

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 24, 1916.

MAKING OTHERS THANKFUL.

Said Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day, if you want a good time, then give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to shoemaker Price.

And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!"

And since such a good dinner's before me I ought to give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken—oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee.

"And the kindness that sent it—how precious to me!"

I would like to make some one as happy as I:

I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!"

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!

Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake.

For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

Said the Finigan children—Rose, Denny and Hugh—

"It smells sweet of spice; and we'll carry a slice

To poor little lame Jake, who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, thank you! and thank you!" said little lame Jake;

"What a beautiful, beautiful cake!"

And, such a big slice! I will save all these crumbs

And will give them to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,

Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day, if you want a good time, then give something away."

—Selected.

When Our Town Becomes A Community.

The Chautauqua Reading Hour.

DR. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, Editor.

When the first cave-man got too old to enjoy fighting with his neighbors, while yet his neighbors were young enough to enjoy fighting with him, we can imagine him saying to his brothers and his sons and his grandsons: "Come, you take this cave and you take that one, and the rest of you take others, and let us build a fence around us all, so that we can sleep nights with only one watchman, and be safe."

Thus began the first community. Its bond of union was fear.

Today we live in towns, not for necessity, and not entirely for safety. We live there for convenience, for business interest, for economy.

But none of these constitute a town, a community. In a town that has nothing but these men may remain as suspicious of each other as up in that Connecticut village where they say every man counts his fingers after he shakes hands to be sure he gets them all back. In such a town the attitude of mind is often expressed in the familiar saying among farmers when they are asked by travellers for hospitality: "We ain't fixed to entertain strangers."

A Community is Made by Fellowship.

Is our town "fixed to entertain strangers?" Do we live in union or in suspicion? Is our town yet a community?

The ancient community-bond was fear. The modern community-bond is fellowship. As soon as the people of a town begin to do things together they begin to be a community.

The American City speaks of Osseo, Wisconsin, as "a village that graduated into the community class." It is interesting to know how it was done. The village has only 900 people, about sixty per cent Scandinavian in origin. Because there is no other village within eleven miles it has twenty-five per cent more trade than an ordinary town of its size, and until recently it appeared to be living for the dollar. There were the usual number of churches, lodges, women's clubs, but none of them seemed to have caught the community viewpoint. Rather, each tended to create and maintain its own special function.

But vaguely and then definitely the people began to feel that something was wrong. "Let's get together," a few of them said, just who either has been forgotten, or else they were too modest to say.

How the Community Began.

Three years ago they had a community institute, a specialized Chautauqua, and they have had one every year ever since. Some mourners were there and some in the seat of the scornful, at first, but not now. They organized a neighborhood Civic Club, school house, and when the club found how uncomfortable and unsafe the building was for their own meetings they realized how unfit it was for their children. True, one man who had just built an up-to-date hog-house complained because they were going to raise his taxes, but by this time most of the people began to think it was as necessary to house their children well as their hogs.

The club bought itself a motion-picture machine, secured reels and slides free of charge from the university, and showed them neatly every week without admission fee to the children and those of the parents who cared to come. As the farmers could not come into town evenings, the machine was fitted for gas and taken to the country schoolhouses. It was delightful to see these little buildings among them eager young mothers with sleeping babies in their arms. For those just outside the village a small room was prepared, with volunteer attendants present, to take care of the children while their parents were attending the club meetings.

They had a town Hallowe'en party,

a community Christmas tree, a "hard time party," with old clothes, an old-fashioned spelling match and a candy pull. People in Osseo have learned how to throw off their old reserve, and as one says who knows the town: "People are carrying their 'hammers' as concealed weapons now, and 'knocking' is no longer the never-failing source of amusement."

They made their mistakes. One was to raise funds to support these improvements by a level subscription of two dollars apiece. Not all could afford to pay as much, and those who couldn't but wanted to, were sensitive. So now they raise the money by indirect taxation, through plays and entertainments. Another mistake was to bar children from the club meetings. This kept many adults at home. Now many interested young people attend the club, while the little ones are entertained in the rest room.

