

"NEW TOLSTOY" IN RUSSIA

Litterateurs Have Become Excited Over the Work of Ivan Alexievitch Bunin.

The May issue of the Russkaya Mysl (Moscow), a leading Russian monthly, contains a remarkable review of a story that had been published in Russia some months ago, according to the American Review of Reviews. The author of the story is Ivan Alexievitch Bunin, a widely known Russian poet, and its title is "The Gentleman From San Francisco."

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that no other story that has appeared in Russia in recent years has been accorded such a warm welcome as "The Gentleman From San Francisco." And this is the more remarkable when one considers that Bunin is by no means a young or unknown figure on the Russian literary field. His reputation as a poet of high quality was made long ago. He is now in his late forties. In 1912 the honorary degree of academician was conferred upon him, and during the last twenty-five years Russian critics have had opportunity to study Bunin's literary powers and to learn their potentialities and limits. This, however, did not prevent him from taking the literary world by storm with his latest production.

The Bulletin of Literature and Life, a monthly of high literary standard, was the first to break to the Russian world in a recent issue the news that Bunin's new story is nothing like any of his former works. As soon as attention was attracted to it, the periodical press began to write about it, commending "The Gentleman From San Francisco" in glowing and enthusiastic terms. It became clear to the Russian public that Bunin was just entering his golden era, that the creative genius of the poet had just found itself and that the numerous literary productions of Bunin constituted but the ladder of gradual self-perfection that led him to the apex of his career. And it is in this spirit that A. Derman, a noted critic, writing in the Russkaya Mysl, hails Bunin as a new Tolstoy.

FARMER AS MODERN ATLAS

Summer Fields Show an Astonishing Small Number of Tillers Doing Necessary Work.

Midsummer fields on separate farms hold the material which later is to feed and clothe all the people. One sees farmers cultivating long rows of corn, sees them putting countless bundles of grain in shock, sees them drawing interminable loads of hay from the swath or windrow to barn and stack; and when one looks at this very particular and painstaking labor in its separate units there is amazement in noting how few men and teams are engaged in accomplishing the huge work, observes a writer in the Breeder's Gazette. They are so few that in a ten-mile stretch of farms, viewed from the car window or the highway, they will count up an astonishingly small total.

These men and teams work early and late, under stress of weather and the drive of simultaneous ripening. These men and teams look lonely in their wide apartness, and yet they are actually accomplishing stupendous things for the comfort, for the gratification, for the very existence of the human family. They produce the food that "strengthens the arms that work the compass of the world." They grow the cotton and wool which, after giving employment in its manufacture to incredible numbers, clothes becomingly and in comfort school children, busy men and women and all the idle ones.

They are so few in the fields in the hot days, and so huge is their burden of responsibility that the story of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders appears not a myth but a true picture of the farmer with his burden—the farmer carrying the food and clothing of the world.

Hobby of the Germans.

It is a well-established fact that the Germans as a people are the greatest stamp collectors in the world, and hundreds of Teutonic experts constantly are on the lookout for unusual ink shades, offsets, defects in plates and other oddities in stamps which appeal particularly to philatelists. In Belgium there were certain varieties of native stamps of considerable value kept in the post offices, and one of the first things the German forces did when they invaded that country was to sack the post offices and take all of the desirable stamps. No doubt these long since found their way to the German dealers and collectors.

At Last a Use for the Sparrow.

The much-abused English sparrow may come to be considered as a delicate morsel of food if public sentiment be so directed. Ex-Governor Cox of Ohio gave a banquet recently at which an important item upon the menu was a sparrow pie. The guests ate it with much pleasure, believing it to be either redbird or squab. Several hotel proprietors are accused of serving the sparrow on toast as redbird and the most fastidious guests are said to accept it without suspicion.

For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

WHEN RUSSIA TELLS OF 1916

And in the Picture Glows the Vast Empire of Half a Century Hence.

