

PILGRIM IN SPIRIT

Brave Men All Who Sought Liberty in America.

Justice in Writer's Claim That Every Family Tree Among Us Has Its Roots in a Mayflower.

For three centuries and more a natural selection has been going on in Europe, sorting out the pioneers from those who preferred to let well enough (no matter how bad it happened to be) alone. The Pilgrims came to these shores to escape a religious tyranny, and in their wake millions have followed because they have preferred to seek the new world rather than put up with the abuses of the old. Great hosts have turned their backs on political oppressors because of belief in the freedom to be found here. Still other multitudes have fled from grinding economic conditions in order to find a fair chance in a country which stood to them as the land of opportunity.

The Mayflower was not "launched by cowards," and there have been mighty few cowards among our settlers. When a man and his wife sell all that they have and lead their family up the gangplank of an ocean liner, they may not look very much like the pictures in the Sunday supplements of a 1620 couple, but the difference is more in dress than in heart. They are brave pioneers, and it is from them and their like that we Americans have sprung, writes "Uncle Dudley" in the Boston Globe. In the larger sense every family tree among us has its roots in a Mayflower.

This is why a foreign-born youngster going to an American school can understand and appreciate the Pilgrim story in his lesson book. It is something that he has picked up at home from the old folks, who also were pilgrims.

Western visitors wandering about what they have been taught to call Puritan New England are often mystified by what they find. They hear a jargon of tongues, catch glimpses of papers published in foreign languages, meet with faces from south Europe, from Russia or from the Scandinavian north. "These people certainly are not Puritans," say the tourists from Kansas or Oregon. Of course they are not Puritans. But they are not very far from being Pilgrims, like all the rest of America. They have had the initiative to leave conditions which they did not like and cross an ocean to cast their fortune in a land unknown. In essence that is the Pilgrim spirit.

The face of a real American is a Pilgrim face, no matter what his race or religion, for it looks not toward the past, but toward the future.

And if there are times when some section of America seems content to halt, it is because the Pilgrim strain has run a little thin. Nothing could be more untrue to our ancestry than standing still. Our blood is mixed, but at the same time very pure. Every drop of it came from a pioneer.

Japan's "Movie" Orators.

The Japanese educational authorities are paying much attention to utilizing the "movies" for the edification of the younger generation, says East and West News. Some of the American "movie" stars are as much Japanese favorites as they are American favorites. Charlie Chaplin is known even to the child who does not know the name of the Japanese premier. Every "movie" theater in Japan has its own orators who explain the pictures—especially the foreign ones—to the audience while the show is going on. Recently the authorities summoned all motion-picture operators attached to the picture halls in Tokyo and gave instructions regarding the practice of the profession of film orators. As a result of the meeting the authorities decided to give a regular course of lectures for the benefit of film orators. The first of the series of lectures will be held early this year and will include such subjects as history and geography.

Diamond George's Teeth.

"Diamond George" Cochran, a Syracuse sportsman whose retirement from sporting circles followed the first Billy Sunday campaign in New York, died recently and was buried by the Billy Sunday Trull Hitters' association. Dentists called in by his family removed six and a half carats of diamonds from the teeth of the sportsman. They were inserted in his front teeth, three on each side. In his stickpin he wore a five-carat diamond. His shirt studs were of three carats each and the buttons of a vest he wore each contained half-carat diamonds. His watch was set with 13 one and a half carat diamonds in the shape of a horseshoe.

Wonderful Stockings.

A pair of lace stockings was shown at a recent exhibition in Strassbourg, France. They were priced at \$350. The inserts are of rare Chantilly lace, and were almost eight months in the making. Though the flowerlike design seems a thing of fragile beauty, it is said that the material resists ordinary wear surprisingly well.

The "Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

WHY

Ireland Is World's Chief Linen-Producing Center

The antiquity of linen is greater than that of any other textile. Its use dates back at least to the Pharaohs. In Ireland, the hand-spinning and hand-weaving of linen were carried on in cottage and castle for centuries before the introduction of the power loom raised an occupation of the home to the position of a great staple industry. So far back as the Fifteenth century linen was mentioned as one of the principal branches of trade in the country and linen was exported from Belfast from the earliest days of the port. Through many phases of history the industry was fostered, but it was not until after the discontinuance of the linen board in 1830 that any attempt was made to introduce machinery. By 1859 between 3,000 and 4,000 power looms were at work. Then came the American Civil war and with Lancashire unable to get cotton an enormous demand for linen was created. In 1870 close to 15,000 power looms were weaving linens and the industry was firmly established. In 1912 the number of looms had increased to 36,942 and the number of flax spindles in Ireland was 924,817.

