Democratic Watchman.

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STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION.

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INK SLINGS.

—You can always count on the liberality of the man who has more than he wants. He's a rare bird, however.

—Spring is scheduled for March 21st, but it evidently got mixed in its dates for surely it arrived two weeks ago.

—Help yourself along. The other fellow is too busy getting on himself to give you more than an occasional boost, and, besides, he might forget it entirely.

——We notice that former President and Mrs. Wilson called at the White House on Monday. It is just a little incident, but it throws an interesting side-light on the finesse of its recent tenants.

—The ex-Kaiser having brought forward his claim for having originated the idea of a League of Nations Senators Lodge, Knox and others will probably begin to see some use in going in.

—The householder who uses soft coal would be practically certain of losing no money and have an excellent chance to save quite a tidy sum if he or she were to lay in next winter's supply right now. There is scarcely a possibility of bituminous going any lower than it is and if business revives before mid-summer there is likely to be an immediate advance.

——Talaat Pasha, former grand vizier of Turkey, was assassinated by an Armenian student on the streets of Berlin, on Tuesday. The world will shed few tears over his taking off. Openly he boasted of his fiendish plans for extermination of the Armenians and rather gloried in the unenviable title of being "the strongest man between Berlin and hell." Solomon Teilirian is an avenger not a murderer.

—Superintendent of Public Instruction Dr. Thomas Finegan is sponsor for a new bill that has just been introduced in the Legislature affecting salaries to be paid public school teachers. He proposes very substantial boosts all along the line. Most any of the minimum salaries to be offered would look good to us if we could only get that eight dollars and twenty cents, that those railroad conductors who run from New York to Philadelphia get for two hours and eleven minutes work, out of your mind.

—Madame Marie Curie, the French scientist who shares with her late husband the distinction of having discovered radium, is coming to this country to personally accept some honors the women of the United States purpose conferring on the notable woman. Madame Curie has lately set about to explode the old theory that the earth is cooling off. Quite the reverse, she says, is true. And while we know that one swallow doesn't make a summer the abnormal heat we have been having the past few days almost persuades us to believe that the little French lady knows what she is talking about.

—In the readjustment of wages that is now being undertaken all over the country it should be borne in mind that unskilled labor, prior to the war, was compensated far too low to return a decent living for the men who do the rough work. They were advanced on the basis of their pre-war pay so that what they are receiving now is not as much in excess of decent living requirements as is the compensation of skilled labor. The man who is getting from six to ten dollars a day can take a good cut without seriously reducing his standard of living far more easily than can the unskilled laborer who is getting from three to five dollars.

—Daylight saving died a bornin' at Harrisburg Monday night. There were only fifty-six Members to support it and one hundred and forty-two to oppose. The farmers of the State were opposed to the bill and the country Members had their ears to the ground. While we are disappointed, along with thousands of others who live in the towns and cities, it is gratifying to note that the country Members of the Legislature can do something when they stand together. If they were to take a lesson from this display of strength we would not hear so much of Philadelphia, Allegheny, Luzerne and Lancaster counties controlling Pennsylvania.

—Obsolescence affects most everything. Men and machinery and countless other things grow old and out of date and are replaced by younger and more modern products, but literature, real classics, lives on forever; revealing some new inspiration, inspiring higher ideals each time they are read. Like wine they grow mellower and years give them more bouquet. Of course it wasn't a classic, but since there is so much righteous indignation at the manner of my lady's dressing these days there comes to mind a bit of jingle that once rattled off the tongue of many who indulged in what they then thought were things a trifle risque, which runs like this:

Providence sends the wicked winds
That blow our skirts knee high,
But God is just and sends the dust
That blows in the bad man's eye.

If, by any distortion of intellectuality this can be called literature—at one time we actually thought it a classic— then obsolescence surely has overtaken literature as well as men and other things. This jingle was fine stuff in the days of demi-trains, but the fellow who wrote it didn't know that future femininity was going to do for herself regularly what the March winds then only did on occasion.

