

Bellefonte, Pa., February 14, 1919.

YOU AND YOU.

Every one of you won the war-You and you and you-Pressing and pouring forth, more and

Toiling and straining from shore to shore To reach the flaming edge of the dark Where man in his milions went up like a

You, in your thousands and millions com-All the sea ploughed with you, all the air

humming All the land loud with you, All our hearts proud with you, All our souls bowed with the awe of your

coming! Where's the Arch high enough, Lads, to receive you, Where's the eye dry enough, Dears, to perceive you,

When at last and at last in your glory you come Tramping home?

Every one of you won the war,

You and you and you-

You that carry an unscathed head, You that halt with a broken tread, And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead Lift up the Gates for these that are last,

That are last in the great Procession. Let the living pour in, take possession, Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,

The church and the college and mill, Back to the office, the store, the exchange, Back to the wife with the babe on her arm, Back to the mother that waits on the sill, And the supper that's hot on the range. And now, when the last of them all are by, Be the Gates lifted up on high

To let those Others in. Those Others, their brothers, that softly

That come so thick, yet take no ground, That are so many, yet make no sound, Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng, In your fifty thousand strong, Coming at dusk when the wreaths have

dropt, And streets are empty, and music stoppt, Silently coming to hearts that wait Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate. And hear your step and fly to your call-Every one of you won the war. But you, you Dead, most of all! -Edith Wharton, in Scribner's Magazine.

U. S. NAVAL FORCES LAID 70,-000 MINES.

Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss and Commander William Glassford, who achieved distinction with the American naval forces abroad, have arrived on beard the Lapland at New York. Admiral Strauss was head of the greatest mine-laying expedition ever attempted, when an American and British fleet, working under his order, spread 70,000 mines across the North Sea from the Scottish coast to Nor-way, 245 miles, and virtually bottled

"When the armistice came and some time before that, the work of the boys draw their halves of the laying the great field, 20 miles wide hearts, matching colors with the girls laying the great field, 20 miles wide and 245 miles long, was completed," said Admiral Strauss, "and long before that time we had begun to take toll from the Huns. We have positive information that many German the wall is drawn a large heart. The submarines were destroyed. Our players stand a short distance away, fleet consisted of eleven ships between 5000 and 6000 tons, four ocean tugs and several tenders and a force of

"We have laid 70,000 mines, and at one time laid 5500 mines in four hours. There were plans perfected to lay a complete mine barrier in the Mediterranean, when the armistice came and stopped further work. The British navy had three ships working

Commander Glassford was commander of the destroyer Shaw when her steering gear jammed at 6 o'clock in the morning of October 9. She was one of the convoys of the giant Cunarder Aquitania, then in the British channel loaded with American troops for a British port. It was a question of whether the Shaw would ram the Cunarder or Commander Glassford suffer his craft to be cut down. He chose the latter course, and the Shaw was cut in two just forward of the bridge by the knife-like bow of the Aquitania.

Sir Charles C. Allen, head of the Goaport Aircraft company, yachts-man, who arrived, said that had the British government allowed the use of an aircraft engine that had been developed the Atlantic would have been crossed by airships at least four times by this time.

"It is logical that a flying boat must be the craft to make the trans-Atlantic trip," said Sir Charles.
"We are building the largest flying boat in the world at the present time, which can make the trip and return at an economical speed of seventy-five miles an hour if necessary. It would be a sportsman's game to cross by airplane by high speed, but it is the flying boat that will be selected to make the voyage an undoubted success. It is doubtful if any crossing will be made before next year.'

Another Roosevelt Story.

"Theodore Roosevelt never failed to take a side or a stand in any argument or any fight," said Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, at a communi-ty memorial service in the First Con-gregational church at Wilmette. "Roosevelt was the most courageous men of his day," said Judge Lindsey.

man of his day," said Judge Lindsey. "He was the type of man the country needs as a political leader. I was with Col. Roosevelt when he was shot in Milwaukee. The bullet of the would-be assassin struck a folded speech in his pocket. In the speech were the names of a number of his enemies. Some of their names were obliterated by the bullet. At the hospital he smilingly remarked to me that his enemies had done him a service at last."

—Chicago Tribune.

The Infant Terrible.

Caller-How much your hair is like your mother's.
Little Girl-Oh, no, it isn't. Mam-

ma's comes off and mine don't.

