

PLAY BASEBALL IN FLANDERS

Canadians Take the Great American Game Over Sea and Introduce It in the Fighting Zone.

The baseball season has opened in Flanders. The roar of cannon can be heard above the crack of the bat and ball, and spectators and players have a lively time of it.

The great American game has been taken over to Europe's fighting zone by the Canadians.

Each major unit of the Dominion forces has its team, and a series of games has been scheduled. Prolonged battles or great advances will, of course, interfere with the schedule, but nevertheless the games have been arranged for and are eagerly anticipated.

The baseball outfits including uniforms, bats, balls, masks, gloves and all the rest have been sent over by patriotic Canadians. The news of victories on the diamond behind the lines travels quickly to the men in the trenches, where many a cheer has gone up to the astonishment of the Germans, who on frequent occasions have taken this outbreak of enthusiasm to be the forerunner of an attack.

CITY GIRLS LEARN FARMING

After Period of Training They Are Taking Places of Men Who Are Needed in War Work.

There is a 200-acre farm in Westchester county, New York, where 50 girls are learning to be farmers. As soon as they have a knowledge of any kind of work they hire out to the neighboring farmers for 20 cents an hour, to take the place of the men, who are needed for other kind of work in this busy war time.

An employment bureau to supply women for this kind of work in New York state is being established by the standing committee on agriculture of the mayor's committee of women on national defense, and it has been proved that there is not only a demand but a supply of woman farm workers.

Some of the girls at the Westchester camp are college girls and they all wear blue shirts and overalls, except the dieticians from Teachers' college, who wear white. They get their board and rooms at the Westchester farm while learning and 50 cents a day. Next year these girls will be competent to start other agricultural centers.

They begin with a few hours of work each day and increase it until they can work up to the hours of a man of normal strength.

Hurled Into Sunshine.

"I was in Petrograd during the first appraisal of the new assets," writes Isaac F. Marcossin in Everybody's. "Like prisoners long huddled in the dark and suddenly hurled into the sunshine, the people blinked in the strange light of their unfamiliar emancipation. The onetime balliwick of the czars was a study in scarlet—animate like an American city during a national convention. Its great thoroughfare—the Nevski Prospekt—once the Street of Sacrifice, was now the Highway of Happiness. Never was there such glad reunion. It was like the meeting of lost tribes after much wandering in the wilderness. Exiles streamed in from Siberia under the general amnesty; Jews came forth from their long restraint, for creed lines were down; delegations of troops flocked from the front. Equality was the password that loosed every tongue."

Gunfire and Rainfall.

Investigations to determine whether intense and prolonged gunfire really influences rainfall, as is so often asserted, have been proposed by the Paris Academy of Sciences. Ionization of the air is produced in various ways by artillery discharges, and it is regarded as theoretically probable that this may lead to precipitation in air charged with moisture. It is believed, however, that the influence could apply only to small falls. The effect of even great battles must be merely local, and heavy and prolonged rain can only be explained by the action of large atmospheric currents.

Siberia Adopts Gregorian Calendar.

Vladivostok journals announce the abolition of the "old-style" calendar; all dates have been set forward to the "new style." The Japan Chronicle assumes that "this reform will carry with it an abolition of religious holidays hitherto enforced in Russia." A working year in old Russia consisted of about 200 days; heavy fines were imposed for working on religious holidays. Those restrictions are now gone forever.

Receive Equal Wages.

The fourth Irish Teachers' congress was held recently in Dublin and it is interesting to know that the woman teachers of Ireland receive the same pay as the men for the same kind of work. English woman teachers have tried to obtain the same pay but Ireland was first in having the demand for fair play backed by the entire organization.

If you find it in the "Watchman" it's true.

LETTER SENT TO WRONG MAN

One of Least Familiar of Gladstone Stories is Recalled by Death of Irish Lord.

The death of Lord Clonbrock recalls one of the best and perhaps one of the least familiar of Gladstone stories, says the New York Herald. The late peer was a remarkably venerable person and much more sympathetic to the tenants' cause than most Irish Tories. When the agrarian question was at its fiercest, he made a pacific and moderate speech in Ireland, partly approving Gladstone's land bill. Gladstone saw the speech and, always eager to gain a recruit, wrote a civil letter, beginning "My Dear Lord," expressing his gratification at this unlooked-for support and begging his correspondent to waive the ceremony of an introduction and to dine with him in Downing street to discuss some knotty point in the bill.

