

Mastering One Sport.

As to the ski, one might write a chapter. However, briefly, these points should be considered: The grain should be even, free from knots, and running parallel with the ski; on no account choose heavy or broad-bladed ski—to arrive fresh at the top of one's climb is half of the battle. Neither should the ski be too short; they must at least reach to the wrist of the hand extended above the head, preferably to the finger-tips.

The particular binding chosen to fix the ski to the feet is a matter of personal preference; the straps stretch in use, and the surplus must be cut off, as long or projecting ends sometimes cause a fall. When the clamps of the ski are being fixed to the boots, try kneeling forward on the ski; with clamps that will not permit of this one runs a risk of breaking one's toes when one has a fall forward. A pair of ski-skis is a luxury, but these strips placed on the bottom of the ski economize energy in climbing, preventing one ignominiously running backward.

A pair of ski sticks, a rucksack—which should contain, among other things wanted on the journey, a scraper, duster and ski wax for use when the snow is new-fallen and likely to ball and stick to the blades. It is, perhaps, just as well, before going, to know theoretically the rudiments of skiing. One is then more ready to understand and profit by instructions, as it is not always possible to put on one's ski at the hotel door and depart on them (nor is it advisable for the beginner to attempt to do so); and, as there is a method even in carrying ski, you may as well know it. Put the blades back to back, with the foot-plate just above the shoulder, the heel end in the palm of the hand, both sticks over the other shoulder, crossing underneath the ski; this distributes the weight. To put on the ski, stamp the foot well home in the clamp and fix whatever binding has been chosen round the heel.

It is just as well to experiment with various bindings and see which suits the individual requirements; they are very easily changed; the only question is, which one finds easiest to adjust.

To walk on ski, swing along easily from the hips, sliding the blades so that they practically rub as they pass each other. The weight thrown well forward—this is almost throughout the golden rule of skiing, and, undoubtedly, it is a rule that wars with one's instincts. One feels that one is merely expediting the inevitable fall by rushing, as it were, head first down the slopes. Quite the reverse, however, is true. Never hurry in walking, climbing, or in picking one's self up after a fall; one thus economizes vigor, and any time that is lost is amply made up by increased speed in running. Do not climb a slope more steeply than is necessary; it requires a little judgment to slip at what gradient one's ski will slip backward. In climbing, the weight should be well down the back of the leg and on the heel; the ski should be raised and stamped lightly but firmly down with each step. Herring-boning can be used for steep places. The principle is the same as in stemming downhill, to which I shall come presently.

Sidestepping is employed for yet steeper places, with the ski at right angles to the slope. The kick turn has next to be considered, as both in climbing and running one has to make use of it—to lessen the steepness, one zig-zags across the mountain, one to the left, we will say, and then wishes to repeat the performance to the right; it is no easy matter to right-about-face on a slope, cumbered with those lengthy strips of wood unless one knows how. There is precedent to prove that it can be done by lying on one's back in the snow and, in this position, turning the ski in the air! For the more dignified method or kick turn, first see that the skis are parallel with the slope—that is, not pointing up or down hill; if one is climbing, the upper ski should be moved first, if descending, the lower; extend the leg straight, raising it to level of the hip with the heel resting on the ski, which will then be upright, taking care not to stab the heel into the snow; turn the raised blade and lower it until it lies along the other, tip to heel. Standing firmly on the newly placed ski, bring the other into position alongside; one is then facing in exactly the opposite direction.

For descending slopes there are two main positions; the same rule applies to both. One ski should always be at least six inches or seven inches in advance of the other, and the blades should be as close together as possible, it being the aim of every good beginner to leave a single track on the snow, and this can naturally not be accomplished if the ski are wide apart. The telemark position is that in which the weight is over the front foot, the other foot being employed in keeping the ski together. In the second position the weight is on the back leg, the front one being extended in a steering capacity. Always vary the leg which is leading; it is a mistake to get accustomed to skiing always with a particular leg in front. To check one's speed, is known as stemming; the stemming turn must next be learned. Keeping the tips of the ski in position, press out with the heels against the snow till the heels of the ski are as wide apart as one can stretch by shifting the weight from one foot to the other one alters one's direction to right or left. Stick grimly to your course and steer up hill if you wish to stop. Do not get into the habit of falling; it is very easy to sit weakly down when you are uncertain or in difficulties; if you must fall, fall sideways if possible. When one is a little more advanced one will learn the christiana and telemark swings with which one can stop more or less dead in the middle of a rapid descent. For the telemark swing lunge the foot as far forward as possible with the weight over the knee—not behind it—leaving no weight and only the toes resting on the rear ski, press out with the heel of the advanced ski against the snow and you will

swing round at right angles, carrying the other ski with you. For the christiana swing, bend the knees slightly, ski together, one in front of the other; the weight in the heels; extend your arm straight as if pointing at something a little behind you, turning the head over that shoulder; your balance will follow your arm and head, and you will again turn at right angles.

