

SO EASY.

So easy to say what another should do. So easy to settle his cares: So easy to tell him what road to pursue.

Rain and Snow Away Down in Texas.

A Variation in the Regular Drill Periods Breaks the Monotony of Soldier Life. Troop L. in Good Health.

By Corp. Harry J. Cohen. Camp Thomas J. Stewart, El Paso, Texas, November 25.

It hardly seems possible that exactly five months ago this morning we left the dear old town amid the cheers and well wishes of our friends and relatives.

We have just come in from a visit to the hospital where we were given number two in the series of inoculations for the para-typhoid.

We were surprised somewhat on Monday when appearing on the drill field for our daily task to find that instead of the regulation drill, teams were picked to compete against each other in such contests as a tug-of-war, racing, potatoe races on horseback and the relaying of messages.

The regiment was under arrest all of Monday and not a man in the entire outfit was allowed out of camp, but it didn't seem to affect any of us very much.

Can you imagine us having rain here Monday night and all of Tuesday, but this was the case. It rained and rained, and then rained some more.

The sun came out Wednesday morning and started in with real vigor to clear up the situation, so we were able to take a little hike over to the camp of the Georgia and Kentucky troops.

A new feature has been added to our already long program, and that is the art of packing an army mule under the supervision of a regular from Fort Bliss.

here a pair of the cutest little jacks (men mules) and is having them broken, so they will be in shape for use at anything he feels disposed to put them when we get back to Centre, if such a thing ever happens.

The big day of the week was Thursday, when we had another division review given in honor of Congressman Julius Kohn, (not Cohen) of California.

The purpose of his trip was to gather information for his committee on the advisability of turning Fort Bliss into a division barracks instead of regimental, as it is now.

There seems to be quite a few more colds and coughs among the members of Troop L, and they seem to hang on like a leech, but otherwise the troop to a man is in a fit physical condition.

Official Vote of Centre County.

On Friday afternoon Judge Quigley, prothonotary David R. Foreman and tabulators J. Linn Harris and L. A. Schaeffer opened and made the official count of the vote cast by Troop L and the Mounted Machine gun troop at El Paso, Texas.

The vote on Congress increased Rowland's majority over Tobias in Centre county from 217 to 240, giving the former a lead in the district of 207.

For President: Wilson, Democrat, 4120; Hughes, Republican, 4392; Benson, Socialist, 122; Hawley, Prohibition, 146.

Judge of Supreme Court, (non-partisan): Palmer, 2617; Walling, 3651.

United States Senator: Knox, Republican, 4027; Knox, Roosevelt Progressive, 53; Knox, Keystone, 279.

Auditor General: Murray, Democrat, 3849; Snyder, Republican, 48; Snyder, Keystone, 12.

Congressman at Large: Kinsley, Democrat, 3706; Moore, Democrat, 3740; Ross, Democrat, 370.

Congress: Tobias, Democrat, 3871; Tobias, Prohibition, 190-4061; Rowland, Republican, 4301.

Assembly: Gardner, Republican, 3965; Gardner, Local Option, 184-4149; Scott, Republican, 4168.

Get the Most Out of Your Food. The digestive organs absolutely need the influence of pure blood for the proper performance of their functions.

The sun came out Wednesday morning and started in with real vigor to clear up the situation, so we were able to take a little hike over to the camp of the Georgia and Kentucky troops.

Largest Agricultural Warehouse. New Orleans has the largest agricultural warehouse in the world.

Two Former Centre Countians Give Thanks Together.

Chicago, Dec. 2, 1916. Editor Democratic Watchman, Bellefonte, Pa.

It rarely happens that during the short span of one's life time events transpire to yield the greater and truer enjoyment than recently fell to the lot of the writer.

Edward E. Spangler and wife, of Aurora, Illinois, are both native Pennsylvanians. Mrs. Spangler was born in Bedford county, Mr. Spangler is a native of Brush valley, Centre county, and was born on the Jonathan Spangler farm, about two miles east of Rebersburg.

Early in life Mr. Spangler imbibed the true spirit of progress and wended his way westward to become one of the prominent agriculturists of the great Mississippi valley.

The Spanglers are now enjoying life to the full in their palatial home located on the bank of the Fox river, Fox River valley, in Lovendale close to the city of Aurora, Illinois, where they have all modern conveniences together with rapid transit communication both to Aurora and Chicago.

It is near the beautiful Spangler home where the fraternal, industrial and educational institution known as "Moosehart" is located. The fraternal order known as the "Loyal Order of Moose," after prospecting several years over the United States, finally selected that site as best suited to their needs.

It was to the beautiful Spangler home that the writer, a boyhood chum of the host, Mr. Spangler, back in Brush valley, was invited to enjoy a sumptuous Thanksgiving feast, such as is seldom set before ordinary mortals, in appreciation of which the following letter was written:

Dear Friends: My being at present in the happiest of moods over my Thanksgiving experience and trip to your delightful home, and the generous, kindly reception accorded me at your hands, I feel that I do not specially express my gratitude I would be remiss in my duty and appreciation.

