in the neighborhood, he walked toward the Home. He had no place there now; another already had his iron bed. But how natural and protected, how "safe" it looked. It seemed to him that he must go in once more—once more before he became a man tomorrow. This was his birthnight; tomorrow was his birthday and he was afraid.

Then he remembered an old tin watch fob far back on the shelf. A grocer boy had once given it to John. He would ask permission to go to the place where he had slept four thousand nights and he would get that talisman.

"You have a letter," said the matron busy with the napkin under the chin of the littlest; "it is on the shelf by the clock."

John could not remember ever having had a letter. He opened the square, pure white envelope with its faint perfume of flowers. "Dear Boy," he read. Perhaps it was not for him! He looked again. Yes, it was for him. He read on:

Dear Boy: I am the woman behind the iron fence. You will think this a strange letter, but then life is strange from first to last and all things in it. For twelve years I have loved you. I have seen you come and go. I have known when you lost a tooth—when a new one came in. I have known when you were outgrowing your suits. I have known when you had new ones. You used to look at me when you went by; but now you never do. Why not, John? Today I have missed you. I wonder where you are. So many, many times, years ago, I used to say to myself "I want him! I must have him for mine!" But it is a thing one puts off somehow—and the years fly by! And always I was waiting to see if I should have one of my own. But more than anything else I was putting it off for another reason: I was so afraid that it was the little, little child I wanted, the tiny soft thing to hold and dress up in embroidered white things and wrap in a blue-and-white blanket. I was afraid that when you got to be a big, awkward boy I might not love you, might not know what to do with you, might regret—— Now you are a big boy, but you are not awkward; to me you are fine and strong, and I love you more than I used to when you were a little boy. You seem like my own child. I think my loving you all these years has made you mine.

Will you forgive me for the years I have waited? Now I know. And you will always be sure that I know. We both want you. His name is John too. We know all about you, although I think that makes no difference with me. We will give you the love we would give our own—and all that goes with that love. I shall tell the matrons things you will want to know about us. Do you think you could grow to love me? Perhaps not just first, but after awhile? I have been getting your room ready. It has a blue-and-white quilt on the bed, made of dresses I had when I was as old as you are now.

I wanted to say all this in a letter, because when you come I want it to be without explanations—just as though you had been out for a little while and had come home. We can get any of your things later, but just for tonight I should like to have you come just as you are. We have dinner at seven, you know. When I come to the door I want to know that you are my son.

The boy read the letter over and over again. He passed his fingers across the last words as though they must be warm to the touch. He looked around in the place where he no longer belonged. He wanted to go somewhere all by himself alone, just for a minute—away from the clatter of voices, the rattle of heavy plates. He went out around back of the Home where hung, in the gravel areaway, two creaking lines of black stockings. He stood between them and, sheltered so, looked once more at the miracle.

On the table shining with satin damask and silver, places were laid for three. There were roses in a crystal bowl. The Lady walked restlessly about, looking at the little jeweled watch on her wrist. "Almost seven John!" she said huskily. "I—I believe I'm just a bit nervous."

"No regrets?"

"Regrets? No. Fear that he might not come."

"It is a bit strange, I suppose—this way of getting a son, Alice."

"Getting a son is always a strange thing, John. Minna's baby came this morning—a boy."

"Yes, you're right; this is not stranger than that." He walked restlessly about; sometimes he cleared his throat nervously. "You know, Alice, that court business the other day got on my nerves. Those two youngsters that stole lead pipe, I was telling you about, were at least three years older than they looked in size. They were stunted physically and they were wiser in sin than I am; they were just eighteen. They had left an orphan asylum three years before, Alice, and what happened to them in those three years you couldn't believe. I thought then, Alice, what a protected life—our—boy—will have during his youth."

Four minutes before seven! The Lady waited at the door, listening.

Three minutes—how long minutes can be!

"Minna waited a long time," said Alice, turning toward the inner room, only to find her husband at her shoulder. They clasped hands as cold as ice.

Two minutes—and a step on the porch, a quick step, then a hesitance. Then out of silence a ring, and at the instant an open door.

The Lady stretched out both hands to his. Then they looked at each other in silence a moment. They leaned nearer and nearer, and then, somehow, she felt his arms gently close about her and he knew her kiss. warm, tender, like a benediction.

A strong voice from just beyond was saying "Well, son!" and the boy knew he need not be a man tomorrow. —By Helen Baker Parker, in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

College Fair Exhibit.

