

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte Pa., March 7, 1919.

GOD'S GIRLS.

I think God took a patch of blue
To make your baby eyes;
They are so much alike, the two—
God's babies and God's skies.

I think God took a robin's call
To make your baby words;
I cannot tell your song at all
From music of the birds.

I think God took a woodland rose
To make your baby lips;
They are pink petals like to those
The honey merchant sips.

I think God took a bit of sun
To make your baby curls—
Of all His treasures, ev'ry one,
God Makes His baby girls!

—Douglas Malloch in Woman's World.

THE HISTORY OF THE RED CROSS—PAINTED NOT WRITTEN.

(The artist referred to in the following article is a son of Thomas Burnside, a native of Bellefonte, and a grandson of Judge James Burnside, who was prominently identified with the early history of Bellefonte.—Ed.)

Paris.

Six splendid historical war records in oil, destined for permanent display on the marble walls of the Red Cross headquarters in Washington, are complete today, after seven months of toil, and are now on their way across the Atlantic.

Next to the actualities of war pictured in films and photographs by army Signal Corps workers, Cameron Burnside, an American artist of the Paris Latin quarter, has given to the American people possibly as great a gift in vividness as any individual American in the great war. These six big oil paintings, 5x6 feet, depicting phases of the work of mercy made possible through gifts of American millions, carry the onlooker through bandage rolling depots, among civilian refugees who fled from invaded homes, over the lines of communication, into hospitals, into great warehouses and into outpost canteens, where weary fighters are receiving hot things to drink as they come out of the line. All the paintings are typical of the stations maintained during the war by the great relief organization, but each portrays a certain one.

Cameron Burnside, the artist, is an American "internationalist" like many American habitués of the Paris Latin quarter. His family hails from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and he is a descendant of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War during the Rebellion and "father" of the Republican machine in Pennsylvania.

Burnside was born in London, studied art there in the London County Council school at a fee of about \$4 a year, and eventually exhibited his paintings in the salons of the London Academy. Later he lived in New York, and eventually came to Paris to join the American artists' colony. One of his paintings won a medal at the San Francisco Exposition. When the draft law became effective it caught Burnside in Madrid. He registered at the American Embassy there and returned to Paris. A physical examination designated him for Red Cross work, and he was assigned to a warehouse in Paris, where he shifted and piled boxes of supplies constantly arriving from America until he became ill.

NO USE IN A WAREHOUSE.

Burnside's commanding officer asked him one day what he was good for aside from piling boxes in a warehouse.

"I am an artist," responded Burnside.

"Well, I don't believe we can use an artist in warehouse work," was the response. But Burnside thought differently. He suggested that the great piles of packing cases and boxes of goods and clothing sent to France by generous people in America—something unique in history, one nation aiding the homeless and unfortunate of a sister nation—should be made a part of America's historical records in oil. The idea caught on in the mind of the commanding officer, and canvas and oil and brushes were furnished and Burnside resumed his work in the warehouse. Within a month he had finished the picture. It shows the big storehouse on the Rue de Chemin Vert (Street of the Green Way) at its busiest moments, when French poilus and American workers in khaki, all unfit for front line duty, were working their hardest, shifting boxes to make room for other consignments which Americans were generously sending to France for civilian victims of Germany's warfare during the days of the big German advance to the Meuse.

The warehouse picture was such a success that it led to the second—a night scene in the big refugee canteen at the Gare de l'Est in Paris, where all varieties of homeless French folks were gathered and cared for by volunteer workers. White rowned and white capped nurses are giving what comfort they can to the aged and young; mothers with babes, some with resolute faces, others with the look of sorrow and despair. An aged nun, evidently forced to leave some convent and flee with the rest, is shown in the foreground. Her face has a tinge of sorrow under its mask of benevolence. She is one of the homeless herd, bound wherever some one directs her. All who have seen this painting agree that the warehouse worker-artist has touched something strikingly real.

BANDAGES FOR THE FRONT.

The surgical dressing station in the Rue St. Didier was the next subject tackled by Burnside. Here he has shown a great canvas walled room filled with white garbed volunteer workers rolling bandages and assembling surgical packages for the fighting line. You see here faces of young women who, with different garb, would be New York society debutantes, or perhaps, spoiled children of some of America's best families. For that is exactly what many of these bandage rollers were before Uncle Sam came into the war and provided them with tasks in which they could be extremely useful and still maintain fashionable self-respect. When

Burnside sat down with his easel and brushes in the old tent-covered tennis court of the Rue St. Didier he also found other types among the workers. There is the Dowager of Paris's American colony doing her bit daintily and dressed for the occasion in her most immaculate white gown and semi-nurse cap—the same in which she intends to appear at tea with some other dowager later in the afternoon, where relative war work will be discussed in all thrilling detail. And there are also in the picture motherly looking women who are giving long hours to it, apparently with pride in the number of bandages rolled for the boys "out there at the front" during a single working day. In this painting the artist seems to have again touched character with a certain vividness—a wholly different set of faces from those found at the refugee station in the Gare de l'Est.

