

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 15, 1918.

UNDYING LIGHT.

O Thou the Lord and Maker of life and light!
Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight gray
We journey to the end and rest of night;
Though well we know to the deep inward sight
Darkness is but thy shadow, and the day
Where Thou art never dies, but sends its ray
Through the wide universe with restless might.
O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in
Thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light; from earth's dull gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

ANDREW GRAHAM'S LETTER TO HIS AUNT MARY.

Dear Aunt Mary:
You may remember that you asked me to tell you all that I could find out about your old neighbor, Mrs. Strong, and her one and only boy, Billy. Not that I love Billy too hard, for I used to be everlastingly told to do this or that "as Billy Strong did it," with the invariable ending "and he is the nicest boy in Centre county." Quite enough to make all the boys in the neighborhood hate him—but we never did, and for good reasons. I remember that I greatly admired his unusual height, and mother told me that that boy's legs grew at night, (a perfectly truthful statement, but limited), and that if I went to bed early, and promptly to sleep, mine might be as long as his were, which may be the reason that you mothers tell us, in the years when we take all they tell us as gospel.
I could not find the old Quantrells, for the excellent reason that they went over to the "Great Silent Major," some years ago. But their neighbor, young Jefferson Davis Quantrell, lives in the old home of the Strong's, and with the help of his pretty little wife runs the village store, where you can buy anything there is, and then some.
The neighbors say that he has trained her to manage the store and that it will support her and their two children while he goes "over there" (to use his own vile slang) "to fetch the Boches a swipe."
Three nights in a week he goes several miles to drill with other men from neighboring farms and the railway shops, "in case Uncle Sam might need us."
The beauty of it is that his wife backs him, and is as cheerful over it as if Quantrell were going to a dance. It seems to me that that woman, like that, are of quite as much value to the country as are the men in the trenches.
These Quantrells, have all the household "plunder" of the Strong's, for when Billy enlisted his mother went as a Red Cross nurse.
They say that she did not tell him of her plans but kept the house running as usual so that he might have only comfortable memories of their dearly-loved little home.
Then, with the help of "Pa and Ma Quantrell," she moved some chests and boxes into the garret, left others in their usual places, and went off to do her share of the vast work needed to care for our wounded men.
I heard one of the Quantrells say, "now be careful, Tom, or you will scratch Mrs. Strong's bare feet."
They say Billy is engaged to a very pretty girl from Tennessee, a cousin, who visited the Quantrells' last summer. If so, they are silent about it.
This woman and her son seem to have strong characters, and what does not always accompany strength, to be attractive personally, or to use your favorite expression, magnetic.
It seems that the French refused, with thanks, the offer from some New York society to receive and care for any and all orphans sent over to them by the French. This society engaged to place these orphans in good families and employ competent people to see that they are well cared for and kindly treated, with good opportunities at school.
After due consideration and courteous thanks, the French replied that as their men are being killed and disabled in vast numbers, and their women are dying from the fearful suffering entailed by this unspeakable war, if they send their children to grow up in a foreign nation their existence as a nation will end.
Therefore, they will keep them at home; but that they will be very grateful for help in clothing and food until such time as France can again supply them from their own fields and factories.
While I admire their spirit I greatly regret the privations which these poor little tots must undergo in their formative years.
However, our women proceeded at once to form a society of "god-mothers." I think they call it.
Each woman promises to send the child cash and clothing sufficient to care for his comfort for one year.
Like all gossip, the stories vary as to sum needed. Some say sixty dollars a year, some a hundred. Each child to be with its mother, where that is possible.
Let us hope many "god-mothers" will help. If I get any more information I will forward it to you.
Also I propose that my good and dear old Aunt Mary is a god-mother to one of these poor little victims of this ungodly war and will let me send her an occasional tender to help out.
Let us prove that we recall when Lafayette was our best friend.
I remain your affectionate nephew,
ANDREW GRAHAM.

Sub-editor—A correspondent wishes to know why they whitewash the inside of a hen-house.
Editor—Tell him it's to keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

New Kind of Grape Honey.

The "honey of grapes" prepared by the special process of Professor Monti, an Italian experimenter, is a grape sugar particularly recommended for preserved fruits, marmalades, and flavoring syrups. The juice is pressed from the grapes with care to avoid fermentation, is next frozen in a rotating cylinder with removal of the ice crystals, and is further concentrated to syrup of grapes by heating under low pressure. For honey of grapes the concentration is continued until crystals are found.

Tender Thoughts in Will.

Sometimes there are found such tender touches as these in the will of a late town clerk of Monmouth, who died in 1915, aged seventy-two. He left to the Monmouth General Hospital and dispensary, for the children's ward, in memory of his darling child Lizzie, £500 and a framed portrait of the child, and desired the authorities to place on her grave a wreath of flowers each Palm Sunday and a wreath of holly each Christmas day.