A Beginning With Hens.

In Chemung county, New York, the farmers and business men were at odds with each other. The town board of trade and the rural grange were not on speaking terms. Then Rufus Stanley began to organize Poultry Clubs among the boys and girls of town and country alike. Pretty soon they had a joint exhibit in town, which was presided over by the Professor of hens at Cornell University. Town fathers and farm fathers met here together. It was not long before the Board of Trade invited the grangers to a dinner, and now both organizations are united in making Chemung county one of the notable centers on the hen-map of this country.

The Laurel Hill Society of Stockbridge, which has already been noted as the parent village improvement society, began its work by trying to get the lawns next to the streets mowed, by offering prizes for the most attractive house-front, and by encouraging every child in the village to plant a tree. Today Stockbridge is the parlor town of America.

In Columbia City, Indiana, the most immediate need seemed to be that of a rest room in the town for the wives of farmers coming in to trade from the country. Very sensibly the local library association decided that, instead of reserving its rooms for chilly silence, they should be offered to the use of all. The result is that rocking chairs were put among the library shelves, and instead of adopting some obscure "decimal system" of classification that nobody but the librarian could understand, the most interesting books were put on the front shelves and the unused books were relegated to the rear of the room. The library has now an unusual circulation, and everybody is at home in it.

In Kennett, Pa., the people first learned community spirit through their summer Chautauqua. After they had been together for a week in the tent, they said, "Why can't we get together every week?" And so they started a community evening service, closing the separate churches and all coming together in one place to worship.

In each of these movements the watchword was "Together." When we adopt that watchword our town becomes a community.

—Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

Why Bobbie was Glad.

Teacher—"This makes four times I've had to punish you this week, Bobbie. What have you to say to that?"

Bobbie—"I'm glad it's Friday, teacher."—Judge

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

THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

The following bit of verse is entertaining, if not a rhetorical masterpiece. It was written by S. W. George, a blind newsie who sells papers on the streets of Spokane, Wash., and sent to the "Watchman" for publication by J. P. Boileau.

They had a race the other day,
Between the Elephant and the Jack.
The stakes were the presidency
And the right to boss the track.

Hughes was mounted on the elephant,
Entered by the G. O. P.
They made him a hot favorite,
I think 'twas two to three.

Wilson rode the donkey,
And they laid him ten to eight.
They said that he was outclassed
And couldn't pack the weight.

They started in the State of Maine
And that Elephant showed some speed.
When he reached the Alleghenies
He had a nine-State lead.

In crossing through Ohio
Wilson felt his mount
And picked up a lot of ground
Where he knew it would count.

From there on to the river,
The way that Elephant ran,
The wise ones down in Wall Street
Said that he'd just can.

When they crossed into Missouri
The donkey felt his oats.
He was running in a country
Where he knew he'd get the votes.

The same way all through Kansas,
He kept cutting down the lead,
Or was the Elephant tiring,
Or had he lost his speed?

Over into Colorado,
Where the going it was rough,
The Elephant got into trouble,
You could hear him blow and puff.

Then out in Utah,
You could see from where I sat,
The rider on the Elephant
Was reaching for his hat.

The Donkey in Nevada
Appeared to get his stride,
When they reached the Sierra mountains
They were running side by side.

Down through California
Both did their level best.
You know this year the winning post
Is planted way out west.

You ask which was the winner?
Why the one they said would Can.
You'll find him in the dope book
Among the also-rans.

Farmers' Excursion to California.

The Chicago & North Western Ry. announces an excursion to California, especially planned for farm people, to leave Chicago 10.00 p. m. Sat. Dec. 2nd, in Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleeping cars, running through without change, arriving at Los Angeles 4.30 p. m. the third day.

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Dogs and Kerosene

You've seen a stray dog—thin, scary and half-starved. Let some one take him home and give him real food—he's likely to turn out to be an excellent watchdog and a fine companion for the children. Good food makes the difference.

It's the same with your lamp and oil stove. If they're smelly, smoky and bothersome—if you get hazy light and unreliable heat—you're using the wrong kind of kerosene. Give them



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