"To the front and back again" might be the collective title of the artist's last three pictures. The first of the three shows a French way station at which an American troop train has just arrived. Red Cross canteen workers are busy handing up steaming cups of coffee, chocolate and sandwiches to American doughboys, who hang with outstretched hands from the doors and windows of "third class" French railway cars. They are on their way to the front and their faces tell the story. They have chalked letters on the sides of the cars which read "Berlin or Bust" and "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Xmas," and the expression on the various ruddy countenances gives you to know that these boasts are not made in vain. The scene might have been laid at Chalons, Epernay, Meaux or any railway station of like size on French railway systems. They are all the same, and at almost every one our relief workers have fed hundreds of thousands of doughboys and poilus as they passed through to the battle fields.

"TO THE FRONT AND BACK AGAIN."

The second picture takes one into an outpost canteen at Roulecourt, headquarters of the First Division before the St. Mihiel offensive. It is in an old barn within easy charted range of enemy gunfire, where a lone tallow candle gives all the light permissible at night, as the troops file by a rough counter in single file to receive a steaming cup of coffee. They are fresh from their first line positions and tired. Rays of the candle search out many faces still tense, faces that are tense by nerve power alone, because the slouch of those who file away to drink the beverage out of line shows that bodily fatigue is there—men ready to drink and fall, almost in their tracks, asleep. Every man carries his gun over his shoulder and tin hats are on heads at rakish angles, because in battle positions or in the zone of fire men seldom observe dress parade regulations. Mud clings to their uniforms and many are wet. The little candle gives all the light for this painting and it shines in an uncanny, flickering way on the fore-teen worker—a man in this zone, whose face also tells you that he is tired, because he has been pouring coffee into army mess cups for many hours. It is a portrayal of war and history.

The last painting takes you to a tent hospital at the Auteuil race-course, near Paris. It is summer, and nurses, outside in the sunshine, mingle with American boys on crutches, or lolling about in positions which tell you of their weakness during convalescence. Battles are being refought here. The main group in the foreground is one of several, one recounting thrilling details of Germans he killed before one "got" him. It isn't hard to imagine the story. It has been told by every American doughboy in every hospital in France the first moment his returning strength has allowed him to talk freely. Your imagination, as you glance at the painting, will tell you which of those of the group were wounded in actual close-up combat and those who stopped a stray piece of shell many kilometres from the first line. There is a knowing look on the countenances of some, while others are drinking in every word.

I asked a high Red Cross official how much money the organization intended to pay Burnside for his seven months of solid labor on these six big canvases.

"NOT A CENT EXTRA."

"Not a cent extra" was the reply. "He could have made just as much money piling crates and boxes out there in the Chemin de Vert warehouse. We furnished the material and he did the work. We are going to take great care in shipping these canvases to Washington. They will be consigned to Henry P. Davison, who will place them on the walls of Red Cross headquarters. They are real American history and experts have pronounced them high in real art."

Meanwhile, Cameron Burnside, after seven months of work which, all gains him nothing more than the high honor of putting history on canvas for the American people, is going back to his little studio at 86 Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in the old Latin quarter, to paint something for Cameron Burnside and Mrs. Cameron Burnside, formerly Miss Pitt, of Augusta, Ga., also a painter of the Paris school. That is, he is going to paint for a more lucrative market, as he has done in the same studio for the past ten years, except during America's part in the war.

But above everything, credit goes to this American artist for possibly more patriotism with the brush and pastel than any other artist in the great war. But for a rather delicate constitution he might still be piling boxes in the big warehouse on the Rue de Chemin Vert.—New York Tribune, February 23, 1919.

Pessimistic About Egg Prices.

Arkansas Paper—"Society note in 1925: Mrs. Astorbilt wore at the opera last evening a diamond as large as an ordinary hen egg, but not, of course, so valuable."

New Disease.

Arkansas Paper—Bay rum seems to be the favorite beverage now, with a green colored hair tonic running a close second. Several of our Beau Brummels seem to have a severe case of dandruff of the liver.