Half a century hence, in Russia, when Seventy Years recites to admiring Seven the story of the great war, what a chapter will be that in which the summer of 1916 is told, remarks a writer in the New York Sun.

"In 1915, little one, we had been learning. In 1916, our own lessons being mastered, we began to teach our teachers. It was a stern school in which we studied; a still sterner one in which we taught, as they of Austria and the children of the Turk have not yet forgot.

"Our Grand Duke Nicholas had been sent to the southern army. The government, some said, meant to rebuke him. We who fought for him knew it was not so; knew, at least, that the future was in our hands, that we struck straight at the heart. While, therefore, our brothers gobbled Galicia and conquered the Carpathians and the brave but misled men of Austria and Hungary, we fought the Turks.

"We stormed through the hosts of the Turks in the land of the Armenians. Erzerum was ours, first; then Trebizond, Bitlis, Balbur, Erzincan—we took them, one by one; we cleared the land, and brought joy to the czar and to those at home.

"So, base after base, we took them. As we went, we grew stronger. The spirit of Russia rose invincible. What could stop us? I was then a youngster counting not more than a score of years; but the new strength of Russia was in me, as it was in us all, as we swung on, steadily on toward Constantinople."

Half a century hence, what a Russia there will be!

BUNNY NO WEATHER PROPHECY

At Least, Colonel Roosevelt Knows Nothing of Animal's Cry as Harbinger of Rain.

Rabbits do not give signals to indicate a storm is approaching. That's direct from Teddy himself, says a Charleston, W. Va., dispatch to the Pittsburgh Leader.

It has long been believed that a rabbit gives a purring, whirring noise when a rain is imminent. There was an argument over the question among prominent residents of the state here, ex-Gov. W. A. McCorkle opposing the idea, declaring that in his long experience in the woods he had never heard anything of the kind.

It was agreed to leave it to either John Burroughs or Colonel Roosevelt. Mr. McCorkle wrote to Colonel Roosevelt and received this reply: "My dear Governor McCorkle: It's a pleasure to hear from you on any subject, but I am sorry to say I cannot help you in this particular matter. I have never heard of a rabbit's uttering the kind of a cry you speak of as a harbinger of rain. Sincerely yours, 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT.'"

Thus is shattered one of the traditions which has long existed in woodcraft of West Virginia.

To Get Rid of Marks on Wood.

When wood is badly dented or scratched it is often a problem to know how to get rid of the marks. This is quite easy. First of all fold a piece of blotting paper at least four times; then saturate with water, finally allowing the superfluous moisture to drip away. Now heat a flat iron until it is about the warmth required for laundry work. Place the damp blotting paper over the dent and press firmly with the iron. As soon as the paper dries examine the mark. It will then be found that the cavity has filled up to a surprising extent. Where the dent is a very deep a second, or even a third application on the lines indicated might be tried. Sooner or later even serious depressions can be drawn up. Repolishing will clear away even the slight marks that might finally remain.

Japanese Life Insurance.

In a few weeks Japan will start a universal life insurance scheme. Anybody can take out \$124 or more of insurance without a medical examination, Girard writes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

However, the estate of a policy holder who dies within two years of a disease other than typhoid, typhus, scarlet fever, diphtheria or plague will be unable to collect the full amount of insurance.

The insurance is cheap, and the government is the insurer. It is expected to encourage thrift and reduce the number of pauperized families.

Some day we shall have big companies in America writing policies in a smaller fashion as we shall have sound banks lending \$10 to honest men as they do in France.

Oh, Really?

Today the main effect of modern education on women has been to complicate, instead of to solve, the economic question. The problem, "What shall we do with our girls?" is keener now than ever; and, although conscientious parents strive, with many sacrifices, to make their daughters efficient economic units, as an alternative to matrimony, it cannot be said that their efforts are very successful.

His Place.

"The teacher James was talking about uses shocks from a battery to punish his pupils."

"Then in the field of educational cultivation he is something of an electric thrasher."