VALENTINE MEMORIES AND GAMES.

St. Valentine's Day! What fond sentimental recollections of our youth it recalls! Even when we were boys we manufactured terrible Valentines, consisting of a very sanguine heart, or generally two hearts, pierced by an arrow, the artistic offering being drawn with a liberal amount of red ink, while underneath was sure to be some doggerel about mine, thine, di-

vine and valentine. Then there was, and still are, for that matter, the grotesque comic valentine, in which the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the plumber, the dude, the flirt, etc., are lampooned with slapstick satire a la Billy Sunday, if he wrote verse, though Heaven forbid! REAL HEART TEASERS.

There are many dainty and really artistic valentines, the receipt of which sets many a maid's heart a-flutter. The poets, of course, have sung eloquently about the day, and some of these songs, such as Herric's (who seems to have been a hack poet, for he sang about everything) give the origin of the pretty custom:

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins

Birds choose their mates, and couples, too, this day; But by their flight I never can divine When I shall couple with my valentine.

Praed, in "Song of the 14th of February," gives appropriate lines in his usual breezy way: Apollo has peeped through the shutter,

And awakened the witty and fair; The boarding-school belle's in a flutter, The two-penny post's in despair; The breath of the morning is flinging A magic on blossom, on spray,

And cockneys and sparrows are singing In chorus on Valentine's Day. Last year the Cockneys were singing

in the trenches, incidentally hearing the shots and shells "singing," and re ceiving as well as sending Valentines, though Mars is a ruthless rival of Cu-Of Valentines there are no end, be-

ing of all kinds, shapes and sizes. Of paper curiously shaped, (sang Bohn) Scribblers today of every sort, In verses Valentines y'clep'd To Venus chime their annual court. I, too, will swell the motley throng, And greet the all-auspicious day,

Whose privilege permits my song, My love thus secret to convey. St. Valentine's day is a pretty privilege for lovers, and an interesting one for everyone else, for as Emerson said, though we generally misquote it: "All mankind loves a lov-

Certain people, however, take an unfair advantage of the "all auspicious day" to send forth a spiteful caricature to an enemy, though in many cases there is no deliberate intention of insult, but a spirit of fun of the el-

emental variety. GAMES FOR THE DAY.

In fact, St. Valentine's day is a day of youthful frolic, and there are numerous ways of passing the evening delightfully. For instance, on the arrival of the guests partners may be up the German submarines operating chosen by giving each girl one-half of out of Heligoland and Kiel. different color, then, from a grab-bag, for partners.

Then for the jolly games! Putting an arrow in a heart is good fun. 'Tis done like this: On a white sheet on players stand a short distance away, and with sharp-pointed arrows try to hit and pierce the heart. This is harder to do than it sounds, as the arrows often rebound. This game can be made more interesting by blind-folding the players, turning them about to confuse their sense of direction, and then letting them try to pin the arrow on the heart (where they think it is). The way in which the players go, and where they pin their hearts furnishes no end of fun. The one who succeeds not only wins a prize, but will soon be happily mar-

MATCHING VALENTINES. Matching Valentines is another joly game. A comic Valentine is put into an envelope, a boy draws one from a bag, and his partner is given an envelope with a jumble of letters, and from these they are to write a verse appropriate for the Valentine. The original verse is written in a notebook, which the hostess keeps. After a given time each reads aloud what they have written, then the hestess reads from her notebook the corresponding poem. As the two are greatly different, plenty of fun is the

Many other interesting games can be played. The frolic should end with a dinner of light refreshments. tablecloth may be decorated with festoons of crimson paper hearts. Little Cupids will do for favors, and a large red cardboard heart for a centrepiece,

filled with candy and nuts. The menu should be suggestive of St. Valentine's day, such as doughnuts formed in lover's knots, heartshaped cakes with red icing, sandwiches cut in heart shapes, etc., while cider or grapejuice will do for beverages

Mercy for Flies.

A French doctor, famous for his efforts to protect animals from cruelty, was one day annoyed by a big blue fly which buzzed uninterruptedly on a window pane. The doctor called his man servant.

"Do me the kindness," said he, "to open the window and put that fly carefully outside."
"But sir," said the servant, who

thought of the drenching the room might get through an open casement, "it is raining hard outside."
"Oh, is it?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Then please put the little creature in the waiting room and let him stay there till the weather clears."

