

BETHLEHEM TOWN.

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

THE MIRACLE OF LITTLE NOEL.

Lizette Amboise sat beside the window making lace. The lovely line of her profile caught the light...

Pierre himself was working in the woolen mills at Lisieux. Soon after he went his house had caught fire, and Lizette rushed through the flames...

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.

"If it was not used to be," she broke out in a quivering voice, "you might be restored for Pierre's coming home."

At the words Lizette turned, and the old woman began to cry. "For him to come back at Christmas," she wailed, "to see that!"

The girl looked quickly away. The rich olive of her cheek had faded to a lead pallor; her hands lay idly in her lap.

"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...

Every day now Lizette prayed in the church, but no one who saw her pass guessed at what was in her heart.

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, had answered: "It is not your service I want, my Lizette. I want only to have you near me, to be able to look into your face."

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 heard from the cure about the burning of his house...

"Mere Bernay,"—Lizette had listened 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 Noel. You would make the nine-days' prayer before Christmas mass. Many are the cures were made so at our church in the old days. But that was long ago; they are made no more."

The miracles of Little Noel! Lizette had heard of them ever since she was a child, but they had seemed merely a tradition. Suppose—her eyes widened 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 bewailed the worldliness of the times, the love of pleasure that had replaced piety?

It was only two weeks before Christmas. Soon she could begin the nine days of special fasting and prayer; and there was time before that for preparation.

Lizette rose, took down her long cloak, bent over Pierre's mother, kissed her withered cheeks, and then went out into the 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 thus from Pierre Bernay when he comes back?"

She called a greeting, hoping Lizette would turn; but she was disappointed. The girl answered without looking around.

The church was in the middle of the wood in which the village was built, crinkled against a sky of pale amethyst and rose.

The branches of the trees waved ghostly arms on each side. The mist was like a delicate veil, entwining everything.

Lizette knew that the little procession of village folk had already passed on its way to the church. She had heard them singing a few minutes before as they went; but she had not wished to join them.

Now that she was on her way, she realized that her gaiety had deserted her, that she felt frightened. But she must not be frightened; she must have faith. It was faith that would make the miracle possible.

So Lizette came to the church after the others, and slipped into a dim corner. Nevertheless, several saw her and peered curiously. Among these was Mere Fouchard.

Like all the rest, she had heard that Pierre Bernay returned tomorrow. Lizette scarcely heard the hymns or the sermon. She sat like one tranced, waiting. Her rosary slipped through her fingers, and her pale lips moved.

She tried to think of the words of the prayers, and she tried not to see Pierre's eyes as they leaped to her face. Beyond her meeting with Pierre everything was a blank.

The mass was over, and Lizette was on her way home. The others had lingered to sing the Christmas carols and to exchange greetings; but Lizette had slipped out quickly, and went alone through the fog.

She held her cloak tight about her with both hands. At first it had been all she could do not to touch her face, but that temptation had passed. She did not even think of it; she knew she would wait for Pierre's coming.

But the reaction after the long strain had set in. She felt a great weariness; she would have liked to creep away into the wood and cry like a little child. But she stumbled on through the fog, came to the cottage, and lay down on her bed.

Then it was morning, and the mist was lifting and drifting away. It drifted away in trailing veils, clinging to everything it passed. But Lizette looked at the mist only a few moments; she had to make herself ready for Pierre's coming.

She watched for him from the window where she sat when she made her hands. At first it had been all she could do not to touch her face, but that temptation had passed. She did not even think of it; she knew she would wait for Pierre's coming.

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Why Take A Town Inventory.

The Chautauqua Reading Hour. DR. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, Editor.

An inventory is the prime requisite to taking up any new business successfully. You would not buy a store or a factory, you would not engage a furnished house, you would not undertake to teach a school or to take over a medical practice, until you knew what you were getting into.

So you need to know in what condition your future possession is, or what it needs before it gets into good condition, before you go to work. It is possible to get along without it. A civic improvement society can sow a grass-plot and put up a sign telling people to get off it, a commercial club may put up a big placard at the railroad station telling strangers to come to town and get free building lots and no taxes for factories, a woman's club can ornament the street corners with green boxes to hold litter, and yet none of them may reach deep into the town's needs or have a job big enough to interest earnest citizens in keeping up the work.

But when you know what you have got and haven't got, you know just what you need. It is easy to go around beating the drums of local pride about the town's pet advantages, but just as soon as you have discovered that you are ages behind your rival town of the same size in a matter that is perfectly easy to remedy, that you are ages behind all decent towns of your size in a matter that vitally affects public health, you have the challenge of a task big enough to keep the whole town busy for a while.

