Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 17, 1920.

THRE KINGS OF ORIENT.

We three Kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we traverse far Field and fountain, moore and moun tain,

Following yonder star.

O Star of Wonder, Star of Might, Star with royal beauty bright, Westward leading, still proceeding, Lead us to the perfect light!

Born a Babe on Bethlehem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him again King forever, ceasing never Over us all to reign. O Star of Wonder!

Frankincense to offer have I, Incense owns a Deity nigh! Praver and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God on High! O Star of Wonder!

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom, Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. O Star of Wonder!

THE NEIGHBOR.

A Tale of Old Days.

Now it happened on a blue-and-silver morning in the spring of the year, that Saint Peter-who, at that moment was not a great gold majestical and put me on his horse, and carried Saint at all, but a very bluff, energetic young Apostle, with red hair, they say, and all that goes with it—went striding down the long, stony beach road that leads to Joppa, huddled by is no husband so grand as mine." That the sea. As he swung on, he hummed softly to himself, for he was in a radiantly happy humor. He was going vied as am I." down from Lydda, where he had preached and labored many days, to carry on the message which Christ had laid upon his mouth to speak. He was about his Master's business, therefore he was gloriously content. Word of his coming had flown be-fore him. Not strange, that; for with tender, always patient. But I floun-dered and boggled, ever. It did seem him there came, always, to every town, however poor and mean, the very sunlight of healing. Today, as he neared the ancient ruined walls, he very sunlight of healing. Today, as he neared the ancient ruined walls, he saw, waiting for him, three men, grave fathers of the village. Their "But one day a woman came to my door. A fair, tall woman, with gray laughing eyes, and black hair in great grave fathers of the village. Their stogy bodies drooped; their faces silky braids, and a dress of linen, were weary and set. The shadows in white as the driven snow, and a cloak their eyes brought a shadow of ques- of crimson wool, and a basket of wovtion to his face. Swiftly he saluted them. Intent, he

sighed.

as if I could never learn.

en reeds on her arm. "'I'm Dorcas, your neighbor,' she

heard their news: "Sir, we have come to tell you of bring you this basket of my oaten

our neighbor, Dorcas. She is dead." cakes and to ask if I may see the She whose door stood always open, beautiful house your husband has whose hands were always eager to built for you, his desert bride.' serve. Sir, will you not go to her house, and pray your God, that He will give her back to us?" "'It is a beautiful house; but it is not kept in beauty,' I told her. And, sir, I was ashamed to let her in. And

"Dorcas!" Peter's bronzed face grew tense. A moment, he consider-and kissed me. ed, then turned to the waiting group. "Soon I will go to her house. Now, these little hands learn their trade,

if it please you, Fathers, I will walk she said. Then she took off her fine alone

fixed on Peter. As he came near, he saw that her beautiful dark eyes were swollen with tears, and that her face was strained and bewildered, like the "What did Dorcas do for you?" was strained and bewildered, like the face of a grieved child. She came down quickly to meet him. "Sir," her wide eyes searched his "Do for me? Do for me? Why down quickly to meet him. "Sir," her wide eyes searched his face, "are you the man who heals the sick?"

"Not I can heal. But Him that sent me," replied Peter. "Then—" she halted, clasped her baby tighter to her breast. "Then— Oh, sir, she is dead! And how can I manage without her?" "You talk of Devrea?"

manage without her?" "You talk of Dorcas?" The young creature flinched, as if the sound of that dear name had been a blow. "Of whom else? Oh, sir, have mere

"Of whom else? Oh, sir, have mer-! Give her back to us!" snapped nor snarled like my own girls cy! Give her back to us!" "But there are many good women in this town, my child. Plenty of hands to spin and weave and cook." "Good women, yes. But none like Dorcas. Hark! When I was but a ti-thing I was stolen by a desert car-

ny thing, I was stolen by a desert caravan, stolen for the rich pearls that

go on livin', without her!" Suddenly he cowered back, like a my seafaring father had brought me poor old beaten dog. The dreadful tears of an old man stained his cheeks. from Tyre, and strung around my litthe neck. Twelve long years, I was their captive. They were a roving people, that desert crew. Their ways were not the ways of Israel. They

"I won't! I can't!" "No. I don't see how you can do without her. And still—"