And how refreshing and inspiring it was talking over and reviewing the affairs of boyhood days, to turn in fond memory back to the many scenes, varied, yet not always cheering, but when life was new and the blood warm, when hope, even if but a glimmer behind mounted high, portending possible better things in the dim, unknown future, the greater achievements we know not of that were awaiting us.

In fancy do I often see the most charming of valleys I have ever beheld, "Old Brush," now abloom with spring flowers of every hue and fragrance, now the landscape bedecked with emerald and verdure, now the harvest ready to be garnered, now the mountains beautifully bedecked with crimson and gold foliage; ah, how the heart is thrilled and the pulse mounts up in ecstasy over such joys of the long ago. Pain would I return to those entrancing scenes and again enjoy them to the full as in days of yore.

But the golden wonder-west, it, too, is crowned with myriad charms, and here, as workers in a new and broader realm, let us be diligent and content, since Providence has ordained that we should be minute entities of that vast multitude set apart to promote the greater happiness and potential destinies of mankind in this garden spot, which is a very Eden upon our terrestrial sphere.

And now, my dear friends, permit me to offer my heartfelt gratitude for the generous, princely manner in which I was both received and entertained by your highnesses, a royal twin indeed. Long let me assure you, will I cherish the memory of that happy event.

I shall ever remain, Most sincerely and gratefully yours, ALFRED BIERLY.

Right Idea. Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, tells this story: "A schoolteacher was questioning her class on general knowledge."

"Now, girls," she said, "what is the most wonderful thing that a man has ever made?"

"The class was silent as the grave, but presently one small girl's hand went up and a triumphant look overspread its owner's face:

"Please, miss, I know—a living fox his wife and family," she said.

With Due Allowances. It happened at a little town in Ohio. A visiting Easterner stood on the veranda of a little hotel there watching the sun go down in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By George!" he exclaimed to an impassive native lounging against a post. "That's a gorgeous sunset, isn't it?"

SWISS HOTELS KEPT GOING

Families of Prisoners of War Now the Principal Residents of the Big Hostilities.

Writes a correspondent at Montreux, Switzerland: There are in our hotel several families of those French prisoners who are detained in Switzerland. From 200 to 650 prisoners arrive every day, they are scattered throughout the country in different hotels and boarding houses, their families come on visits and that, of course, keeps the hotels going.

In the largest hotels are the officers who mingle with the guests; the soldiers have their hotels to themselves; they can, however, be seen everywhere; Nervous, sick-looking men, evidently suffering from bronchitis, heart disease, kidney trouble, but they are happy here, getting a warm reception in all the towns and villages.

These soldiers are poor creatures; most of them have been for many months in concentration camps—they look and feel all the worse for it.

On the German side of Switzerland are quartered all of the German prisoners. They fare as well there as the French do here.

There are 5,000 awaiting orders to enter Switzerland. They are at Constance, on the border, Switzerland is doing fine work. Each country pays for the keep of its men, but, nevertheless, there is much done that no money could possibly pay for.

In all Switzerland some necessities of life are lacking and food is dear. Butter, sugar, flour, milk are fearfully high priced. Meat can't be had, chickens can't even be seen. Surely the warring countries will have to let foodstuffs enter Switzerland, for the country alone cannot produce enough for its own people and counting tens of thousands of war "prisoners." There are no English, no Americans. Everywhere French soldier prisoners sent in by Germany, and Poles, Serbians, Russians, Turk war prisoners sent in by France.

POOR PLACE TO TAKE NAP

Youths Who Went to Sleep in Canoe Were Awakened in a Manner Most Unpleasant.

Frank Alexander, twenty-one years old, and Alexander Isaacs, twenty-two years old, both of Newark, N. J., narrowly escaped death recently when they fell asleep in a canoe on the Passaic river and drifted down to the falls, which drop 90 feet to the jagged rocks below.

After hiring a canoe at a boathouse, they paddled about a mile up the river and then went to sleep, allowing the craft to drift. No one noticed them until the canoe shot under the Spruce street bridge, a short distance above the dam, which is about 100 feet above the falls. Standing on the bridge was a woman who saw the recumbent figures in the glare of the bridge lights and she called to them, warning them of their danger.

Neither stirred and she ran to the shore and shouted the alarm. Persons who heard her ran along the banks throwing stones at the canoe and shouting. Unmindful of the shouts and the stones, both young men slept soundly on, while the canoe approached the dam. A moment later the spectators saw it up-end and slide over the top. Then two heads came to the top in the smother of the falling water, and there began a frantic struggle to get ashore. The canoe disappeared over the falls and was dashed to splinters on the rocks. The men caught ropes and were drawn ashore less than 20 feet from where the canoe had gone over. Both were badly bruised but able to go home.

