

"K."

(Continued from page 6, column 6.)

for him and he has asked you to marry him, why on earth are you crying your eyes out?"

"I do care. I don't know why I cried. It just came over me, all at once, that I— It was just foolishness. I am very happy, Aunt Harriet."

Harriet thought she understood. The girl needed her mother, and she, Harriet, was a hard, middle-aged woman and a poor substitute. She patted Sidney's moist hand.

"I guess I understand," she said. "I'll attend to your wedding things, Sidney. We'll show this street that even Christine Lorenz can be outdone." And, as an afterthought: "I hope Max Wilson will settle down now. He's been none too steady."

It was late when K. got home. Sidney was sitting on the low step, waiting for him. With a long breath of content, K. folded up his long length on the step below her.

"Well, dear ministering angel," he said, "how goes the world?"

"Things have been happening, K." He sat erect and looked at her. It was a moment before he spoke. He sat looking ahead, his face set. When, after a moment, he spoke, it was to forestall her, after all.

"I think I know what it is, Sidney."

"You expected it, didn't you?"

"—it's not an entire surprise."

"Aren't you going to wish me happiness?"

"If my wishing could bring anything good to you, you would have everything in the world."

His voice was not entirely steady, but his eyes smiled into hers.

"Am I—are we going to lose you soon?"

"I shall finish my training. I made that a condition."

Then, in a burst of confidence: "I know so little, K., and he knows so much! I am going to read and study, so that he can talk to me about his work. That's what marriage ought to be, a sort of partnership. Don't you think so?"

K. nodded. His mind refused to go forward to the unthinkable future. Instead, he was looking back—back to those days when he had hoped sometime to have a wife to talk to about his work, that beloved work that was no longer his. And he had lost her absolutely, lost her without a struggle to keep her. His only struggle had been with himself, to remember that he had nothing to offer but failure.

Sidney's eyes were on the tall house across the street. It was Doctor Ed's evening office hour, and through the open window she could see a line of people waiting their turn. They sat immobile, doggedly patient, until the opening of the back office door promoted them all one chair toward the consulting room.

"I shall be just across the Street," she said at last. "Nearer than I am at the hospital."

"You will be much farther away you will be married."

"But we will still be friends, K?"

Her voice was anxious, a little puzzled. She was often puzzled with him.

"Of course."

But, after another silence, he asounded her. She had fallen into the way of thinking of him as always being long to the house, even, in a sense belonging to her. And now—

"Shall you mind very much if I tell you that I am thinking of going away?"

"K."

"My dear child, you do not need a roomer here any more. I have always received infinitely more than I have paid for, even in the small services I have been able to render. Your Aunt Harriet is prosperous. You are away, and some day you are going to be married. Don't you see—I am not needed?"

"That does not mean you are not wanted."

"I shall not go far. I'll always be near enough, so that I can see you"—he changed this hastily—"so that we can still meet and talk things over. Old friends ought to be like that, not too near, but to be turned on when needed, like a tap."

"Where will you go?"

"The Rosenfelds are rather in straits. I thought of helping them to get a small house somewhere and of taking a room with them. It's largely a matter of furniture. If they could furnish it even plainly, it could be done. I haven't saved anything."

"Do you ever think of yourself?" she cried. "Have you always gone through life helping people, K.? Save anything! I should think not! You spend it all on others." She bent over and put her hand on his shoulder. "It will not be home without you, K."

To save him, he could not have spoken just then. A riot of rebellion surged up in him, that he must let this best thing in his life go out of it. To go empty of heart through the rest of his days, while his very arms ached to hold her! And she was so near—just above, with her hand on his shoulder, her wistful face so close that, without moving, he could have brushed her hair.

"You have not wished me happiness, K. Do you remember, when I was going to the hospital and you gave me the little watch—do you remember what you said?"

"Yes"—huskily.

"Will you say it again?"

"But that was good-bye."

"Isn't this, in a way? You are going to leave us, and I—say it, K."

