

FINALLY GOT HIS DESERTS

Originator of One of the Meanest Kinds of Fraud to Have Some Time for Reflection.

Ferdinand Drabina, a young man who emigrated to the United States in 1907, and who after a varied career as waiter, hotel porter, laborer in the gold mines in Colorado and salesman, settled down in 1912 as a correspondent for a banking firm in Chicago, has just been sent to prison for two years and a half for obtaining money from Austrian banks on falsified orders from Austro-Hungarians in America.

PUT TAYLOR IN WHITE HOUSE

Chief Executive Made Possible Because of War of the United States With Mexico.

Zachary Taylor became president when he was fresh from victories in Mexico. In November, 1847, he held the valley of the Rio Grande. In June, 1848, he held the nomination of the Whig party. He was elected in a three-cornered contest, in which the Democrats were represented by Cass, and the Free-soilers by Van Buren.

Taylor was a soldier and the son of a soldier. He received his commission as a lieutenant of the Seventh infantry nearly forty years before the battle of Buena Vista. He was a captain at the beginning of the war of 1812, and so gallantly defended Fort Harrison against the Indians that he was breveted major and then promoted to full rank. As a colonel of the First infantry he made his mark in the Black Hawk war in 1832, and in 1836 he broke up the power of the Seminoles at Okechobee.

No two men could be more unlike than Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," and Woodrow Wilson, college president. No circumstances could be more unlike than the circumstances in which Zachary Taylor was put into the White House because of his participation in a war with Mexico and the circumstances in which President Wilson might become commander in chief of the American army and navy in a war with Mexico.—Chicago News.

Making the Best of Things.

Those who are overtaken by blindness need never despair. Capt. Ernest Towse, V. C., who had both his eyes destroyed by a bullet in the Boer war, is now with the army in France. Naturally, he is not there as a combatant, and is unable to be with his old regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, in the trenches. But he is busily engaged in the field hospitals, where, though sightless, he spends his time writing letters for wounded and dying soldiers, and in other charitable work.

Since becoming blind this brave man has acquired quite a large number of accomplishments, including that of typewriting, which he does with wonderful speed and skill. Indeed, this sightless man is a remarkable illustration of making the best of things, and a splendid example of Christian determination. He might have fopped. He might "have cursed God," as Job was advised to do, and die. Instead of which, there he is bravely doing his best, and helping soothe the last hours of the wounded and dying.

Painful Explanations.

A man entered a Minneapolis saloon, shoved a lap robe across the bar and said: "How many drinks will you give me on this?"

Patrolman Leaman who saw the man enter the saloon followed and placed Johnson under arrest. The explanation as to the possession of the lap robe evidently did not sound convincing.

"Where did you say you got that robe?" Judge Page asked the man, who was haled into police court on a charge of vagrancy.

"I met a young lad down here and he gave it to me."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know his name."

"This man, a total stranger, walked right up to you on the street and without saying a word, handed you this lap robe?"

"That's right," declared Johnson.

"Fifteen days," the judge ordered.

"Huh?"

"Thirty days," the judge said.

"I heard you the first time," said the prisoner.

NOT A COMFORTABLE ABODE

First White House, According to Reports, by No Means a Desirable Place of Residence.

The formal transfer of the national capital from Philadelphia to Washington took place in October of 1800. A few months before that time, on May 27, President John Adams left Philadelphia to visit the new capital. He was much feted en route, not only as the president of the United States, but also because he had been one of the committee of five appointed in 1776 to prepare a declaration of independence, and because he had seconded Richard Henry Lee's resolution that the United States "are and of right ought to be free and independent."

The capital at that time was referred to as "a great Serbonian bog," and even the plucky Mrs. Adams—who by her admirers was sometimes called the "Portia of the rebellious provinces" on account of her unselfish devotion to the cause of the revolution—was somewhat dismayed when she arrived at the new White House as its first mistress. She evidently considered it a dreary prospect, judging from her first letter to her daughter after her arrival.

The house was cold and drafty, and though it was surrounded by a forest, there seemed great difficulty in getting wood cut and carted for the president's use, as there was also difficulty in getting grates made and set, they could not burn coal, so the mansion was not comfortable.

Mrs. Adams made a brave effort to have the house put in order by the new year, when she held her first large reception, and the people came from miles around to see the president's new house. Before the next national reception day Mr. Jefferson had taken possession of the mansion, and open house was the order of the day from the beginning of his occupancy.

The apostle of democracy was worshipped by the people, and held this first general reception on July 4, following his election.

MARK TWAIN NO FINANCIER

Humorist Lost Money in All Sorts of Wild Schemes and Rejected Golden Opportunity.