What She Missed.

Two suitors had striven for the hand of Mary Murphy. One was Doolan, a prosperous grocer, and he was backed up by Pa and Ma Murphy; the other was a handsome young clerk, and he was backed up by Mary.

The clerk won! On the morning of her first birthday after her wedding day Mary called to see her parents, and proudly showed them a pretty little gold watch which her husband had given her.

But Mrs. Murphy sniffed contemptuously. "That's very nice," she said disapprovingly; "but if ye'd only taken the advice of yer father and me, 'tis not a gold watch ye'd be havin' in yer pocket, but a good eight-day clock."

Wife's Wit. "I've got an awfully witty wife," boasts Solomon Beach. "I get most of my good stuff from her, to tell you the truth. Sometimes, though, her wit is a bit too sharp for comfort. Now it is the other evening I came home feeling sort of mean. I had a corn that was raising thunder with me, and I wasn't in the best of humor. Well, I came limping up the walk, and my wife stood at the door, eying me suspiciously.

"What makes you walk so funny?" she said. "Corn!" I snapped, grudgingly. "Oh," she said, turning away, "I thought maybe it was rye!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reminiscent. "I hear Scribber is writing moving picture plays now. Have you seen any of his stuff?"

"Yes, I've seen pretty nearly everything he has written."

"How did it impress you?"

"Every time I saw one of his plays I had to admit that Scribber has a remarkable memory."

DIDN'T NEED TO MIND HER

Small Girl Knew Exactly How Motorist Felt, and What He Probably Wanted to Say.

Mr. Payne started out to enjoy a spin on his motor. He went on smoothly until he got well to the outskirts of the city, rather far from a car line, then the motor, actuated by motives that only motors know, decided that it had gone far enough. It stopped, and no pulling of levers or turning of cranks was sufficient to induce it to go farther.

After fruitless efforts to get it to change its mind Mr. Payne climbed from his seat and worked around the machine. Nothing seemed to do any good, and he was rapidly getting into a state that is relieved only by strong language. However, the struggles with the motor had attracted a good-sized company of children, and Mr. Payne did nothing worse than think. The children's interest grew as the motorist tinkered. Among them was a little girl with golden hair and deep blue eyes. She crowded close to Mr. Payne as he worked.

Finally he became so exasperated that it seemed as if he really must say something. He turned to the little girl.

"I wish you would run away, little girl," he remarked.

"Why?" she asked, looking up at him.

Perhaps he wished to tell the truth, perhaps he only wished to see what the little girl would do. At any rate, he said to her, quite frankly: "I want to swear."

"Go ahead," replied the child; "don't mind me. My father has a motor, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

BABY HAD FIVE "FATHERS"

But Women's Trick to Save Their Husbands From Duty in the Militia Didn't Work.

A five-year-old baby recently did duty for five wives who sought to have their husbands released from service in the West Virginia National Guard. Here is the way it came about:

The first wife, a pretty, buxom mountain woman, sought the office of Adjt. Gen. John C. Bond, carrying a year-old baby boy. She made her plea and then retired. Half an hour later a second woman sought Adjutant Bond and prayed for her husband's release from the Guard, declaring that she needed his support for herself and the baby she carried. An hour later another miserable woman entered the adjutant general's office and made a plea similar to that made by the two women who had preceded her.

When the fourth woman entered his office carrying a baby that looked slightly familiar, Adjutant Bond heard her plea and then took a look at the baby. Shortly after this "mother" was dismissed, in came the fifth, imploring the adjutant to release her husband.

Wisdom on his countenance, Adjutant Bond took the baby in his arms and said: "Are you the godmother, stepmother, foster mother, or nurse of this baby? It's been mighty well mothered today, but, unfortunately, all of its fathers are going to serve Uncle Sam when called on."

Just What the Doctor Deserved. One afternoon, just as Doctor Bundy's office hour had begun, a very excited individual rushed into his office.

"Doctor, doctor! Just one moment!" he cried.

"I'll see you shortly," said the doctor.

"Only a second, doctor!" protested the perturbed one. "Only a second is what I want!"

"I'll see you shortly," repeated the physician, with impatience.

The man, with a sigh, took a seat in the reception room. His excitement soon subsided, apparently, and he read the magazines lying on the table, making no further efforts to see the doctor.

After several patients had consulted the doctor, the latter stepped over to the man and said: "You were in somewhat of a hurry, I believe, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing now," replied the man. "I only dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's cows have escaped from the yard and are having a fine time among your flowerbeds."

A Reason. "Abroad girls have chaperons—they never are left alone with a young man—and it is very difficult to get married over there."