Peter laid one firm hand on that old cared only for the chase, the meat, the wine. Two years gone, while the caravan rested at an oasis, three shaking arm. His touch brought strange quieting. The old man gulp-ed back his tears, straightened his bent shoulders, hobbled pluckity away. horsemen from the coast rode up, and halted for the night. One was Na-thaniel, my Nathaniel," a soft little sparkle lighted her young grief. "He Peter went on, down the long hill. At the foot he saw a white rim of beach, the blue eternal glory of the saw me, and he loved me. By starlight, he stole me from the black tent

where I lay with the chief's old sister, He went past a group of low mud huts, then set himself briskly up the beach, toward the broad substantial me away, down to the sea. Here, in dwelling that he knew was Dorcas's Joppa, he put on me his mother's ring of gold and took me before the priest, home.

As he neared it, from behind a screening hedge came a young girl sparkle was a deep shining, now. "Nor on all this coast is a wife so en-She had waited to intercept him; that told itself in her quick step, her scurrying descent.

"Please, sir, wait!" She raced up "There speaks the truly happy oman," observed Peter. A wicked to him, light as thistledown. He woman," observed i etc. little twinkle woke in his own eye. flaxen hair was flying in the wind, her blue eyes shone with eagerness. "Please, sir." She bobbed a quaint childish obeisance, "I want to tell "Yet at first I was not happy." She ghed. "For I was so stupid! Stupid

you_" "Well, my daughter?" Peter's cool, judging eyes read her, plumbed deep; her pretty, shallow face, her broidered gown, the lamb's wool shoes on her tiny feet, the mixture of panic and arrogance in her whole little palpitating butterfly body. Butterfly; that was her word. A very small flustered butterfly, but with not one gleam of soft iridescence yet brushed from its wings.

Under his look, the girl's young ar-rogance wavered, then stiffened, desaid. 'I am come, my little girl to terminedly. "Well?"

"W-why, I wanted to ask you about Dorcas. You're a very wise man. I heard the elders say so. Can you-will you bring her back?"

we do. And I-my aunt says I'm a

froward good-for-naught. Well, what

The girl swayed, stared up at him.

"Didn't Dorcas always know? And

A minute, she looked back at him,

Peter went on. On, up the sunny

There he found a rough outside

wool, and sacks of dried corn, and

fragrant, crumbling herbs. Dorcas's

Stepping softly, Peter went on, into

He sat down on a low stool, and

the upper chamber where Dorcas lay.

looked into the tired, tranquil face of her who slept. Under the window, the voices of those who mourned rose

tide. He did not hear them. He was

spinning-wheel stood in a corner. Her

path, up the worn steps to Dorcas's

"Dorcas will care."

iouse.

"Why do you ask that?"

"Bccause she— Well, you see, my mother died when I was very little. My father died too. He was Philip, "'But it will be all beauty, when the silk merchant, and he left ... e my She pointed down the beach house." cloak, and set to teaching me, so Humbly they stood aside to let him ass. Their anxious eyes followed so swiftly that my learning was a to a wide, comfortable homestead shielded by gray olive trees. "My marvel. In six days, I could place aunt lives with me. She's cross and fretty, and she doesn't want me to such bread and roasted meat upon our have any girl friends, nor any pretty clothes, nor good times. But I have he knew Dorcas, through true and table. they may be the provided for the set of the set head flung high, "for Dorcas gives them to mc. Dorcas lets us girls come to her house every week, and spend the whole day. We play games, hoarded wisdom, she gave to me as with my own mother's hands. When and she takes us to the far beach to go swimming, and we carry our supmy baby came, she stayed by me the pers to the woods, and have more fun! Rainy days, she teaches us to embroilong night through. Then daily she der, and to weave lace, and make fantaught me all his little needs. And he cy patterns on our loom! She never grows and thrives, and when he wakes, he laughs the whole day long." picks on us, because we want pretty things! Not Dorcas. She always un-derstands. But—but—" "Well?" She bent adoringly to the rosy sleep-

hushed upper chamber there poured LONG LOST ROMAN CARVING the lifting golden wind of Life.—By Katharine Holland Brown, in The Woman's Home Companion.

ANCIENT AND MODERN LIGHT

Users of Electricity Today Read With a Smile of the "Link Boy" of

Old England.

