

THE SOLDIER'S CLUB.

The pleasantest time by the watch on my wrist.
That gem of a soldier's bauble,
Is the hour that frees me to keep my
tryst.
My tryst at the Red Triangle.
It isn't as big as an aerodrome:
We rub khaki elbows, but
'Tis the soldier's club and the soldier's
home.
The Y. M. C. A. hut.
I keep my tryst with my mother there,
Where paper and pens are handy;
I tell her I'm glad to be doing my share,
I tell her I'm fine and dandy.
I keep my tryst there with a sweetheart
mine,
Though I'd like to swat the censor,
There's a little word that I underline
To make its love intenser.
And there, at rest from the rage of war,
Our thoughts we disentangle;
A fellow learns what he's fighting for,
As he loafs at the Red Triangle.
It isn't as big as an aerodrome:
We rub khaki shoulders, but
'Tis the soldier's club and the soldier's
home.
The Y. M. C. A. Hut.
—Katharine Lee Bates.

THE BECK FAMILY BUYS AN AUTOMOBILE.

By Ellen Hassel, State College.

"Well," announced Mr. Beck, beaming at his family who were all seated around the dinner table, "I have bought an automobile."
This piece of news was greeted with howls of delight from the two younger members of the family and nods of approval from Mrs. Beck and her eighteen year old daughter, Gertrude. "I will run it for you," volunteered Miss Gertrude who was wearing her hair up for the first time and consequently felt too dignified to express her delight in the same way as her younger brother and sister.
"You run it!" scoffed Charles. "You are a girl. You couldn't run it. I'm going to do that!"
"If Charles can do it, I guess I can," said Janet who felt it her duty as the twin sister of Charles to do everything that he did.
"See here, Charles and Janet"—began Gertrude.
"Stop your quarreling, children!" commanded Mr. Beck. "That car is not to be trifled with. No one in this family shall run it except myself. Do you understand?"
"Adam Beck!" said Mrs. Beck haughtily, pausing in the midst of pouring a cup of coffee. "If I can't run the car, no one else can. You will secure a license for me directly after dinner."
Mr. Beck acquiesced hastily. Accordingly, a license was secured for Mrs. Beck who was the first to use the car.
"For," as she told the family that evening, "there is going to be a Woman Suffrage parade tomorrow. Our car is to represent the 'Funeral of Man's Dominion' and will lead the procession. Back of us will come the 'Woman's Victory Over Man' car and so on."
"But," gasped Mr. Beck, looking at his wife in amazement, "you have never touched a car in your life before!"
"Mrs. Gibbons said she would teach me how to start it and of course I can make it stop," said Mrs. Beck. "Mrs. Gibbons said it was not hard to run. All its gears work quite easy, for a new car. She thinks it is very pretty."
"Mrs. Gibbons wants a ride, I suppose," answered Mr. Beck savagely, determined to find fault in some way. "And, besides the car isn't new. It is second-hand." With these parting remarks Mr. Beck hurried away, fearing to hear what she might say in reply.
The following day the whole town seemed in a state of the greatest excitement. Flags and pennants were floating from every house. By one o'clock crowds of people were standing on both sides of the street waiting eagerly for the parade.
At the end of the avenue stood the large mansion in which Judge Callaghan lived and which was considered one of the most beautiful homes in the city. It stood on a hill, and green, velvety terraces sloped gently upward to the main part of the lawn in front of the house. Beautiful beds of geraniums grew near the large marble pillars supporting the porch. Mrs. Callaghan, who was a delicate, nervous little lady took special pride and delight in these flowers. She did not allow anyone but herself to touch them. Year after year she tended and cared for them until at that time, finer specimens could not be seen anywhere else in the country. From the hill one could obtain a fine view of the residential section of the city. At its foot the avenue came to an abrupt end, meeting a street running at right angles to it. Bending over the geraniums was a woman clad in white. Suddenly she stood erect and remarked to her husband who was comfortably ensconced in an easy chair on the porch. "They never were more beautiful, Dave. Just look at this pink one."
"Eh! Oh!—yes—beautiful," said the Judge without taking his gaze from the collecting crowd below.
Mrs. Callaghan did not appear to notice but gave her beloved geraniums a parting touch and then took a seat at her husband's side.
"How nice it is that we can see everything from here without getting so close to it," she mused. "I never did like to mix in with such a large crowd."
"Well," said the Judge, "I never did have much time for these suffragettes and I guess they notice they always steer clear of me—except when they are forced in my presence by the law."
"Listen! I believe it's coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Callaghan. "Isn't that the band? Hurry, Elmiria!" (this to an old colored mammy just emerging from the house) "It's coming!"
Mammy waddled as fast as possible to the spot indicated by her mis-

