

WHY IS IT?

Written by Joe W. Furey and published in the "Watchman" January 7th, 1878. Why is it that so oft we live Apart from those we love on earth? Why is it that some hearts receive So little from love's glowing hearth? Why is it that the vestal flame Burns bright and clear, for endless hours, In other lives—and every name Is breathed with tenderness but ours? Why is it that so oft our lives Are but an arid, trackless waste, In which no bud nor blossom thrives, And hope eternal sinks abased? Why is it when we fondly crave Our share of life's allotted bliss, Beneath our feet a yawning grave Opens to entomb our happiness? Why is it, as we stretch our arms And strive to clasp the love we miss, Stern duty raises loud alarms And warns us that we go amiss? Why is it, as we beck and call To those we dearly love and bless, We find betwixt a heartless wall To baffle every sweet caress? We may not climb the barrier o'er, We dare not thrust it from our way; And thus he wanders on life's moor, Fond hearts that perish day by day. Why is it thus? O, mortal—think! God's ways are not the ways of man— He will not from His purpose shrink, Nor has He since the world began. Though some are led by flowery meads, Through pastures green, by waters still, While others mean their wretched needs, All execute His sov'reign will. Oh, hearts that pine for joys withheld, That hunger with love's famine pressed, He who in grace all men excelled Will give your broken spirits rest! Take courage, then—uplift your eyes, And view by faith the love at hand; For every word beneath the skies There's balm within the Glory-land. He leads us Home by different roads— To some the way is smooth and straight, While others bend beneath their loads And stumble even at the gate. But they who bear their burdens well With joyful strains shall welcome be, And in the ear of God shall tell Their love throughout Eternity.

THE JUDGMENT OF NORMAN PRICE.

Jack Burton never tired of toiling up the rocky path from the little mountain town to his uncle's mines on the side of Bald Eagle mountain. His cousin Norman was generally his companion. Norman had all the darning of a western cowboy, his venturesome spirit seemed to know no obstacles and the charm of his company never abated. So when the two climbed over the great boulders, turning at intervals to take in the wonderful panorama of the foothills, the mesa, with its wandering ribbon of blue water, and the little mining town at their feet, it was Norman whose tongue ran on in an uninterrupted story of daring deeds, while Jack fairly held his breath to listen. Perhaps if Norman had been less handsome, less dashing, he would not have made such an impression on his eastern cousin, but he sat on his horse like an Indian, and his bronzed face was perfect in outline. All his life he had lived in the West and everything he did had the flavor of its freedom. Today he was confiding in his admiring cousin as usual: "I couldn't live the tame kind of life some people do. There's Con Johnson, a whaler to work, big and strong, never sick a day in all the years he's been foreman, yet what does he get out of it? The gang don't like him a little bit, he's so deadly puritanical, won't have a bit of fun! I tell you a fellow can't be so set against everything and pull a long face like a deacon if he wants to stand in with the boys!" "Why," protested Jack feebly, "he seems to be jolly enough when I'm around. I thought he was pretty good company!" "He could be all right," conceded Norman. "But think of a fellow living to be twenty-six years old and owning that he never smoked a cigar, tasted beer or played a game of cards! I don't believe in boozing," Norman added quickly. "But a fellow can't influence a bunch of rough-necks by cutting out everything." Jack thought it over for a long time silently; his life had been patterned in the same way. Heretofore he had withstood all ridicule without taking it very much to heart, but away from home and in an entirely different atmosphere he was beginning to question the wisdom of being too strict. They were nearing the thousand foot level and he got out his flashlight. Already he could hear the foreman shouting directions to the members of his crew, and, as the young fellows rounded a boulder which obstructed their view, they could see him standing just under the drift, a handsome, stalwart figure born to command. "Father's going to remember that old winze," remarked Norman casually. "That is, if he can ever get ahead enough to do it. He's short of men now; we never had such a small crew, just when we need the most help." Jack looked down the three-hundred foot shaft with its light cross braces every fifteen or twenty feet and agreed that the mine needed attention. It was a dark, dizzying depth; he sounded it with a few small stones and heard them bounding from side to side as they struck the braces. Conroy Johnson came up with a pleasant greeting. He had merry blue eyes, a square, resolute chin, and a face which altogether would inspire confidence. But for the first time Jack looked at him critically and fancied he could see a trace of effeminacy in his manner. Yet the dark-brow-

