

The Melting Pot of War.

Perhaps not so extensive a mix-up as that of the historic confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, but nevertheless an intermingling of people previously unknown to each other is transpiring on a gigantic scale. Hundreds of thousands of men are in lands foreign to their own, for the first time in their lives. Not only are the lands strange, but the people and the architecture; while native foods and manner of living differ radically from those at home.

Especially strange is everything to the troops from far-away lands, just as these foreigners are themselves strange to their own compatriots and the citizens of the places in which the fortunes of war dispose them.

Hindus, in France, and French in Germany; Germans in France, Malta, Russia, and Turkey; Russians in Germany, France, and Austria; and Austrians in Russia; Hungarians in Russia and Italy; Italians in Austria; and English in Germany, France, and Turkey. What a kaleidoscope of humanity!

Then, too, there are the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war. Compelled to remain and live with their avowed enemies, there is nevertheless the inevitable broadening of mind in the discovery of those good traits which even the worst of us possess. And the wounded prisoner stretched side by side with those he so recently fought, as the days go by and he finds himself sharing to the fullest extent the best conditions can afford, cannot fail to recognize, to some extent at least, the spirit of generosity and be softened thereby. The fact that the qualities of good in those we know but slightly, or not at all, are unseen, is largely responsible for the hatred which is unnatural and wicked.

When that glad day comes in which the entire world will rejoice at the ending of the struggle, and the armies disband and scatter to their homes, it is certain there will be carried back many memories not altogether hateful. Into each hamlet, however small, will return one or more, to tell the story of how people look and live in those other hamlets they have visited. And thus, as with a mammoth mixing machine, will the people as a mass realize in some degree the fact that no one people has exclusively all the qualities, either good or bad. At the moment, those actively engaged in the combat can hardly be expected to contemplate the enemy with composure, and some things will never be forgiven in the present generation; nevertheless, the melting pot of war must surely burn out some of the dross of ignorance and suspicion.

"Get Into Debt" Urged Louis F. Swift.

In the October "American Magazine," Louis F. Swift says that men should get into debt. The writer goes on to explain:

"Louis F. Swift, president of Swift & company, the great Chicago meat-packing company, has the idea that being in debt is the surest way to succeed. He urges every one of his thirty-five thousand employees to get into debt and to keep in debt, and he has organized a system to encourage them in this and to show them how to do it profitably.

"Get in debt for something of intrinsic value, and stay in debt," he says. "As soon as you get one thing paid up, buy something else, and get in debt again. Stay in debt—never get out."

Coal-Mining Methods Used in Handling Fruit.

Several men employed by a farmers' fruit-packing organization in California are called prune miners because it is their task to pick and shove their way into tons of prunes which are stored in the association's warehouse. To this packing house all the farmers bring their prune crop to be weighed and graded, after which it is stored in bins according to size. These bins hold about 40 tons, and by the time shipments are made the prunes are packed into a solid mass, and can only be dug out with picks. Before being packed in the shipping boxes, they are run through boiling water for three minutes.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Ice is Delivered by Air and Water Route.

"Ice is delivered in a rather spectacular way to a householder residing on the bank of Rock River at Cleveland." "His house is within the shadow of a high bridge, and to reach it from the street level one must follow a long roundabout path on foot. When the ice wagon reaches the bridge its driver announces its arrival by yelling huskily to those in the house below. A man puts out in a boat to deep water, calls the number of pounds he desires, and then gives a signal for its delivery. The ice is dropped from the bridge to the water, a distance of 120 ft., and recovered by the boatman."

Military Hospital Train Being Built at Chicago.

Ten pullman cars especially designed by the army medical department constitute a thoroughly modern military hospital train that is under construction at Chicago. Half of the cars will be provided with wide side doors to facilitate the loading and unloading of stretchers. These will be equipped with regular hospital beds. Two other cars are to be arranged like most sleepers, but fitted with medicine chests, ice tanks, and extra fans. One car will be used exclusively for operating purposes and be supplied with all the necessary equipment.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Romance of War Time Started Here.

The following clipping from a West Chester paper may be of interest to some of the older residents of Centre county, who still remember the Gills. When the prisoners referred to in the article were paroled at West Chester they were given the third floor of the Stille residence to sleep in and, also served with a hot breakfast. The older Stille's were the parents of Miss Mary I. Stille, now a prominent D. A. R. woman of Delaware county.

