Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 22, 1916

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

As I was going to Bethlehem town Upon the earth I cast me down All underneath a tree,

That whispered in this wise to me: "Oh! I shall stand on Calvary And bear what burthen saveth thee!" As up I fared to Bethlehem town I met a shepherd coming down. And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight Hath spread before mine eyes this night. An angel host most fair to see, That sung full sweetly of a tree That shall uplift on Calvary, What burthen sayeth you and me.

cloth on the morrow.

scars the fire had made.

her head.

return!"

the girl went forward and fell on her

knees, throwing back the hood from

though for the pitiful eyes of the Vir-gin to see. On one side it was the

beautiful face Pierre Bernay hunger-

The starry eyes, vpraised, over-

know it. It would be better than find-

ing out little by little. If it should be

as she feared, she would go away.

She had a cousin who worked on a

farm in the rich country to the east. Perhaps she could find the place; it

Suddenly Lizette realized that these

thoughts were intruding themselves

upon her devotion; that fear and fore-

boding were driving out the faith she

longed for. She began to pray again,

and little by little her heart grew still

within her. It was as though a light

broke softly and grew; there was no

his birthday the sures had been made;

In the church, meantime, the dusk

did not much matter.

room left for fear.

seemed to understand.

other of the pair for her lover.

The gifts were in readiness; the

cottage wore a festive air. Branches

branches of the trees waved ghostly

entwining everything. Lizette knew

Now that she was on her way,

The mist was like a delicate veil,

arms on each side.

And as I get to Bethlehem town, Lo, wise men came and brought the crown.

And while the Infant smiling slept, Upon their knees they fell and wept; But with her Babe upon her knee Naught recked that mother of the Tree That should uplift on Calvary What burthen saveth all and me

Again I walked in Bethlehem town, And think on Him that wears the crown. I may not kiss His feet again. Nor worship Him as I did then: My King hath died upon the tree And hath outpoured on Calvary What blood redeemeth you and me!

Eugene Field.

THE MIRACLE OF LITTLE NOEL.

Lizette Amboise sat beside the window making lace. The lovely line of her profile caught the light; the clear white of cap and kerchief enriched the olive of her skin. Seen thus from within the room, she was so beautiful that the old eyes of Pierre's mother brightened as they looked at her.

Pierre himself was working in the woolen milis at Lisieux. Soon after he went his house had caught fire, and Lizette rushed through the flames, had led his mother out to safety. Since then the old woman had remembered only in flashes.

So there she sat in Lizette's cottage, her eyes brightening as they rested on the girl. But all at once they clouded; she had remembered.

had been gathering. Lizette, when "If it was as it used to be," she broke out in a quivering voice, "you she rose to her feet, could just see the might be restored for Pierre's coming face of the Child. It was in honor of

At the words Lizette turned, and

the old woman began to cry. "For him to come back at Christsorrows of the world. mas," she wailed, "to see that!"

The girl looked quickly away. The rich olive of her cheek had faded to a dead pallor; her hands lay idly in her For him to come back to see that!" She used to rejoice in Pierre's love of beauty. He was different from the other young men of the village, who cared more for a woman's strength than for her face, and who looked always at the earth they tilled and never at the sky. Pierre could be keen and shrewed as any other Norman peasant; but Lizette knew his dreams, his delight in beauty, the thoughts he hid from his neighbors. Once Lizette had said to him:

"Perhaps I can serve you as well making my lace as though I were strong to work in the fields."

And Pierre, his dark eyes glowing,

row she had never felt before, the di- must not be frightened; she must lapidated condition of the church. In have faith. It was faith that would the days when the miracles of Little make the miracle possible. Noel made the village famous, it had So Lizette came to the church after

been different. Then, as Lizette the others, and slipped into a dim cor-knew, not a crumbling bit of mortar ner. Nevertheless, several saw her and peered curiously. Among these was Mere Fouchard. Like all the rest, she had heard that Pierre Berhad gone untended or a candlestick unpolished. And the women of the village had woven finest cloth for the altars, and bordered them with lace of nay returned tomorrow. their own making. Lizette resolved