In connection with the county fair exhibit to be sent out by The Pennsylvania State College School of Agriculture and Experiment Station, special home economics features have been included. One of these consists of model water system and sewage disposal plant for the farm home. The model represents the most economical arrangement of pipes and drains. Approximate costs for the various types of water systems are given.

The other feature is a set of children's garments designed to meet the hygienic needs of the child and the economic limitations of the family budget. The patterns used are such as to make it possible for the busy mother to construct the garments with the least expenditure of time and energy. Fabrics that are durable and suited to the needs of the child have been chosen for this exhibit.

The Source of Amber.

This somewhat popular material for making jewels of various kinds was for a long time simply the result of "fishing" for it on the shores of the Baltic Sea. After long storms quantities of amber were found thrown up on the beach and fishermen were somewhat successful in collecting it. The largest piece ever thus found weighed eighteen pounds and was worth many thousands of dollars. At the present time, however, mines of amber are found in the district of Palmnicken, Germany. The exploitation of these mines and the preparation and use of the amber subsequently is a government monopoly, enforced with great rigidity, so that practically no one ever dares to sell amber except to government officials.

Swat Hessian Fly.

Pointers from the Missouri College of Agriculture:

Plow early.

Bury the fly.

Destroy all volunteer wheat.

Sow on or soon after fly-free date.

Use oats or rye as fall pasture. The fly can't eat oats and it cares little for rye.

Deep plowing of wheat stubble buries the fly and a good harrowing makes it harder for him to escape.

Starve the fly till about the middle of October, then sow and you'll have no Hessian fly next year if all your neighbors do the same. If one of them sows early or lets volunteer wheat stand, his fly crop will probably get your wheat next year.

Uncle Sam to Doctor Paralyzed Ohio Bees.

An epidemic resembling paralysis has broken out among the Ohio bee colonies and threatens to reduce materially the State's output of honey, according to N. E. Shaw, State bee inspector.

The Federal Government is sending Dr. E. F. Phillips, its chief bee expert, to the State to investigate the case.

Bees attacked by the disease quit work, go off to a corner of the hive and lie there until they die, says Shaw.—Reformatory Record.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keeps his nose to the grindstone all his life and die not worth a groat at last.—Benjamin Franklin.

Home-Made Soap.—Home made hard soap that you know is sweet and clean is easily made, costs but a few cents and saves several dollors' worth of the purchaser article. Put into a crock one can of lye, pour on it a quart of water. Let cool. Add a half cupful of borax in water to dissolve, mix together a half cupful each of ammonia and kerosene. Have five pounds of clean grease warmed in a granite pan, pour in the cold lye, then the ammonia and oil and the borax, stirring with a clean stick until all is well blended. Pour into a strong box and in twenty-four hours cut in bars.

Separate Skirts.—The separate skirt is with us once again and this season's models are lovelier than any that have gone before. For instance, one of heavy cream-colored silk with broad stripes of pale green.

Another is of French pique, finely ribbed in soft rose and white.

Taffeta skirts are much worn with separate blouses, and of mohair skirts there is no end. But the latter are as little like the old stiff mohair as anything that can be imagined, being, instead, soft and silky.

All of these skirts are pleated or gathered to give fullness and are ornamented with pockets and pearl buttons.

Grass stains can be removed in many ways. One of the easiest is to saturate the spot with kerosene and launder as usual. Soaking them in alcohol is quite effective at times. When the stain is fresh, applications of ammonia and water are sufficient to remove it. If the stain is on delicately-colored clothes, make a paste of white soap and baking soda and spread on the stain (or spread molasses on it;) leave for two or three hours, then wash.

Perspiration stains are often very difficult to remove, being a combination of both acid and alkali. They are particularly trying to handle when on colored silks, and for these one might try a mixture of alcohol, ether and ammonia. In applying this several thicknesses of white blotting paper should be put under the stained place to prevent a ring forming, which might remain when the fabric was dry. The proportions are one part ammonia and three parts each of alcohol and ether.

Perspiration stains on white goods, woolen, silk or cotton are easier to remove; but it should be borne in mind that the perspiration under the arms is different from that of any other part of the body, and requires an acid, such as a weak solution of muriatic acid. Warm water and ammonia, applied by sponge and pressed out before it becomes dry, are often sufficient to remove them. Soaking the stains in cold water, washing with borax and exposing the garments to sunshine is an indorsed method. Washing the stains in one part of Javelle water to four parts of hot water, and rinsing well, is also advised.