"Good-by, dear, and—God bless you."

(Continued next week.)

HOW TO HAVE BETTER CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

would give her children a doubly evil inheritance that will predispose them to nervous diseases, epilepsy and insanity.

Among Bavarians, the greatest beer-drinking people in the world, three hundred out of every one thousand babies are born dead," says Professor Hannel. "Norwegian mothers had as many dead-born babies as Bavarian mothers until they were taught not to drink alcoholic liquors. Now they lose about eighty or ninety out of one thousand babies."

I know a California girl who married a brilliant graduate of Harvard University. She married him after he had proved his devotion to her and his strength of will by entirely abstaining from alcohol (he had become a rather heavy drinker in his senior year) for twelve months following his graduation.

Alas for these good intentions! Soon after their marriage he began to drink again and, in spite of every effort this fine girl could make, in spite of her wealth of love, he continued to drink until degrading conditions led to a divorce. And this man's child by another woman who caused the divorce, a drinking woman, was born dead!

I hope I am free from any fanatical attitude towards the alcohol question. I see no harm in an occasional glass of beer or light wine and admit there are emergencies, like the beginning of a cold, when a little whiskey is beneficial; but this kind of moderation (virtually abstemiousness) is exceedingly rare. Most men who drink at all drink regularly, one or two cocktails through the day, one or two high-balls in the evening. And every day! Every evening! They urge their wives and women friends to drink with them. They get drunk upon occasions and see no particular harm in it. No particular harm in a little drunkenness! They might as well say there is no particular harm in a little small-pox!

As illustrating what hereditary damage is done by even moderate drinking, I may mention the case of five distinguished brothers who, twenty-five years ago, were heads of corporations, bank presidents, men who made and spent large sums of money. One of them held a very high position in the United States Government. They were all moderate drinkers and all died at a good age, apparently none the worse for this indulgence, but—

Of their eighteen sons, not one made a success of his life. All were either steady drinkers or heavy drinkers. Two-thirds of them died before they were thirty-five, and only one of them reached the age of fifty. This one, a friend of mine, a man in poor health, admits that he cannot live without whiskey. His only daughter, a young woman of twenty-eight, died recently of cerebro-spinal meningitis and her little child of four has been attacked by the same disease.

From the standpoint of race betterment the European war may prove an immense blessing and save more lives (perhaps more treasure) than it costs, if it leads to the permanent abolition of alcohol drinking. Already Russia has been made over by the suppression of the hellish vodka industry, and incalculable benefits have been accomplished in Germany, France and England through the establishment of sobriety (and of abstemiousness in food) as a national habit.

"We have in alcohol," declared Jules Cambon, the distinguished French Ambassador, "a more terrible enemy and one that may be harder to conquer than the whole of Germany."

And the Kaiser himself, who is known to have become a total abstainer, said to some German naval cadets shortly before the war: "The next sea battle will demand sound nerves of you. Nerves will decide. These become undermined by alcohol and from youth up by alcohol endangered."

Statistics show that a large proportion, probably one-third, of our criminals, prostitutes, tramps, paupers, and feeble-minded owe their life-misfortunes to an alcoholic inheritance. One sociologist reports an investigation of the families of 2000 erring women that showed 1464 of these to have had drunken fathers and 1140 drunken mothers!

The clear-eyed girls of America may well ponder these truths before they give themselves to alcoholics or near-alcoholics who through physiological impairment, will be unable to satisfy the motherhood longings of a fine woman or, at the best, will give her only inferior children.

Noblesse oblige!

Let us develop a new physiological pride that will make those who come of sound and superior stock ashamed to marry into families known to be unsound and inferior. Let love be awakened, not blindly, but after intelligent choice. It will be a better and more lasting love. Why not?

I believe that in a more enlightened age it will be considered as monstrous and unnatural for a healthy woman to marry a diseased man as it is now considered monstrous and unnatural for a white woman to marry a black man!