Lute Out of Existence.

The lute has vanished. It was one of the oldest of instruments, and had a beautiful vibrant tone somewhat like that of the harp. But its size and complexity were against it. It had a long tail and many strings, and while its size increased its power and range, it also increased its weight and made it cumbersome. The minstrel of today plays on the mandolin, the guitar or the banjo—and the lute is forgot.

Being Ahead of the Times.

The world calls every man that is ahead of his age a crank. There is no disgrace in it. It may be a little hard not to be understood and appreciated when you know you have what the world needs, notes an exchange. But remember, that's the way with the world. It sometimes takes years, and even centuries for people to appreciate what's beyond their experience.

Husband and Wife.

Compensation for services rendered by a wife outside of the home of her husband, with whom she is living, such services not being in the discharge of her household or domestic duties, and not in interference therewith, is held recoverable in an action therefor in her own name and for her own use, in *Bechtel vs. Ewing, L. R. A. 1917E, 249*.

California's Weeping Trees.

California has but two species of native trees that are normally of weeping habit. One is *Quercus lobata*, the valley oak, having its most southerly range near Burbank. The other is *Picea Breweriana*, the weeping spruce, which is found in a few isolated mountainous sections in the northwestern corner of the state.

Economy and Waste.

"Economy is the parent of Integrity, of Liberty and of Ease; and the beautiful sister Temperance, of Cheerfulness and Health; and Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with 'irons that enter into their souls.'"—Hawkesworth.

Weavers.

The arts of weaving and rope and net-making are practiced by some of the lower forms of life, notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India, which are a species of finch, construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

Jerked Meats.

"In South America jerked or dried meat is known variously as *tassafo*, and jerked venison is prepared and used by mountain dwellers in the Rockies and our southern mountain ranges. In South Africa these dried meat products are known as *biltong*."

Many Rats Destroyed.

A club in Kent, England, destroyed 10,000 rats in three seasons at an insignificant cost. Women's municipal leagues in the United States have recently taken up the matter of rat eradication, notably in Baltimore and Boston.

Like Getting Signatures.

Sentiment is so easily molded that three or four active people, by keeping at it long enough can convince millions that water runs up-hill instead of down.—*Atchison Globe*.

About His Relations.

Judge—"Now, sir, tell us about your marital relations—were they pleasant?" Billback—"Pleasant enough, your honor. But they wanted to live on me all the time."—*Life*.

China Big Hemp Producer.

The production of hemp in China, the original home of the plant, is greater than that of any other country except Russia in normal times.

She Is Like the Reed.

Woman is like the reed which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.—*Archbishop Whately*.

Canadian Forests.

The extent of Canada's woodlands and forests is said to exceed 805,000,000 acres.

Teaching These Times.

Dear Teacher: What are you doing to make history and geography real to your schoolroom?

Do you realize that the best of all maps is the map drawn by the pupil himself?

Can each of your pupils make a free hand map of Europe and locate important places?

Do you drill your pupils in the correct spelling and pronunciation of the names of places and persons that appear in the day's doings?

Are you awake to the fact that this is the most critical age in the world's history, that history is now in the making, and that the children should be given exact information in simple form, so that they can discuss world events with their elders and thus receive the best possible kind of education?

Have you digested and reduced the history of each of the countries of Europe to its simplest form, eliminating confusing details, so that your pupils know clearly the story of each nation?

Do your pupils understand exactly why America entered the war? who started the war?

Have you made plain to your pupils the difference between democracy and autocracy?

Can you not select some ringing patriotic sentence from among the great utterances of this day, for instance from some speech of Wilson, Lloyd George or Clemenceau, for the children to memorize?

Do your pupils understand why we have been called upon to buy Liberty bonds, do they know all about thrift stamps and war savings certificates, and are all of your pupils doing their bit?

Have you explained food conservation, why we must save on certain foods and exactly how to do so?

Do your pupils know the words of all the verses of "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner"?

Do they know how to salute the flag and the rules governing the display of the flag?

Can they name all of the Allied countries at war with Germany?

Are they familiar with the Allied flags?

Do they know about the work of the Red Cross, of the Young Men's Christian Association, of the Knights of Columbus, and of the Jewish Welfare Board?

Do they know what an Enemy Alien is, and what "interning" means?

And what is a Neutral Nation, and what are its rights and duties?

Have you explained to them the proposed League of Nations and why it should be formed?

Do you ask each pupil to select the most important item of yesterday's news, and discuss with them its meaning?

Do you ask well-informed men and women of your community to make short talks to your pupils on current events?

