Bellefonte, Pa., November 8, 1918.

CAMOUFLAGE.

They tell us tales of camouflage, The art of hiding things; Of painted forts and howered guns Invisible to wings. Well, its nothing new to us,

To us, the rank and file: We understand this camouflage-We left home with a smile

We saw the painted battle-ships And earthen-colored trains, And planes the hue of leaden skies And canvas-hidden lanes. Well, we used the magic art That day of anxious fears; We understand this camouflage-We laughed away our tears.

They say that scientific mer And artists of renown Debated long on camouflage Before they got it down. Well, it came right off to us, We didn't have to learn; We understood this camouflage-We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage, This art of hiding things; It's what's behind a soldier's jokes And all the songs he sings. Yes, it's nothing new to us, To us, the rank and file: We understand this camouflage-

We left home with a smile. Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

WHEN SONGS ARE PRAYERS.

On the veranda of a summer home, that looked down to the waters of Puget Sound—on an August night one year ago, and a full clear moon, and shadows, and silver tips on tiny waves that ran their course before a gentle evening breeze.

And inside—back in the darkness of the living-room—a piano and a girl, and soft-played airs of familiar songs—just dreamy music that drift-ed out and whispered its way to the tops of the lovely pines. . . . And Bill and I sat out upon the

And Bill and I sat out upon the porch. Bill was a soldier man, come back from France,—gassed that fatal day at Ypres, when war came home to Canada in all its tragedy and grief. He had gone away full six-feet-three, straight and strong. He had come home not quite so tall, it seemed, and older than his thirty-seven years.

Since dinner-time he had been telling me war tales; and, in between, both of us would dream to music by

both of us would dream to music by the girl within. Bill's dreams were mostly of the past, I think, for every little while he'd wake up in a startled way and then recount some new war

And so we sat and talked and dreamed until there came still softly played, the music of "A Long, Long Trail." And then Bill left his chair and went inside. Someone got a lamp and lighted it, and Bill and I, and she who played, sang through the song. I don't know how well we sing, but I do know that in Bill's voice there was to me a thrill of something that I didn't know. And deepest came the thrill with these two lines:

"Nights are growing very lonely,

Afterward, back on the veranda, sill told me of the songs they used to sing behind the lines; of blue days that were cheered by the singing of some old-time air that everybody knew; of "Tipperary" up and down the line with all the vigor a soldier gives to everything he does; and then some old home song or, perhaps, a bit of sentiment about a love affair, but always-sometime while they sang-

"A Long, Long Trail."
"I think," said Bill, "that there were times during the early days when we couldn't have carried on without the songs. And we didn't sing them as a crowd of college boys might sing. They were prayers, I think, most of the songs we sang. And the songs that were popular were those that brought us memories of home. We had some songs about what we would do to the Kaiser when we got him, if we ever did, but these le no such appeal to the soldier as

did the sentimental sort."

And afterward for a week, several times a day, whether it was with Bill hobbling along with his cane, with me at his side, or whether the porch of the house in the evening, Bill and I would go down the "long, long trail' together, with or without music from

the girl within.

A little later Bill went on his way where nights are never lonely and days are never long. And from where he is, at the other end of the long, long trail, it is my wish that he might know that a million of our soldier boys are singing his favorite and all s other songs, carrying on where he

Ever since that August night on Puget Sound, singing soldiers or singing sailors or singing nurses have meant a little more to me than they ever did before. Sometimes I've watched them very closely while they can and I amounts sure that Bill sang, and I am quite sure that Bill was right when he said that some of the songs were really prayers.

I do know, anyway, that whenever I hear the one about the long, long trail, I always think of Bill, and I'm ite sure that with my thoughts of Guite sure that with my thoughts of Bill there goes a prayer for all the boys "over there" engaged in the work Bill was doing before he came away. I am quite sure, too, that every time I have been privileged to listen to the singing of large groups of soldiers or sailors, and have per-haps "joined in" myself, there has come to me great elevation of spirit —a determination to go out and do what I may—to bring the day of vic-

And incidentally-and irrelevantly -I have conceived an idea, born of this "joining in," that I can sing myself. I even believe, in the face of numerous expressions to the contrary, that I can carry an air. I do know that I can carry an all. I do not have that I make a lot of noise with George Cohan's "Over There," and if I am careful I can get through without any discords or bad notes, or whatever those things are that jar sensitive

Secretly, too, I have begun to worry because my parents didn't see to it that my voice was cultivated when I And then, from the deck of the othwas still young. I haven't said anything about it to any one, but every while when I strike a good line in one of the popular war-time airs, I get sang: through with it so smoothly, and with so much satisfaction to myself—what-ever others may think of it—that I sometimes feel that in their neglect of my voice my parents ruined a won-derful tenor, or bass or baritone, or whatever noise it is that I make.