With an instructor and two or three other beginners, take your way to some distant, unfrequented slopes, and there, having discarded the support of ski-sticks, set about acquiring what is one of the most fascinating of sports.—A. B. C., in Philadelphia Record.

Studebaker Capacity to be Increased to 160,000 Cars Per Year.

If nothing unforeseen intervenes, the construction of the modern new automobile plant, which was started by the Studebaker Corporation at South Bend, Indiana, in 1916, will be completed January 1, 1920. Considerable progress in the construction of the new plant was accomplished in the execution of orders for military supplies for the government and, when finished, the new plant will have a capacity of 100,000 cars per annum which with the facilities of the Detroit plants of 60,000 cars per annum will double the capacity of the corporation, and give it manufacturing advantages unexcelled in the country from the standpoint of efficient and economical manufacture.

The new plant at South Bend is devoted to the production of the new Light-Four cars, while the Detroit plants will continue the production of Six-cylinder cars and automobile parts. The layout and design of the buildings and equipment of the new plant are the concrete result of the experience of study of the engineers and manufacturing experts of the corporation, assisted by engineering staff of James Stewart & Company, Inc., of New York city, whose long experience and engineering reputation are world wide.

The buildings are of modern type, concrete and steel construction, and are grouped to promote the simplicity and economical movement of work in progress necessary to quantity manufacture and low costs. Adequate and convenient stockrooms are provided for finished products. Every known and proven mechanical device for reducing costs and eliminating handling such as standard gauge railroad with Studebaker equipment, industrial railways, traveling cranes, magnets, power and gravity conveyors and labor saving machinery are introduced in the best known arrangement. The total area of the buildings will be 2,354,500 square feet, consisting of a machine shop, assembling building, foundry, forge shop, heat treating building, stamping plant, tool room, car test building, storage building and shipping platform.

Another building belonging to the same group is the 8,000 H. P. Power House already completed and equipped with sixteen boilers with automatic stokers. This noteworthy expansion of Studebaker's manufacturing facilities, coming at a time when the whole world is faced with problems of reconstruction, is ample evidence of the Corporation's unbounded faith in the future of the automobile industry. It offers most striking proof of the solidity and permanence of this world-famed institution and its determination to keep abreast of the times, and maintain the highest possible degree of manufacturing efficiency.

When all this is completed the Beezer agency in this place, will have no trouble in supplying all the demands for Studebaker cars.

Salt From Sea Water.

The use of salt for seasoning and preserving food is so ancient that the earliest written records refer to it. For many centuries practically all the salt used by the human race was produced by the evaporation of sea water. This method of obtaining salt is still employed in many localities where the conditions are favorable. A flat stretch of sea coast and a hot and dry climate are necessary if salt is to be gotten from sea water. An ideal locality for this industry is the coast on the Bay of Cadiz, Spain. The sea water is allowed to collect in shallow basins, barely above high water mark. As the water evaporates, the various salts contained in the sea water crystallize out and form a crust which is removed and shoveled in small heaps. There the salts undergo the first stage of purification. The edible salt is drained from the other salts which constitute the greater part of the impurities. The edible salt crystallizes out first, while the other salts retain the water and form a concentrated brine which is allowed to run into ditches dug for that purpose.

The partly purified salt is then gathered into large heaps. Occasional rains wash out the more easily soluble impurities, and the hot sun dries the salt on the surface of the pile. Although it still contains about 15 per cent. of impurities it is shipped in large quantities without further refining.

A considerable part of the crude salt is used locally for curing and pickling. The refining of the salt for table use is left to the numerous small local refineries scattered throughout the country.—Popular Science.

Sioux Dance of Victory Restaged.

Fargo, North Dakota.—The Sioux dance of victory, last staged by Indians on the evening following Sitting Bull's massacre of General Custer's soldiers, was revived on November 30, in commemoration of the allied victory over Germany, according to the Rev. Adam McG. Beede, who brings the story of the ceremonial from the Standing Rock Indian Reservation.

On that occasion the Sioux nation also adopted a flag which hereafter will be displayed underneath the flag of the United States on Indian state occasions. Indian orators, upon the occasion of the victory dance, addressed tribesmen upon the victory of the United States, one declaring that "when they, the Germans, put away their barbarism, then we will give them their sacred place by the campfire of nations."—Christian Science Monitor.

Souvenirs of Heroic Past Fill President Wilson's Paris Home.

The White House in Paris.—The Prince de Murat, who offered his Paris home to the President of the United States, took me over every nook so that I might describe it to the folks back home. We Americans over here are calling it the White House because it is so much easier to say than "28 Rue de Monceau" or "the residence of the Prince de Murat where President Wilson is staying." In truth, the mansion is about the size and shape of the White House. But at this point the similarity stops.