Lizette scarcely heard the hymns or that she would begin such an altarthe sermon. She sat like one tranced, to taking up any new busniess sucwaiting. Her rosary slipped through Now she pushed the door open and her fingers, and her pale lips moved. She tried to think of the words of the looked shrinkingly about. There was furnished house, you would not underonly stillness and peace within, and the Virgin with the Child in her arms. prayers, and she tried not to see Piera medical practice, until you knew re's eyes as they leaped to her face. It seemed she was waiting for Lizette. Beyond her meeting with Pierre With a little sob, swept by a wave of everything was a blank. emotion that laid bare all her heart,

The mass was over, and Lizette was what condition your future possession is, or what it needs before it gets into on her way home. The others had good condition, before you go to work. lingered to sing the Christmas carols and to exchange greetings; but Li-Her face was now revealed, as zette had slipped out quickly, and it. A civic improvement society can went alone through the fog. She held sow a grass-plot and put up a sign telling people to get off it, a commer-cial club may put up a big placard at her cloak tight about her with both hands. At first it had been all she ed for day and night: on the other it could do not to touch her face, but the railroad station telling strangers to come to town and get free building was furrowed across by the crimson that temptation had passed. She did lots and no taxes for factories, a not even think of it; she knew she would wait for Pierre's coming. woman's club can ornament the street

Why Take A

flowed with tears; the lips quivered in But the reaction after the long corners with green boxes to hold littheir supplications: "Grant to me strain had set in. She felt a great ter, and yet none of them may reach faith, that a miracle of Little Noel may be wrought upon me! Have pity weariness; she would have liked to creep away into the wood and cry like job big enough to interest earnest a little child. But she stumbled on citizens in keeping up the work. upon me and restore me for Pierre's through the fog, came to the cottage, How often she had pictured that reand lay down on her bed.

got and haven't got, you know just turn-the leap of her lover's eyes to Then it was morning, and the mist what you need. It is easy to go around her face, their horrified turning away; was lifting and drifting away. It beating the drums of local pride about for she had begged the cure to write drifted away in trailing veils, clingthe town's pet advantages, but just ing to everything it passed. But Li-zette looked at the mist only a few no hint of her disfigurement. She as soon as you have discovered that would have no pretense, she who had you are ages behind your rival town throbbed and glowed under the long moments; she had to make herself of the same size in a matter that is caress of Pierre's gaze. If he could ready for Pierre's coming. perfectly easy to remedy, that you not bear to look upon her, she must are ages behind all decent towns

She watched for him from the window where she sat when she made her lace, and the mist rose as though to let her see as far down the road as possible. She could not have said whether she believed herself healed. There was a sort of blankness in her head. Yet she knew she was suffer-ing supreme suspense. Now and again the anguish of it pierced through the blankness; but it was only for a moment, or she could not have borne it.

Then a figure came into sight at the farthest point of the road she could see. She rose instantly; she knew it was Pierre. His tall figure, his eager gait-how often she had seen him coming thus to the cottage! But now her heart seemed to stop, and she felt she would never get to the door; nev-er put on her cloak, and pull her hood over her head. She held the hood tight about her face as she went.

for the sake of the little Jesus, who had come to heal the sicknesses and When Pierre saw her coming he stood perfectly still, his head lifted For some minutes Lizette stood up. It was as though his very longthere. Then she remembered the ing, the piercing delight of her near-Mere Bernay, sitting all alone, with ness, had fixed him there. And Lithe fire dying on the hearth, and she zette, her knees trembling beneath hurried away. But the crushing her, went on toward him. Then stopweight was gone from her heart. She ping suddenly, she lifted her hands walked with light steps, and looked up and threw back the hood from her at the stars, which were beginning to face.

come out in the sky. Every day now Lizette prayed in the church, but no one who saw her ming blackness; the earth seemed to pass guessed at what was in her rise up and the trees to rush past her. heart. It may be, however, that Pier-She tried to speak, she tried to see: re's mother knew; she knew many then the deadly struggling ceased. things that no one ever told her. Sometimes when Lizette came in with She found herself in Pierre's arms. His eyes were on her face. Their love that light on her face the old woman enveloped her and drew her closewould look at her with eyes which closer than ever before. It was like something in which she herself lost When the time came for her to herself. She lay still, looking up at make the nine-days' prayer, Lizette him.