For various reasons, therefore, I have become interested in the singing of our soldiers and sailors. I have made it a topic of conversation at numerous times, and have been told some remarkable stories as the result of the singing of the soldiers in France. I have been told of an offi-cer, stricken with shell-shock, and apparently uninjured, except that it left him completely dumb. What the ar-my physicians could do for him they did but without result. And then one day there came a phonograph to the hospital dormitory, and a nurse put on the record "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and convalescing soldiers in the ward began to sing:

Keen the home fires burning. While your hearts are yearning. Though your lads are far away they dream of home.

There's a silver lining Through the dark clouds shining, Turn the dark clouds inside out "Till the boys come home."

And as they sang the nurse who brought the story home to the United States saw the officer who had been dumb slowly rise up in his chair and

sing!
Not very long ago another Red Cross nurse came home from France on leave. She had gone across before the government undertook to teach the government undertook to teach the nurses the songs that the soldiers sing. They are doing it now, and every unit awaiting shipment over seas must know, before it goes, the words and music of at least twenty songs. And this nurse who came back from France was glad when she found three hundred nurses, in a New York

from France was glad when she found three hundred nurses, in a New York city armory, singing under the direction of a commissioned leader.

"It's simply, splendid," she said.
"Not very long ago at the base hospital at which I was on duty, some of the boys asked me if I wouldn't strike up 'Mother Machree,' so that they might sing. And I had to tell them I didn't know it. And then somebody asked for 'A Perfect Day,' and I didn't know that. And I didn't know 'There's a Long, Long Trail,' or 'Old Black Joe,' or anything. As a matter of fact I hadn't been interested in songs and knew none of them. And after a few feeble efforts to get started without any leader the boys gave it up. I'm going back in a little while, and I'm not going to be very much of a singer, but I'm going to know enough about it so that when my boys want to sing I will at least be able to get them started."

get them started." And over at another base hospital in France a group of American soldiers, under treatment for wounds received on the battlefield, had spent this particular Sunday morning of which I write on the veranda of the hospital building. Shortly before noon a storm came up and the headnurse ordered the men back into the enclosed dormitory. But the storm brought no fears to the men, and like bad boys they rebelled and paid no attention to the order given. The headnurse repeated it with as much severity as she could command and still the men remained outside. It was a serious moment for the nurse. She was the officer in command and her au-thority was being questioned. She couldn't pick up the men and carry them in, and if they continued to dis-obey the situation might become

quite serious. And once again the phonograph played its all important role. And gathered about it, as the record turned, were half a dozen nurses, and phonograph and nurses sang the song:

Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag, "And smile, smile, smile. 'When you've a lucifer to light your fag, "Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying? "It never was worth while, so Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag. "And smile, smile, smile."

And before the last line of the chorus was done the men came drifting in with the help of crutches and of canes, and when the chorus came around again they all sang lustily. Then they apologized to the headnurse promising never to do it again. nurse promising never to do it again. Finally they found some records of old-time hymns and played and sang until, one at a time, they had all drifted away. The strange thing is that nearly every man wrote letters home that day; or perhaps it's not so strange after all; old-time hymns brought up compelling pictures of the

folks they'd left behind. You remember, too, that sinking ship, somewhere out on the seas, with a mortal wound from a German sub-marine, in the blackness of night, the decks crowded with soldiers, men didn't know if they were to die or live. But because their Uncle Sam had taught them how to sing they stood up there with heads erect and shoul-

ders back and sang: "My country, 'tis of thee, "Sweet land of liberty, "Of thee I sing! "hand where my fathers died: "Land of the Pilgrim's pride: "From ev'ry mountain side "Let Freedom ring!"

Some of them died and some them lived. And those who died did so for freedom's sake, and those who lived still sing "Let Freedom Ring!" And a month ago I stood on a pier at an Atlantic port. On one side of the pier was a transport with its decks crowded with American sol-diers. On the other side of the pier was another transport, its upper deck crowded with blue-clad girls—Red

Cross nurses on their way to France Down on the pier, where I stood were groups of army men; and crowds of laborers who wheeled the great trucks, all wet with perspiration of an August day. To them and to the army officers it was an old story, but to souls with ears for music. I am very strong, too, on some of the lines of "The Star Spangled Banner," while there are others, and I confess it frankly, that worry me considerable, and my wife says I shouldn't attempt and my wife says I shouldn't attempt the solution of the lines of my officers are others, and I confess it frankly, that worry me considerable, and my wife says I shouldn't attempt the solution of the lines of my officers it was an old story, but to more of your impudence I'll crack you over the head."

