

**Experiment on Reclaiming Mountain Land.**

Between two and three hundred farmers attended the field day tests held by the department of experimental agronomy at The Pennsylvania State College on an old abandoned farm, about two miles west of Snow Shoe, last Thursday. During the past two years the college officials have been conducting fertilizer and other tests on the above land with a view of ascertaining if it is possible to reclaim it and bring it up to a state of profitable production. The land in question is composed of the DeKalb soil, which by the way, forms forty-three per cent. of the total acreage of Pennsylvania. The experiments conducted included 33 one-tenth acre plots, and lime, manure and various kinds of fertilizer were used. The results shown last Thursday proved conclusively that such land can be reclaimed and made to give profitable yields, though not such great returns as are obtained from the valley lands of Centre county. Included in the college officials who were present and made explanatory addresses were Dr Sparks, Dean Watts and Profs. Gardner and Tomhave. A free luncheon was served the guests by the college officials.

**Injured in Automobile Accident.**

Rev. Wilford P. Shriver, with his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Paul Shugart and Miss Amy Shriver, and a guest, Mrs. Emma Hall, all of Altoona, were victims of an automobile accident last Saturday afternoon when their automobile skidded against a tree. The party was returning to Altoona from Johnstown with Rev. Shriver driving. In passing another automobile the car skidded into the gutter and struck a tree. Mrs. Shugart and Miss Shriver were thrown from the car and sustained a number of cuts and bruises. Mrs. Shriver and Mrs. Hall escaped with a few bruises while Rev. Shriver got a bad bump on one knee. The front part of the car was badly damaged. The Shrivens are well known in Bellefonte from having lived here a number of years while Rev. Shriver was pastor of the Methodist church, and while their many friends sympathize with them for their accident they are all glad it was no worse.

**Sugar vs. Tobacco.**

"The high price of sugar is driving out the big tobacco plantations in Cuba, and if there is not soon a let-up in the advance Havana cigars of the future will be very scarce," remarked James Ellis, an importer of Philadelphia, to the Washington "Post." "Every acre of land that is favorable to the cultivation of sugar cane is being utilized for that purpose, and about 80 per cent. of the sugar land now is controlled by Americans. The sugar industry has brought millions of dollars to the island in the last two years, and the country now is in the most prosperous condition in its history."

"Before the European war tobacco and sugar were of almost equal importance as crops, but since the beginning of that struggle the great demand for sugar and the high price it commands have forced the tobacco industry into the background. Unless the demand for sugar falls off within a few years, more Cuban tobacco will be grown in the United States than in the island."

**35 Jobs as Surgeons for U. S. go Begging.**

Thirty-five positions for medical men as assistant surgeons in the United States Public Health Service are now vacant. A short time ago an examination was announced by the Board of Medical Examiners in Philadelphia. The jobs pay \$2000 a year to start with, with a liberal allowance for traveling expenses. Promotion up to a salary of \$5000 is possible, yet no one has appeared to take the examination.

Dr. F. Irwin, chief of the Board, said he attributed the fact to the falling off in the number of medical students, owing to the limiting of numbers and the increasing rigidity of standards.

There were five vacancies in the service, and a recent act of Congress provided for thirty more officers, making a total of thirty-five. Examinations for the Public Health Service are now being held in many parts of the country.

**A Frosty Reception for Hughes.**

From the Philadelphia Record. Candidate Hughes had a queer day at Pittsburgh last Wednesday. The gangs were responsive. Penrose and Flinn and the lesser lights of the two Republican factions were on hand ostensibly agreed. But the workers the fellows who do most of the voting, refused to participate in the shouting. They were polite, but unenthusiastic. It was an off-color occasion for Judge Hughes. Even a cry for "more tariff" brought no responsive outburst. It is said both the chief and his chieftains were greatly annoyed and disappointed.

"Was that operation you performed successful, doctor?" "I can't tell yet. The patient's widow won't pay my fee and my lawyer advises suing the estate."—Baltimore American.

—Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

**English Girls as Shell Makers.**

The English women are busy. Their men have gone to the war, and to those doomed to sit at home and wait for news a complicated machine which requires incessant attention can be a very real comfort. The machine is almost human; it is the result of the concentrated intelligence of some clever man—it does the work so admirably, without effort and without fatigue—roughing, turning, polishing, with automatic precision. At the outbreak of war woman, to her dismay, found herself confronted by the idea, fostered by generations of men, that, whatever her country's need, she must remain industrially incapable. Now this is all changed; the errorist who preached this doctrine has been swept away by the rushing tide of events, and woman, no longer chained to the rack of convention, is happy in the thought that in the industrial trenches she is as capable as the man. The workers themselves have been the first to acknowledge this, and have yielded their places willingly, knowing that their country will gain and not lose by their going.

Armed with my permit from the British Ministry of Munitions, I was privileged recently to see the Liverpool woman at work. Their occupation was the distinctly unfeminine one of turning heavy shells. I entered expecting to see haggard faces, signs of gigantic effort and unaccustomed toil; I anticipated dirt and malodor. Instead I saw cheerful fitting figures, not unpicturesque in their uniforms, every woman in the shed showing an almost affectionate familiarity with her lathe. Now, a lathe can be a fearsome thing, especially when it is a "turret" one—and blocks of steel weighing 100 pounds are not exactly feminine toys; even when a shell body has had a considerable amount of material taken out of it it is distinctly heavier than a tennis ball.

I watched a young slim girl at work. Deftly rolling the rough "body" along the floor she knelt and embraced it as if it were a doll, and, slipping a halter around its neck, with the aid of a light crane she fitted it into the lathe, and within the space of a couple of minutes had her machine at work. Not so long ago I was with those who decreed that heavy shell making was beyond the power of women, and it is the introduction of these lifting appliances into the factory that has placed this work in their hands. Machinery has always been the friend of the women. Working one of these light chains myself, to which a block of steel was attached, I could hardly realize that I was lifting anything from the ground.