Today Ireland is the chief linen producing center of the world. This position is insured partly by the climate of the northeast province, which is ideal for the manufacture of linen, but an equally important factor is the hereditary skill of the linen workers throughout Ulster. In the days of Charles I premiums were offered to induce skilled workers from France and the Netherlands to settle in Ireland and Irish workers were sent to the continent to acquire knowledge of the best methods of manufacture. Families brought from Brabant, from France and Jersey settled, it is said, in Carrick on Belfast Lough and their skill has been handed down through generation after generation.

FOUNDATION OF ALL SUCCESS

Why It is Imperative That Youth Shall Fully Realize the Necessity for Thrift.

The young man who is ambitious for success in business should understand first of all the value of thrift. It is not through the flash of genius or the magic of good luck that permanent and substantial success is brought about. But rather there is a combination of elements of which thrift is the fundamental and most important. Delve as deeply as we may into the annals of any notable and permanent business success, and we shall find that thrift is the framework of the structure, writes S. W. Strauss, president of the American Society of Thrift.

This is a lesson that every young man in America today who is striving to get ahead in a business way should learn. He must have courage, initiative and a restless aggressiveness. He must have good judgment, equilibrium and patience. He must have the quality of hard work and the fortitude to stand knocks and blows. And at the very heart and core of all his activities there must be thrift.—The Thrift Magazine.

Why "Pot-Luck."

When a man offers a spur-of-the-moment invitation to "come home with me and take pot-luck," he is understood as meaning that no special preparation has been made for the guest, but that the repast will be whatever chances be in the house.

But there was a time when "pot-luck" was actually dished out of a pot, and when the guest took his chance of getting either a good meal or a very slim one. In the old days—and the practice is still in force in some parts of Europe—nothing came amiss to the family cooking-pot suspended from the pot-hook in the center of the fireplace. Everything edible was thrown into it, and, to "keep the pot boiling," the fire was seldom, if ever, allowed to go out. When meal-time came, persons fished for themselves, and whatever they happened to find was their "pot-luck."

Why Slight Shock May Be Fatal.

It is astonishing how slight an electric shock may cause death. Dana, Pierce, vice president of the American Society of Safety Engineers, states that "there are some well authenticated cases of fatal shock from a voltage of 110, the usual lamp circuit voltage. The danger is believed to be small to persons in fair physical condition unless the contact made with the circuit is extremely good and is long continued.

"A voltage of 220 is, of course, more dangerous. At 440 volts and over the hazard becomes very real and anything over 600 or 1,000 volts must be treated with respect and constant caution. It is not possible to say where real danger begins, nor is it necessary, at least over 150 volts."

Why the Breakers Roared.

"I've been down here at the beach two weeks," she remarked, "and my hands aren't tanned a bit. Funny isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied her summer beau, "they've been in the shade of my sheltering palms most of the time."—Boston Transcript.

Why He Need Not Worry.

"That lady has dropped her lace handkerchief. Pick it up."

"I hesitate to do so. It may be her petticoat."

"You're safe in picking it up. Ladies don't wear petticoats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



MESSAGES.

"I heard that Mr. Sun and Mr. Moon each got messages the other day," said Mr. Robin. "They were telling each other about it just before Mr. Sun went to bed. It was almost my bedtime, too."



"Tell Me About It."

"And just after I had heard them talking, didn't we receive a message, too!"

"Tell me about it," said Princess Fairy Twilight-Bell. "That is, if you aren't too sleepy. You know how I love this time of the day."

"Twilight is my very most favorite part of the day. I'd love to hear about your message if you could sit up and chirp to me that long," she ended.

"Indeed I could," said Mr. Robin. "I would be glad to tell you. You know Mr. Sun had a message thanking him for the good work he had done and asking that he would promise to always continue that good work. He was promised that he would always be given smiles in payment. That pleased him, of course."

"Then the Moon was asked to always keep on with his bright shining and he promised he would. Mr. Sun and Mr. Moon had a talk about their messages and just after they had finished talking I received a message."

"It was directed to all the birds and sent specially to me to give to all the birds because I know most of the birds and am friendly with all of them."

"The message was sent to us care of the Tree Tops, Air City."

"And it read as follows:

"Thanks for your concerts. Everyone congratulates you. You've cheered so many people and we appreciate your refusal to accept any money and your fine promises which we know you will keep to continue to sing free of charge. May we continue to call on you on all future warm mornings for our concerts? Especially in the spring and summer time?"

