

PEACE HATERS.

The dove of peace was on a limb.
It cooed in tones pathetic.
"Oh, why, throughout this world so grim
Is strife so energetic!"
They talk of me in tender strain
While rendering my position
One of embarrassment and pain
Through scattering ammunition.
And even in a neutral clime
They start investigations,
Which keep me trembling all the time
With wild and weird sensations.
Each man assurances will bring
That preciously he rates me.
And yet, while all my praises sing,
"Most everybody hates me."
—Washington Star.

A Year to Plant Things.

There is no more occasion for a food crisis, or food scarcity, in the United States of America, in peace or war, says the Boston Transcript, than there is for an oxygen famine on the summit of Mount Washington. In one year, this country could, if it would, produce food enough to feed all the world, including China. We are amazed, nowadays, at the way in which Germany has stood the test of an almost complete dependence on her own resources in war. But do the people of America realize that the cornfield of the United States—the land devoted to the maize crop alone now, or the area which might be devoted to it without taking an acre of ground away from any other food grain or from the needed pastures—is larger than the whole extent of Germany? Our wheat field is larger than England. Our pastures are greater than the area of Germany and Austria and France together. And not more than one-half the land which might be devoted to the raising of food is cultivated for food. Cotton, tobacco, we can cut them down; corn we must have. But if we are hard pressed on win certain lines of food supply, it is actually and truly because our capabilities are so great, so boundless, that no one has ever considered that they would not be adequate to every emergency. We have had so great a food-field that we have not stopped to plant it. We have not considered our food—only our money, and the chance to make it.

But the time has come to think about it. We are no doubt the Egypt of the world—the land to which all others can do and come for food—but before Egypt feeds the world, it must feed itself; it must cease to feed the world. On the face of the earth now, 20,000,000 men are removed from productive toil; they are destroying, not increasing, the world's resources. Many more millions of men than that are at work keeping the fighters for civilization supplied with the munitions of war. The fields of France are ploughed with bomb shells instead of with the implements of peace. England can never produce her own corn. And now we may have to stand side by side with these nations, millions of our own with guns in their hands, and feed these of our own as well as the others whose cause of liberty is our cause, too.

With an immense emergency confronting us, it is the duty of every man and woman to turn farmer. Parks, lawns, meadows, scrub-land, should all be planted. The other day a woman reader sent the proof that in her back yard in Roxbury, by planting two ten-cent packages of vegetable seeds and four pounds of seed potatoes, she had grown in that back yard not only all the vegetables she had need of in her household, but had sold \$30 worth of vegetables, including \$6.30 worth of new potatoes in their season. What if every woman in New England who has a little plot of land about her house did that? And America, including New England, is the home of that most wonderful of all food plants, Indian corn. The Hand which gave this plant to America never meant that there should be a "food crisis" here. Corn will produce four times as much as wheat per acre, and requires only one-tenth of the time from planting until it can be used for food. A woman may take a spade and a hoe and with a quart of seed can plant a back yard full of corn which in two months will bring her and her children their roasting ears. Our fathers fought their wars with the Indians on a handful of parched corn per day. We could fight another and a greater war on corn products alone if it were necessary. Now steady and sure again.

And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you will gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For feast and man must be fed.

Rome's Great Colosseum.

The most imposing theatre ever erected by mortal hands, a grim house of death, consecrated by blood and tears, the Colosseum stands today a stupendous monument to Roman pride and degradation. Almost a third of a mile in circumference, it towers 157 feet up into the air, the original and monumental "play to the gallery" of popular approval. In 80 A. D. Emperor Titus opened its history with a tremendous inaugural of a hundred days of "games," in which men fought with other men and with wild animals, and no one knows the exact tale of the lives snuffed out on its bloodier sands to make a Roman holiday.

In the construction of the Colosseum its builders adhered to the then new note of superimposing the three orders—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian—an idea that has exerted a greater influence upon the design of monumental works than any other Roman innovation.

But who thinks of that standing before it today the golden Italian sunshine glorifying every car and conjuring back from the dead past vivid spectacles of Roman holidays, full of noise and color, laughter and bloody

agonies, or when liquid moonlight transfigures the classic ruin into a magic, where stalk the thin ghosts of saint and vestal, slave and emperor? —National Geographic Magazine.

German Atrocities Recounted.

Pomeroy Burton, a native of Beaver county, this State, is delivering addresses throughout the country, urging more thorough enlightenment of the people in regard to the European war and the reasons why America has been forced into the great struggle against military autocracy. Mr. Burton is manager of the London Mail and other British newspapers. Recently he visited Pittsburgh and was interviewed at length for "The Dispatch," in which he covered much of the matter discussed in his addresses. In the latter, however, the former Beaver boy dwells upon a sentimental timidity in regard to full exposure of well authentic atrocities of the German military, a censorship of such matter in England and France which has prevented Americans from gaining a full appreciation of these horrors. For instance, in his address at the International Rotary Convention which met at Atlanta, Ga., he said:

"If, coupled with this urgently needed campaign of enlightenment there could be accomplished a radical revision of the French and English censorship rules, permitting a much freer flow of all kinds of war facts and war developments from the fighting areas than is possible under existing conditions, the effect, I feel sure, would be enormously beneficial to the whole Allied cause."