The opening cf windows while it admits the fresh air, often causes Town Inventory. drafts which are uncomfortable, not to say injurious. Where a number of

people are occupied in a room it is The Chautauqua Reading Hour. often a cause of subjecting one or two to exposure if the windows are open-ed to secure ventilation. This can be DR. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, Editor. avoided by an ample supply of warm-

ed air. An inventory is the prime requisite Numerous devices, more or less expensive, have been placed on the marcessfully. You would not buy a store ket but are not always satisfactory: or a factory, you would not engage a The most economical and at the same time probably the most efficient ventitake to teach a school or to take over lating device is one made of glass or wood eight or ten inches in height and what was in it, what you were getting made the width of the sash. This for your money. You need to know in should be placed under the sash with a slant from the bottom to the top at an angle of 45 degrees, leaving an opening at the top covered with cheese It is possible to get along without cloth.

Ventilators of this sort are so simple that they can be made at small cost anywhere and the covering can be readily replaced. They are suitable for office and school room, living rooms and bed rooms. They permit reasonable ventilation without too great a loss of heat and prevent that stuffiness of atmosphere which is dangerous to health and destructive to deep into the town's needs or have a real comfort during the winter months. This device leaves an opening between the upper and lower sash But when you know what you have through which the used air of the room may escape.

Centre County Y. W. C. A. Notes.

A free traveling library from the State Library Department at Harrisburg has been secured by the Snow Shoe branch, and placed in "Commuyour size in a matter that vitally afnity Hall" for the use of the general fects public health, you have the chalpublic. Mrs. S. M. Robison is the lilenge of a task big enough to keep the brarian.

A physical standard contest, open Springfield, Illinois, was the home to all girls and young women of the and contains the tomb of Abraham county will be conducted in January Lincoln. It is a good town, as towns go. It meant well. It had its civic er February. A banner is to be presented to the club or organization improvement societies, and it was joghaving the highest score. Any Sunging along in a comfortable and on day school class, day school, etc., may the whole, progressive way. But all of a sudden somebody decided that it would be a good thing to know Springfield better, to plan for bettercompete. Recognition will also be given for the highest individual score. Watch the papers for fuller announcement without so much guess-work. So experts were sent for and Springments.

Are you learning the poems as they The survey of Springfield is very interesting. At one or two places it come out, or clipping them for future became startling. There had been more or less typhoid about. People reference? All who read the books and learn the poems will receive a did not think much of it. Eevery city national certificate. Get in line. has a little. Four millions had been Here is the rest of the poem that was spent by the city for waetr works and published in part last week: sewers, and the water was frequently examined and always found safe for

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

phoid was 52 per 100,000 and had been I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead. And mountains of wearisome height; Many people were still using wells.

That the road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night. And still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice And weep with the strangers that moan,

wells were found, "the pollution of which was guaranteed by 7000 privy Nor live in my house by the side of the The next year after these homes road

were connected with the city water Like a man who dwells alone. the mortality from typhoid went down Let me live in my house by the side of the into the twenties, instead of fifties and eighties per 100,000.

road. Where the race of men go by-

SEND SIGNALS UNDER WATER

Inventors Claim to Have Brought Wonderful Instrument Almost to Pitch of Perfection.

3

Submarine signaling for the protection of shipping, and other uses of the submarine telegraph oscillator are discussed by Mr. R. F. Blake, an American electrical engineer, in the Smithsonian annual report.

The author reports some interesting trials of this electrically operated oscillator which vibrates under water; both sending and receiving signals, and claims that it has been tested successfully, transmitting signals over 20 miles, and operating as an underwater telephone for 400 to 800 yards.

Among the invaluable uses enumerated are signaling in fogs and between submarines; direct communication between commanders of ships within short distance of each other; location of bell buoys; as a means of sounding, and possibly as a means of directing or steering torpedoes by sound.

Mr. Blake remarks that the oscillator represents an important step forward in the science of navigation, making it possible to surround the coasts with a wall of sound so that no ship can get into dangerous waters without receiving a warning, and eliminating collisions between ships, except through negligence.

He asserts that indications point out that it will be of great service in locating icebergs and securing soundings from ships running at full speed. Mr. Blake says that for naval purposes it provides an auxiliary means of short distance signaling, available at all times, which cannot be shot away, and that it widens the possibilities of submarine boats to an extent beyond our present grasp.

HAD LONG LIST OF TROUBLES

And Woman Reported Them All to Unfortunate Listener in the Telephone Department.

The family had not had their telephone very long, says the Southwestern Telephone News, and everyone took a deep and abiding interest in it. On the outside of the directory they had noted the words, "Trouble, call No. 4217."

