

EYE NEEDS REGULAR BATHS

One on Rising and the Other on Retiring Is Recommended to Secure Good Results.

For the daily care of the eyes there should be two baths. The body must have its bath. The face must have its cleansing. Why not the eye? Especially as the eye, with its thick lid and the fringe of eyelashes is a dust trap, and the slightest speck of dust allowed to remain beneath the lid may cause irritation of the lid and inflammation of the eye.

For the eye's daily bath I offer you the choice of several lotions. My favorite is: Ten ounces of purest rosewater. Apply with an eye cup, turning the eye cup upside down so that the half-open eye is completely washed by the contents of the cup. Hold it thus for 30 seconds, or if not uncomfortable, for a full minute. Throw away this rosewater. Rinse the glass and give the eye a second bath.

If the eyes are unduly irritated the bath can be repeated several times. Ordinarily a bath in the morning on rising and another at night on retiring are enough.

Some of my friends who have beautiful eyes prefer elderflower water to rosewater. It is equally good and should be applied in the same way.

Another excellent eye bath is one-half an ounce of witch hazel; one-half an ounce of distilled water. Shake well in bottle and apply with an eye cup. One other bath I must tell you about that is most excellent for strengthening the eyes: Six drops of boracic acid, one wine glass of distilled water.

A bath in borax water is highly beneficial and has the advantage of being always convenient. Even while traveling one may always carry a box of borax. Moreover it is safe, because borax will only form a 4 per cent solution, that is, only 4 per cent of it will be absorbed by water. A borax bath is very strengthening. If the eyes be delicate or the person so prejudiced against experiments that she is not willing to introduce this substance directly into the eyes, a silk handkerchief or a soft cloth dipped into borax water and pressed upon the eyelids is both efficacious and soothing.

The old-fashioned remedy of cold tea leaves pressed upon the lids has value, not from the tea leaves intrinsically, but from the cool, moist contact. Cloths dipped in water are quite as good.—New York American.

Cultivate Reading Habit.

Much has been said of the importance of forming the right physical and moral habits early in life, but the value of the early formation of reading habits has received little attention, according to Miss Dove of the Agricultural college at Fort Collins, Colorado. The practice of daily reading should be begun while in school and should not be discontinued later on account of time. Thirty minutes a day spent in reading will keep one up with the current events and thus widen one's horizon. Thoughts may be gathered that will relieve the monotony and drudgery of the daily task. Reading not only adds to one's daily life but it paves the way for greater enjoyment later. It is as one grows older that the habit of reading becomes most valuable. Fortunate indeed is the man who as he withdraws from the more active side of life, finds a world of his own through the open doorway of good books.

Popular Alabama Statesman.

In very recent years Alabama was represented in the senate by two Confederate generals, John T. Morgan and Edmund W. Pettus. Morgan's great reputation as an orator and statesman had long eclipsed his reputation as a soldier. Pettus was one of the most original and delightful patriarchy who ever sat in the senate. He had fought in the Mexican war as well as in the Civil war, and didn't come to Washington until he was seventy-six years old. Pugh, his predecessor, had refused to endorse him for appointment as a federal judge, on the ground that he was "too old." "If I'm too old to be a judge," said Pettus, "I'm not too old to be a senator." So he made a campaign for Pugh's seat and won it.—New York Tribune.

Called Himself an American.

The blood in my veins is mingled, English, Scotch and Irish. With a somewhat similar ancestry, some years ago, Baron Speck von Sternburg, who was ambassador of Germany to the United States prior to the recent war, boasted himself an American. I was present at a banquet in Berlin one night when, responding to a personal toast, he rose and said: "My father was German, my mother was Scotch and I was born in England; that makes me an American."

The baron's conclusion was received with more enthusiasm at that moment than it would be today.—Melville E. Stone in Collier's Weekly.

Getting Acquainted.

While traveling recently I beguiled the hours by trying to win the confidence of a winning but shy child. My efforts were in vain, so I took refuge in my book. Soon after a soft little hand crept into mine slowly, and a tiny voice said: "I am user-ter to you than I used to be."—Chicago Tribune.

PLEASANT GAP.

There is but one vacant house at Pleasant Gap proper, with several prospective tenants in sight.

Mrs. Frank Britz, of Woodlawn, returned to her home after visiting friends at the Gap for a week.

Writing for a newspaper is not such a difficult stunt after all providing the writer confines himself strictly to ratiocination.

The state surveyors are making their final survey on our new state road and driving the stakes for the guidance of the road builders.

W. T. Stine and family, of Scotia, moved to the Gap the early part of last week. He accepted a position as contractor at the Whiterock lime works. He is after some of the big money now being made at Whiterock, since the recent liberal advance in wages.