He handed the letter, as was his custom, to a private secretary to direct and post. The private secretary misdirected it to Lord Clon—, an absentee landlord and an Irish Tory of the hottest type, who was sober only at unprecedented intervals.

The peer came to dine in due course. As soon as the women had left the table the G. O. M. drew up his chair and opened the subject in the most earnest tones.

"I was glad to see that your lordship took a more sympathetic view of the subject than the bulk of your order. You have unequalled knowledge of the Irish tenant farmers. Would you favor me with your opinion of them and of the condition of Ireland generally?"

"Condition of Ireland?" stuttered the wine-charged visitor, "—awful. Tenant farmers? The dirtiest set of rascals that ever cumbered God's earth."

Only one observation was open to the discomfited host: "Let us join the ladies."

CENSUS TAKEN BY DENMARK

Little Kingdom Counts 2,920,000 Inhabitants, an Increase of 163,000 Over Figures of Five Years Ago.

Very few European countries have been in a position to proceed, since August 1, 1914, with their normal quinquennial census. Denmark is one of the exceptions. On February 1, 1916, the little kingdom counted 2,920,000 inhabitants, i. e., an increase of 163,000 souls over the census of 1911.

The distribution ratio is 75 inhabitants to the square kilometer. The Copenhagen Frederiksberg county contains 605,000 inhabitants, i. e., more than one-fifth of the total population. The 74 other cities number 604,000 people. Rustic population, 1,711,000.

The three principal cities, besides Copenhagen, are: Aarhus, 68,000; Odense, 45,000, and Aalborg, 38,000. The present war increased the importance of the seaport town of Esbjerg (19,000 inhabitants), which hardly existed 50 years ago.

The "Why" of the Swagger Stick.

These cute little "swagger sticks" that officers in uniform are carrying on the street are the reverse of military in their appearance, says the Boston Transcript. Odd little affairs, sometimes not more than a foot and a half long and more suggestive of effeminacy than of masculine swagger. The swagger stick, as nearly as its origin can be traced, came from England, where, in days of piping peace, the soldier's very tight dress uniform made it almost impossible for him to dispose of his hands when walking about off duty, and it apparently became necessary for him to have something to carry and twirl. In England the private soldier carries a swagger stick as well as the officer. They are incongruous with khaki. But put a tight, red tunic on a man and a gay little pill-box on the side of his head, and the stick becomes logical enough. However, swagger sticks are not carried in the trenches.

Learn to Rule the Spirit.

There are very few of us but have reason to know that a well-ruled spirit would have saved us a world of sorrow. Dickens, that reader of the human heart, touches upon this point with quaint simplicity when he makes Mr. Meagles mildly suggest to his daughter's maid when her fits of passion came on, "Count ten, Tattycoram," and when they were unusually violent, he pleads: "All I ask of you, dear child, is to count twenty-five." If we would quench fires of passion, a pause, a silence, may change the whole course of events and save a lifetime of misery.—McClure's Magazine.

Convicts Make Good in Road-Building.

The investigations of the national commission on prisons and prison labor into the reliability of convicts at work on roads and farms shows that the vast majority of the sane and able-bodied men now confined in penal institutions, if properly handled, can be depended upon to perform the tasks set for them without the slightest fear of their escaping. In Colorado prisoners in six large camps are constantly employed in the construction of roads.

Purchasing in Season.

With fruits and vegetables the price is often determined by the season. A vegetable out of season is much more expensive than one in season, but it is no more nutritious. In order to purchase to best advantage, the housewife should understand such things and should also be familiar with general market conditions.—Exchange.

"Trench Traps" of the Germans.

"What do you think made that wound?" asked an officer who was conducting me through one of the advanced hospitals on the Somme, pointing to a badly swollen and lacerated ankle of a soldier that was just being dressed. The puffy and discolored flesh might have come from a severe sprain, but two or three black punctures on either side indicated that the injury was more aggravated than that. "If there was a tropical river about," I replied finally, "I should hazard a guess that the man had stepped into the mouth of an alligator, or had been nipped by one while swimming. As I have never heard of alligators in the Somme, I fear I shall have to give it up. What did do it?" "Trench trap," was the laconic reply; "or, to be more exact, a wolf trap. Ever since the steady pressure of our advance began to tell—since the Boche began to realize that he would have to continue backing up before our attacks—the Germans have been leaving them behind in the trenches, or laid in inviting little runways through the wire entanglements. Not many of our men were caught after the first day or two—we have only had two or three cases here—but several scores of traps have been discovered, along with a lot more of diabolically ingenious contrivances designed to hamper our advance or to give us pause in the matter of occupying abandoned dugouts. In fact, the dodging of the trench traps has added quite a new interest and zest to our latest attacks."