The time may come when men and women who are racially undesirable will not only be permitted to use birth-control measures, but will be compelled to use them. They will be allowed to marry among themselves (only among themselves,) but they will be severely punished if children are born, since the greatest crime such undesirables (including consumptives, defectives, degenerates) can commit against the state is to have children. And the best service they can render the state is to let their inferior life-strains perish with them.

We may imagine that the Great Republic of the future will divide its citizens into two classes: those who are fit to have children and are honored and rewarded (especially the women) for having children, and those who are not allowed to have children. It is possible that the latter class will include those who do not desire to have children on the theory that desire goes with fitness and that the absence of child-desire is presumptive

evidence of impaired parenthood value.

In conclusion, let us glance briefly at the fascinating subject of sex determination and consider whether it is possible for parents to influence this determination and so conduct themselves that either a son or a daughter will be born according to their desire? Or is sex in the unborn child an element quite beyond parental control, and is it determined entirely by accident?

There is an extensive literature on this subject, scores of books presenting numberless sex determination theories and claiming value for this or that diet regime as a means (usually an infallible means) of having sons or daughters at will. The consensus of opinion, however, among the most distinguished biologists and eugenicists of Europe and America is that sex-diet theories must be rejected as not demonstrated and not scientific. These authorities say that it would be as inconceivably difficult to foretell the fateful mingling of two particular microscopic life-cells among millions—whether a male ascendency mingling or a female ascendency mingling—as it would be to calculate which particular raindrop of a thunderstorm would fall upon one particular blade of grass!

It is evident that any sex determination theory, even the most fantastic, must work out correctly and be in accordance with birth-facts about half the time, since boys and girls are born in about even numbers. Thus, if we solemnly declare that mothers who eat no meat and live at the Waldorf-Astoria will surely give birth to sons, while mothers who drink no milk and live at the Plaza are bound to have daughters, we shall be right about half the time!

I may mention that experts in the Vedic writings, those inexhaustible storehouses of racial wisdom, are said to have solved this sex-birth problem in quite a different way. They approach the procreative mystery, I am assured by one of these experts, not lightly but in a spirit of reverence after a definite period (ten days) of mental and physical preparation. The attitude of the husband and wife is one of spiritual joy, not of sensuality; they are participants in a sacramental rite, the highest form of racial worship, for which they have made themselves worthy. Then voluntarily, by power of the mind, and acting in obedience to an historic sex-ceremonial, they are able to establish a male control or a female control in their union that insures a male child or a female child.—(McClure's for April.)

Suffrage Bill Fails in the First Round.

Harrisburg, April 24.—The House of Representatives, which defeated the woman suffrage constitutional amendment Tuesday of last week, refused on Wednesday to reconsider the vote by which it was lost. This action kills the bill for this session.

The vote on the effort to reconsider the bill was 101 yeas to 82 nays. The bill was defeated through failure to get a constitutional majority, receiving 101 when it needed 104. There were 94 yeas against it.

The resolution was designed to get a vote on the proposition in 1920. To do this required passage by the Legislatures of 1917 and 1919.

State Forest Lands for Farming Purposes.

Acting on the suggestion made by Governor Brumbaugh last week, Commissioner of Forestry Robert S. Conklin has issued directions which literally throw open for free cultivation every available inch of the million acres of state forests under the control of the Department of Forestry. Any citizen of the State who can find a plot of ground on a state-forest suitable for gardening or farming may have the use of it without charge until the present crisis passes. There are no strings to the offer, and there will be no red tape to unwind. All that is required is a request to the forester in charge. All men of the Pennsylvania forest service are instructed to submit to the Commissioner of Forestry immediately upon receipt all requests for plots, and information as to the purpose for which they are to be used.

Under certain restrictions the Department will even permit the clearing of state forest land for farming. There are tens of thousands of acres in the state forests which are not now producing any valuable timber, but which cannot be reforested for some years. Any part of this area, which is mostly covered with bracken, sweet fern, huckleberry bushes and scrub oak, may be secured for farming until the period of food shortage is safely over.