A couple of centuries ago permanent street lights in the large cities of the world were almost unknown. In old England "link boys," carrying torches. were hired by gentlemen to light the way for them when they went out in the evening in London. When lampbeauty, brought it to the notice of the posts were placed in the city streets the link boys' occupation was gone. With progress of time lanterns lighted by candles or by oil were succeeded by gas or by electric lights. Every city of the civilized world normally has its principal streets lighted at night, and the link boy today is as superfluous as the sedan chair.

In a similar way the famous cave of the world, such as the Mammoth cave of Kentucky and Luray cavern in Virginia were formerly lighted by candles carried by guides who conducted travelers. But today practically all these subterranean places that are visited by sightseers are equipped with electric lights, and instead of car rying a bag of candles the guide mere ly turns on or off a series of electric switches as he conducts a party through the cave.

msion during the eighteenth century, Railroad tunnels were formerly un the last copyist to mention it was lighted, excepting the lights in the George Zoega, who was established at trains that passed through them, but Rome between 1784 and 1809. After today tunnels, as well as stations, are this the relief became lost to the lighted by electricity .- Boston Comworld. It was perhaps shipped home mercial Bulletin. by some traveling Englishman, who

SHOW NAMED FOR A VALLEY

Quite a Few of Those Who Use the Word "Vaudeville" Are Ignorant

of Its Origin.

The Fairest Lady turned to her escort at the variety show the other night during the intermission and asked him where the word "vaudeville" came from anyway.

"Movies" is simple, she said. Anyene can trace the origin of the word coined by Young America and now generally used. The British "cinema" applied to cinematograph pictures is

It wasn't until next day that the escort, who had pretended not to hear the Fairest Lady's question about vaudeville, got a chance to look it up. Then he found that the word came from the French "Val de Vire"-a valley in Normandy where originated many humorous and satirical drinking songs that became popular all over France-known by the name of the place of their origin. Eventually the word became corrupted to "vaudeville" and was applied to a certain

-Livestock on the farms of the Story of the Rediscovery of a '_cat State is valued at \$190,863,653.00. Treasure, Now in Dritish -More than half of the plant food

contained in manure is wasted by Museum. careless and inefficient handling. -The value of the commercial grape crop in Erie county, Pennsylva-A remarkably beautiful specimen of Roman sepulchral carving has just nia, last year was estimated at \$3,-000,000.00.

> -It appears that 27 per cent. of the farmers in Pennsylvania are using gas engines, and 57 per cent. of the farm homes have telephones installed.

FARM NOTES.

-It is estimated that close to two million cords of wood were used by the farmers of the State during the past year, with a value of \$6,867,000 .-

-All grain, hay, fruit and animal products sold from the farm carry with them a certain amount of plant food. This must be replaced or the farm deteriorates in fertility.

-An increase of two per cent. in the number of sheep in the State during the past year shows an awakened interest in sheep raising which agricultural officials will try to increase until Pennsylvania gets back in the million sheep class.

-The poultry yard should be stirred or spaded up frequently if not in sod. This will not only tend to keep down any odors which might arise, but also allow the droppings to be absorbed into the soil more readily and therefore keep the yard in better condition for the hens.

-In the ten years since the Mon-tana National Bison Range was estab-lished the 37 buffaloes with which the herd was started have increased to 296. In addition there are on the range 125 elk (not including calves of last year), 33 antelope and 13 mule deer. It is believed that the range is large enough to support 800 bison, 400 antelope, 500 deer, and 800 elk.

-The object of a community egg circle is to secure and improve better strains of poultry; to produce more eggs of good color and size; to handle eggs more carefully in order to avoid waste; to pack a uniform grade of clean, fresh eggs, in order to be able to guarantee them and thus create a reputation; to market same more directly to the consumer; to purchase supplies in a co-operative way; and to do such other things as may prove of benefit to the members and the community.

-Practically the only element in crop production that the farmer has completely under his own control is the planting of good seed.

It is important that farm seeds be tested before they are sown. Other-wise, a full crop can not be grown even under the most favorable weather conditions.

Seed testing for practical results, says the United States Department of Agriculture, can be done much more

easily than is generally believed. The essential preparation for making seed tests consists of providing the simple apparatus necessary and of becoming familiar with the general purposes and methods of testing and the features of importance peculiar to tests of particular kinds of seeds. Ask the county agent, or

Only Actresses Are Permitted by There is only one favored class in Russia today, according to a Paris correspondent. Strangely enough, this class is composed entirely of women.