What Inventories Have Discovered. Springfield, Illinois, was the home and contains the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. It is a good town as far as goes. It meant well, it had its civic improvement societies, and it was jogging along in a comfortable and on 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 betterment without so much guess-work. So experts were sent for and Springfield set down to study itself.

The survey of Springfield is very interesting. At one or two places it became startling. There had been more or less typhoid about. People did not think much of it. Every city has a little. Four millions had been spent by the city for water works and sewers, and the water was frequently examined and always found safe for domestic use. The inventory showed however, that the mortality from typhoid was 52 per 100,000 and had been as high as 80. Some cities had but 20. What was the matter?

Many people were still using wells. The water of 150 of them was examined, and all but three were found to be dangerously polluted. Six thousand wells were found, "the pollution of which was guaranteed by 7000 privy vaults."

The next year after these homes were connected with the city water the mortality from typhoid went down into the twenties, instead of fifties and eighties per 100,000.

Saving Babies. We are not so heathenish about blaming the deaths of babies upon Providence as we once were, yet we have gotten into the habit of expecting that about so many will die any way, not realizing that the medical ideal is that every baby safely born ought to live to grow up. In this same Springfield the deaths, the summer after they cleaned up their milk supply, from infantile diarrhoea were reduced one-third. They saved twenty-seven babies from death. If it had been your baby you would have been glad.

In every town there is some one defect that people like to cover up. In one town it was their shanties, and the day they had a great civic celebration they built a high fence in front of them—instead of tearing them down. In another town it was the open garbage pits, and they passed an ordinance that they should be kept in the 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, and not merely look clean.

An Inventory is Good Business. Surveys have got a black eye in this country because unscrupulous news-mongers have bruited abroad merely the destructive side. But a town inventory is above all things constructive. It should reveal many pleasant facts; it should give new material for town advertising. It will set people to work to do what needs to be done, and when they do that the town prospers. In Springfield real estate men soon began to advertise their property on its sanitary merits, and "sanitation took on a commercial value."

The best way to take a town inventory is the cheapest. Even a small town can afford it. The method is not essentially different from the way one would take the inventory of an estate. Appraisers are needed under the guidance of a chief appraiser who is something of an expert. The citizens may be their own appraisers. They may write cheerfully, for it is 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.

A good challenge with which to 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 that the admission of pure air is necessary if efficient work is to be performed in office and school and if refreshing sleep is desired by night. The fresh air does not depend upon the temperature and can be supplied by a proper heating and ventilating system.

SEND SIGNALS UNDER WATER

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

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."

Freighter Unloads Quickly. About midsummer the Italian cargo boat Mizello, 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 14,000-ton 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, 65.5 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 includes an electric light supported on a platform. Beneath the light is a pan of oil into which the moths fall after dashing up against the light. As 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-worm.

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.

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 "Community Hall" for the use of the general public. Mrs. S. M. Robison is the librarian.

A physical standard contest, open to all girls and young women of the county will be conducted in January or February. A banner is to be presented to the club or organization having the highest score. Any Sunday school class, day school, etc., may compete. Recognition will also be given for the highest individual score. Watch the papers for fuller announcements.

Are you learning the poems as they come out, or clipping them for future reference? All who read the books and learn the poems will receive a national certificate. Get in line. Here is the rest of the poem that was published in part last week:

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. I know there are brook-giddened meadows ahead, And mountains of wearisome height; 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. Nor live in my house by the side of the road Like a man who dwells alone. Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by— They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong. Wise, foolish,—so am I. Then why should I sit in the corner's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban? Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man. —Sam Walter Foss.

The "Dolly Dimple" club at Oak Hall is making scrap-books to send to the hospital for Christmas. 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 township, a son.

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

Weaver—On November 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Merl Weaver, of Spring township, a daughter.

Zimmerman—On November 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Zimmerman, of Spring township, a son, Carl Franklin Zimmerman.

Montgomery—On November 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Montgomery, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth Montgomery.

Shively—On November 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shively, of Bennertownship, a daughter.

Steele—On September 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. David V. Steele, of Bellefonte, a son, Harry Wilson Steele.

Showers—On November 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Showers, of Spring township, a daughter.

Clevenstine—On November 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Clevenstine, of Spring township, a son, James Clevenstine.

Grove—On November 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grove, of Bellefonte, a daughter.

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

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. From the Altoona Mirror.

John D. Archbold started life as an errand boy. He saved his money and went into the oil business. By aggressiveness, energy and stick-to-itiveness he became the most dominant figure in a great industry, next to John D. Rockefeller. His success should prove an inspiration to boys. The opportunities are to be found on every hand.

"GOD REST YE."

God rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay, For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day; The dawn rose red on Bethlehem, the stars shone thro' the gray, When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you fright, For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night, Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks 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; Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away, For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

D. M. Muloch. —Subscribe for the "Watchman".