That the excessive use of tobacco will cause insanity is doubtless true, yet the probabilities are that in many cases, where it has been assigned as the cause of insanity, its excessive use has been prompted or induced by a morbid condition of the nervous system, which would have eventually led to the same result.

On Tuesday last eighteen colored men reported for work at Whiterock. The corporation needs the men in order to enable them to cope with booked orders. Color is not discriminated against in this instance. The man who makes good at Whiterock owing to the present wage scale is assured of an independent living. The workmen seem satisfied with the new accessions; they evidently think the black man must live as well as the "white trash." One of the old employees said "we can't kick since it is a matter of record that the colored troops fought nobly at the time of our unpleasantness south of Mason and Dixon's line." Then again, he said, "look at the record of Frederick Douglas, who was a star of considerable magnitude, growing brighter and brighter in the firmament of fame. He wrote as well as he spoke; but there is no magnetism in types. Douglas belonged to the negro race, and was in all respects one of its noblest types. Physically, mentally and morally he was a grand specimen of manhood, and any race might be proud to claim him as a representative man. Notwithstanding his unpopular complexion and unfashionable kink of his hair, he was rather prepossessing in appearance. Douglas' eloquence commanded respect anywhere." Yes, the eighteen colored men are welcome at Whiterock so long as they make good and behave themselves.

Tuesday was General Grant's birthday. To the memory of this, the greatest of Generals, the writer, though a man of few words, would like to make a few remarks, if space is available. All will admit that Grant was a man of nerve, brain and heart and a born ruler of men. In the storm of war he had the same power over the muscles of his face, and no bearing of dispatches, no staff officer, no commander of the forces could unveil the emotions concealed behind the blank curtain of that immovable face, because it was not an index to the ideas and feelings that dominate the inner man. His iron will had perfect control of his brain and heart, and no human eye could penetrate the "secrets of his soul." He was just the man to use the sword in the surgery of war, for he had sufficient nerve to perform the most marvelous operations without tremor of heart or hand. He was as true to his friends as the "steel to the star." He stood by them a little closer in adversity than in prosperity, and he was wont to share the blows aimed at them. There are plenty of facts to prove his tenderness, his sympathy, his benevolence, as well as his great will-power and obstinate firmness. Not having in this country a throne hereditary, we enthroned him in our hearts. General Grant kept silent when speaking was hazardous, in the field and at the White House, but when he returned to private life he ventured to give free expressions to all.

"Let us have peace." This, of all the terse sentences spoken or written by General Grant, will probably be most quoted. It is characteristic of the man yet at variance with that which would naturally be expected from a soldier. However, it was the statesman speaking, rather than the soldier. The war had been fought to a finish, the armies disbanded, and the swords sheathed forever, or at least so the people hoped, and a grateful party had named him as its choice for President. In response to General Hawley's address notifying him of his nomination he made the longest speech of his life, up to that time. "Let us have peace," occurs in his letter of acceptance, which is a remarkable paper. It contains about three hundred words, yet they cover a wider field than has been spread before any nominee since then, or even before. In closing his response he said: "Peace, and universal prosperity—its sequence—with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt.

"Let us have peace." A most fitting close to such a paper at such a time. It became the slogan of the party, and did much to secure the remarkably large vote returned for him. He was not the man for the politicians, but seeing that he was the people's choice, they made him theirs. Although trained for war, and a man of war, he was for peace, even if he had to fight for it. In reply to General Lee's note asking what the term of surrender would be, he said: "In reply, I would say that peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged." Today the nation joins in a grand memorial tribute to the man who so loved a peaceful life and who so freely offered his life to secure it. He has left an example for both the soldier and statesman of the future; an example that will apply in all times to come.

"Let us have peace," may with propriety be written across the face of our national escutcheon. Peace must be maintained in order to preserve the nation. It is the life and soul of a republic. Close behind it stalks anarchy, a hideous spectre wrapped in the habiliments of dissolution. There is no intermediate ground upon which a government can rest. Therefore, in order that our nation may live, prosper and shine as a glorious model for other nations, "Let us have peace." That a man may have a home where he may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. "Let us have peace," that the hopes of our forefathers may have the fullest fruition.