War hath its romantic sides, as well as moving picture slides and all that, and some of the former come to the public notice after many years.

This is preliminary to saying that a robust man with more black hairs in his head yet than gray and wearing a small flag in his buttonhole, insignia of a veteran of the Civil War, came to West Chester on Saturday and looked about for old landmarks. Some of these he mentioned to a reporter who happened along as usual noting and observing.

This as a preface, tells nothing. The story is that James W. Gill, now a Justice of the Peace of Marcus Hook, Delaware county, was in West Chester on Saturday as a guest of his friend, Mr. Haycock, who was a veteran of the 124th Regiment, P. V. Mr. Gill was born in Centre county, and as a young man with his brother and others "roughed it" in a lumber camp. The call to arms came from Lincoln, and James and his brother enlisted, the former at Bellefonte in Company H, 56th Regiment, P. V.

This is the preliminary again to the local story. Mr. Gill, on July 1, 1863, was in the division of General Reynolds, which was hurried to Gettysburg, and there on July 1st, the brave general lost his life in stopping the onward march of the heroic Lee's hopeful vanguard.

Mr. Gill, with several hundred soldiers wearing the blue, were surrounded by superior forces in gray and captured. He, with others, was paroled on the field and as it happened through details which do not interest us, was sent with a thousand other men to West Chester.

The camp, our older readers will remember, was near what is now Oakbourne, then Herrpfill Station, or just below, it is said, what is known as Ringwood public school, West Goshen township.

The sequel: Dirty, ragged and—shall we mention the gray insects which were the bane of imprisoned soldiers?—Mr. Gill was sent along. He told some of his memories of his arrival. This is not a history of all, nor maybe not exactly all he could tell. One thing he said was that an editor of a paper, presumably the late Henry S. Evans, met him and asked him to breakfast. Mr. Gill declined, being anxious to dump himself in a creek, shake his clothes and the dirt and vermin.

Go later he came to West Chester from the camp down about where West Chester's disposal plant now is. And then a "movie" film man could get in. He wandered along West Market street, where we older folks remember the market house used to stand in the centre thereof. From what we gather of Mr. Gill's story, a wealthy, patriotic woman of West Chester served soup at her expense to all soldiers. Others gave what they could afford, for West Chester was full of patriotism, from child to monagenarian.

At the home, Mr. Gill says, of a Mrs. Mills, on Market street, he met and was introduced to a Miss Larkin.

He had seen her on the street and marked her smart walk, rounded figure, neat dress and all those things which captures the right man's eye, be he who he may.

The introduction lasted. The "movies" would say, "the day after," but it was after Mr. Gill had re-enlisted and fought until victory crowned the Union forces that he returned to West Chester. His brother, David, had been killed at Spottsylvania, along with many other Centre county foresters. "For," said Mr. Gill, "we were only backwoodsmen, rough, uncouth and naturally ignorant of society's ways."

But Miss Larkin was still in West Chester in March, 1864, and perhaps prettier and neater and sweeter. For he it said, she was young, and West Chester's maidens had not—well what's the use of saying what we all know. And Miss Mary E. Larkin, a Quakeress, became the bride of James W. Gill, of Centre county, who carried in his pocket an honorable discharge of three and more years' service under the Union flag, and a shot hole in his leg which is not healed today.

Mr. Gill found the place, the maiden and, he said, a "proacher." There were no marriage licenses needed then.

The wedding was simple, and took place at the home of Rev. Curtis F. Turner, pastor of the M. E. church of West Chester, on March 22, 1864. Mr. Gill remembers that they called the place "Portico Row," as we older folks still remember it.

The lapse of years is of no interest except that Mr. Gill was here in robust and sturdy form. He called at the "News" office after attending the veteran's reunion, and tried to get his bearings and see if any one remembered Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Mills and others. Perhaps he found them.

But asked a few questions by the reporter writing this, he said, "My wife is dead. We lived happily together for fifty years. I took up my home in Delaware county and am now a Justice of the Peace at Marcus Hook, or Linwood. We have had five children; two are deceased. My wife left me in death for eternal happiness after 50 years and 3 months' happiness to me.