"All right," replied the caddie, moving away; "but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with."—Everybody's Magazine.

to sing them because of the strange down from the rail of the departing and agonized expression on my face ship. A mist came over my eyes; the each time I do succeed in reaching them.

Secretly, too, I have begun to wormen who went on with their work and

"When you come back! "And you will come back! "There'll be a whole world waiting for

And the sweating men and their great big trucks stopped where they were. Indeed it seemed for a moment that everything ceased in all the world while the nurses sang. Then they were through, and from the deck of the other ship the answer came: There's a spot in my heart which no col-

leen may own. There's a depth in my soul never sound ed or known.

There's a place in my mem'ry, my life, that you fill. No other can take it, no one ever will."

Just a moment's quiet, and back from the ship where the nurses were there came the song: "They were summoned from the hillside, "They were called in from the glen, And the country found them ready,

"At the stirring call for men. 'Let no tears add to their hardship, "As the soldiers pass along, 'And although your heart is breaking,

"Make it sing this cheery song." And the chorus came, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the sweat-ing men, and the officers on the pier, and the soldiers on the moving ship, and the nurses—all of us—joined our voices in the prayer to keep things well "till the boys come home."

It was the soldiers' turn to sing again. As their great ship drifted out into the stream their voices came

"When the waiting hours are past, When the tears of night are ended "And I see the day at last, 'I shall come down the road of sunshine "To a heart that is fond and true, When the great red dawn is shining, "Back to home, back to love and you."

"When the great red dawn is shining,

And then, from over the water and out from the pier and its waiting ship, nurse and soldier and men on the pier, sent up their voices in the favorite "There's a long, long trail a-winding,

"Into the land of my dreams, Where the nightingales are singing, "And a white moon beams! There's a long, long night of waiting "Until my dreams come true,

Till the day when I'll be going down "That long, long trail with you." As the echo of the song came back from the ship that had sailed, the nurses' ship began to move. For a little while a silence hovered over us, but, as we waited there on the pier, with eyes that were dimmed, the nurses sang that classic of farewells: 'Aloha Oe, farewell to thee, Thou charming one who dwells among

One fond embrace before I now depart, "Until we meet again." That was all, except that the sweat-

the bowers!

I to help, however I may, to "keep the home fires burning" until these men and women come back from 'over there."
And if it is that Bill looks down

from where he is I hope he saw us on that August day, for I'm quite sure he would be glad to know that those who follow him go forth with songs upon their lips—songs that breathe prayers from those who stay behind—that those who go may come back home and those at home may consecrate their lives unto the task of serving those who go.—From Hearst's.

Autumn Colors.

October is the month of colors. The greens turn to a great variety of shades, from dark brown, purple and red to pink and pale yellow; the flowers add to this display the blues of gentian and aster, the red of cardi-nal flower and the yellow of goldenrod. Following this rapidly come the many long-lasting shades of dead brown against which only the evergreens are proof.

Watch the turning of the leaves and note how quickly some fade, while others hold on to their summer hues almost until the leaves fall. Of the decidious species the cherries, apples, hawthorns and healthy peach trees are the longest green. And it often happens that trees or bushes of the same species differ in color, changing according to shelter or the richness of the soil in which they

The sour gums are now all red, the sweet gums half red and purple, the spice bushes, sassafras and poplar are rapidly becoming yellow, the maples are assuming every shade from scarlet to gold. Watch the race for the putting on of gay apparel; it outstrips any color scheme anywhere.

She Preferred It Stuffed.

A man and a woman entering a cafe. "Do you want oysters, Louise?" asked the man as he looked over the bill of fare.

"Yes, George," answered the woman, who was vainly trying to touch her toes to the floor, "and I want a hassock, too." George nodded, and as he handed

the waiter his written order, he said, "Bring a hassock for the lady." "Yes, sir," answered the waiter, A moment later, the waiter, apparently puzzled, approached the man and, leaning over him, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I have only been here two days and do not want to make any mistakes. Will the lady have the hassock boiled or fried?"

Always Use an Iron.

The beginner gazed wrathfully at the caddie for a moment. "Look here," he said, "I'm tired of you laughing at my game. If I hear any

What Your Pocket Change Will Do to Bring Victory for our Boys Over There.

1 WAR SAVINGS STAMP

Will buy one hundred rifie bullets; or a steel helmet to protect a soldier's head from shrapnel; or a woolen blanket; or fresh potatoes for four sol-diers for a whole month; or a pair of campaign shoes, a shaving brush, and a cake of shaving soap; or a clothes roll and a pair of canvas leggings; or a coffee mill to grind the coffee for the soldier at the front; or an iron hospital bed for a wounded soldier.