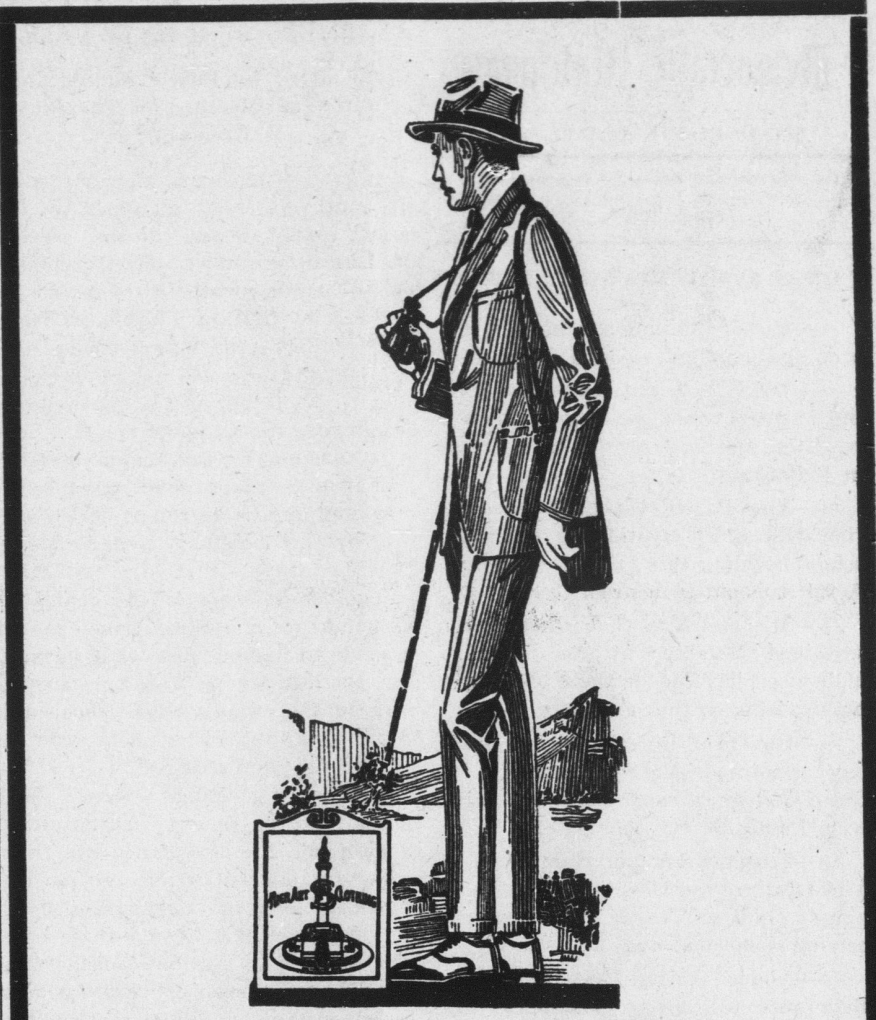
The land available in Centre county is located as follows: Bear Meadows, Nittany, Penn. Seven Mountaintains, and Snow Shoe forests, 79,388 acres. Foresters: John W. Keller, Boalsburg; L. G. Barnes, Centre Hall; C. R. Meek, Coburn; W. E. Montgomery, Spring Mills; G. W. Sheeler, Snow Shoe.

Death Penalty Stands.

Harrisburg.—The House last week defeated the Tomkins Senate bill abolishing capital punishment and making life imprisonment the penalty for first degree murder, the vote being 97 yeas to 83 nays. The bill was debated for nearly two hours.

There are at least a score of men under sentence of death in Pennsylvania whose fate has been hanging in the balance pending the passage or defeat of this bill, and now that it has been defeated they all face electrocution.

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