It had been a hard morning and everything had gone wrong. Finally the lady of the house in desperation turned to her trusty telephone and called 4217. "This is the trouble department," answered the operator sweetly.

"Is this where you report your troubles?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, I only want to report that our cat got drowned in the cistern this morning. the baby is cutting a new tooth, the cook left without warning: we are out of sugar and starch; the stovepipe fell down; the milkman left only a pint instead of a quart today; the bread won't raise; my oldest child is coming down with the measles; the plumbing in the cellar leaks; we have only enough coal to last through tomorrow; the paint gave out when I got only half over the dining room floor; the mainspring of the clock is broken; my three sisters-in-law are coming to visit tomorrow; the man has not called for the garbage for two weeks; our dog has the mange; the looking glass fell off the wall a while ago and broke to pieces; and I think that my husband is taking considerable notice of a widow lately that lives next door. That's all today, but if anything happens later I'll call you up and tell you about it."

nswered:

Lizette. I want only to have you near

me, to be able to look into your face." and Pierre's mother shivered as she The words had pleased her when he spoke them; now they stabbed her to the heart. And so did these lines of the letter Pierre had written after he she came again it would be for the heard from the cure about the burning of his house, and how Lizette had saved his mother: "My beautiful, brave Lizette! How shall I wait to see you! Your face is always before me."

"Mere Bernay,"- Lizette had turned again to the old woman,-"listen to me, Mere Bernay. What did you mean when you said I could be restored for Pierre's return if it was as it used to be?"

'By a miracle of Little Neel. You would make the nine-days' prayer before Christmas mass. Many are the acle had been performed. cures were made so at our church in the old days. But that was long ago; ey are made no more." mas morning. In a few hours he The miracles of Little Noel! Lizette would be on his way, walking from they are made no more."

had heard of them ever since she was a tradition. Suppose-her eyes wid- again, and be with her soon after the ened and she drew her breath in quickly.

If the miracles had ceased, it must be because the faith of the people had died. Had not the cure often be- an that they would eat the reveillon wailed the worldliness of the times, the love of pleasure that had replaced piety? If she had faith, if she prayed with her whole heart, it might be that | resolve that Pierre should be the first a miracle of Little Noel would be to see her face after the midnight wrought even now for her!

mass. It was only two weeks before Christmas. Soon she could begin the before or after that mass. Lizette nine days of special fasting and pray-er; and there was time before that for preparation. Lizette rose, took Her heart was suddenly light and gay. down her long cloak, bent over She made Mere Bernay put her shoes Pierre's mother, kissed her withered on the hearth, ready for gifts; then cheeks, and then went out into the Lizette put out one of her own beside golden light of the sunset.

She pulled the hood of her cloak far over her face, and walked rapidly. She saw no one until Mere Fouchard came to her door, calling shrilly to the little Henri. Mere Fouchard stopped shrilling when she saw Lizette.

"How the girl keeps the hood over her face!" she said to herself. And then, "Does she think she can hide it was as kind as his wife was shrewish. thus from Pierre Bernay when he comes back!"

She called a greeting, hoping Lizette would turn; but she was disgreater care than ever she hid her appointed. The girl answered without looking around.

The church was in the middle of the wood in which the village was built. In Normandy these little villages try crackled beneath her feet, and the to hide themselves among the trees; but the gleam of their white-walled cottages betrays them.

When Lizette reached the church, twilight was gathering, and the that the little procession of village branches of the trees wove delicate folk had already passed on its way to traceries against a sky of pale amethyst and rose. The old stone church, ing a few minutes before as they with its square tower, made a picture amid that setting which Lizette was them. quick to note. Pierre had taught her to see such things.

But she noted also, and with a sor- her, that she felt frightened. But she

went to her devotions both morning "Lizette," he whispered brokenly. "It is not your service I want, my and evening, and so absorbed was she He put his face down against hers. that the fire often died on the hearth, "My brave, beautiful Lizette!"

Tears sprang to her eyes; an in- Providence as we once were, yet we Then why should I sit in the scorner's sat beside it. But it was on the last credible happiness flooded her being. "It is the miracle of Little Noel," day of her waiting that the girl knelt longest in the little church. When she whispered.

