

**"K."**

(Continued from page 6, column 4.)

boys' tortured nerves. He was nearer to peace than he had been for many days. But he smoked incessantly, lighting one cigarette from another.

At ten o'clock he left K. and went for the car. He paused for a moment, rather sheepishly, by K.'s chair.

"I'm feeling a lot better," he said. "I haven't got the band around my head. You talk to mother."

That was the last K. saw of Joe Drummond until the next day.

**CHAPTER XXI.**

Carlotta had set the hour for meeting Wilson at nine, when the late dusk of summer had fallen; and she met him then, smiling, a faintly perfumed white figure, slim and young, with a thrill in her voice that was only half assumed.

"It's very late," he complained. "Surely you are not going to be back at ten."

"I have special permission to be out late."

"Good!" And then, recollecting their new situation: "We have a lot to talk over. It will take time."

At the White Springs hotel they stopped to fill the gasoline tank of the car. Joe Drummond saw Wilson there, in the sheet-iron garage alongside of the road. The Wilson car was in the shadow. It did not occur to Joe that the white figure in the car was not Sidney.

He went rather white, and stepped out of the zone of light. The influence of Le Moyné was still on him, however, and he went on quietly with what he was doing. But his hands shook as he filled the radiator. He had been an ass; Le Moyné was right. He'd get away—to Cuba if he could—and start over again. He would forget the Street and let it forget him.

The men in the garage were talking. "To Schwitters, of course," one of them grumbled.

"That was Wilson, the surgeon in town. He used to come here. Now he goes on to Schwitters'. Pretty girl he had with him."

So Max Wilson was taking Sidney to Schwitters', making her the butt of garage talk! The smiles of the men were evil. Joe's hands grew cold, his head hot. A red mist spread between him and the line of electric lights. He knew Schwitters', and he knew Wilson. When K., growing uneasy, came out into the yard, he was in time to see Joe run his car into the road and turn it viciously toward Schwitters'.

Carlotta's nearness was having its calculated effect on Max Wilson. His spirits rose as the engine, marking perfect time, carried them along the quiet roads.

Partly it was reaction—relief that she should be so reasonable, so complaisant—and a sort of holiday spirit after the day's hard work. Oddly enough, and not so irrational as may appear, Sidney formed a part of the evening's happiness—that she loved him; that, back in the lecture room, eyes and even mind on the lecturer, her heart was with him.

(Continued next week.)

**Is the Present War Greatest in History?**

It seems to be generally accepted that the present war is altogether the greatest in history; and so it is in one sense, for undoubtedly there are more men under arms than ever before. But mere numbers or mere size are not themselves of supreme importance. A man is not of greater prominence because he weighs 280 pounds instead of 150.

The present war is by no means the greatest in history, proportionally; that is to say, no one of the nations engaged in the present war is throwing into the fighting line as many men, in proportion to its population, as has been the case several times in the past. The real test is the effort a Nation makes, and on a certain number of occasions in the past those efforts have been greater than those of the present.

The greatest effort that the civilized world has ever seen was made on American soil. No Nation, neither France nor Germany, and still less any other of the European nations, is throwing today into the firing lines such a large proportion of its population as did the North in the American Civil War and as did the South, as the figures in the new Encyclopaedia Britannica show.

Undoubtedly, the greatest effort made by any people was that of our own South. When the Civil War broke out, she had a population of 9,000,000, but of this 9,000,000 not less than 3,500,000 were Negro slaves who could not fight. In the course of the war, during a period of three years and nine months, she placed on the firing line a total of slightly over 1,000,000 men.

This was one in nine of her total people, but as 3,500,000 of her population were not allowed to fight, she put slightly more than 1,000,000 men out of a total of 5,500,000 population. In other words, about one in five of her white population, men, women and children, entered the ranks and fought.

The record of the South is without parallel in civilized warfare. What makes it the more astonishing is that the South, being entirely agricultural, was not prepared and that the Northern blockade, stopping the incoming of supplies of every kind, was a constant and serious handicap.

The population of the North in 1860 was 21,000,000. In the course of the war she put into the field 3,000,000 men. This was one in seven of the total population, a number considerably greater than any of the European nations has yet thrown into the firing line.

The European war has now lasted two years and seven months. If the war lasts another 14 months (by which time the duration of the European war will equal the Civil War) a large number of additional men will be called upon to do their "bit" as the English say; but it is improbable that it will bring the figures to one in seven.

In order to reach the figures of one in seven Germany must place in the fighting line between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 men; France, approximately, 8,000,000; Russia, 24,000,000; Great Britain, from her snug little islands, 6,500,000, without counting any from her colonies or from that vast Empire on which the sun never sets and whose morning drum is heard round the world.