ed miners gave him instant if sullen obedience. There was something about him which forbade trifling. As Norman had said, they were a bunch of rough-necks—all but one slender young fellow who seemed to be the butt of innumerable jokes. His name was Pent McLeod. Pent was short for Pentecost, a name which his Scotch mother was very proud of, but the men were unmerciful in their ridicule. "Pale, puny, pious Pentecost," they called him when the foreman was not present. Conroy Johnson had never openly reproved them, but his displeased look silenced them. Every time they went up to the mining camp, Jack and Norman passed the little cabin where Pent McLeod and his mother lived. It was a wild, beautiful spot, commanding a view of the mesa in the distance and the rugged sides of the intervening mountains. Here Mrs. McLeod had stayed after the accident which had left her a widow cooking, mending and darning for the single men of the camp. But the unfailing respect they accorded her did not extend to the son, whose timidity they scorned. "Johnson says he works like a trojan," said Norman, with a smile of contempt, as Pent dashed past them toward the lift. "His father was the most daring man we ever had—the kind of foreman whom the men admired. I don't see how he ever came to have such a chicken hearted son." They were standing by the old winze when the signal for dinner sounded. There was an outpouring of men almost instantly. The foreman stopped in front of Norman, hesitated a moment, then spoke up boldly: "I think this should be retimbered as soon as possible; it's really a dangerous thing, the men are so careless around it. If anyone should tumble in, those braces would go like so many matches. I could take a few men from the day shift and get it over with. I expect you'll see your father before I do." Something about the foreman's quiet assurance seemed to nettie Norman. "I don't think it will be any use to mention it to father; he said yesterday he couldn't spare any men for repairs yet awhile. Just tell them to keep away; they know the risk." "I've warned them time and again, but they get to fooling and forget. It would cost your father a good deal if there was an accident." Norman flushed angrily. "He'll attend to that without any assistance," he answered shortly. Jack Burton thought he had never seen a sterner look on a man's face than the one which followed his cousin. Somehow Norman did not seem quite such a hero at that particular moment. He turned and looked down the dizzying depth, agreeing with the foreman. His cousin was close on his heels, kicking the pebbles impatiently. The miners were filing past hurriedly. There were rough jests, jostling, and pushing, but no accidents. After all, these men knew the danger, why should he worry? Suddenly, a quick inarticulate sound, the fall of a heavy body, caused Jack to turn. A stone had loosened from the roof of the drift and hit his cousin. Norman pitched forward toward the mouth of the old winze and would have fallen in but Jack gave a quick spring, dragging him back but losing his own balance. He wavered dizzily, his feet would not obey his behest, the black opening seemed to beckon him! At that instant the firm hand of the foreman gripped him, pulled him back to safety. But he, in turn, seemed to trip over something. Horror-stricken, Jack saw him topple and disappear. The ground seemed to have swallowed him up. There was a crash of splintered wood, another, and another! Flashing his light into the darkness beneath, Jack watched the terrible descent. Down, down, down! now striking on his side, breaking through the trestle-work and bounding across to receive fresh bruises by another plunge! White-faced, Jack met Norman's eyes and read there the certainty of Conroy Johnson's doom. The few miners who had not left for their homes gathered around the mouth of the winze, silent and awe-struck. Only Pent McLeod raised a voice, shaking with emotion and gave a long, enquiring shout. No answer. Again and again he called in vain. "Get a rope, quick!" he commanded. "I'll go down!" "Don't you dare! It isn't safe—gas!" Norman placed a detaining hand upon Pent's shoulder. The latter shook it off. "Only a white-livered man would see a fellow like Johnson die and not do a thing!" Pent's eyes were blazing. "He was dead before he reached the bottom," said Norman huskily. The other shook his head fiercely. "You don't know that!" Already the men had scattered. Presently two returned dragging a great coil of rope. Norman entered another protest, but Pent would not listen. He commanded the men to the rope around his waist, leaving his arms free. "I'll yell when I reach the bottom. If you don't hear from me again in five minutes you fellows pull up, quick!" With a sinking heart, Jack helped pay out the rope. His mind was full of conflicting emotions. Why had his uncle left so dangerous a place unguarded? If the braces had been stronger, the foreman would not have fallen more than ten or fifteen feet and could easily have been rescued! Then, again, Norman, his hero of daring deeds, had not so much as offered to take the risk of going down the shaft, leaving it to the lad whom he had just made a butt of. A faint shout came from below and the men let the rope rest, with eyes and ears keen for a movement or sound. Once it twitched slightly. "Hadden't we better pull it up?" asked Norman, looking at Jack helplessly. "No. Wait, we may get a signal!" Jack was holding his open watch with a shaking hand. "He hasn't had time to fasten it around—" Speech failed him. It was too horrible to talk about. It seemed ages before they heard the signal to haul up. In reality, it was barely two minutes. With a ter-