If we are to wear bouffant skirts we are probably in for a period of starchiness. Organdie, one of the fashionable summer fabrics, is most certainly a fabric that bears out this supposition. Yet many housekeepers, maids of all work and even laundresses, have forgotten all they ever knew about the gentle art of starching.

There was a day when everything was starched, and some housekeepers even had a bit of starch put in the table linen, just a trace to give it glossiness and a suggestion of stiffness. Table linen, of course, should always be exempt from starching. It should gain glossiness and stiffness from ironing when it is very damp.

For simple evening or afternoon frocks a famous Parisian dressmaker is making sashes of long lengths of ribbons in three different colors.

These ribbons are about two inches wide, and the portion of the sash which circles the waist is invisibly tacked, here and there, to keep the ribbons in place. But the full loops and ends are left loose with the most pleasing results. Sashes of this order are made of peach pink, lilac and egg-blue ribbons; also in an effective combination of pearl gray, heliotrope and dull rose.

For a half mourning summer frock nothing could be more dainty than a full one-piece garment made of white muslin dotted with black pin points, and a picturesque sash in black and white taffeta ribbon. The border of the full skirt might be arranged in hemstitched tucks and a large Puritan collar; also hemstitching would give the cape effect which is now so popular.

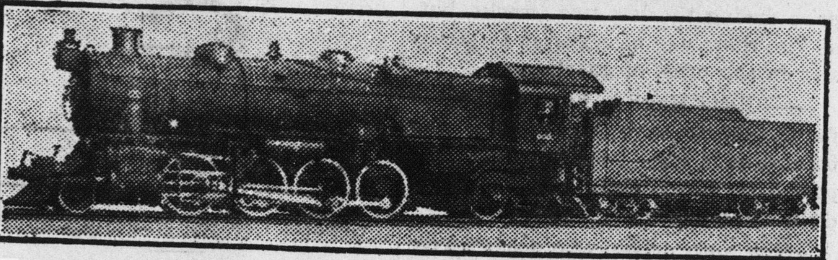
To Brighten Carpets.—Six quarts of rain water, one cake of good white soap, two ounces of borax, two ounces of salsoda, and one handful of salt will be needed to make a soap which will clean a dingy looking carpet. Allow this to come to the boiling point and add one ounce of glycerine. Remove from the fire, let cool and add two ounces of aqua ammonia. Dissolve one cup of soap in one quart of boiling water. Apply to carpet with a scrub brush, sponge off with sponge or cloth wrung from clean warm water.

Picnic Pointers.—Here are directions for making some tasty sandwiches:

Chop one-half pound of ham very fine, together with two chopped pickles, salt and pepper to taste. Beat six ounces of butter to a cream, add the chopped ham and mix well. Cut thin slices of bread, spread with the mixture, press together, cut into diamonds and garnish with parsley.

A delicious filling is made by mixing a cupful of finely-cut celery into the chopped whites and pounded yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Stir all well together and moisten the mixture with two table-spoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing.

Cheap Transportation Has Built National Prosperity



This is a big American freight engine.

It is an achievement of **AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS.**

It is built to **HAUL LONG TRAINS** loaded with the products of American industry from the mines, farms, mills and factories to the markets of the country, and to the seaboard for shipment across the seas.

In all the wonderful history of American industrial progress **NO PIECE OF MACHINERY HAS PERFORMED SUCH SERVICE AS THE BIG FREIGHT LOCOMOTIVE.**

Freight is carried on our railroads at the **LOWEST RATES IN THE WORLD,** while we pay our railroad workers the **HIGHEST WAGES IN THE WORLD. A TON OF FREIGHT IN THE EAST IS CARRIED THREE MILES FOR THE COST OF A TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMP.**

Cheap transportation is one of the biggest builders of our prosperity.

The big freight engine with its enormous tractive power, the big steel freight car with its great carrying capacity, and the heavy rails and rock-ballasted roadbed to support the weight of the great engines and heavy trains—these are the achievements of American industrial genius which have given us low freight rates and broad markets, and have enabled us to put our products in the markets of the world in competition with foreign manufacturers.

But now come well-meaning but short-sighted leaders of American railroad workers who say to the railroad managers:

"**SHORTEN YOUR FREIGHT TRAINS** so that the enginemen and trainmen can haul the tonnage faster over the roads, and so make as many miles pay in eight hours as they now do in ten hours."