2 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a blanket and a pair of field shoes; or a bedding roll and a bed sack; or an olive drab woolen coat and an olive drab woolen shirt; or a blanket-lined overcoat; or a pair of field shoes and a pair of russet shoes; or a ton of anthracite coal.

8 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a gas mask for the soldier in the trench; or a blanket, a flannel shirt, and a pair of hiking shoes; or a pistol; or a locker trunk each for two men; or subsistence for one soldier for a whole month; or an overcoat.

4 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for the wife of a soldier in his country's service; or a rifle; or completely clothe a soldier for field serv-

5 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for a soldier's wife and dependent mother; or forage to feed a horse or a mule for a whole month. 6 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Will buy government monthly a owance for a soldier's wife and child. 7 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy a medium size pyramidal

camp tent. 8 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS Will buy government monthly allowance for a soldier's wife and two children; or the monthly pay of a private soldier on duty in the trenches.

1 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE Will buy subsistence for a company of 200 men for one day; or a change of woolen socks for 330 tired soldiers. 2 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a cavalry horse to lead

the charge. 3 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a hardy mule, and feed for him a month.

50 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a motor ambulance to carry wounded soldiers to the hospital. 60 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES Will buy a motor truck to rush 40 soldiers to the aid of their comrades. Which of the above have you supplied Uncle Sam's army with?

Exempting Farmers' Sons.

In addition to the medical, legal other advisers with which draft boards have been blessed from time to time the board members and draft registrants will now have the services of a "farm help specialist" in solving intricate problems connected with agricultural claims for deferment. This was announced recently by S. Herbert Starkey, of Bustleton, who has taken up his headquarters in the office of the District Board of Philadelphia, at Fourth and Chestnut claim exemption for their sons.

Mr. Starkey explains that the farmers are in the dark as to the best methods of getting their sons exempted, and if somebody is not on hand to help get the farm boys out of the draft next year's farm production will be greatly diminished. Mr. Starkey announced that he has been appointed for this purpose by Secretary Houston, of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Application for voluntary induction to the three calls from white men with grammar school education to go to State College, University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Institute, at Pittsburgh, for medical training for the army, were reported at State Draft headquarters as far exceeding the number required. The call is for less than 2500 men, but the headquarters' advices are that in many places the applicants are 10 times the number asked. One board, which has a quota of five assigned, has reported 95 applicants. The calls will have to be filled by drafting.

Caught Off Guard.

"Did the postman leave any letters,

Mary?"

"Nothing but a postcard, ma'am."

"Who is it from, Mary?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl with an in-

jured air.
"Perhaps not. But any one who sends me a message on a postcard is either stupid or impertinent.' "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl loftily; "but that's a nice way to be talkin' about your own mother."—Boston Transcript.

No Waste of Energy.

Clarence announced his coming by a series of howls. "Oh, my finger, my finger," he cried.
"Poor little finger," mother cooed.
"How did you hurt it?"
"With the hammer."

"A long time ago," Clarence sob-

"But I didn't hear you cry." "I didn't cry then; I thought you were out," said Clarence.—Chicago

Brings the Best Into Co-operation. It is no wonder that many are finding the new medical combination, Hood's Sarsaparilla before eating, Peptiron, a real tonic, after eating, and Hood's Pills as needed, remarkably effective as a course of treatment for giving vitality, vigor, and

vim, and increasing strength and endur-

Among the medical substances that this combination brings into co-operation are such cleansers, tonics and digestives as sarsaparilla, nux, iron and pepsin, whose great merit has been fully established. Good results from such a combination in cases amenable to treatment, seem to be among the "inevitables." The combination is especially recommended for those who are rundown, whose blood is poor, because of impurity or lack of iron, whose nerves are weak or unstrung, livers torpid or sluggish. Try it.

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kind of shoes that wear, made by the J. E. Dayton Company, and guaranteed to be all solid leather. high and low tops,

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Don't buy a winter Coat until you compare our qualities and prices. We have frequently been told that our line of Coats is the largest, best styles, lowest prices. We can fit the infant, child, Miss and woman.

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Ladies' Suits, all colors, best styles; prices that will mean money saved. See our line.

Winter Underwear.

We have the most complete stock of wool and cotton (fleeced and plain) Underwear-men's, women's and children's. Union suits or two-piece suits that we can sell for less than the cost of manufacture to-day.

Dress Goods.

We are showing the All-Wool Dress Fabrics in Serges, Batistes, Poplins, Ottomans and Taffetas. Prices less than wholesale. All colors, black included.

Baskets for Christmas.

We have been lucky in getting a line of fancy baskets All kinds and shapes, all colors. These will make nice, useful and inexpensive presents. We are showing them now. SHOP EARLY.

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Mens' Women's and Children's Shoes for dress. work or school. Shoes at special low prices.

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