They are the theatrical stars and also easily traced. beauties. They alone are permitted the wearing of rich garments and the possession of jewels. The Russians have always been passionate lovers

been added to the British museum through the generosity of Ernest Dixon. The story of the rediscovery of this treasure is romantic. Mr. Dixon acquired it from a contractor in London, in whose yard it had been lying

for some fifty years. He placed his

purchase so as to form the central

feature of a rock garden in Purney

but afterward struck by its unusua!

British museum authorities, who iden-

tified it as a genuine and long lost

antique, says the Boston Transcript.

The sculpture is a marble relief, over

It shows three draped busts set in a

deeply recessed panel. It was a mon-

ument to Lucius Ampudius Philomu-

sus, and the busts depict himself, his

wife and his daughter. The relief is

not a part of a sarcophagus, but is a

slab built originally into the wall of a

tomb. Its date is probably between

The sculpture is first mentioned by

Genehini of Verona, who was copying

'o an inscriptions between 1706 and

715. It had been excavated probably

hert 1700, near the Porta Capena

was taken to the Villa Casali.

Seen and noted on more than one oc-

placed it in his house or garden in

the St. John's wood region, and

thence it found its way to the contrac-

tor's yard from which it has now been

FAVORED CLASS IN RUSSIA

Government to Wear Shoes

and Finery.

of the theater, and, even under the

present regime they treat their stage

favorites as so many reigning queens.

Incidentally, the actresses are the

only women in Russia today who are

permitted to wear shoes during warm

weather. The peasant women of Rus-

sia always went barefoot during the

summer months. Hence Russians re-

B. C. 25 and A. D. 25.

rescued.

five feet long by nearly two feet wide.

pass. him as he strode away.

Peter had need to be alone. Yes, he knew Dorcas, through true and table! Why, my husband praised me were known to all men. But Peter wondered. Dorcas had won to full- showed me how to salt down fish and ness of years. All those years, she meat, to dry my corn, to make all had loved, had served, and labored. manner of savory dainties. All her She must be tired. Very tired. And her own folk, her heart's beloved, were long since gone away, beyond her wistful ken. Was it quite fair for him to bid Dorcas live again? Hadn't bathed and dressed my little son; she she earned her rest?

Of a sudden, Peter's brow relaxed. He allowed himself a small shamed Certainly he was taking chuckle. Certainly he was taking himself rather seriously! Who was he, to decide this thing? Dorcas's be-"Well," said Peter, a bit dryly, "it "Well," said Peter, a bit dryly, "it

the Father in my Name-"

Would he be doing wisely, would he be justified, in asking for the gift of Dorcas's life?

So he went musing on, down the had been a small boy very recently, gave the youngster a friendly punch, and said:

"Want to show me the way to the house of Dorcas, sonny?"

Instantly the brown face sobered. The boy dropped his grass whistle, 1 and slid a small tightening hand into Peter's own.

"I'll take you right to her house." "Did you know her?"

"I guess I did know Dorcas." The small face quivered. The clear little voice choked, wavered, then spoke bravely on: "I guess I'll never forget her.. My own folks died when the great plague came up from Judea, three years ago. I was five years old, then, and my brother was three, and baby sister was just learning to toddle. All the people were afraid to come near us because they were scared of the plague. All but Dorcas. She wasn't afraid. She wasn't never scared of anything. She came straight to our house, the day my father and mother fell sick, and she nursed them till they died, and she dug the grave with her own hands. I helped dig, some. But she nailed the coffins all herself. Then she took us home with

her. She burned our clothes, and she bought us a goat, so's we could my puppy," he made a brief proud gesture toward the small excited yel-low dog, who was disputing the right of way with a haughty gander. "And she put our beds right 'side by her bed so's when we have bad dreams, we can out, years gone. I couldn't heave a go around. There never have been crawl in with her-"

He stopped, jerked his hand from Peter's big grip, jammed one little fist into his eyes, and fled.