One other point in this matter of size should be considered. The battle of Waterloo was decisive of the Napoleonic struggle and the battle of Gettysburg of the American Civil War. At Waterloo there were not far from 70,000 men on each side; at Gettysburg about the same number. In comparison with the vast aggregate of troops engaged in Europe at present, these figures seem small, but

in comparison with many of the most important battles that have ever been fought, the numbers are large.

If one examines the figures given in the new Encyclopaedia Britannica of the numbers engaged "the 15 decisive battles of the world," one finds that only two or three were fought by greater numbers than at Waterloo and Gettysburg, and several much smaller. At Hastings, William the Conqueror had, perhaps, 50,000 men; at Marathon, where European civilization was saved, the Greeks had but 10,000, and at Saratoga, where the decisive battle of the Revolution was fought, each side had less than 10,000. The Roman armies which conquered the ancient world were not large, and the armies with which England won India could be placed in the present European fighting lines without one's knowing the difference.

It will be seen, therefore, that mere numbers are not of prime importance. A fight between two featherweights is just as real as, and in fact probably calls for more skill than, one between two heavy-weights. Americans may well be proud that the two greatest efforts made in the modern world were those of the North and the South in our Civil War.

**Pennsylvania Farm Work for Students.**

Philadelphia, Pa.—The University is sending out students in groups of from five to fifty to different sections, where they are needed on farms. Dr. J. Russell Smith, professor of industry, has been in communication with the Federal Department of Agriculture, which will ask every large university and college to do likewise.

Enlistment in the "agricultural corps" is, of course, voluntary, but every student signing now will be sent out immediately, and he will receive credit at the institution for a full year's work.—Special to The Christian Science Monitor.

**American Flags in Belgium.**

American flags of one kind or another hang in all the cantines alongside of pictures of President Wilson. Mottoes expressing thanks to America, flour-sacks elaborately embroidered on all sides are attempts to express gratitude and affection. That morning, as the legation car turned a corner, a little old Flemish lady in a white cap stepped forward and clasped her hands as the American flag floated by. Men lift their hats to it, children salute it. In the shop windows one often sees it draping the pictures of the King and Queen.—Charlotte Kellogg, in the Atlantic Monthly.

—He who shall plant a tree or a shrub on the approaching Arbor Day, or, for that matter, on any other spring day, where no tree or shrub is to be seen now, will also be doing his bit. As a spur to such an act, those otherwise unmoved might look along the roadsides and see what unselfishness prompted those of other generations to do for this one.

**Canvas Treads Prevents Tires Slipping in Mud.**

Canvas treads have been patented recently which enable one to get a car out of the mud or mire with a minimum inconvenience. Each of these coverings consist of a long strip of strong canvas, provided with numerous grips in the shape of short

pieces of rope attached to it transversely. When a car is mired the driver inserts a box, containing a tread, into a holder attached to the under side of the running board and, partly withdrawing the canvas, ties one end of it to a spoke of the hind wheel. The other rear wheel can be similarly provided for, if desired. Then, by attempting to "spin" the wheels in the mud, the canvas will be wrapped about them without further trouble, and, because of the grips, they will suddenly acquire a traction that even chains do not give. The canvas also prevents the tires from being overheated by slipping.

—For high class Job Work come to the "Watchman" Office.

**MONDAY**

OH, that dreaded wash day! Isn't there some way to do it easier—some way to avoid that terrific kitchen heat, the back-breaking job of toting wood, shoveling coal and cleaning out ashes? Yes, madam, there is.

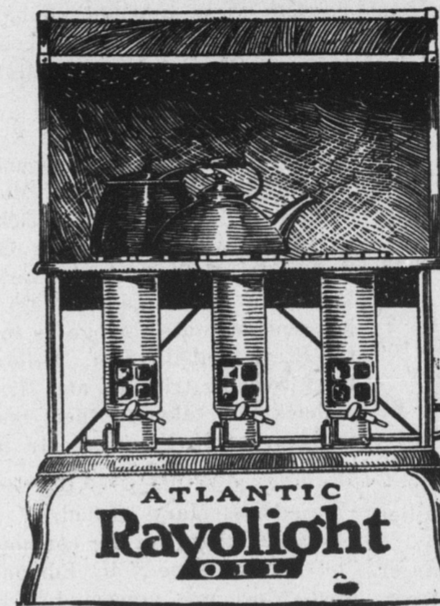
**NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVES**

have chased this wash-day bugaboo away to stay. With a Perfection in your kitchen you won't have heat all the time, but just when you need it. The water gets hot—off goes the heat, fuel expense stops, the kitchen cools off. You save money, time and work.