To the State Legislatures these same spokesmen for the railroad workers say:

"Pass laws **LIMITING THE LENGTH OF FREIGHT TRAINS**—we oppose big tonnage trains."

To the Farmers, Manufacturers, and Merchants they say:

"With shorter freight trains railroads can move your products faster to the markets."

To the American Public that pays every dollar of the railroad bill (and 44 cents of every dollar paid for transportation is for wages), they say:

"All that the railroads have to do to meet our demands for higher wages is to shorten their trains, move the freight more rapidly and escape the penalty of overtime wages."

What would be the result of taking these leaders of the 350,000 train employes at their word—shorten freight trains so that they can be run at higher speed?

Increasing the number of trains to handle the same tonnage would call for more employes to do the same work, more tracks, larger yards and terminals, more supervision, and it is plain that there would be more congestion of traffic and greater hazards in train operation. Hundreds of millions a year would have to be spent by the railroads to increase their facilities and to operate the bigger plant.

IT WOULD BE AKIN TO USING HAND SHOVELS INSTEAD OF FIVE-TON STEAM DREDGES TO DIG A PANAMA CANAL.

American railroads have spent enormous amounts in reducing grades, cutting down mountains and filling up valleys; in increasing the hauling power of locomotives and the carrying capacity of cars; in putting down rock ballast and heavy rails—all for one purpose, to lower the cost of operation.

It is the public that has reaped the benefit—in better and cheaper railroad service.

If the railroads moved their tonnage in shorter trains at higher speeds, the public, it is seen, would have to shoulder a great burden in the increased cost of transportation.

Would the public get value received for its money?

Of the tonnage on the roads east of Chicago 60 per cent. consists of coal, coke, ores, stone and other mine products. To the public it is of no consequence whether this freight is a few hours longer on the road, so long as there is a continuous and regular stream of it coming to the markets.

FOUR-FIFTHS OF ALL THE TONNAGE MOVING IN THE EAST IS MADE UP OF LOW GRADE, SLOW MOVING FREIGHT, CARRIED AT THE LOWEST RATES IN THE WORLD.

To abandon the big freight trains on American railroads in order to increase the speed at which the bulk of the traffic moves, and thereby enable the train employes to earn higher wages in shorter hours, would place a great burden on American industry without giving the public any tangible benefit.

LONG HOURS A RARITY.

Only Once In Five Years Does Average Trainman Exceed Legal Limit.

That long hours in train service have been reduced to a minimum is shown by a report issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Only one employe in five on the average last year was compelled to remain on duty more than sixteen hours during any one day in the whole year. Stated in another way, the chance of an engineman or trainman remaining on duty beyond this prescribed limit was reduced to once in five years.

The total number of cases of excess service from all causes reported to the commission was only 61,247 during the year ending June 30, 1915, as compared with 137,439 in 1914 and 270,827 in 1913, and with rare exceptions these represented cases recognized as due to unavoidable causes.

Statistics on this subject are collected by the Interstate Commerce Commission under the national hours-of-service law. Every time a train is so delayed by a blizzard, washout or other cause that any part of the train crew is on duty longer than sixteen hours the railroad company must report the occurrence to the commission, giving the names of the individual employes concerned and a full statement of the cause for the excess service.

For several years the railroads and the Interstate Commerce Commission have been co-operating in efforts to prevent the keeping of employes on duty for long periods. The reduction of nearly 80 per cent. in such cases which has been brought about in three years shows that the working of men for long stretches of continuous service has practically disappeared except in rare cases of unavoidable delay.

RAILWAY MAIL PAY.

Congress Directs Interstate Commerce Commission to Investigate Subject.

Washington.—The annual Post Office appropriation bill recently passed by Congress contains a clause directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to take up for investigation, report and the fixing of rates the system of payment to the railroads for carrying mail. The Commission is authorized to test the relative merits of payment by weight and by space.

The railroads have long contended that they were underpaid for this service and that they were losing millions of dollars a year under the system of payment now in effect. It was felt that the Interstate Commerce Commission, on account of the information at its command regarding all phases of railroad operation, is in the best position to determine the merits of the case.

GOVERNMENT SHOULD REGULATE WAGES.

If a set of conditions have arisen which oblige the government to regulate rates, then it is equally obliged, on the basis of economic analysis, to regulate wages accordingly. Having taken one step, it must take the other. The logic of events is forcing this dilemma on the government. It is the public which sooner or later must pay for the increased expenses of transportation.—Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago.