

THE HERO.

It is not the deed but the danger That tests the hero's soul; And the songs of strength are not so rare As the sign of self-control.

THE SINGER AT THE WINDOW.

"Hi, there! Caruso!" A little man down on the second floor stuck his head out of the window and yelled up the air shaft.

"Sing us the one about the perfect day!" God knows it was the one, he added, "but whadda we care about that?"

Allan Harding crossed to the window of the little kitchen where he was washing the supper dishes. He had taken off his coat and tied a big apron around his neck.

"Everybody wants the 'Perfect Day?'" he called down. He was on the fifth floor, the very top one. And as he looked down the stiflingly hot well of the air shaft he smiled at the curious perspective of faces beneath him.

His plucky little mother smiled back at him for a fraction of a minute, until the smile wavered, broke, and changed to tears.

"Oh, my boy!" she breathed. "Why can't I die!" His arms were around her then, his face pressed to hers, and he looked up at her with eyes so clear, so shining, so courageous, that a light came into her own.

"Mother," he said quietly, "let's have this thing out now. You and I have been pals all my life. Haven't we?" "Yes, boy!" "Are we going to keep on being pals?"

She hesitated, her eyes probing his. When she spoke her voice was as even as his. "God help me, yes!" "I thought you wouldn't go back on me. Now I'll tell you what we are going to do. I am the proud possessor of not only one job, but two. I am an assistant book-keeper in Smith & Jenkins's office, beginning tomorrow. Lucky I took that business course at home, isn't it? And I've got a choir position in St. Genevieve's beginning next Sunday. What do you think of that? Mr. Lefferts presented it to me today. We're on Easy street, I tell you!"

"Going right on. I don't need five lessons a week any more than a cow needs five legs. I'm to have one on Saturday afternoon, when the office is closed. And—and I've got to get this out of my system. Then we'll understand each other better." He didn't look in her eyes now. He was fingering the sleeve of her night-dress.

"If—if you deserted me, Mother, you'd take the—singing with you. I don't know how it is with other people. But I don't believe I could make real music just with my lips or those little cords in my throat. There are other—other cords—you know—" he stammered; "and I guess—I guess they'd break—or something—if you didn't hold the other end of them. I just wanted you to understand. I and I—she looked at her with his boyish smile and held out his hand—" "will you put there, Mother?"

He impatiently tore off the apron and threw it behind him. "I know!" She took pity on him. Then, in turn, she, too, flushed, and the tired lines in her face disappeared in a hesitating smile.

"You mean—you will play my accompaniments, sometimes?" "I'm only studying, too," she apologized. "Of course, but I know it's so much easier to sing if one does not have to do two things at once." "Oh, if you would! If you will!" He was leaning so far out now that she was frightened.

"Please be careful!" "It's not but a godsend! To my mother and to me." He was almost incoherent. "You couldn't—I suppose you're too tired tonight—" "Come and let me in!" she laughed, and the tiredness gone now from her voice.

"But young lady! In the air shaft! What are you talking about, Allan?" But he was already opening the door, and she heard the two eager young voices and looked up to see them coming toward her. The room was dimly lighted, but a faint glow from the trees below illuminated the girl's aureole of bright hair as she bent over the couch.

"I'm only Peggy Manning," she said. "I live next door. I've been wanting so hard to come in and see you. I wrote to Mother yesterday, I asked her to send me a letter of introduction. Any mother can introduce one to another mother, can't she? And then—well, the music got ahead of Mother and introduced us anyway. Do you mind?"

"That was the way it began. Peggy—or, as she is known at the settlement where she gave lessons at fifty cents a half hour, Miss Margaret Manning, kept girl-bachelor's hall in the little rear flat with two companions, who were now vacationing in the country. Peggy, according to her statement, did not need a vacation. When the requested 'letter of introduction' from the girl's mother reached Mrs. Harding not long after that first evening, the recipient easily read between the lines a better reason for the girl's coming than the one along the lines of being made in the little Western home to compass Peggy's musical education, and her heart warmed to the girl for her luck and her loyalty.

MORE PORK FOR CENTRE COUNTY.

Government Asks for 1200 more Hogs from Centre County. In order to help supply the demand for meat the Centre county Farm Bureau has included some definite work on economical pork production in the Farm Bureau program for 1918.

There has been a big demand for meat for shipment abroad in addition to the needs of the population here at home. The U. S. Food Administration has furnished figures showing that the shipments of meats and fats to allied destinations were for the fiscal year 1916-17, 2,166,500,000 pounds and for the fiscal year 1917-18, 3,100,000 pounds. This is an increase of 844,000,000 pounds in one year.

Articles on economy in pork production, hog pasture rotations, and cholera will follow in the next week or so.—R. H. Olmstead, county agent.

Help Wilson Win the War.

"Marshal Foch's supreme and centralized control of the allied and American fighting forces is hastening the downfall of Prussian military power more than any other single factor in the war."

"The collapse of Bulgaria is directly traceable to the unity of command which has now co-ordinated all the allied military moves and linked them in perfect harmony with American assistance."

"The American people's task in the pending elections for members of the House and Senate is not only to maintain Unity of Command at home but to intensify it—if possible, by sending to Washington, men whose willingness to act in harmony with the President and his administration is an assured fact. Men of the President's party can be relied upon to do this."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hand.—Addison.

It is true that the collarless blouse is here to stay, but so much is said to confirm this fact that the blouse with a collar is rather neglected. This should not be, for never before have collars been so interesting. They are cut in fanciful shapes and appear as fichus and surplises and hang like monks' hoods or form capes.

Buttons are one of the many things that the government has to concern itself about in times of war. It is reported that the stock of buttons in the United States, that is to say, the stock suitable for military purposes, is to be taken over by the government, says an exchange.

Locket rings are the latest thing in jewelry for the soldier. Thousands of the boys mobilized here and gone to overseas have taken up the fad, which bids fair to become the fashion throughout the army. The ring is of gold or silver with a seal of metal or stone. Under the seal is a spring and the seal opens to reveal a tiny photograph of the soldier's mother, sister, wife or sweetheart.

The fashionable cuff button will be of octagon or irregular shape, flat and of green gold. The more expensive ones will be bordered with platinum and nearly all are made as loose links. The bar button has fallen into innocuous desuetude.

Funston Bros. & Co., International Fur Exchange of St. Louis, report the fur trade remains good and especially in skunk and muskrat. Manufacturers are very busy and in most cases have larger advance orders than they enjoyed in other years at this time.

Making bead bags has become quite an industry among disabled soldiers in France, and because of this dealer's predict a drop in the prices of these bags.

FARM NOTES.

—As a result of eight year's trials at the Kansas Station, July plowing increased the yield of wheat 60 per cent, as compared with September plowing.

—The man who thinks that a dairy cow can rough it and still be a profitable milker has some things to learn about cows. No animal shows the bad results of neglect quicker than a cow, and none responds more fully to good care, good feeding and kind treatment.

—Men do not farm themselves into riches in one year. It takes time, patience, perseverance and ability to make farming pay. But what other occupation offers anything for less effort? The farm is about as profitable as other business requiring no more capital, intelligence or labor.

—The New Jersey Experiment station declares that cows in that State producing less than 7000 pounds of milk are unprofitable. The average production last year of 115 cows in a cow-testing association in Cumberland county was 7358. Fifty-three cows produced more than the average and 22 of these each produced upward of 9000 pounds of milk, seven of them exceeding 10,000 pounds.

—Don't skim the milk for children. Let them have it with its cream. Clean, rich, fresh milk and plenty of it makes them grow. It gives them rosy cheeks, bright eyes, strong bodies and good brains. Each child can readily use a quart a day. Refuse the children tea and coffee, but always give them milk. Encourage them to drink it. Put it on their cereals. Pour it on the toast. Make it into puddings. Mix it into custards. And stir it into soups. Yes, use milk and use it freely. Economize on other foods, but don't economize on milk.

—They are all good enough, but the "Watchman" is always the best.

—For high class job work come to the "Watchman" office.

Women are employed as scavengers in Sheerness, England.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."