I was given the opportunity of a private view, conducted by Prince Murat himself. Situated in a quiet residential section of Paris, the spacious grounds are surrounded by a thick stone wall about twenty feet high, with at least thirty feet more of lattice, entirely covered by English ivy on top of that. Quite different from the open fence in Washington. Here secrecy reigns supreme, the only entrance being a heavy oak gate cautiously opened by the concierge from her little lodge.

"Are you glad the Americans are here?" I asked her. "So far it has only meant trouble, people coming and going in and out. I am in the service of the Princess," she said. As she is to remain at her post it is to be hoped she will become more enthusiastic over "les Americans" after a while. Just then Monsieur le Prince drove by. He and Prince Murat, formerly Mlle Furtado-Heine, whose mother had built the house, have not lived in it for four years. "It is the war," explained the Prince. "We were at our place in Chambley, Oise, when it broke out and there we stayed." He didn't tell me about the soldiers they had cared for until asked. They had 150 beds in their chateau and have cared for 2000 wounded during the war. Theirs is the usual experience of French aristocracy.

WHOLE FAMILY IN WAR.

"La Princess administered the hospital," explained the Prince, "and my only daughter, la Baronne Lejeune, was in charge of the whole time. She was married just before the war, the baron killed in the beginning, and now she is at Cannes recovering from the effects of it all." The six sons of the family, all unmarried, have also served and are serving. Two are captains in the French tank service, one an artillery captain, another a lieutenant attached to the staff in the Orient, another has lost a leg in aviation and still another killed in the So me.

Their home is housing the President of the United States.

As we walked across the gravelled courtyard the Prince pointed to the fresh white paint outlining window panes and to new rhododendrons clustered about the entrance. "In honor of the President," he said, "and gardeners have been busy cleaning up the park. In truth, the sloping lawns, the green in December, were neat as the ivy-hung trees trim and trim.

Once inside the regal marble entrance, one steps into a Napoleonic atmosphere. The first Prince de Murat was the great marshal under Napoleon who beat back the Prussian Guard at the battle of Jena, who married the Emperor's sister, Caroline, who was made King of Naples. Souvenirs of Napoleon, the man who nearly conquered Europe, are all about. Will the man who now occupies this mansion really conquer Europe in December, the wonders. The Prince pointed to a bronze statue of the Emperor on horseback in his days of glory. "That is the artist's model for the great monument planned by Napoleon for a conspicuous place in Paris, in front of the Invalides. This is the model but the final statue was never achieved."

TELEPHONE SYSTEM INSTALLED.

America has stepped in with its telephone system. Even as we opened the door to a small breakfast room, United States signal corps men were still busy with the installation which connects the President by wire and wireless to all parts of the earth, and keeps him in constant touch with Washington. "Don't you think this a desecration in your beautiful home?" I asked the Prince. "Not at all," he answered. "I am enchanted to accommodate the President of the United States. And, besides, I have closets with America, because part of my family fled there in exile after the overthrow of the Empire. The Prince Achilles, elder son of the King of Naples, married a Miss Frazer, and my own father was born over there. I am not sure, without looking up the records, whether it was in Philadelphia or Baltimore. But you can understand that I must have a fondness for America."

The next floor is entirely taken up by the private suites of the Prince and Princess, used by President and Mrs. Wilson. The President has a large bedroom, sitting-room, dressing-room, bath-room and study of the Prince. While Mrs. Wilson occupies the equally important suite of rooms of the Princess. The only other room on this floor is a library with rows and rows of leather covered books, but its most conspicuous feature is a large painting signed by Davi, 1817. It represents two beautiful figures of Daphne and Chloe. In all these rooms the furniture is imperial particularly characteristic in the Prince's bedroom, where the bed, shaped like a cradle, is so suggestive of Napoleon's five-foot stature that certain people are wondering whether the President can use it.

On the third floor are all the rooms of the sons and daughter of the house and that of their old tutor; above, servants' quarters, and down in the basement, marvelously equipped kitchens with a subterranean passage from the street. "The French government has engaged a chef from Larue's restaurant," said the Prince. "I am sorry, because my own is the best in Paris."—By Constance Drexel.

Sweet Innocent.

Newed—Did you run short of flour Helen? The pie crust doesn't half cover the pie.

Mrs. Newed—I know dear; your mother told me that you liked your pie crust very short.—Boston Transcript.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

What Animal Trainers Say.

It was a woman horseback rider whom I was interviewing. She had "trained and ridden" in this and foreign countries. Her husband was an elephant trainer.

Beginning with the oft-repeated prerogative of animal trainers, she said: "Oh, we train them by kindness! You must show them that you are master. Make them in awe of you. They have an instinct that tells them if you are afraid of them. If animals did not so magnify man's strength and power over them, they could not be trained. Dogs and elephants have the longest memories. With elephants you must be firm.