rible clutching fear they obeyed as fast as they dared. No further sound came from the depths, and when the limp and helpless form of the foreman appeared, Jack Burton gave one quick glance at the men around him and took instant command of the situation. "Get the rope off, quick!" he ordered, dropping upon his knees to listen for heartbeats. "He's alive! Hurry! We must get Pent out before he smothers in that awful hole!" Clumsy fingers fumbled at the knot. It refused to be undone. "Cut it!" shouted Jack, fumbling in his pocket for a knife in vain. A burly miner severed the knot with one slash. "Carry him over to the skip and get him into the fresh air as soon as possible! Norman, you go with him, then run for the doctor! He's terribly bruised, but I believe those braces broke his fall so his bones are not broken!" Down went the rope. "McLeod, it's coming! Get hold of it!" was the cry. To Jack's great relief, there was a faint answer, but it seemed another eternity before the exhausted Pent was dragged to the surface. "I'm all right," he insisted dazedly, trying to stand. "I must see how he is." Nor would the young fellow wait longer than the briefest possible time to overcome the effects of his over exertion. When the company doctor arrived a thorough examination revealed no broken bones, only a mass of bruises. The snappy black-eyed man whom everybody feared, smiled down into Conroy Johnson's discolored face as he pronounced his verdict. "You'll come through this smash-up all right, young man, thanks to clean living. Not one chap in a hundred could have taken that fall and not had his heart go back on him, but you're sound in mind and body, nerves like iron. I'm going to make an example of this to the boys here; a boozer would have been dead when he struck the bottom!" Norman met the look in Jack's eyes sheepishly. He knew he had been detoured in his cousin's imagination, that the doctor was right. But the heroism of the boy he had scorned impressed him most. He was ready to eat humble pie for once in his life. "Come on, boys!" he called to the assembled miners, "let's give the bravest fellow in camp a ride!" Hoisted high on the shoulders of the men, Pent McLeod rode back to his mother covered with glory. "You're every bit as brave as your father; I knew the men would find it out some time!" she exclaimed happily. "I'll take back everything I said about Johnson and McLeod," Norman told his cousin later. "They're certainly all right; I wish I had half as much nerve!"—Young people.

RED CROSS FUNDS.

In spite of the numerous instructions which have been issued as to the expenditure of funds in the hands of chapters and branches, there still seems to be an idea on the part of some chapters and branches that Red Cross money may be contributed to local organizations, including the posts of the American Legion. Therefore, we emphasize the matter, all officials of the chapters and branches of this division are again warned that they must not contribute funds to any other organization. All funds in the possession of chapters and branches have been contributed by the public to the Red Cross for Red Cross purposes. Diversion of these funds from the purposes for which they were given is a breach of faith with the public and cannot be permitted. Red Cross officials will be held to a strict accountability for all monies which have come or may come into their possession and contributions or appropriations to other relief organizations, hospitals or local charities are entirely irregular and must be refunded to the Red Cross treasury. In addition to their war relief work, chapters are authorized to expend Red Cross money in the following peace time activities, all of which are a part of the established peace program and are to be undertaken only in conformity with the instructions already issued: (1) Extension of home service to civilian families, when specific permission has been given by Division Headquarters. (2) Employment of a public health nurse, when such service is not being conducted or contemplated by any local organization. (3) Conduct of instruction classes in home hygiene and care of the sick, and in home dietetics. (4) Conduct of the first aid classes. (5) Extension of junior membership. (6) Payment of necessary and legitimate administrative expenses. Any other use of Red Cross money is unauthorized and constitutes an unwarranted diversion of Red Cross funds. Where He Eats. "You see the fellow sitting over there?" said customer No. 1 to customer No. 2, in a dairy lunch. "Yes," replied No. 2. "Well," said No. 1, "I never see him but I think of the story of the two college chums, who met for the first time in years. Their meeting was in a cheap restaurant. One of them was waiting on table and the other was a customer. "Why, John, do you work here?" said the customer, with great surprise. "Yes, I work here, but I don't eat here," replied the waiter. "Now, the fellow you see over there is a publicity man for one of Indianapolis's largest hotels." —They are all good enough, but the "Watchman" is always the best.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

When it's time for spring it springs; When it's time to sing, love sings; When or shadow, sun or gloom, When it's time for blooms, the bloom. —Baltimore Sun.