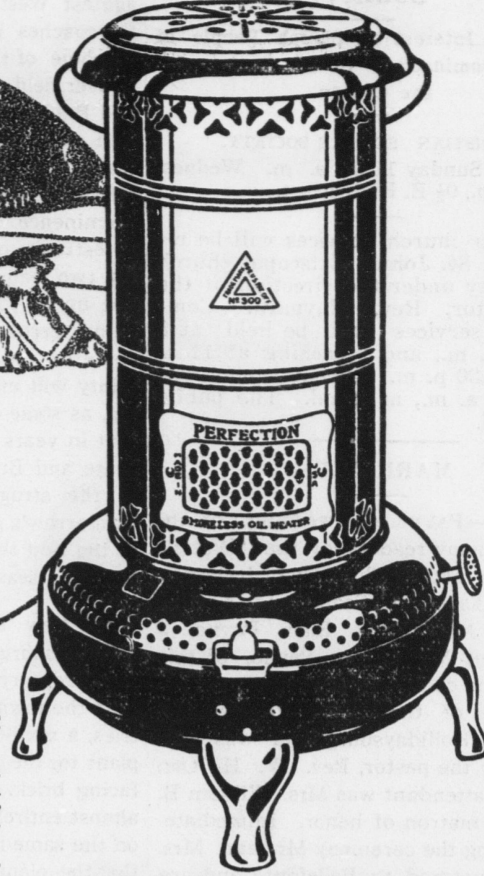
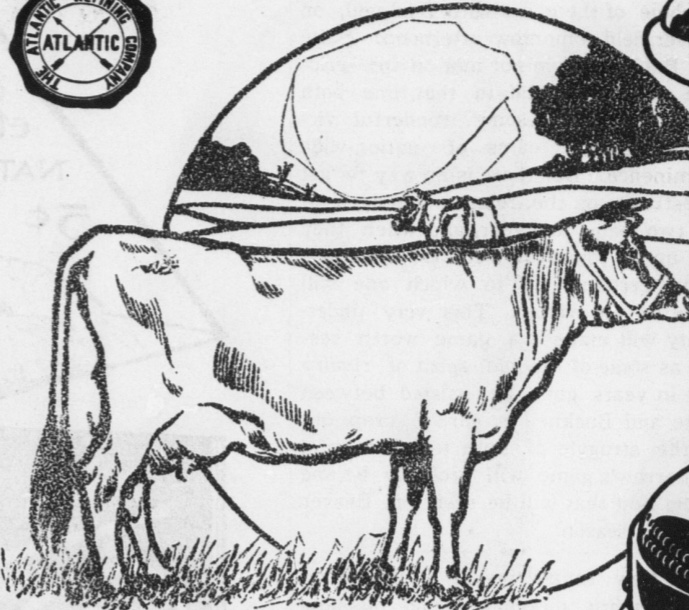
"And say, boy, when Dave and I were boys we saw logs and sang songs and drank whisky and all that went along with backwoods life was part of ours.

"And say, boy, I tended bar and in the army drank my share. But after I married that pretty and demure Chester county Quaker girl, it was over. There has never been a drop of rum went down my throat since that day in March, 1864."

Mr. Gill talked other things and said he had read about all the Gills in Chester county, but he wasn't related to Sheriff Gill, who hung Uderzark. His wife may have relatives here; she was related to the Delaware county Larkins, which accounts for Comrade Gill, of the 56th, locating in that county.

Do You Know That.

- It is dangerous to put anything into the mouth except food and drink?
- Sanitary inspection is even more important than sanitary legislation?
- The U. S. Public Health Service issues free bulletins on tuberculosis?
- The continuous liberal use of alcoholic beverages lowers efficiency and menaces longevity?
- Moderate exercise in the open air prolongs life?
- "Mouth breathing" makes children stupid?
- Fish cannot live in foul water nor men in foul air?
- Smallpox is wholly preventable?



Cows and Kerosene

Old Bossy gives excellent milk on sweet clover and new, tender grass. But if she gets into garlic or eats too many pumpkins—well, you know what happens then.

Defy the Weather

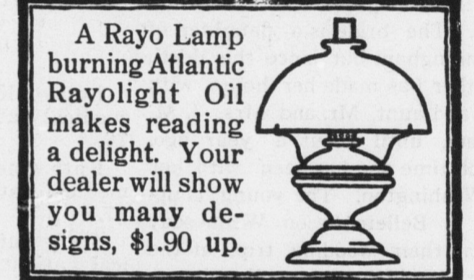
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