And the Perfection will bake, boil, fry or roast at a minute's notice. Just light a match and it'll begin to "do things up brown."

Your dealer will explain its many fine points, such as the fireless cooker and the separate oven.

**THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY Philadelphia and Pittsburgh**



Your Perfection, or any other oil-burning device, simply can't give best results unless you use Rayolight Oil. It burns without sputter, smoke or smell. And it doesn't cost a penny more than the ordinary kinds. Always look for this sign:



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**LYON & COMPANY.**

**Special Sale for 10 Days**

We will continue our Special Prices on Coats and Suits in tailored, silk and sport styles.

Ladies, Misses and Children—Coats in cloth from \$5.00 up. Coats in silk sport style from \$6.00 up. Ladies' Suits from \$10.00 up.

Royal Worcester and Bon Ton Corsets All the new summer styles in medium and high bust, short or long skirt, in the models to fit the stout, the slender, the tall or short women. Royal Worcester Corsets from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Bon Ton Corsets from \$3.00 up.

New Sport Silks in All Colors, Stripes and Plaids Pongees in plain and figured—the new khaki kool patterns. Taffeta Messalines, Silk Surahs, Wash Satins and Stripes. Silk Shirtings, Voils, plain, figured and striped, a beautiful combinations of colors.

Sweaters Sweaters Silk and Wool Sweaters in all colors. The new sport styles slip over the head.

Rugs, Mattings and Carpets Come in and see our Rug and Carpet department. We will surely have something to please you. We have just received a new lot of Rugs, 9x12, in Axminster, Bombay Jap. Matting and Fibre Rugs—in fact everything you want to find in the rug line. Prices lowest.

Linoleums Linoleums Just received a new lot of Linoleums, all new and up-to-date patterns, from \$1.00 up.

SHOES! SHOES!! Come in and see our Shoe stock. Why pay more for shoes when we can sell you shoes at the old prices.

Men's fine shoes from \$2.50 to \$5 per pair. Men's Working Shoes from \$1.75 to \$4. Ladies' White Canvas High Cut Shoes from \$2.25 to \$4. Children's Shoes at all prices.

Come early and secure some of these great bargains.

**Lyon & Co. Bellefonte.**



**The Fatal Cinder**

A giant can be disabled by a cinder in his eye. In tailoring, every little thing is a big thing. The mere swerve of a curve or the botch of a notch may condemn a coat to utter commonness.

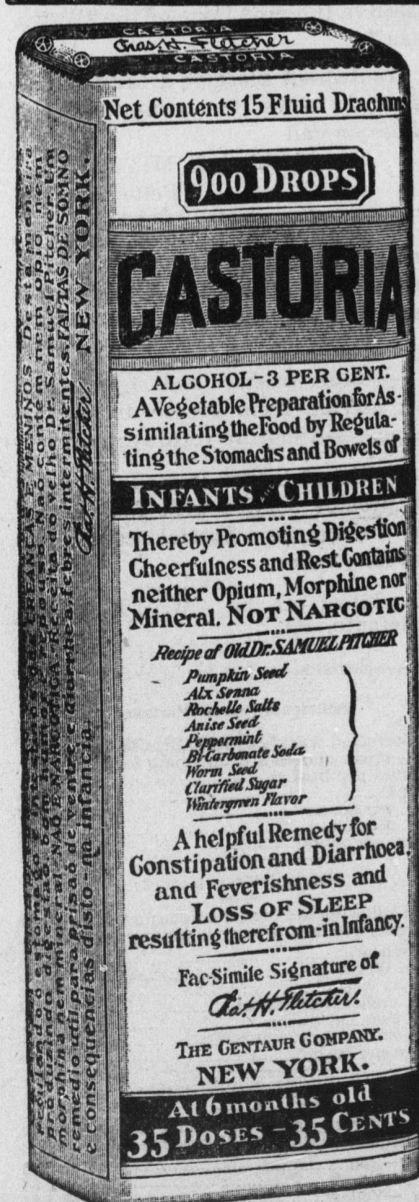
The designer of "HIGH-ART" Clothes is a master of tailoring trifles—a stickler for delicacies of cut and contour. Don't buy unclassified, plebeian clothes. There's pride and pleasure in owning a "HIGH-ART." It has the gentilefolk air.

Don't judge a clothier by what he promises in print—judge him by what he puts on your back. The crucial test of clothes is in front of the mirror.

We invite the severest probe, because we have the proofs ready-to-wear and eager-to-be-judged.

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