Pierre paid no heed. He seemed midnight mass; she hardly dared to not to care about her meaning; he ought to live to grow up. In this And be a friend to man. think further than that. The old fear seemed to be hovering near, threaten-her fect, he supported her with his mer after they cleaned up their milk ing to seize her. She sought shelter arm. He gazed in her face as though supply, from infantile Jiarrhoea were reduced one-third. They saved twenfrom it in her prayers: she even tried his hunger for it could never be apto forget a certain resolve she had pased; and at last he put one hand made, lest it argue lack of faith. This beneath her chin and turned her head resolve was that Pierre's eyes should gently to one side. glad. be the first to rest upon her after the

"This is the Lizette I left," he said midnight mass. She would neither -"the Lizette whose beautiful face defect that people like to cover up. look in her glass nor touch her face made me forget her scul. I loved her In one town it was their shanties, and with her fingers. His eyes, and his as a man loves a woman when both the day they had a great civic celebraalone, should tell her wether the mirare young.

He stopped, and then he turned Li- them-instead of tearing them down. Pierre had written again, saying zette's face so that his eyes rested that he would come early on Christupon the side which had been burned. "And this—" He broke off; when he could speak again, his voice had a Lisieux to a little inn where he slept. hushed, exquisite note—"and this," he a child, but they had seemed merely But long before dawn he would start said, "is the Lizette I never knew. It is the wonderful, beautiful soul of Lisun was up. She was glad that Mere zette. When we are old and our bod-Bernay lay in bed until late. She ies have changed, still I shall always and not merely look clean. wished to watch for Pierre alone. see your brave, tender, beautiful That evening she told the old womsoul

But Lizette, with a low cry, had before mass. "You would be too weacountry because unscrupulous newspushed him from her. She put a hand ry if you waited for my return." she to her face.

said; but the true reason lay in her "The burns!" she gasped. "I feel the burns!'

Pierre siezed her hands in his. He drew her to him, kissing the scars The reveillon may be spread either again and again. "My Lizette," he whispered, "I did

to work to do what needs to be done, and when they do that the town prosbrought out the roasted chestnuts not know before what love was-this pers. In Springfield real estate men soaked in wine and the little cakes. love of soul and body!

And Lizette, raising her head, on its sanitary merits, and "sanitaclasped her hands together. tion took on a commercial value." "It is the miracle of Little Noel,"

Lizette put out one of her own beside them, and next to that she put the they of the put of the her her her they are the state. By Virginia Yeaman Rem-nitz, in The Century Magazine. tory is the cheapest. Even a small

"GOD REST YE."

of laurel and pine were fastened over God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing the fireplace, and the vessels of copyou dismay,

per and brass twinkled in the light of For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day;

> The dawn rose red on Bethlehem, the stars shone thro' the gray,

When the feast was eaten and Pier-When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born re's mother was in bed, Lizette made on Christmas Day. herself ready to go to church. With

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright.

face in the hood of her cloak; then she For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born lighted her lantern and stepped out this happy night; into the white mist, which seemed to

long the hills of Galilee the white flocks open to receive her. The frosty road sleeping lay,

When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn

The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;

the church. She had heard them sing- | Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away,

went; but she had not wished to join For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

D. M. Muloch.

-Subscribe for the "Watchman". system

Saving Babies.

In every town there is some one

An Inventory is Good Business.

The best way to take a town inven-

whole town busy for a while.

field sat down to study itself.

domestic use. The inventory showed

however, that the mortality from ty-

as high as 80. Some cities had but

The water of 150 of them was exam-

ined, and all but three were found to

be dangerously polluted. Six thousand

20. What was the matter?

vaults."

What Inventories Have Discovered.

They are good, they are bad, they are We are not so heathenish about weak, they are strong, blaming the deaths of babies upon Wise, foolish,-so am L. have gotten into the habit of expect-

seat. ing that about so many will die any-Or hurl the cynic's ban?

way, not realizing that the medical Let me live in my house by the side of the ideal is that every baby safely born road

> -Sam Walter Foss. The "Dolly Dimple" club at Oak

Hall is making scrap-books to send to ty-seven babies from death. If it had the hospital for Christmas. been your baby you would have been Everybody attend the annual meeting of the Centre county Y. W. C. A., in Bellefonte, Saturday, January 13th.

BIRTHS.