Scientific "trench trappery" is indeed a new development of modern warfare, and, like so many other things, it has taken the methodical and thorough Watson to bring out its refinements, to make a fine art of it. . . . The wolf traps were only the first of a series of many devilish little devices left behind by the ousted Germans to deliver a last blow at the victorious "Tommy" or "Poilu," a sort of modernization of the famous Parthian shot.

Obviously, "trench trappery" par excellence is only practicable in the face of a slowly and steadily advancing movement, just such a one as that on the Somme has become, or as Verdun was in its opening phases. Obviously, too—since the proverb that a once-burned child is twice shy applies with equal force to the French and British soldier—it must show a progressive development to stand any chance of success, must be constantly varied, constantly carried on in a new way. That the general scheme has been a flat failure is principally due to the fact that the Germans have not been able to vary their devices sufficiently to baffle their wary quarry, who, meeting guile with guile, have as often as not trapped the would-be trappers and "hoisted them with their own petards."—September Popular Mechanics Magazine.

California newspapers announce that a chemical compound has been perfected, by a man in that State, which will take the place, in motors of all kinds, of gasoline. Experimental runs have been made, it is said, in which ten cents' worth of the compound, dissolved in water, has propelled a six-cylinder car, carrying seven passengers, 100 miles over country roads. The automobile owner who has been compelled to pay recent prices for gasoline would probably have about the same sensation, were he able to run his car at a cost of one-tenth of a cent a mile for motive power, as a housewife were a grocer to offer to sell flour at \$2 a barrel.

Experts Both.

"How do you feel, Colonel, after killing a man?" "Oh, I don't know, Doctor; how do you feel?"—London Opinion.

War Has Killed 250,000 Horses.

"I have lately come into possession of authentic information on the waste of horseflesh," writes the editor of Truth, "and it is calculated to excite the greatest horror and indignation."

Leaving out Mesopotamia and Africa outside of Egypt, he writes that more than 250,000 horses have died during the war up to about the end of May, and in addition 30,000 have been sold owing to old age and disease. He continues:

"The most significant fact of all is that 33,000 animals have died in America while awaiting shipment, while 6,000 have died at sea in the course of transit. Here we have 39,000 animals purchased for military purposes, not one of which has been available for that purpose owing to their previous disease. In this is presumably to be found the explanation of the greater part of the scandal—namely, the culpable negligence, or worse, with which the animals have been bought."

"I am told that some which have survived the Atlantic voyage were found to be over thirty years old. Some are even said to have died upon the gangway at the port of shipment under the exertion of walking aboard. It may almost be taken for granted that the rate of mortality on this side of the Atlantic has been aggravated by neglect, ignorant horsemanship and to some extent downright ill-treatment. On all of these points men who have served at the front can give evidence. I have myself heard many lurid statements on the subject. But the figures show that the root of the whole scandal lies across the Atlantic, where the wretched beasts are bought."

Upward of 1,000,000 horses and mules, the writer says, have been purchased by the British Government during the war, so that more than 25 per cent. of the animals purchased have died. With regard to deaths of horses or mules, due to "enemy action," he says that in one week, out of more than five thousand deaths in France, only 118 were due to gunshot wounds—a trifling percentage. About 42,000 of the animals have died in England.

German Railroads in Bad Shape.

A well-informed neutral observer writes that traveling on a German passenger train nowadays is by no means a pleasure. "The carriages vie with each other in dirtiness and bad repair. Everything indicates neglect. This is not surprising, for the demands made on the German railways are enormous. Almost everywhere in the territory occupied by the Central Powers in the Balkans German locomotives and other railway material are exclusively employed. They have to be content in the Fatherland with old rolling stock which was already set aside for less exacting work. The coaches are pretty well played out, and one is often surprised that a rickety carriage does not suddenly fall to pieces."

Side by side with the defective and inadequate rolling stock goes another great difficulty due to the lack of grease and train oil for lubricating purposes. The substitutes which must be employed are of very inferior quality, and do no harm to the rolling stock. The number of women guards increases steadily. In very many cases they are badly acquainted with their duties and have no better answer to give than "Es tut mir leid, mein Herr; ich fahre die Strecke selbst zum ersten Mal" (I'm sorry, sir; it's the first time I've done this journey myself.) One sees women employed on railways not only as guards, as formerly, but as brakemen and artisans.

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