An Unpleasant Side of Newspaper Making.

With all the worry and stress and necessity for punctuality that goes with newspaper making few who have ever had a real taste of it leave the profession voluntarily. No matter whether it is in the office of the big city daily, the country weekly or that of a monthly publication the same irritating, constantly reappearing, conditions exist in a general sense.

The mechanical side of the business is meeting all the time with the same breakdowns that interrupt the pleasant progress of any other industry using machinery. The question of efficient help is as acute in the printing business, and even more so, than in any other one we know of, for statistics covering the last decade reveal the fact that the number of apprentices to the printing industry have been practically nil. The business office, especially during the past four years, has shown such meagre profits as to be discouraging to any who have not been long enough in the game to know that any at all are something to be proud of. Then add to the difficulties that are continually arising out of these three departments the harrassing work of editorial and news writing and a combination is formed the like of which is unknown to any other business.

The country weekly does not suffer the grind that the city dailies do, but its position of being in intimate relationship with most of the people of the community it serves makes its position far more difficult.

A paper, to be of any value, must be a purveyor of news and news is news, whether it is local or foreign. A country weekly covers a contracted field, but it covers it as carefully as a metropolitan journal covers the world. The two are not in competition, for it will never be possible for either one to infringe on the territory of the other for reasons that must be obvious. News is not made as fast in a small field as in a larger one so that the person who reads his local paper frequently finds things that he never sees in his city daily and seizes the first opportunity to tell the editor what a mistake it is to publish such trifling items. He hasn't thought that the one paper hasn't space for them and the other hasn't real news for its space.

All of these trials are a thorn in the side of those who are trying to make a real local newspaper. The editor knows them far better than those who volunteer advice. He has ambition, always, to make his paper better, but often he gleans very barren ground. It is a terribly exacting task and often we wonder that any one undertakes it but they do and they stick to it.

With all of the troubles with which the work is beset the hardest to meet is the disassociation of the editor as a member of the community in which he lives from the editor as a gatherer and purveyor of news. Our friend Jones thinks the paper ought to give Smith hell all the time and runs to us with a story every time he sees Smith even pleasantly bidding the time of day to some other man's wife. That's the kind of news he wants to see published when it refers to some one he doesn't like. But when his boy gets mixed up in an auto-wreck in which two or three girls his daddy didn't know he frivoled with get hurt and a real piece of news is made, the editor is a dirty skunk and ought to be run out of the community for publishing the story.

Nearly all of them overlook the fact that the local newspaper is supposed to hold the mirror up to life. It is nothing more, nor less than a reflection of the life of a community. It has a thousand and one tastes to cater to and can't play favorites and live.

When the sordid, drab incident breaks the editor knows the principals to it quite as well as any other in the community. He would far rather suppress it. He doesn't give it publicity with a thought of abetting gossip or adding a bit of sorrow to the unfortunates connected with it. He has had a surfeit of such things. But he knows that there are countless others who have not and they must be satisfied. Do you know that "the American Standard," the big Chicago daily, started last December by the associated religious organizations of that city, has suspended already because the very people who urged it declined to support it because it tried to be above the plane of the ordinary paper. It did just what we would like to do: Publish only the pleasant, hopeful, constructive news. It didn't feed the beast in the man and he starved it to death.

——Surely it is amusing to Democrats to be reading every day that this, that and the other new official, whom Mr. Harding has started on the job of doing things better than their Democratic predecessors did, comes out with the bald acknowledgment that the best he can hope for is to leave the place in as good shape as he found it.

And Nero Fiddled.

A recent issue of the "Presbyterian" editorially discussed the modern dance question in what might be regarded as its favorable and unfavorable indulgence. "Dancing," it says, "is defined as the act of moving in measured step to the rhytm of music and there can be no objection to such diversion by the individuals when the rules of propriety are observed.

The Alumni Quarterly, a publication of the Mercersburg Academy for boys, is quoted as follows: The dances at Mercersburg have been discontinued for the present. When the craze for jazz music and cheek dancing is over, when girls paint less and dress more, dances will be resumed."