Some fashion authorities are trying to tell us that the day of the "outside" blouse is over. There are two big reasons why they might seem to be a bit premature. First, it is too becoming a style, too practical a one and again the newest blouses being shown in smart shops for spring wearing are still the over-the-skirt type, with the exception of the more strictly tailored for wear with sports suits. They are not all strictly beplumed or Russian in character. The tie-back blouse still holds good, also the mid-dy type straight and tightened at the hips or shirred a bit into a tighter band. A very stunning new blouse of navy georgette designed for wear with the new spring suit shows a tucked-in blouse all around, but a panel of double georgette hanging straight from the squared neck over the skirt in front redeems it. The contrasting vest is finding plenty of ways to make itself conspicuous in the new blouse. Of heavier material and set into the georgette blouse it performs the duty of waist-coat or gilet. Metallic brocades, alpaca and figured foulards are some of the most attractive of these panels. Oddly enough, they often extend to a high buttoned-in-the-front stock collar, a very practical variation for the suit blouse. Whether it is tunic or tuck-in, the blouse is not free from the vogue for leather trimming. Crepe de chine and silk are used extensively, too, as is miter. Many georgettes and crepe de chine are made heavier and more important by being machine embroidered all over in tinsel tracery. Sleeves are mostly short and kimono in cut. The outstanding hip is effected in many ways by looped bands, bulging pockets, extra pleum fullness and so on, but is not by any means universal. Accordion pleated dresses are going to be worn a great deal. Many of the latest creations of the Paris dress makers are treated in this way, and it seems sure that the spring fashions will continue this vogue. Accordion pleats are just as much employed on gowns or tailor-mades of serge as on those of taffeta, satin, chiffon, voile de laine or silk. In some gowns the entire skirt consists of deep flounces, in others of one single flounce made in flimsy material and shorter than the underskirt, which is seen through the transparency. The bottom of coats can be pleated in this way. Coat dresses may be arranged with several cross pleats, showing a plain band down the front. Sometimes the skirt will have the front and back pleated and the sides plain, and at other times the contrary is the case. With skirts the effect is achieved without it being necessary to sew one pleated fold to one not pleated; it seems that the skirt is first of all pleated all over, then the parts are pressed out which are to remain flat. In the same way flower petals are formed, pleated in the middle and flat at the edges, the iron not only effacing the pleats but slightly stretching the material, giving a sort of undulating movement to the edges which lightens the whole effect. In male pink satin this would look charming, fresh and youthful. The trimmings worn in the olden days, consisting of little pleated jabots, ruffled and pleated collars, are beginning to make their appearance. With this fact before us we are almost sure to see many of these delightful old-fashioned ideas. Crushed roses are to be used extensively for the coming season, according to one of the millinery importers who has recently returned from Paris. He is showing an attractive assortment of the small crushed rose in beautiful shades of rose, pink, "copen" blue, beige and tobacco brown. On a few of the French models that have just arrived these flowers take their place on the off-the-face shapes flanked solid to cover the entire facing. The newest things in wings, the importer says, are shellacked effects. Following the trend for glistening surfaces, wing trims are finished with a smooth shiny fluid which keeps them in place and adds to their durability. All sorts and shapes of wings are treated in this same way. Large flaring wings, round pasted bands and tiny novelty wings are all to be had in this new effect. Shiny bronzed effects are very pretty in some new trimmings. Tiny berry wreaths are highly bronzed, as are large cherry clusters and wreaths. These are splendid for the little close-fitting turban that a woman can wear for a semi-dress affair. One of the nicest trimming motifs is made of large blue crushed roses surrounded by shiny, bronze leaves, with a few cherries of the bronzed variety dangling coyly from the little bouquet. An item that is still very much in vogue and gives promise of heightened activity is the maline brim, on which appears sprays of vulture or burnt goose. These brims are made up by some of the feather houses in a wide variety of shapes, the most attractive being the scoop or rolling sailor shape, on which the sprays are coiled or laid straight from crown band to brim edge in a regular fashion. Just a crown of maline or satin need be added to this brim to complete a charming dress model. Olive oil is exceedingly nourishing and healthful, and children should be coaxed to like it.

FARM NOTES.