Mark Twain, as most people know, was, during a number of years before his financial downfall, an exceedingly prosperous literary man, but unfortunately there were moments when he forgot that his lot was satisfactory and tried to improve it. His Colonel Sellers imagination, inherited from both sides of his family, led him into business adventures that were generally unprofitable. When a man came along with a patent steam-generator that would save 90 per cent of the usual coal supply, Mark Twain invested his whole bank surplus and saw that money no more forever. Then came a steam-pulley, a small affair, but powerful enough to relieve him of \$32,000 in a brief time. A new method of marine telegraphy, a promising contrivance, failed to return the \$25,000 invested in it by the humorist; and so on and so on. Every scheme was plausible enough to catch Mark Twain, according to Albert Bigelow Paine, writing in St. Nicholas, except the one that would have made his fortune. A certain Alexander Graham Bell appeared one day offering stock in an invention for carrying the human voice on an electric wire. But Mark Twain had grown wise. He refused to invest even \$5,000. Instead, he lent \$5,000 to a friend, who went bankrupt three days later.

Summer Homes in Federal Forests.

To promote a more general use of the national forest lands for summer home and recreational purposes, a federal law has been put into effect which allows the leasing at nominal fees of tracts of ground of not more than five acres for periods up to 30 years. This plan replaces that hitherto in effect which provided for the issuance of revocable permits. Because it was impossible under that system for an individual to be certain of the duration of his tenure, many persons showed restraint in making material improvements on the grounds they held. It was largely because of this that the present law was made. The term permits now granted necessitate the yearly payment of fees ranging upward from \$5 according to the location of the ground selected. Persons anticipating making improvements not in excess of \$1,000 are able to obtain land permits from district foresters which are effective for 15 years. Other leases must be approved at Washington. When land is to be used for hotel or resort purposes the application is accompanied by the plans, specifications, and estimated cost of the buildings to be erected and improvements to be made.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Salt and Pellagra.

A sharp increase in the number of cases of pellagra among the poor of Italy is expected to follow the issuance of a royal decree, adding an additional tax of 1 cent on a pound of salt.

There are about 120,000 cases of pellagra in Italy at present. Twenty per cent of the cases brought under observation are fatal. Pellagra develops almost exclusively among the poorer classes who subsist almost entirely on cornmeal in one form or another.

Investigation has convinced Italian medical men that the use of salt in cooking of corn products prevents fermentation and checks the disease. The new tax will put salt out of the reach of many thousands of Italians.

The Beaver at Work and Play.

The beaver is the original engineer of the woods and it is appropriate that America's most noted technical school should choose the animal for its emblem. For the beaver is a builder of canals, tunnels, dams, roads, houses, a worker in wood and earth. No graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology does better work in his own world than the beaver in his, nor is anyone of them his superior in industry. He is a strict vegetarian and a model of good will toward all. Indeed, if it were not for his action toward the muskrat one might think him a veritable four-footed Quaker in his non-resistance to evil.

Predatory animals of the woods eat the beaver; from the panther to the otter; the beaver eats none, but when the muskrat invades his ponds and burrows in his dam, making holes that wreck his engineering, he rises in his wrath and kills the muskrat if he cannot drive him away. This ought to seem allowable even in the very pronounced pacifist.

Not long ago the Massachusetts Institute of Technology celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in many ways, some of them very solemn and dignified as befits so great a technical school, others jovial enough to please any undergraduate. One day of jollity was at Nantasket Beach, where class after class did "stunts" for the admiration of the great throng assembled. In one of these "stunts" the Tech beaver figured a most imposing animal—some thirty feet long—which moved majestically up the beach activated by concealed man-power.

The beaver has been of great commercial value to mankind since the country was first settled. One of the first shipments which the pilgrims sent back to England contained quantities of beaver pelts. The little animals swam in icy waters most of their lives and their under fur is singularly soft, firm and impervious to cold. The value of this fur has made "civilized" man the beaver's worst enemy, and has resulted almost in its extinction.

The beaver were once numerous throughout the United States with the exception of the lower part of Florida and some arid stretches of the great Southwest. No one would see one alive outside the zoo must go to the headwaters of the most inaccessible streams and be both fortunate and persistent.

One shudders to think of the centuries of cruelty toward these gentle and lovable animals and may well pause to wonder if the gain in fur value has not been more than offset by loss to mankind in other ways. For the beaver was one of the most potent forces for the preservation of our water supply that existed. Never a small stream flowed through a level meadow but beaver had built a brush and mud dam across it and thus strung ponds along it like a rope of pearls. These ponds held the waters in storage from the mountains to the sea along all small streams and were of inestimable value in stopping freshets and allaying droughts. One cannot study a small stream in the country today without finding the indisputable evidence of this work, and the nomenclature is full of beaver dams, brooks, meadows and ponds. To kill such an animal for his fur is to commit a crime against conservation.