When the bunny-hug and the turkey trot first came into vogue and before the girls began to drop their dresses to the wish-bone in front and the hip bones behind and paint their faces until they look like German dolls the "Watchman" inveighed against the conversion of a graceful, harmless social practice into a riot of discordant, sensual gyrations.

We had our fling in the days when the young lady who was held most popular at a party was the one on whose card the most men had sought a place. She and her sisters might have danced once with a man with the taint of liquor on his breath, but it was almost a certainty that she would decline his second invitation as a polite reminder that she would not play Terpsichore to any Bacchus. She was just the same bit of humanity as the girls of today and she would probably have been just the same as her younger sisters had she reigned today instead of yesterday. Notwithstanding this latter probability we look back on her as a different order of woman, and for that reason we are an "old fogey." Our opinion counts for nothing and the mothers and fathers of the land permit their pin-feathered offspring to shed stays and petticoats so that they can shake their torsos, fore and aft, in a way that would have made the first hootchey kootchey dancer who came over here from Egypt in 1893 think that her skin was as tight as that of a hide-bound cow.

And what's it all leading to? The action of the authorities at Mercersburg Academy shows what's in the mind of some other old fogies.

All over the country churches, civic clubs, the Y's, and every organization that has a care for the chastity of the young is awakening to the dangers ahead and unless there is a movement back to the real dance of grace and modesty dancing will have its Volstead act also.

There is a limit to which impropriety may go. A departed railroad magnate once said: "The public be damned." Immediately the public became interested in railroads and legislation that was thought impossible has been written into our statutes.

There would have been no Prohibition agitation in this country if the dealers had not disregarded every admonition of moderation in the traffic.

It would not have been made unlawful to sell cigarettes to boys if tobacconists had realized the baneful effect of smoking on those of tender years.

All of these changes came about in a most natural way and all because of heedlessness on the part of those most directly concerned.

So, again, we implore the young folks to stop for a moment and consider whither they are dancing while Nero fiddles. Let the girls remember that the restraint and attractive influence of woman upon man is her purity and modesty. When these are lacking to the normal man, then the situation becomes repulsive, and though sinful freedom may be exercised, it finally results in abhorrence.

Our hope has been that girls would listen to the appeals of those of their sex who see the folly of it all and are appealing to them from all quarters, but if they will not then God give us men who will stop the riot before all the barriers of decency fall and dancing degenerates into moral leprosy.

——Who would have thought it a year ago when eggs were selling around 70 cents the dozen that the price would get back to what it was before the war, but now they are literally going a begging at 25 cents. Hay is also down to $15.00 and $17.00 per ton and no great demand for it at that figure. Of course we humans can't eat hay, but there is also a very noticeable increase in the hunk of meat that can now be purchased for a dollar, and that is one thing to be thankful for, at least.

——If Queen Marie, of Rumania, who is to visit this country next fall, is as handsome as her photographs represent her to be she will redeem the ideals of royalty that were so severely shaken when the Queen of Belgium, our most recent royal visitor, turned out to be just a plain looking little woman.

The Wilson Memorial.

Already plans are well under way to establish a perpetual memorial in honor of Woodrow Wilson, "the man who projected into the world the idea of the League of Nations."

America might well be up and doing in this respect. Mountain peaks, islands of the sea and nearly every foreign city of any consequence has a street or park bearing the name that posterity will honor with increasing reverence. So that it is mete that the country that gave Woodrow Wilson to the world should do something in commemoration of his surpassing service to it.

The plan of raising a minimum sum of $500,000 which is to be placed in trust to provide an annual award to the person who, during the year, has made the greatest contribution toward international peace, is ideal, since it is designed to perpetuate the great ideal of the former President. The achievements of the Wilson administrations were many and salutory, but those having to do with our material happiness will be remembered only when changing conditions compel their supersedence by regulations more in conformity with the new order of things. They will all fall into obsolescence with the march of progress. But "peace on earth, good will to man" will live in the hope of christian people until the end of time. That was Woodrow Wilson's ideal. That was what urged him on to the point where he almost laid down his life in the struggle to attain it. That was world altruism and international amity would be its realization.