Shuey-On November 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis F. Shuey, of Spring

Witmer-On November 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Witmer, of Spring township, a son, William Wadsworth

Weaver-On November 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Merl Weaver, of Spring

Surveys have got a black eye in this Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zimmerman, of Spring township, a son, Carl Franknongers have bruited abroad merely lin Zimmerman.

tive. It should reveal many pleasant facts; it should give new material for ret Elizabeth Montgomery. town advertising. It will set people

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shivery, of Benner township, a daughter.

and Mrs. David V. Steele, of Bellefonte, a son, Harry Wilson Steele.

Mr. and Mrs. George Showers, of town can afford it. The method is Spring township, a daughter.

> Mr. and Mrs. William Clevenstine, of includes an electric light supported on Spring township, a son, James Clevenstine.

and Mrs. Roy Grove, of Bellefonte, a

Emerick-On November 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Emerick, Bellefonte, a son, Paul Richard Em-

Billett-On November 30th, to Mr and Mrs. W. L. Billett, of Spring township, a son, Miles Hunter Billett. Daley-On December 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Daley, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

Opportunities of Special Privilege.

rand boy. He saved his money and went into the oil business. By aggressiveness, energy and sticktoitiveness he became the most dominant figure in a great industry, next to John D. Rockefeller. His success should prove an inspiration by a proper heating and ventilating to boys. The opportunities are to be found on every hand.

Freighter Unloads Quickly.

About midsummer the Italian cargo boat Milazzo, undoubtedly the largest freighter on the seas, completed its maiden voyage from Naples to New York. The vessel is of special interest because of its remarkable unloading facilities, which enable its 14,000ton cargo to be discharged within forty-eight hours. It is particularly designed for the transportation of grain and coal, but because of current conditions is now carrying a general cargo. The ship is 512 feet in length, 65.9 feet across the beam and when loaded displaces 20,040 tons. Its single screw is turned by a 4,000-horse power quadruple expansion engine. The ship's unloading equipment is its most wonderful feature according to Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Take Cut-Worms in Traps.

California farmers have discovered that cut-worms which so ravage their beets and other vegetables are hatched from eggs laid by a moth which flies at night and like all moths is attracted by light. A special trap has been devised for its eradication. The trap a platform. Beneath the light is a pan of oil into which the moths fall many as 7,000 of these moths have been caught in such a trap in a single night. Most of them were egg-carrying females, so their destruction materially checks the increase of the cut-

Caught in the Act.

At the chamber of commerce the other day was sportsman's day and the chairman for the occasion bragged of the surpassing truthfulness of Spokane sportsmen. "There," he said, pointing to an enormous fish labeled as captured in Spokane river, "is ocular evidence that Spokane fishermen don't lie about their catches. The angler who caught that fish will stand up and be introduced to the audience." At once a baker's dozen of Spokane sportsmen leaped to their feet, while the true hero sat still and silent .--Spokane Spokesman-Review.

start is this motto: "We want ours to be a 100 per cent. Town; we intend to find how near that it is now.'

Ventilators. The question of proper ventilation during the winter months is one which it is quite difficult for many

people to solve. It is apparent to almost everybody

essary if efficient work is to be performed in office and school and if freshing sleep is desired by night. The fresh air does not depend upon the temperature and can be supplied

John D. Archbold started life as an er-

is something of an expert. The citi-zens may be their own appraisers. They may unite cheerfully, for it is daughter. not an inquest; pleasantly, for it is not a muck-racking expedition; seriously, for they don't want to lose the facts by being partial or superficial. erick. A good challenge with which to

tion they built a high fence in front of In another town it was the open garbage pails, and they passed an ordi-nance that they should be kept in the township, a scn.

alleys instead of on the street curb! But there are towns that think it

pays to know. They won't fend off calamity by hiding their heads in the sand. They want the town to be clean, Witmer.

township, a daughter. Zimmerman-On November 18th, to

the destructive side. But a town in-ventory is above all things construction Montgomery-On November 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Montgomery, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Marga-

Shivery-On November 22nd, to

Steele-On September 9th, to Mr. soon began to advertise their property

Showers-On November 24th, to

not essentially different from the way Clevenstine-On November 24th, to one would take the inventory of an estate. Appraisers are needed. under the guidance of a chief appraiser who

Grove-On November 9th, to Mr. after dashing up against the light. As

worm.

From the Altoona Mirror.

that the admission of pure air is nec-