SCENERY TO DECEIVE AIRMEN

Numbers of French Artists Withdrawn From Trenches to Paint Unique Landscapes.

There are 600 French artists—all the able-bodied ones, it is said—mobilized for the carrying on of a vast system of what, for lack of a better descriptive name, may be called out-of-doors scene painting, and they work in enormous so-called "studios"—in reality, open yards—in the Bellevue quarter of Paris, just inside the northeastern section of the old fortified enceinte.

The objects of which they paint are all of natural size—trees, towns, churches, towers, villages, houses, fortresses, parks of artillery, stacks of munitions, aviation sheds, railway trains, camps, regiments of men reposing, etc.

For months the French have been using this outdoor stage scenery near the hostile front to mislead and deceive the enemy. It is only lately, I believe, that the German air scouts have begun to suspect the deception practiced upon them, and even since they have been thus forewarned, it is not easy for them to distinguish the false from the real features of a landscape. You can imagine, therefore, what degree of skill is shown in devising the former.

Since I called attention some months ago to the number of artists who had been killed or wounded in battle, virtually all the members of the profession have been withdrawn from service under arms, to perform this other service which the military authorities regard, it is said, as of equal importance. Great secrecy has been observed with regard to it. "We hardly used any brush," said a celebrated artist to me, "that is smaller than a broom!"—American Art News.

PERSONAL WASTE HEAVY TAX

Standard Oil Would Soon Go Bankrupt on "System" That Most Americans Follow.

How many mornings does your cook spoil the toast? You don't know.

Nor do you keep tabs on the 50 other apparently trifling things of every day.

From the moment you draw an unnecessary amount of water for your morning bath until you have touched the push button and stopped that tireless electric meter at night and retire to rest it is waste plus "don't know" all along the line, writes "Girard" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

If Standard Oil was as careless with its pennies as a man making \$10 a week is with his, it would be bankrupt before Christmas. But you know well enough that you've got to be

wide awake to snatch even one cent from J. D. R.

And here is President Rea's railroad, which has run passenger trains 3,000,000 miles without killing a passenger. Why? Because he has made in three and one-half years 2,500,000 tests to see that his trainmen observe the rules of safety.

But, heigh-ho, you never test anything in your smaller affairs to see how many little spigots are pouring out pennies needlessly. Just the same they are taxing you a great deal more than your church pew.

Statue of Alexander.

News has reached Rome of the discovery in Cyrenaica of what are described as "the most wonderful archeological finds of the century."

Perhaps the most interesting is a statue of Alexander the Great, over 55 feet in height, in a perfect state of preservation. Among the other relics unearthed, are a head of Athena, believed to be a copy of the Greek original of the fifth century, a unique example of Eros (love), showing the exact position of the bow and also the most perfect specimen of a satyr (sculptured) yet discovered.

Other exquisite specimens of Greco-Roman art found in the tiny Temple of Isis include a giant statue of Mercury and a group of the Three Graces, the marble of which is as good as new. All the three heads are intact. With such discoveries a great impetus is being given to the work of exploration and the Italian garrison troops are engaged in opening up the Temple of Jupiter. The masterpieces discovered will probably be transferred to Rome.

Cow's Variable Thirst.

Somebody rises to inquire how much water a cow will drink during warm weather. Well, that depends, replies the Coffeyville Journal. Where a hydrant is handy, a tubful a day is plenty for her. If her owner is obliged to draw it from a well with a bucket and rope, she will drink from half a barrel to a barrel. If the water must be hauled her thirst increases according to the distance traveled to get it. Water brought from two miles away will be consumed at the rate of three barrels a day, three miles five barrels, and above that distance no practical test has ever been made, as no means has ever been provided to get the water fast enough.—Kansas City Star.

Not a Good Prospect.

Lawyer—Have you been tried for speeding before?

Motorist—Uh-huh! Forty or fifty times!

Lawyer—Um—that looks bad. You must be about broke!—Puck.

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