An old man called me away from his associates a few evenings ago and asked me the pointed question: "Do you think it is a sin or a crime for a man who has always been industrious, but unfortunately was most all the time the possessor of an empty pocket?" I said that depended on circumstances. In your case I don't regard it as a sin or a crime. But it is a sin of the rankest order, in the poverty caused by wasting hard earned money in drinking, gambling, and over-indulgence of any kind. The pocket that is empty because its possessor is lazy, dissipated or reckless, is a crime against humanity. Its emptiness entails misery, suffering and inconvenience upon those who are in no way responsible for its condition. Thus it becomes a crime. All cannot be wealthy any more than all can be tall. Some will be short and some will be dwarfs. It may, therefore, be expected that some will be poor; not for a lack of desire to be well off, or of effort to be so, but merely because they have not the ability to earn and save.

sufficient to tide them over seasons of enforced idleness. How is it that the great majority of our millionaires are the sons of poor parents? There was Russell Sage, who spent his early days as errand boy in a Troy grocery. He got the greater portion of his learning by studying at night. Having no expectations from his father, he set out to make his own way, and he made it. Russell Sage is but a specimen of all our wealthy men, including the elder Bennett, Astor, Peabody, Vanderbilt, Stewart and a host of others. They went at it philosophically, followed a settled course and achieved success. Their fortunes were not thrust upon them, but grew from small beginnings. What they did was to nourish and cultivate them. A majority of those who are continually growing about the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer, would not keep a fortune if they had it. Their habits would make a pauper of the elder Rockefeller and convert his son into a tramp. If our working people were to study philosophy more and socialism less, put more pennies into the savings bank and fewer into saloon tills, and desire contentment rather than wealth, they would find that the life of a laborer is not such a hard life after all. In many instances it has proven to be a much happier life than that enjoyed by the wealthy. It is certainly a mistaken idea that an empty pocket is the worst of crimes, in the same sense that the poor are looked down upon as much as if they had committed some offense. Some people may look down upon them but they are not worthy of consideration.

A Rap at Reggie.

Reggie—That stunning looking girl over there has been gazing at me for the past ten minutes. She must be trying to make an impression.

Miss Keen—Very likely; people generally use something soft for that purpose.

A Habit of His.

Mabel—What do you think! Jack proposed to me last night.

Maude—Did he? He got into that habit when he used to call on me.

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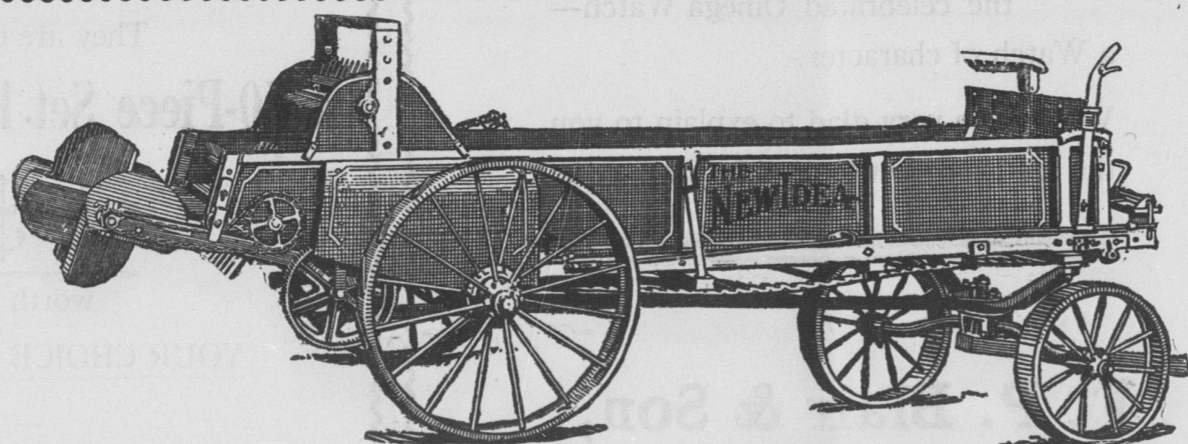
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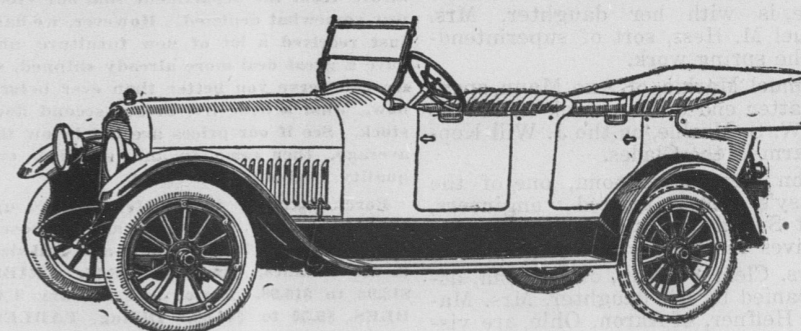
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