"A German trainer when I was riding at the London Hippodrome saw that one of the lions unwilling to do his tricks. He managed to get him through the performance, but as soon as he had him alone, the trainer shot out one of the lion's eyes. He did this to show his power and to keep the lion in fear of him."

Speaking of her own dog, this woman said: "If he didn't mind, I would make him or kill him."

"Animal trainers," she said, "slashed the whip on the floor." "Alas! if they only 'slashed it on the floor!'" I said to her, "If animals could talk."

"Yes," she replied, "but if they could talk, especially the monkeys, they'd have to work!"

The voice in which she conversed was coarse and reminded one of a megaphone in power. What could it be then to be frightened, cowering animal when used to its fullest capacity in training?

I talked with a famous leopard-trainer, after a performance in Buffalo. Throughout the performance one would judge that she loved her leopards to distraction, often patting (?) them with her pronged stick and caressing them, apparently, in various ways. But was her affection for them the only topic of her conversation? No! she dwelt upon the wounds she had received from these animals. Why did they give these wounds? One does not have to think long to guess the answer!

I have received the confession of animal trainers as to the hard life, the sufferings which have been imposed on their victims. Trainers are surprisingly truthful at times. "I make them howl," remarked a dog trainer to me, after a performance in Cleveland, at the same time grinning as if it were the lightest of jokes. He freely denounced "humane people" and showed me a coiled whip concealed in his right palm. I noticed he had often faced the tiny poodles during his performance, holding up his right hand to their view. No wonder they appeared at times almost frantic with fright! What did that whip mean to them? You can guess as well as I.

A manager of a zoological company who has had forty years' experience with wild animals said in defense of his business that the animals kept in his zoo were in better "coat" and would live longer than if they had been left in their natural environment. Alas, he completely ignored the fact of their being robbed of their precious liberty, the wild, free life to which they were born! As if length of years were to be compared to that. "Do we count life by passing years and minutes?"

No, but by all the joy and freedom in it!"

Said he, "I have had polar bears caged for thirty-two years, and lions and tigers for nineteen years." Many other instances did he relate of the long lives of his zoo animals.

I talked with a ten-year-old girl who had been brought up in circus life. Her father had "trained" in many countries "across."

"My papa trained elephants," said she. "They have long poles with prongs. They stick them into them. My papa trained Fritz, the second largest elephant. Fritz 'went bad' and they couldn't do anything with him. They drowned him in the Hudson River."

The little girl seemed to have a genuine love of animals. She said, "I love everything on four legs. When I was a baby I would put my arms around the elephant's neck when they held me up to him."

It seemed that she had never been allowed to see the "trainings" the hideously cruel scenes "behind the scenes."

I have been in zoos that were torture chambers, one where an immense tiger could scarcely turn around in his cage.

In Chicago I attended an animal show with the intention of visiting for humanitarian purposes a special "lion-training." My heart sickened even at the cries before I entered. I could not go in!

I hate the animal-training business in my very soul. I shall fight it with voice and pen to the end of my days. By the awakened sentiment of the people the Legislatures will be compelled to take up these matters. The iron force of the law can accomplish these things, but it is only made possible by the voice of the people.

Awake, not only you who are not gripped at the cruelty, but you thoughtful christian people who give these things your patronage, either for your own pleasure or for "the children's sake," or you people who say "I always supposed such things were ruled by kindness," or you who laugh in the faces of these cringing, tortured creatures and say, "O, how cute!"

I entreat you to lend your influence to bring the day near, when the dumb shall no longer be tortured and whipped and choked behind the scenes to furnish pleasure to the laughing crowd.—By Alice Jean Cleator, in Our Dumb Animals.

"Roosevelt," New Name Proposed for Canal.

Boston.—Lieut. Governor Channing H. Cox sent a telegram to Senator Lodge asking him to introduce in Congress a resolution providing for the changing of the name of the Panama Canal to the Roosevelt Canal. "In this manner," said Lieutenant Governor Cox, "there would be linked together for all time the name of this great American leader and the great American contribution to the world."

Insures Life for Million.

Chicago.—William Wrigley Jr., millionaire and dominant stockholder in the Chicago National League baseball club, has taken a life insurance policy for \$1,000,000. The annual premium on the ordinary life plan will be \$60,000.

Eight physicians, representing twenty-two companies, among which the insurance will be apportioned, conducted the examination. "I never saw so many stethoscopes and little mallets which they pounded on my chest," said Wrigley after the examination. "They asked me how I kept in such a good condition. I told them the things I liked in life took place in the early part of the day and not late at night."

—Those who speak of their sons or brothers coming through the war "without a scratch" forgot about the cooties.—Boston Transcript.

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