"For instance, would it not be the height of wisdom to reverse the policy which, even yet, conceals from the world the full truth about the incredible atrocities in Belgium; atrocities which, if possible, have been outdone in Rumania, and which up to now have not been publicly disclosed? Adopting a new policy which would release to the whole world the story of appalling barbarities perpetrated by the Germans there—many of them too horrible to describe from a public platform, but all of them serving to show the people here what they might expect in the event of a German invasion of the United States; what sort of enemy, in fact, it is that we are fighting; exposing the fiendish devilry which caused thousands of poisoned candies, filled with typhus germs, to be dropped from German aeroplanes for Rumanian children to pick up and eat; the tragic story of how the Queen's little boy, her youngest, in her arms, this story being written by the Queen's own pen and sent to a lady who has recently returned to New York, and who has the letter with her now; the shocking story of how brutal German soldiers forced gentle and refined Rumanian women to disrobe in public, and then drove them in groups through the streets; the story of Rumania's pitiable plight today, with disease raging unchecked for lack of surgeons, physicians, medical supplies; the blood-curdling details of scores of submarine sinkings where non-combatant victims were ruthlessly shot down, or, when they escaped that horrible fate, were cast adrift without food or water, in small boats on the high seas, to die one after the other from madness and from thirst; and in a different category, the thrilling stories of those combats in the air which are taking place every day over the fighting lines in France, stories of courage and daring the like of which have never been equaled in the widest realm of fiction; the countless stories of noble heroism, of human sacrifice and suffering for a great cause, which show in their true light the details of modern warfare, so persistently concealed, and so urgently needed to stir the people's pulse and to make them feel and realize the truth and the full truth about this gigantic struggle between right and wrong on the one side and might alone on the other."

"Reverse this policy of secrecy, let the people at home have these and other true pictures of the war as it really is, and I firmly believe the response would be electrical—the people of the United States would rouse as one man to their task, fired with patriotic fervor born of a full and true understanding of what this war means to them and their future, of the individual obligations it imposes upon those at home as well as upon those who are constantly facing death in the firing line for the sake of those at home."

Not Well Enough Known.

We cannot accomplish much in the treatment of dyspepsia, however much we may temporarily relieve its symptoms, so long as the blood remains impure. It is a fact not well enough known by people generally that when the stomach, liver and other digestive organs are supplied with impure blood, the digestive process is impaired, so as to cause faintness and loss of appetite and sometimes a deranged state of intestines, and in general all the symptoms of dyspepsia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is of great service in dyspepsia, because it purifies the blood, making it the healthy stimulus the digestive organs must have for the proper performance of their duties. Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially if taken in a little hot water, has "a magic touch" in dyspepsia. Get it today.

Honor Buttons Presented to Rejected Volunteers.

Upon our entrance into the world conflict, prompt steps were taken by navy recruiting stations at New York to protect men of patriotic motives from being confused with spineless slackers because of their civilian attire. Buttons bearing the inscription: "I have volunteered for the navy—have you?" were issued for persons who applied for enlistment but, because of physical imperfections, could not be accepted. When presented, the badge is accompanied by a letter which establishes the holder's right to wear it. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Put your ad. in the "Watchman."

THE RESTLESS SEX.

Robert W. Chamber's New Novel Begins in July Cosmopolitan.

"The Restless Sex" is the title of Robert W. Chamber's new novel, the first installment of which begins in July Cosmopolitan.

After a short foreword, "The Restless Sex" gets away to a quick typical Chambers start. "About a decade before the Great Administration began, a little girl was born," are the exact words in which Mr. Chambers introduces his latest heroine, Stephanie Quest. The father of little Stephanie was an itinerant actor; the mother, an uneducated and very young girl who

tinted photographs by day and did fancy skating at an ice palace in Utica by night. From this unpromising start, and from a scolded early childhood, Stephanie emerges like one of those rare, beautiful flowers that sometimes takes root and flourishes in the mire of poverty.

It is too early in the story to forecast the ultimate destiny of the characters, but if performance holds true to promise, "The Restless Sex" will surely add another laurel to Mr. Chamber's already crowded wreath.

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Lyon & Company's July Clearances bring wonderful values. We still have a full line of colors in stripes and floral designs in voiles that we sold so fast at 10c. The better quality voiles that sold at 20 and 25 cents now must go at 14c. Everything in wash fabrics must be sold now at great reductions.

CHILDREN'S HOSE.
One lot of Mercerized Hose for infants in light blue, pink and sand shades, sizes, 4 1-2 to 6, included qualities 25 cents, our price 12 1-2c.

Ladies' Out Size Silk Hose.
One lot of black Silk Hose, out size, regular values 90c, our price 50c.

WHITE SALE.
We are going to continue our White Sale of Under Muslins, Night Gowns, Drawers, Petticoats, Corset Covers, Envelope Chemise, Camisoles, at less than cost to make them.

White Shoes.
All our White Summer Shoes for Ladies and Children, in high and low, at less than cost to manufacture. Also Men's Fine Dress and Work Shoes at greatly reduced prices. Come in and see what great bargains we have.

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