Peter looked after the little flying

ed. Then he glanced ahead. At the door of a fine stone house stood a very young woman, a tiny ba-by asleep in her arms. Her gaze was

"But Dorcas is dead." The little ing lay in another Hand. Yet, "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my Name—" strikes me Dorcas has done a good slim creature shrank against the hedge. "Now nobody will want us ask more of her?" strikes me Dorcas has done a good girls around. Nobody will care what

"More?" The girl turned, flashing protest. "But, sir, I know so little! I have done my best to learn. But,

each year, as my baby grows older, I of it? What's the use? Nobody trunarrow stone-paved streets. Present- must do more and more for him. And ly cares." harrow stone-paved streets. Tresent in the stone in the stone paved streets. Tresent in the stone is the stone paved streets. If it is written that my husband is small, skinny, freckled boy, with three front teeth missing, and one stubbed toe tied up ostentatiously in a bit of rag, and a goatskin tunic, and a shy is e? Who so patient? Who so wise? Who so patient? Who so with the stone with the -if it is written that my husband Her face paled. "She's dead. She can't know." always understand?" little friendly grin. And Peter, who motherly, that-that she will tell me defiant. Then all her poor little insowhere I fail in my greatest desirelence melted out of her. Sobbing, she my own man's pleasure? Who, in all flung one arm across her face, and ran this city, would do that for me? "Who, indeed?" thought Peter. away.

Aloud, he spoke:

"Peace to you, my child. Tomorrow will speak with you again.

Uncertain, yet comforted, the girl turned away. Peter heard her heavy door close, softly. He did not look back. He was looking, instead, at a chanting their grief. Very quietly man who now approached him. An Pete. slipped into a by-path, and went old, old man, in worn but clean garments, with warped veiny hands that around to the rear of the house. clutched his staff, and a dazed, scared, stair. He climbed it, entered a loft angry old face. filled with fleeces of new-washed

Good day to you, my friend." The old man shuffled close, peered up into Peter's face.

"Are you the man who goes about and cures the sick, and makes the great silent loom filled one wall. blind to see?"

"My Master does these things. am His servant."

"Guess you're the one I'm looking for." The angry, frightened old face twitched. "It's about Dorcas. They tell me she's dead, then what am I to and fell, eddied, drifted, a murmuring Hey? Tell me that." do?

"Dorcas was your friend?" "Friend? Why she's everything! thinking. At last he bent to that sweet dead face, and spoke: "I know you're pretty tired, Dorcas." She's all I've got to live by. If she's dead, I can't live any longer. I I I know you'd like to rest. Rest—a n- long while. But you see, Dorcas, you dead, I can't live any longer. I won't!" The old hand clutched talon-

erless babies, and teach the little, bewildered, clumsy wives, and guide the poor. silly, flutter-budgets, and comeut, for they say I'm too slow. Too old, they mean." He halted, his sul-never will be. So, while I hate to

kind of popular song. Its application was limited to such songs until the end of the Eighteenth century, when it began to refer also to an entertainment that included singing and diajogue as well as dancing and variety

Failure Is the Final Test.

acting.

Real winners in life never show the white feather. They are like the drummer boy in our Civil war, who, when his regiment was being mowed down still kept pushing ahead, beating an advance. When ordered to beat a retreat, the boy replied that he had never learned how-he had only been taught to beat an advance.

The finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed or entirely dismayed no matter what comes. If a man of this kind loses property, if his ambition is thwarted and his plans demolished his spirit remains undaunted, his courage. his resistance and his self-confidence are undiminished, and he can start again. Many a man has been made by his failures, because he used them as a stepping stone for his advance.

Failure is the final test of persistence and an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it .- Orison Swett Marden in the New Success Magazine.

Quaint New England Expressions.

There are many quaint expressions peculiar to New England, some of which are heard only in Rhode Isalnd or in places where their use has been perpetuated by former residents of this locality.

"Won't you take off your things?" is a common invitation to the caller in this state, though in some parts of the country it would be unusual. When a housewife changes her abode. she moves her "things," and when going on a journey. she packs her "things" in a grip.

In the south county it frequently rains "pitchforks" and sometimes "cats and dogs." The most intensive expressions of the native, however, are that it is "raining like all Sam Hill" or like "all possessed."-Boston Globe."

Edible Oysters in Solid Rock.