In the well-lighted and well-ventilated workshops of the company in Liverpool, which is regarded as the pioneer of the movement for bringing heavy shell work within the reach of women, there is installed every possible machine for simplifying the work. Lloyd George has spoken recently of the humanizing of industry, and here you see it in practice. Since November last 450 girls have been making shells day and night, working on three shifts per day of twenty-four hours, 150 girls and women per shift. There are breaks for meals and rest, and, as is usual now in factories, the night shifts have their dinner at 2 a. m. Male labor has not been entirely eliminated, but there are only five men employed to every seventy-five women.

The women have proved themselves competent for the work. These heavy shells require in all some ten operations, necessitating the employment of different machines. In many of the

factories it is usual for the lathe to be fitted with a "stop," and at this point the woman relinquishes the work, which now requires extreme delicacy and care, into the hands of the skilled man, who completes the operation. At the works there are none of these stops in use. The women receive these shells in the rough and complete them ready for the "howitzer," and I am told that their "scrap" is less than that of any other factory in the country. If this is not feminine achievement what is it? The man whose organization has made all this possible is young and enthusiastic and believes in woman's capacity.

At another factory in the city some 600 girls are employed, and it seemed to me that they were all in the sheds at once. The roar of these shell looms—for that is what they are—was intense, the sound of running water persistent. The shell is washed out even as it is bored. The shells here were of somewhat lighter make, and after a fortnight's training it was proved that a woman was competent to take command of her lathe. The girls learn from other workers, and are not drafted in from any training school.

**Wild Horses.**

According to popular supposition there has been a marked decline in the number of horses in this country. The statistics prove the contrary. The statements prepared by the department of commerce show that the number of horses in the United States has increased more than 50 per cent. in the last fifteen years, the number in 1915 being in excess of 21,000,000 valued at more than \$2,000,000,000. The popular belief that the horse must go, and is going, is founded largely on his comparative rarity in the cities.

In one field, however, there is no doubt that the horse is becoming scarcer. That field is the prairie. The wild horse has been hunted down and hemmed in the corral. The droves are being thinned out and stamped. The thunder of the hoofs of the charging squadrons of untamed steeds is now found only in the interminable pages of western fiction.

Nevertheless the wild horse still exists. He may be merely fractious, and he may be an outlaw, a branded rogue, but of his wildness there is no question. They have been issuing wild horses to the cavalrymen along the border. At the remount stations they have been giving out horses that exhibit all grades of wildness, from mere fractiousness to absolute viciousness. According to the records of certain regiments it would appear that the wild horse is much more to be feared than the sneaking sniper, or the tropical heat. In one troop twenty-three cavalrymen are out of the ranks because of injuries received from these untamed chargers. The commander of a squadron has been sent to a hospital by an outlaw's vicious hoofs. The record of injuries is as long as the casualty list of ordinary battle.

It is quite possible that the school of the cavalryman should include exercises in horse breaking as well as in marksmanship—that he should be equally facile with lariat and reins. Yet our boys along the border seem to have been quite overwhelmed by the equine affliction. It proves that while all the authorities, from statisticians to cowboys, admit that the wild horse is dying out, there are enough wild horses left to seriously impede an army.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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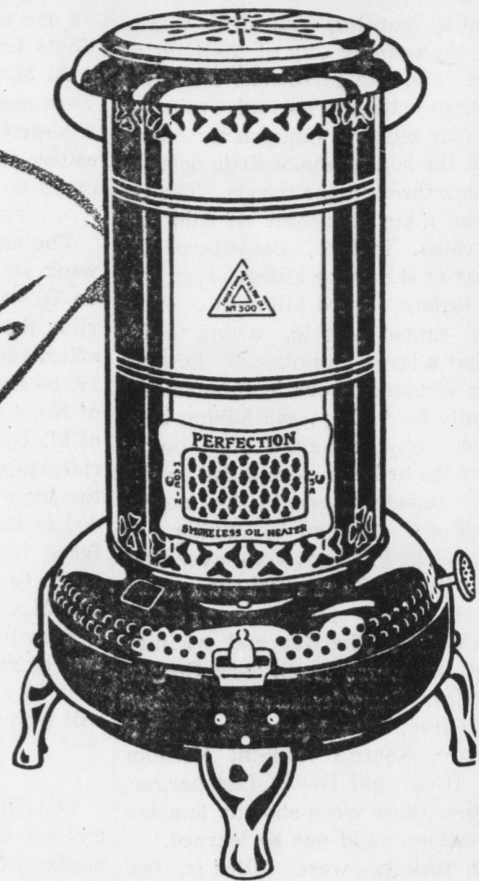
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This super-refined and perfectly purified kerosene doesn't smell, smoke and char the wick like other kinds usually do.

In an oil heater it keeps you warm and comfortable. In a lamp it sheds a brilliant yet restful light. In a lantern it shows the way on the darkest, stormiest night.

Ask for it by name. The storekeeper won't charge you any more than for ordinary kerosene. Then, if you're the kind that looks ahead, haul home a barrel of Atlantic Rayolight Oil. You'll know the genuine by the brand name on the barrel.

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**Help the Syrians and Armenians.**

President Wilson, in view of the dreadful suffering of the Syrians and Armenians at the hands of the Turks, has appointed Sunday and Monday, October 21st and 22nd, as days on which contributions may be made for their relief. Thousands have been murdered and multitudes driven from their homes. These are now destitute and starving. We will forward gladly any contributions made.

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