The proposed Wilson memorial would reward those who take up the torch his withered hand laid down.

As John Drinkwater, the English playwright said in New York on Tuesday night, he "conceived beyond his executive capacity—a thing that is generally true of all great historical figures."

"Most men are prone to bow in submission at the first assault of expediency. It is the tragedy and the glory of Woodrow Wilson that he clung tenaciously to his ideals regardless of personal consequences.

"It is generally agreed, that his tactics were by no means perfect. But the strategy back of them made one of the greatest contributions to modern civilization."

Bellefonte and the Y.

It is a pleasant announcement that the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A. building, that has been undergoing repairs for a period that has dragged discouragingly over more than two years is nearing the time when it will be ready for service along the lines which the rebuilding undertaking contemplated.

In size, facilities for recreation and entertainment the local Y. is out of all proportion to our community. It is probably a fact that not another town of the population of Bellefonte possesses Association facilities and comforts such as this remodeled building will offer to the young men and women of this community. Bellefonte always has aspired and achieved in a manner that would do credit to a much more populous and resourceful centre.

When the Y. is ready to function again as an institution it will serve a useful or indifferent purpose just as our people are broad minded and helpful in its conduct, or bigoted and fault finding. It can become the community centre, the clearing house for all social, moral and civic welfare work and fill an ideal place in our community life or it can dawdle along as it did before the rehabilitation was undertaken.

There is a great field for its activities here and no one who views its admirable physical readaptation can fail to be impressed with the possibilities that lie in their proper use. It seems to us that all the local civic organizations, the various church brotherhoods, the ministerium, the Board of Trade, the Business Men's Association and every group that in the larger sense labors for the personal and general uplift of the community should meet the reopening of the building with a determination to give it most cordial and enthusiastic co-operation.

All ideas of creed, race, politics or caste should be left behind when entering the doors of the Y. It should be the one place where we all meet on a common level to be just what our Creator intended that we should be: Healthy, joyous, pure men and women. There should be a minimum of cant and a maximum of tolerance. The atmosphere should be such as to leave no doubt that it is a Christian Association and that can be accomplished as well by refined brotherly service as by psalm singing.

—The chief of police of Sunbury has issued an edict that no female may parade the streets of that burg with skirts that are less than four inches below the knee. What a job he will have on his hands enforcing such an order. And what a display of silken calves he'll have to lamp.

All in the Head.

From an Exchange.

He saw the warm sun melt the snow;
Across the fields he heard the crow.
"Ah! Spring at last; and so," he said,
"My winter underwear I'll shed."

But soon an epizootic bug
Crawled up his nose,—Inflamed his mug;
His feet were cold, and hot his head,
And "dab the Sprig" was what he said.

The Day of Reckoning.

From the DuBois Express.

At last, after almost infinite patience—a patience which long has exasperated many unsympathetic with diplomatic procedure and delay—the allies have moved on German soil. A great stretch of the richest manufacturing territory in the Teuton empire republic is under occupation. The aggressor in the world war will at last supinely suffer a vast invasion by the forces of her conquerers.

That Germany's representatives at the conference in London should have brought matters to this pass would be incomprehensible without an understanding of home conditions. There are still hundreds of thousands of Germans who do not realize that their country was beaten. No traces of war ravages disfigures the face of Germany, no hint of the awful devastation of victorious France and Belgium are to be found in the smiling fields of the authors of the world horror. Many even recall how the beaten German troops marched home with bands playing and flags flying, amid the acclaim of the populace. And even the cables have carried German threats and German boasts to intersperse German whining.

All these things have created a condition at home that has made the position of the Ebert government a most difficult one. To have yielded at London to the demand that it keep its pledges—a demand wholly at variance with the sinister twist of German psychology—threatened to provoke a storm in which Ebert and his followers would be submerged. Finally they seem to have decided that they could more safely brave the higher force and align themselves as victims of the inevitable.