Man is beginning to recognize this now, in part at least, and in many States the beaver is now a protected animal so far as the law goes. Unfortunately the destruction has gone so far that the only survivors dwell in remote streams where the law if known is not obeyed. Beaver skins may still be sold in the fur markets and so long as this condition exists the beaver cannot increase. Indeed, for most of us, he is an extinct animal. We may see the long mounds where once his dams were and the peat meadows which were once his pond bottoms all grassy and flower flecked today. But the gentle, shy, industrious animal is gone from our familiar woodlands, probably forever. That these interesting animals make fine pets is told well by Enos A. Mills in his interesting book, "In Beaver World."

"One autumn, when following the Lewis and Clark trail with a pack-horse in western Montana, I made camp one evening with a trapper who gave me a young beaver. He was about one month old, and ate twigs and bark as naturally as though he had long eaten them. I named him 'Diver,' and in a short time he was as chummy as a young puppy. One evening he played about the camp and often swam in the near-by water. At times he played at dam building and frequently displayed his accomplishment of felling wonderful trees that were about the size of a lead pencil. He never failed to come promptly when I whistled for him. At night he crouched near my camp, usually packing himself under the edge of the canvas on which I spread my bedding. Atop the pack on the horse's back he traveled—a ride which he evidently enjoyed. He was never in a hurry to be taken off, and at moving time he was always waiting eagerly to be lifted on. As soon as he noticed me arranging the pack, he came close, and before I was quite ready for him, he rose up, extending his hands in rapid succession begging, and with a whinnig sort of muttering pleaded to be lifted at once to his seat on the pack.

"He had a bad fright one evening. About one hour before sundown we had encamped as usual alongside a stream. He entered the water and after swimming about for a time, taking a dozen or so merry dives, he crossed to the opposite side. In plain view, only fifty feet away, I watched him as he busily dug out roots of the Oregon grape and then stooped leisurely to eat them. While he was thus engaged a coyote made a dash for him from behind a boulder. Diver fled, and the coyote missed. Giving a wail like a frightened clam and a youngster rolled into the stream and dived. Presently he scrambled out of the water near me and made haste to crawl under my coat tail behind the log on which I sat.

"The nearest beaver pond was a

quarter of a mile up stream, yet less than five minutes had elapsed from the time of Diver's cry when two beavers appeared, swimming low and cautiously in the stream before me. A minute later another came in sight from downstream. All circled about, swimming cautiously with heads held low in the water. One scented the place where the coyote had attacked Diver, and waddled out and made a sniffing examination. Another came ashore at the spot where Diver came out to me. Apparently his eyes told him I was a part of the log, but his nose proclaimed Janger. After three or four hesitating and ineffectual attempts to retreat, he plucked up courage and rose to full height on hind legs and tail to stare eagerly at me. With head well up and fore

paws drooping, he held the gaze for several seconds and then gave a low whistle.

"At this Diver came forth from behind my coat to see what was going on. The old one started forward to meet him, but on having a good look at me whirled and made a jumping dive into the water, whacking the surface with his tail as he disappeared. Instantly there followed two more splashes and a number of tail-whacks upon the water, as though a beaver rescue party were beating a retreat.

"At the end of my outing Diver became the pet of two pioneer children on the bank of the Snake river. He followed the children about and romped with them."

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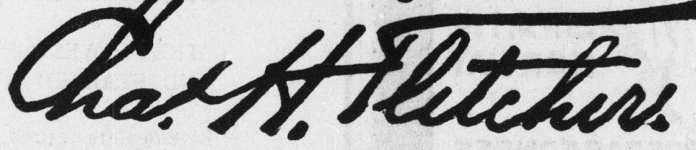
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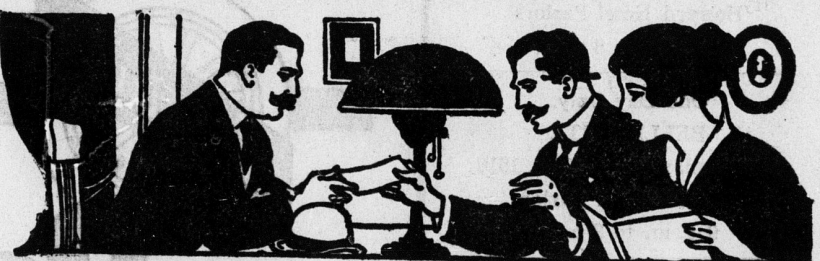
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