stress out on the lawn where she could see everything. "Lawsy! Look at all that po' white trash down dere," she exclaimed. "Yo' right, missy, de bands' a comin'!"
Sure enough the distant strains of music from a band could be heard and the people craned their necks to catch the first sight of the parade. Then it slowly came into sight, looking like a little dark spot in the distance. It gradually grew larger and separated itself into distinct objects as it drew nearer. Two ladies on horseback were leading, holding between them a large banner on which was printed in large black letters, "Votes for Women." Next came the "Funeral of Man's Dominion" car. This was draped in black crepe and was supposed to represent a hearse.
Mrs. Beck was at the wheel looking serenely around on the sea of faces on either side of her. Everything was going smoothly until she happened to see Mr. Beck peering at her from behind a telephone pole. He was a very conscientious man, and, knowing of his wife's ignorance concerning automobiles, had prudently selected the telephone pole as a life preserver in case of necessity. Gertrude and the twins stood near him. "Look at ma!" yelled Charles. "Hey—Ma! Ma!"
"Charles!" reproved Gertrude, in a shocked voice. "How can you act so? Stand still and keep quiet and do say 'mother' instead of 'ma.'"
It was at that moment that Mrs. Beck perceived the group. She turned completely to throw a glance of triumph at her husband and in so doing touched the accelerator. The car responded to the touch instantly, shooting forward at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Two seconds, and Mrs. Beck had left all her companions in the parade far behind.
The car rushed between the two ladies so badly that in jumping both ladies were tossed, one after the other, in the midst of the startled crowd.
The crowd gave a startled gasp and in the instant's hush that followed Charles was the first to find his voice. "Ma's gone!" he yelled and Gertrude did not think to correct him. Then a general clamor began.
Poor Mrs. Beck, meanwhile, was clinging desperately to the seat, not knowing what she had done, or how she was to stop. She had long ago given up the attempt of guiding the car, and now it glided according to its own sweet will from one side of the road to the other. The people scattered in all directions. Vehicles ran up on the sidewalk hoping to escape destruction. A dozen or more policemen jumped on their motorcycles and started in pursuit. Some one sent in a fire alarm and soon the sharp whistle and clang of the engines could be heard to add to the general din and confusion of the crowd. And still Mrs. Beck rode on up the avenue.
"A boisterous funeral," observed Judge Callaghan but his wife didn't hear him. She was shrieking wildly. "Some one will be killed!" and didn't have time to pay any heed to his jokes.
Then, even the Judge began to get alarmed for the run away car was nearing the sharp turn at the foot of the hill. Would Mrs. Beck follow the road or continue on her straight course? The former could hardly be expected as the lady in question was standing in the car waving both arms frantically and calling for help. The people were not long in doubt.
"Land a massy! Chile, de p'rade's comin' up!" cried mammy stumbling all over herself in her great efforts to reach the house.
"Run!" commanded the Judge. "It really is coming, Nancy."
Mrs. Callaghan did not need to be told, so still she stood rooted to the ground and screamed fearfully: "Oh, Dave, save my geraniums!"
The automobile did not swerve from its course but went on, over the curbstone, across the sidewalk up both terraces and over Mrs. Callaghan's choice geranium beds, not stopping until it bumped into one of the pillars supporting the roof.
For the next few moments all that could be heard was Mrs. Beck's cry of "Let me out! Let me out! Won't someone get me out of this?" And Mrs. Callaghan's more feeble wails concerning "My poor, dear geraniums!"
The Judge's voice could be heard now and then trying to soothe them. "The door is open, Madam; just step out. The pink one is still intact, Nancy. Stop your screaming, Madam. Why in the name of common sense don't you get out? Your nerves, Nancy, be calm."
Mrs. Beck finally did get out and fell in the arms of her panting husband who had just arrived. It was Charles who finally restored peace and silence. "Ma'am, she hain't hurt your geraniums any!" he yelled in the tearful Mrs. Callaghan's ear. He led her over to the bed, "see! the wheels went right between the plants."
"Why, you dear little boy," exclaimed Mrs. Callaghan smiling through her tears. "So they did. They aren't hurt badly, after all." And she was so relieved that she actually broke off the beautiful pink blossom and presented it to him telling him she would give him a slip any time he wanted it.
Mr. Beck, the Judge, and several other men succeeded in getting the car in the road again but Mrs. Beck refused to ride another inch in it so she and her family were driven home in a carriage.
To say Mr. Beck was busy for the next few days is putting it mildly. He had to pay a large sum to repair Judge Callaghan's lawn and another for hospital expenses, for the two ladies who were hurled from their horses. He was besieged by newspaper reporters and he was forced to hire a guard to accompany him wherever he went on account of a body of enraged suffragettes who vowed vengeance for his wife's conduct.
However, both Mr. and Mrs. Beck managed to live through it.
The next week this announcement appeared in the paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Beck and family have left on a trip to the woods of New Hampshire where they will camp during the hot summer months." Then added, "they have sold what remains of their automobile to William Teakle, the junk dealer, for twenty-five cents."
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Health and Happiness



Durand hospital mask, devised by Miss Charlotte Johnson, superintendent. The gauze (44 by 40 mesh) is cut 8 inches wide and 23 inches long. The sides and one end are turned down one-quarter inch. It is folded twice, the unturned end first, making a 7 1/2 inch square. The opposite diagonal corners are cut off 1 inch and the raw edge is turned in one-half inch. It is stitched firmly all around. A 1-inch dart 1 1/2 inches long is taken up at the middle of each side of the mask. A 14-inch tape is sewed on the opposite uncut corners. This mask has the advantage of covering the nose and mouth and in making the traction on the chin and not drawing on the nose and lips.—American Medical Journal.