Edible oysters that live with their shells imbedded in solid rock, like the fossil of some extinct creatures, have heen discovered in Coos bay, Oregon. The fact that they are fairly abundant makes these strange mollusks no less a curiosity, and the university of the state is now engaged in a study of their origin and mode of life. Recause they are considered an exceptionally delicious food, the investigators are also examining into the possibility of their propagation for the mar-

gard bare feet as the distinguishing mark of the woman of the people. Any woman who affects to wear shoes for a bulletin. in Russia nowadays, unless she be a favorite of the footlights, is regarded as a daughter of the despised "bourreoisie." She is considered a fair target for insult and persecution. Ev-They may be seen any day in Moscow tripping through the streets barefoot.

The Firefly's Light.

Fame and fortune await the scientist who discovers the secret of the familiar firefly or lightning bug. No one has been able to tell how the little insect produces the flashes of light we see twinkling about on dark nights. flame of a candle. Considering the strength or rather feebleness of the firefly this light is believed to be the most efficient form of illumination today. If this method could be understood and put to work it is calculated that the energy exerted by a boy in driving a bicycle would be sufficient miles of street lamps. The light of the firefly is practically heatless and nailing. it is believed among scientists that the fature of the lighting industry of the

A la Carte.

heatless light .-- Boys' Life.

dinner.

I didn't see any place to eat, and so called out to a newsboy who stood near on the curbing, "Hey, there, do you know where I can get some good loth is oiled or painted. food?"

"Sure," he said, "follow me." So saying, he hopped on to his bicycle and we followed. Where? To a hot dog wagon!

Fitting Revenge.

Wood-I understand some one stole your automobile? Park-You are right.

"That's pretty low down, isn't it?" wish."

"What's that?" "I hope the thief keeps it as long as I did and he'll go flat broke."-Youngstown Telegram.

Love or Money.

"I intend to marry for love," said contains in the off of the house ex-cept in very cold or stormy weather. "You are wise, my dear," replied her dearest friend. "Men with more are often so hard to please." "I intend to marry for love," said

write the Department of Agriculture

-One important requirement for parcel post shipping and marketing is a proper and satisfactory container the United States Department of Agriculture points out. Sometimes the en the wives of soviet dignitaries, consumer can secure containers more such as Trotzky and Lenin, have been readily and economically than the obliged to how to popular sentiment. producer. Those with handles are much less likely to be damaged in transit in the mails than those which are not thus supplied and which are likely to be tossed or thrown or handled by the string or twine used in tying them. A bamboo basket serves the purpose very well and may be used a long time. Ordinary splint baskets made of strips of veneer may also be used, and if they can be secured at a price sufficiently cheap a new one for each shipment is more eco-Careful scientific tests have proven, however, that this light is produced unless they are sent back in lots of 10 with about one four-hundredths part or more under one cover. This, of of the energy which is expended in the course, necessitates using them without a wooden handle, in which case a heavy twine should be used for a han-This twine can be untied and the dle. baskets nested, or placed in one another, for return shipment. If a basket with a wooden handle is used, care should be taken to see that it is securely nailed, not only at the rim of the basket but farther down toward to run a powerful dynamo or light the bottom, so as to prevent undue leverage, which may break loose the

-the back and sides of the poultry house should be absolutely tight in orworld depends upon the discovery of der to prevent drafts which may cause colds in the flock.

The front of the house should be so high that the windows or openings vill allow the sun to shine well back After a trip from Gary to Michigan into the interior during the winter. City over the roughest road I have Burlap, unbleached muslin, or lightever seen, I felt the need of a good weight duck cloth may be used for curtains in the front. This cloth hould be thin enough to allow a slow circulation of air without a lraft. This is impossible if too heavy a grade of duck cloth is used or if the

If the curtain is not attended to, lowever, curtain-front houses may be ess satisfactory than the open-front type even in northern latitudes.

A large amount of glass in the ront of the house makes it warm during the day but cold at night, as glass radiates heat very rapidly. Some glass, however, is helpful in providing light when the curtains are closed. Some ventilation should be given in a poultry house even on the coldest night. It is usually best se-"Yes. There's just one thing I cured by leaving a small window open or having muslin curtains in the front of the house. If the house is shut up tightly without any muslin curtains in the front, there is a tendency for moisture to collect in the house and condense on the rafters and other woodwork on frosty mornings. It is not necessary to close the muslin curtains in the front of the house ex-