-The world's record for carrying an umbrella belongs to Postmaster General Burleson. He has carried an umbrella for 36 years; is never without one. The reason is this: When he was nineteen years of age he had an attack of gout. It left his walking difficult, he disliked to carry a cane, so he adopted an umbrella. He has now carried one for over 13,000 He has now carried one for over 13,000

DON'T QUIT!

"You're sick of the game?" Well, now, that's a shame

You're young and you're brave and you're bright. You've had a raw deal?" I know, but don't squeal;

Buck up, do your damnedest and fight It's the plugging away that will win you So don't be a piker, old pard.

Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to keeping your-chin-up that's hard.

HAVE A HOBBY IF YOU WOULD LIVE LONG.

New York. - This hurly-burly, racking existence that many of us lead day after day and year in and year out would soon finish us off completely, says the American, if we hadn't a few real side interests to fuss with during our few hours respite from the daily grind. "Fleas are good for a dog," says David Harum, "because they keep him from thinking on being a dog." Hobbies are in somewhat the same category, they keep a facillating everything mixed at the same category. what the same category—they keep us from thinking of our troubles.

The average American boy runs a whole gamut of hobbies before he leaves a grammar school. Usually he starts with postage stamps or coins, passes on through successive years of picture-card, mineral, sea shell and butterfly collecting, and finally gradinto amateur photography, wireless telegraphy, aeroplane making or something else of the semi-scien-tific or mechanical sort.

Stamp and coin collecting are the childhood hobbies that most often persist into mature manhood. Thousands of grown-ups are as eager devotees of philately and numismatics as they ever were in their teens. Not infrequently a small fortune is paid for some rare stamp or coin, while there are many collections of both valued at thousands of dollars, says a writer in Gas Logic. So strong a hold has the stamp-collecting mania on the public that small nations frequently find it profitable to put out entire new

issues of stamps. There are many other hobbies common to large numbers of people-rare books and prints, old china, laces, pewter-ware, chickens, yachting, epitaphs, birds, sweet peas and dahlias, heraldry, autographs and so on ad infinitum. The most interesting fads, however, are those that have an unusual twist. There is no end of hob-

est things about them is that they so often represent the almost exact antithesis of the hobbyist's vocation in

One of New York's ablest and best known chemists, for example, is an ardent devotee of everything theatrical. For years he has carefully collected books, periodicals and clippings dealing with every phase of the life and accomplishments of stage folk. His home is filled with their pictures and autographs, with the playbills of premieres and other souvenirs of the drama that are the chief joy of their scientifically-minded owner.

In the same class is an English clergyman who is an enthusiastic col-lector of old decanters. Still another clergyman—the rector of a large New York city church-took up woodcarving in odd moments and in a small workshop in his rectory turned out a great deal of wonderful work of this kind. A beautifully carved altar

a hardheaded business man-is that of collecting everything printed on the subject of Paris.

It would scarcely be stretching it much to say that he actually lives there. He has practically everything ever printed and obtainable on Paris -ancient tomes, guidebooks to its streets and points of interest printed in all languages, and maps of all periods. No one, perhaps, knows all "Paree" better.

Motorists Pay Millions.

Harrisburg.—Receipts from 1919 automobile licenses are around \$2,-000,000, many thousands of dollars ahead of what they were at this time last year. Money has been rolling into the automobile division at a rate which has never been known before, and one of the reasons assigned is that the weather conditions have been of a character which has permitted owners of cars to drive them freely.

The division has been running with three shifts of men in order to get out

Those Girls.

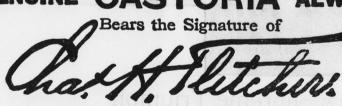
Miss Elderly-Next year is leap year, I had a chance to marry last leap year, but I wouldn't accept it because everybody would say I had

Children Cry for Fletcher's

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over over 30 years, has borne the signature and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of

Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment. What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Dubbs' Implement and Seed Store

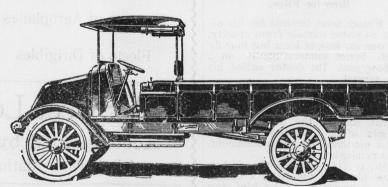
Is Bellefonte Up to Date?

This interesting question will be answered when the result of the campaign for the local Y. M. C. A. is known. Should we not, as citizens of Bellefonte, help to bring a right answer?

The First National Bank.

Bellefonte, Pa.

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