DYNAMITE NOW OBTAINED FROM FAMILY SUGAR BOWL.

A few cubes of sugar and presto! A shell breaks over the terrain to shiver into fragments which main and kill. Just a few tablespoonfuls of molasses and science is enabled to blow the gnarled stumps out of the unyielding earth with the same material which makes the farmer wife's gingerbread.

By the direction of Daniel C. Rogers, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States Treasury Department, a new process has been perfected for obtaining glycerine from sugar and sweets. The experiments on which the report has been filed were made under the supervision of the chief chemist of the department, A. B. Adams, a member of the American Chemical Society.

When Dr. Alonzo Taylor was in Germany, about two years ago, he found that the Teutons had run short of fats from which glycerine is usually made and had raided the sugar bowl. It was on his information that the small laboratory was established in the United States Treasury and several experts, including John R. Eoff, W. E. Lindner and B. F. Beyer, began the researches into this method of obtaining glycerine.

Pasteur, the noted French chemist, had years before discovered that a small quantity of glycerine developed in the fermentation of sugar as well as in molasses, and that it was traceable in wine and beer. The chemist, therefore, fermented sugars and molasses with yeast, and from the mash thus obtained produced the glycerine. This glycerine is really a by-product, and the same fermentation of sugar which yields alcohol and, in fact, glycerine, itself, is a sweet and bland tri-hydric alcohol.

The wave of prohibition which is about to sweep the country will not stop the distillation of alcohol for industrial and mechanical purposes and for fuel. There will probably be more alcohol distilled than ever before, but it will be denatured and made absolutely unfit for drinking purposes. The manufacturing chemists of the United States are preparing none the less to produce it on a larger scale than ever before, subject to the supervision of the Department of Internal Revenue.

Several large concerns are making alcohol from cheap molasses brought from the West Indies. This molasses, which is inedible, is known as "black strap." The Treasury Department of

the Internal Revenue chemists have been able, however, to ferment it and to obtain not only alcohol, but to so use the residue that they get glycerine.

Four lots of "black strap" of 1000 gallons each subjected to the new process turned out a very excellent quality of glycerine. There are 100 gallons of this clear dynamite glycerine, as it is called, now on exhibition in the Treasury Department. Samples of it treated with nitric acid by a well-known firm of explosive makers, at the request of the government produced as good a nitroglycerine as the market affords.

Nitroglycerine when incorporated with pulp or other inert substance becomes dynamite. Thus out of the simple sweets of sugar bowl comes forth the strength which will rend the rock.

Now that the war is over the demand for high explosives will not be so great, but at the same time there are many uses to which it can be turned in times of peace. It is especially valuable for blowing up heavy and clayey soils which would ordinarily resist the plow of the farmer. Excellent crops are produced from land treated in this way. The general shaking up is conducive to the better action of the nitrifying bacteria in the ground.

Glycerine serves many purposes "simple of itself," as Sir John Falstaff would say. Not until the scarcity of fats during the war drew attention to it anew did the American people realize how important a part it played in their life. It is employed for making transparent soaps and beautifying lotions.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ducks Trapped With Phonograph.

Ben Woolner, former city attorney, of Oakland, Cal., is being sought out by many hunters who wish to inspect his "duckwerfer."

Woolner claims to have originated a method for attracting wild ducks. He allowed a duck to dictate into his phonograph dictating machine and then installed the machine with its new record near his post in the marsh. Wild ducks mobilized from all points of the compass when Woolner's ducks began squawking, and Woolner says he has shot the legal limit in 15 minutes.

Forest preservation or restoration is one of the State's most imperative obligations.

Who Benefits By High Prices?

You feel that retail meat prices are too high. Your retailer says he has to pay higher prices to the packers.

Swift & Company prove that out of every dollar the retailer pays to the packers for meat, 2 cents is for packers' profit, 13 cents is for operating expenses, and 85 cents goes to the stock raiser; and that the prices of live stock and meat move up and down together.

The live-stock raiser points to rising costs of raising live stock. Labor reminds us that higher wages must go hand in hand with the new cost of living.

No one, apparently, is responsible. No one, apparently, is benefited by higher prices and higher income.

We are all living on a high-priced scale. One trouble is, that the number of dollars has multiplied faster than the quantity of goods, so that each dollar buys less than formerly.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



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Shoes.

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\$8 Shoes Reduced to \$5.50

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Until they are All Sold

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We are receiving new Waists every few days. Braided, beaded and tucked; new sleeves and collars; all colors. Also Crepe de Chenes in black and white.

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