And the inevitable has overtaken them. Now for the first time the full ignominy of defeat will be borne in upon the apostles of frightfulness. Now must vainglory give way to punishment.

Let it be borne in mind, in the natural wave of pity for a prostrate nation, that the punishment is not a punishment in kind. It involves no cruel death of millions, no ruin of fair cities and broad countrysides. It is nothing more than an exaction from Germany of pay, in so far as she can pay in money and material things, for the damage she did for civilization. There is no grim debt held against her for the millions of deaths she caused, for the untold suffering and misery she spread through the world. No attempt has been made to compute human blood in terms of dollars or of marks. Germany is required only to pay the material breakage bill.

Scarcely a human being breathes anywhere on this globe today who has not felt, nay, who is not at this very moment feeling, the effect of the world war, directly or indirectly. Yet the Germans are whining that $58,000,000,000 of indemnity is going to mean hardship and toil. So be it, "Woe unto the nations by which offenses come."

Out of the occupation will come a clearer knowledge of Germany's ability to pay. It will end the riot of extravagance in Berlin and, indeed, throughout the empire. And if it takes forty years of toil and tears to clear the account with civilization, let it be hoped that out of this very suffering and degredation may come the regeneration of a people such as will restore them to the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

Nothing Alarming.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

A considerable number of employers are in the glooms because the workmen of the country decline to meekly submit to wholesale slashing of wages. But there is nothing unnatural in the attitude of the wage-earner in this respect. He is no different from the manufacturer or the merchant. Both of them held on to high prices for their products and their wares as long as possible.

And why not? They were in business primarily to make money and prices having been advanced generally they did not wish to let go of the advantage they had gained.

Of course in the long run, they suffered needless losses thereby, but that does not alter the fact that they held on as long as possible and are at this moment getting the best prices possible.

There is nothing reprehensible in that. It is every man's business to get a good price for his wares or his services. Wage-earners are but following the natural and the general trend. They, too, are simply trying to hold onto as much as possible as long as possible, and while this course may not spell prosperity for them in the long run and doubtless will prolong the period of uncertain employment, nobody can reasonably blame them, since they are but doing what their employers did before them. The servant cannot be expected to be wiser than the master.

Labor, like everything else, must readjust itself to new conditions, but like manufacturing and selling it will yield only to necessity.

SPAWLS FROM THE KEYSTONE.

—While playing hide and seek last Friday, with school companions, Abram M. Flora, 10 years old, son of Mr .and Mrs. M. C. Flora, of Orrstown, near Chambersburg, stepped on a string attached to the trigger of a shotgun, set as a trap for grain thieves in the barn of Norman Hoch, and was killed almost instantly.

—Some burglars, even, have a heart. One entered the home of Mrs W. A. Kerr, of New Castle, early Saturday morning. When confronted by the burglar, Mrs. Kerr told him she had only $5 and that her husband is sick, and she is caring for him. The burglar said, "I guess you need the money more than I do," and left the house without taking anything.

—Hissing sound and concussion caused by a falling meteor last Thursday night startled the population of Brockwayville. Houses were shaken and persons feared the meteor had fallen in the town. An investigation showed it had imbedded near the W. I. tower on the Erie Railroad, about a quarter of a mile from town. Railroad men who saw the falling mass say it was large and that it buried itself eight or ten feet in the ground.

—Hundreds of men out of work at Pottsville are borrowing money to pay the income tax on their last year's wages. One man who presented himself to the officials was required to pay $12, although he has not worked a day this year yet. He borrowed $3 to pay the first installment. The miners are better situated than the steel workers, as their work has continued steadily and large amounts will be paid in all the mining towns of that region next week.