The speaker was Harrison Fisher. He continued: "An old maid said to a pretty girl at the seashore: "What I saw on the beach in the moonlight last evening shocked me, Nellie. Yes, my dear, you shocked me horribly. I, for my part, think it's most improper for a girl to kiss a man unless they're married."

"Ah," said Nellie, "do you? Suppose that accounts for you never being engaged."

To Make Sure. "Won't you please leave the light burning in the hall, mother?" pleaded little Robert as he was being put to bed.

"Nonsense, Bobbie," was the reply. "Surely you know there isn't anything to be afraid of in the dark."

"Every time I saw one of his plays I had to admit that Scribber has a remarkable memory."

PINKNEY'S PLACE IN HISTORY

His Fame as the Greatest Lawyer the United States Has Produced Is Secure.

Even that tristest of truisms, the ephemerality of a lawyer's fame, offers no adequate explanation of the obscurity in which sleeps the genius of William Pinkney. For Pinkney was not merely a great lawyer. According to testimony that leaves no room for doubt or controversy, he was the very greatest lawyer that this country has ever produced.

Nor was this all. He served his country with distinction and success in the labyrinths of diplomacy, at the cabinet table, in the halls of congress and even on the field of battle. Above all, at a most critical point of our history, when the clamor of contending sections disturbed the tranquillity of the Sage of Monticello, "like a fire bell ringing in the night," to use Jefferson's own expressive phrase, it was Pinkney who rose to the occasion and recalled senators to a sense of their duty and patriotism.

Of him John Marshall said that he was the greatest man he had ever seen in a court of justice. Of him Taney wrote in 1854: "I have heard almost all the great advocates of the United States, both of the past and present generation, but I have seen none equal to him." Of him Story remarked: "His clear and forcible manner of putting his cases before the court, his powerful and commanding eloquence, occasionally illumined with sparkling lights, but always logical and appropriate and, above all, his accurate and discriminating law knowledge, which he pours out with wonderful precision, give him, in my opinion, a great superiority over every man whom I have known."

When such a court unanimously concurs in rendering judgment, hold indeed the man who claims an appeal.—H. H. Hagan in Case and Comment.

SIMPLE WAY TO TEST CREAM

French Scientist Has Given to the World a Discovery That Is of Distinct Value.

Professor Lindet of the French Agronomic institute has given to the Academy of Agriculture a very simple process for calculating rapidly the quantity of fatty matter in cream. It is the fatty matter that gives cream its quality, the more of this butter the better the cream. This is the process:

A drop of cream is placed upon a sheet of paper and introduced at once into an oven heated to 105 degrees centigrade. The watery part of the cream evaporates and the fat absorbed by the paper, forms a spot which enlarges rapidly at first, then more slowly as the edges of the spot increase their distance from the point at which the drop has been placed. At the end of a specified time the area of the spot is measured and compared with that of a spot formed by a drop of pure grease of the same size deposited at the same time and under identical conditions.

Professor Lindet uses drops of 1-100 of a cubic centimeter in size, and places his paper in wooden frames to prevent it from curling up in the oven. He removes it before the spots have spread to more than three or four centimeters in diameter.

Corpus Christi Day.

Corpus Christi kept today by all Roman and Anglican Catholics, is connected with two towns prominent in the present war. It arose from the dream of a religious lady at Leige, and was formally sanctioned in 1264 by a bishop of Verdun who became Pope. It came to England about 1320, and was soon made a popular fete. In Wales on this anniversary the doorways of houses were decked with flowers, the maidenhair fern being chiefly selected for the purpose. Previous to the recent Anglican revival Corpus Christi day was kept at the Oxford college. It has been observed for five centuries in the city of London by the Worshipful company of Skinners, who attend in state their special service at St. Mary Aldermary. But the "Skinners" who walk in the procession now carry posies of flowers instead of the "war torches" mentioned by Stow.—London Chronicle.

Chapel in the Trenches.

In one of the French trenches the men have constructed a small chapel underneath the earth. It is sufficiently large to admit 20 men at the same time. Every effort has been made by the clever workmen who have built it, skilled miners from the district of La Loire, to make the underground chapel difficult of bombardment. The interior ornamentation has been carried to high perfection, for a parquet floor, carpets, candlesticks, kneeling chairs saved from the ruined churches are to be found in it. A wooden altar has been erected in the trench chapel, and a magnificent French flag, the gift of an officer, has been hung in it.

Mouth-Filling Word.

That the European battle fronts and the Mexican frontier have nothing on the American Indian for names was emphasized when the chamber of commerce of eastern Connecticut held their summer outing as guests of the Webster-Dudley chamber of commerce and Southbridge board of trade at Lake Chargogg-goggmanchawag-gogamaug, a historic spot and former conference ground of the red men who named it. The day was spent in attempting to masticate the name of the lake and a large amount of clam chowder, clams, sea bass and lobster and spring chicken.