Do you encourage your pupils to ask questions on world topics?

Do you realize that you are forming the democracy of tomorrow and that it is essential that the children under your care know what America stands for and what are their simple duties?—By Dr. Frank Crane.

War Savings Stamps Blue.

Washington, D. C.—New war savings stamps, to be issued after January 1, will be blue instead of green and will bear a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, Secretary McAdoo announced. The same thrift stamps and thrift cards will continue to be used and exchanged for \$5 war savings stamps by the method now in use. The 1919 series will mature January 1, 1924.

"So you think Katherine made a very suitable match?"

"Yes, indeed. You know what a nervous, excitable girl she was. Well, she married a composer."

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

TO-MORROW NEVER ARRIVES.

Always lookin' forward to an easy-goin' time.
When the world seems movin' careless like a bit of idle rhyme;
A day when there is nothin' that kin make you sigh or fret;
Always lookin' forward—but I haven't seen it yet.
—Washington Star.

What's in a Shoe?

What's in a shoe?
Whence comes the material? When you look at a shoe you see the four corners of the globe pulled together in it.

Begin with the bottom, or sole, made from the hide of a Texas steer, tanned in oak from Pennsylvania forests. And the heel is of South American dry hide, tanned in hemlock bark.

It's a kid skin shoe you have? It looks it, although one can never tell for sure these days. The vamp is made of a goat of Brazil. It is tanned with chrome from Caledonia, is blacked with log wood from Jamaica, and is glazed with glass from Austria.

The top is of a skin tanned in Algeria, brought to Peabody and there returned and finished. The tongue is of sheep leather. The sheep was raised in Argentina. The leather linings are of skins of sheep raised in Australia. The sheep skins were tanned in sunnec from Sicily.

The leather of which the shoe is made is fastened together with thread of Irish linen or Georgia cotton. The laces are of Egyptian or long fibre Sea Island cotton, tough and strong. The buttons are of bone, pearl or paper, American or European. The eye-lets are of brass, coated with celluloid. The brass comes from munition factories, when they are willing to give any up. The celluloid comes from the gun-powder factories.

The tacks are made by the millions, in Massachusetts, of steel from the United Steel Corporation. The same is true of the heel nails, and of the spikes in the arches of the shoes. If a person prefers wooden pegs he may get them at a New Hampshire shoe shop.

The welt may be of pigskin. The pig was killed in Chicago, Ill., and his pelt was tanned in Peabody. His bristles were saved and made into brushes for cleaning the shoes.

Between the outside and the insole of the shoe is the "filler," a composition of rubber from Ceylon cut with naphtha and mixed with ground cork from Portugal. The insole, perhaps, may be of fibre, coated with a sheet of leather. But more likely it is of felt, filled with shellac, to make it stiff. But still more likely it is oil leatherboard, or of celluloid, or scraps of leather pasted together with flour paste and compressed.

The felt is made of waste woolen, perhaps old coats. The shellac is from the lac tree of India and the leatherboard is made down in Maine comes from Brazil, and the shoes are blacked with a blacking of which wax is a chief part.

There are forty-seven other things in a shoe.—*Ex.*

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Coats That Must Make Good



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A. FAUBLE.

Allegheny St., 58-4 BELLEFONTE, PA.

Potato Diggers

The late crop of Potatoes promises to be good and with the labor question very unsettled, there will be a demand for efficient Potato Diggers. The

Success Jr. Potato Digger

is efficient. It not only lays potatoes on the ground but every potato on top of the ground and in plain view of the pickers. The price is right. Supply is small so let us have your order early. They are extensively used in this vicinity and have given satisfaction to every user. If you are in need of an elevator machine, we can fix you up.

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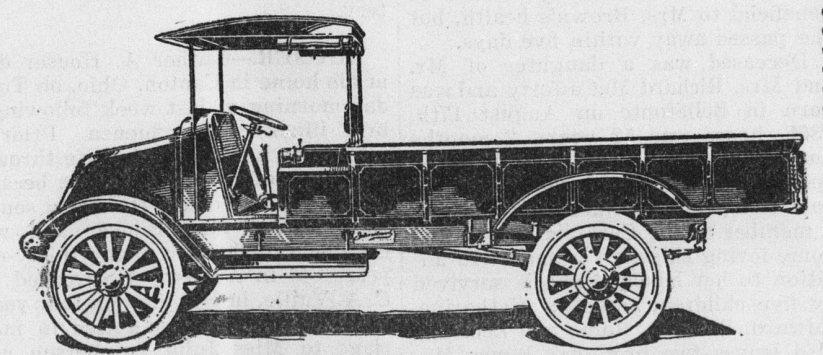
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