—Now is the time to put the spraying equipment in shape for next season's use. —Lime sulphur wash must not freeze, it deteriorates so put in frost proof storage. —The wise orchardist will order his insecticides and fungicides now for early delivery. —Pruning time is on. Do not delay this work until spring—there is other work to do then. —Arsenate of lead in powdered form is still the best arsenical. It is not injured by heat or cold so long as it is kept dry. —Keep a constant lookout for pullets that start laying early. Mark them with a leg band, for these will be the birds to breed from next spring. —Home made lime sulphur is still cheaper than the commercial brands. Order the sulphur and lime at once and boil on days when the weather prevents outdoor work. —During the last 10 years the lowest average weight of barley per measured bushel was in 1919 and 1916, when it was 45.2 pounds. The standard weight is 48 pounds. —Wheat has an average weight of 56.3 pounds per measured bushel for the crop of 1919. This is the lowest weight since 1904, when it was 55.5 pounds. The standard weight is 60 pounds. —Corn has the high quality of 89.1 for the crop of 1919, in comparison with 100 as representing high medium grade. In the last 16 years this degree of quality has been exceeded in only two years, 1905 and 1906. —If the chickens must be confined on account of bad weather, provide a good straw litter in which their grain feed may be scattered. This will give them exercise and keep them interested and healthy. When chickens that have been accustomed to free range are closely confined, this frequently checks their development for the time being unless they are made contented in their new quarters. —Onion production in 1919 was about two-thirds of the crop of 1918. The acreage is 27 per cent. below that of the preceding year, and the decline in yield per acre is 10 per cent. California leads in the production of 1919, with 5,461 carlots, followed in order by 3,858 carlots in New York, by 3,732 carlots in Texas, mostly early onions, by 2,890 carlots in Massachusetts, by 2,650 carlots in Ohio, by 1,380 carlots in Indiana, and by 1,000 carlots in New Jersey. —Pruning grape vines is absolutely essential, says the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, in order that the best size of fruit and cluster, as well as the flavor be attained. If the vines are not pruned they will produce smaller bunches and fruits, the grapes will lack flavor and color, the bunches will not ripen evenly and the wood will not ripen properly. When too great amount of wood is left there will be a large crop that year but due to the wood falling to ripen there will be a short crop the following year. —Hog cholera cost the farmers of Pennsylvania approximately \$250,000 last year. With the strict observance of proper sanitary methods, much of this loss could have been saved. During the months that the quarantine was in effect in eleven counties in the State, there was a strict observance of the regulations of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture and the cholera was practically stamped out. On January 15, the quarantine was lifted, but the same regulations that stamped out the disease in these counties,

become effective in the entire State, save that permits will no longer be required for intra-State shipment of hogs. With the co-operation of the farmers in observing the regulations, and a prompt use of serum where the malady makes its appearance, the loss from cholera during 1920 can be materially reduced. —Important points to remember when pruning are: Two branches cannot occupy the same space. Instead of fussing around, cutting out small wood, better work can be done, and in less time by cutting out a whole limb when two limbs are close together. —Keep the branches straight. Never remove a portion of the branch in such a manner as to change its direction to the right or left. An elbow in a branch will some day break under the twisting action of a load of fruit or snow and ice. —Never allow a limb from one main branch to intrude upon the territory of another main branch. It will cause trouble. —Know your variety! A Jonathan and a Stayman Winesap need different handling. There is also a wide difference in the manner of treating Yellow Transparent and Baldwin. These differences must be known before one can either train or prune intelligently. —The State Department of Agriculture has declared unrelenting warfare on unlicensed dogs in Pennsylvania. Despite a vigorous enforcement of the act of Assembly prohibiting the running at large of dogs, the number of stray canines, and dogs permitted to roam at large is still great. —On January 15th the extermination of these dogs started in all sections of the State. On and after that date an unlicensed dog are to be regarded as outlaws and may be killed. Owners and persons responsible for the care of such dogs are held responsible. The act of assembly gives the Department of Agriculture the supervision over the dog license enforcement law, and 400,000 license tags have been furnished the County Commissioners of the various counties. Police officers and constables have been directed to enforce the dog law throughout the State without fear or favor. An unlicensed dog found off the owners property may be killed. If the dog is kept on the owner's property, it will not be molested but the owner will be prosecuted. Licensed dogs are only permitted at large when accompanied by the owner or some responsible person. Protecting the Cows. It is reported that Sir Francis Webster is a wealthy manufacturer of hemp goods in Scotland and the owner of a stock range in Texas on which thousands of cattle range, clad, during the winter at least, in garments other than their own hide and hair, says the New York Sun. Sir Francis's cows, it appears, wear suits of hemp cloth made in his own factory to protect them from the cold and snow, make them less susceptible to tuberculosis and increase their daily yield of milk. Each cow, it is said, has two suits a week. They are not elaborate affairs, by any means, simply overall blankets that fit closely. There are 1000 cows in his dairy farm, and they use 2000 hemp blankets a week. That, of course, means added expense, but the yield of milk during the cold weather is about 27 per cent. larger than from cows not thus protected. Post-Christmas Reflection. A holiday is a day when most people feel less hollow than usual.

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