—W. R. Monroe, president of the Monroe Manufacturing company, of Bloomsburg, has been held under $1000 for a further hearing on a charge of issuing a check without sufficient funds to meet it, and receivers were appointed for the company, following a long conference. The claims against the company are said to total about $200,000. The receivers are C. W. Singer, treasurer of the Columbia County Trust company, and H. W. Frey, representing the Keystone Manufacturing company, of Elkins, W. Va.

—Court messenger Thomas D. Hummell, of Lewistown, suffered an attack of heart disease while in attendance at a special session of court presided over by Judge Thomas F. Bailey on Monday, and was dead before a physician could be called. Humell was 82 years old and a veteran of the Civil war, serving with Company H, 149th Pennsylvania volunteers, better known as the "Penn Bucktails," and was wounded in the upper left thigh at the assault on the Bloody Angle at Gettysburg and mustered out at York.

—Overcome by fumes from gasoline while being taken home from school, two Benton, Columbia county girls were revived only after physicians had worked for five hours. Eli McHenry called at the school house for his sister Mabel and a friend, Marie Fritz, as the distance to their homes was too great to walk over the muddy roads. The girls sat in the rear seat of the inclosed car, and when they reached the Fritz home, both were unconscious. Doctors found they had been overcome with gas while the machine was being driven on low gear through the mud.

—Judge G. G. Sloan, at the opening of court in Clarion, last week, caused a stir by notifying Constable George Myers, of Clarion, to return all dances at which there was any rowdyism or at which any "jazz" or "shimmy" dances were allowed. He also charged the constable to see that the dances were closed at the proper hour and were conducted in a manner of decency and propriety. Not only did the judge go after the dances in a fitting manner, but instructed Constable Myers to watch for the gambling that has been going on in Clarion. Judge Sloan is determined that Clarion shall be cleansed of some of its sins, and he will see that the laws are obeyed.

—Benjamin F. Chase, of Clearfield, will leave this week for New York, from which place he will sail for Trondhjem, Norway, where he will serve as the American consul. Mr. Chase has been spending a couple of months at Clearfield following his return from Costa Rica, where he served as consul. He was at that place during the time the United States was having trouble with a certain faction of the natives of that place. His position at that time was decidedly a precarious one, and he was in constant danger of being killed. He has previously served as consul at Leeds, England, and in Italy and Austria. Clearfield is his home town, and his brother is mayor of that place.

—Rehabilitating rundown farms is a field of exceptional money-making possibilities as has been proven by the experience of J. G. Reitz, of Mifflin county. He bought a parcel of land for $3000, two years ago, when labor shortage was so acute on the farms. The place, like many another, had run down through inattention, for virtually all of the available people who had not been in military service were employed in the steel mills at Burnham. Reitz invested in the place liberally from his own store of brain and brawn, and the tract came back so splendidly that he sold it last week at a profit of $7000 on the real estate alone, plus a gain of $3000 on the crops in the meantime.

—The Lewistown Housing and Development company received the final check of $14,538.50 from the Pennsylvania Wire Glass company of Dunbar, Pa., in payment of their factory site of 29½ acres located on the Fleming and O'Meara tracts east of Lewistown and adjacent to the Susquehanna silk mill, on which they will break ground as soon as the weather permits for a factory, the main building of which will be 175 by 600 feet. The construction will be principally of their own product, corrugated wire glass, and inasmuch as the factory employing about 600 men will be run on three eight-hour shifts, the building will be a blaze of light all through the night. They expect to put 200 men on the job for construction as soon as the weather will permit.

—With only a pocket knife to defend himself against a savage bull, Burrell Anderson, living near Delta, York county, probably would have lost his life had not two dogs come to his rescue. The bull, belonging to Joseph Dick, attacked Anderson in an open field and threw him to the ground. The animal had been dehorned, but it kneeled upon its victim and endeavored to crush out his life while Anderson vainly tried to cut the bull's throat with his knife. The knife had been knocked from his hand and he was fast losing strength when a hired man on the farm noticed the conflict and released two dogs. They sprang to the rescue and while they worried the bull Anderson scrambled across the fence to safety. He was not badly hurt.