Influenza.

Influenza, whether it goes by the name "Russian," "Spanish" or what not, is no new disease. Its name indicates that, for it was given it in the days when the stars were believed to "influence" the human body to the extent of afflicting it with disease. The name was applied by the Italians. Even the word "grip" was used by the French two hundred years ago. In 1493 the Paris law courts had to be closed on account of an epidemic and in 1427 sermons had to be abandoned on account of the coughing and sneezing that went on. Epidemics of varying severity have occurred at intervals of about twenty years, the last occurring in 1891 and being, in some regions, at least, far more severe than the present outbreak. More than one epidemic has interfered with military events of the time. Just how these epidemics are set going no one knows, but one cause of their periodicity is that in the intervals a crop of humanity has grown up which is highly susceptible to the invasion by the germ. The best one can do to avoid the disease is to avoid taking into his nose or mouth any discharge which has come from the mouths or noses of those affected. This means, of course, that we should keep at a safe distance from the sneezing or coughing person or wear a mask over the nose and mouth (a handkerchief folded with four thicknesses and held or tied over the mouth and nose will answer, we should not use the dishes or towels of another until they have been boiled, and should wash our hands after waiting on the sick and before eating. In the epidemic of 1891 quinine (two grains a day) was highly lauded by prominent English physicians as preventive, though we do not know of its effectiveness in the present outbreak. The new vaccination method of prevention promises to be very useful. It resembles in method the vaccination for typhoid. As

for cure, there is none, except to go to bed and stay there until your family physician says it is absolutely safe for you to get up. If one has the disease he should, of course, try to prevent the discharge from his mouth and nose from reaching others. Effective masks for the sick are made of ten layers of fine gauze, three layers of butter cloth or one of Turkish toweling. They are made five inches wide by eight inches long, should cover both the mouth and nose and are fastened on by two tapes sewed to the corners of the mask. Masks for those in attendance on the sick can be made in the same way. Masks should be so marked that the side exposed toward the patient is never worn next the face.

TAKING SOMETHING.

"Don't you take something for your cold?" inquired an anxious friend because there appeared no signs of our addiction to pills or drops.

Some people must always be putting something into their stomachs for every ailment, and as it is not always something which is pleasant that they thus take in, they must think it acts as a cure. Since they think it helps, of course it does in so far as thinking so helps being so. Remedies for colds and other such ailments are more likely to be helpful if applied to the outside of the body. Hot foot baths, mustard foot baths, hot blankets, hot baths, wet compresses to chest or throat, as the need may be, a bed applied to the back, have much more influence than drugs which go by the red line, nor do they offend that long-suffering catch-all, the stomach. Even if you must have any or all occasions, do not worry if your friends seem to survive without such assistance, and always choose something to take which is harmless and pleasant rather than nauseous and irritating to your interior. James F. Rogers, M. D., in Christian Advocate.

The Worst Yet.

Johnny handed the teacher the following note from his mother:
Dere Teacher.—You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his diaframs. May be rich children has got diaframs, but

how about when there father only makes one dollar and fifty cents a day and has got five children to keep? First it's one thing then it's another, and now it's diaframs. That's the worst yet.—The Watchword.

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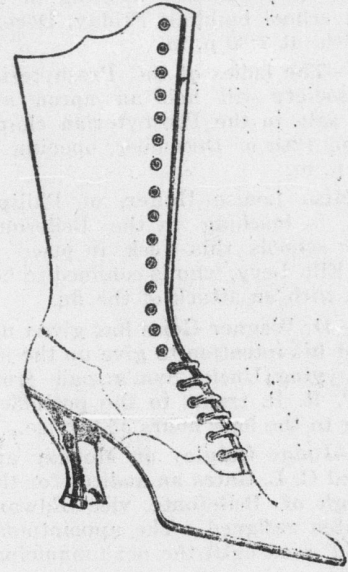
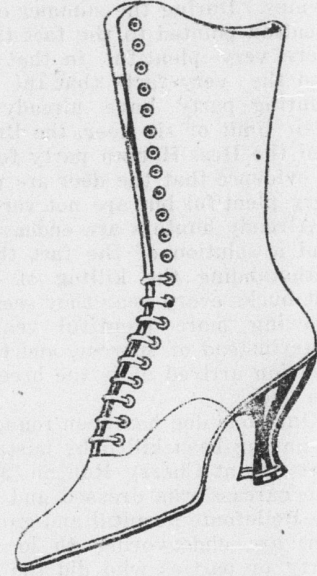
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