"Then they asked us to send them our answer and the message was signed by the lovers of Birds' Songs."

"Of course I spoke to the other birds about it and they told me to send back a message, which I did. I told the lovers of our songs that we would always give them concerts and that we loved to sing quite free of any charge."

"And then the Blades of Grass received a message, too."

"Oh, won't you tell me about it?" begged Princess Twilight-Bell of the Blades of Grass.

"Yes," said the Blades of Grass, waving about in the breeze, "we will tell you."

"Our message read as follows:

"Though there is something very exciting and thrilling and rushing and dashing and big and crowded about the city, we never forget the cool, restful attractiveness of your meadows. Will you always refresh us and make us feel happy and at peace whenever we come to see you, even if there are times we forget you?"

"And the message was signed by the Country-Lovers-Who-Live-in-the-City."

"They asked for a return answer, so we sent them one and told them we did not feel badly because they had left us for the city, but that we would always do what we could to cheer them and rest them when they came to the country on visits."

"Our message was sent to us care of Green Meadow Way, Country Side."

"How lovely," said Princess Fairy Twilight-Bell, "to have received such messages and how nice of you to all answer your messages so promptly."

"But I know I am keeping Mr. Robin up and it is past his bedtime and he is anxious to put his dear, bright little head under one of his fine wings for the night. Isn't that so, Mr. Robin?"

"Well, perhaps I'm a trifle sleepy," Mr. Robin said, as he tried hard not to yawn with his little beak. "But it has been so nice to talk to you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Princess Fairy Twilight-Bell. "Well, good-night, dear little Mr. Robin."

"Good-night, lovely fairy, chirp-chirp," said Mr. Robin.

A Settled Matter.

In the spelling class occurred the word "sediment," and the teacher asked John if he knew the meaning of the word.

Upon receiving an affirmative reply she said:

"You may write me a sentence, using the word correctly."

And this was the sentence:

"Leon said I didn't mean what I sed, and I sediment it."—Exchange.

CHRISTLIKE WOMEN EUROPE'S MAINSTAY

Lutheran Deaconesses Necessary to Morale of Discouraged Communities.

A church in any language means a church, and so does a school and hospital, but European deaconess homes suffer in the translating. To the average American the term "deaconess home" suggests a stone building of sober hue, whose lay-sister inmates, most of them aged and decrepit, with white lawn streamers beneath their chins, take their ease and spend their declining days pattering around with window boxes and bird cages. All wrong!

Webster's Unabridged fails to enlighten him, but the National Lutheran Council, with headquarters at New York City, is spreading the definition far and wide. A deaconess home means a social welfare colony maintained by these women church workers. A hospital, clinic, homes for cripples and the aged, schools for the deaf and blind, a day nursery, milk station, and a social service bureau, are the institutions that usually make up one of these welfare centers. In America there are numbers of them patterned after the models in Europe where they have existed by the thousand for many generations. In European cities of any size they serve the neighboring communities and have closer touch with the people than any other organization. Nobody is as busy as these hardy, rosy-cheeked women who give their full time from morning till night, or from night until morning, managing and running their big plants that take care of people.

Deaconess homes over there are not retreats in any sense. They are active, progressive, public places. But even so they are pretty independent of the outside world. They do their own work and have their own food supply. The deaconesses make use of their varied hobbies, so there are bee specialists, poultry experts, gardeners, dairy farmers, and orchardists who know all about pruning and spraying and keeping the children from picking green fruit. Most of them, of course, do this work during their recreation hour after finishing a day of nursing, teaching, sewing, or visiting the poor. They are very handy about the place. A carpenter's strike would be a small matter to them because there is always some demure-eyed sister who can wield an accurate hammer.

This sketches the average deaconess home in Central Europe in normal times. Such times are past history to a great degree, antedating 1914. Since then war has crippled the work so that it is scarcely recognizable. Their houses were shelled, robbed and burned. Sisters were shot and carried captive. But those who were left kept steadily at their posts, and braver, harder work at reconstruction is not being done in the world. Communities are so wholly dependent upon them. Nobody else knows how to do anything in times of distress. Relief funds sent by American Lutherans have been largely dispensed through deaconesses in each town. By this simple financing they are enabled to handle the emergencies through the channels of their own regular work. Some of the welfare centers have been restored and are doing heavier work than ever before, though with depleted staffs and in bitter poverty.

In the World Service Campaign that the National Lutheran Council is to conduct the last two weeks in October to raise \$1,250,000 for European Relief, deaconess homes have a large place in the budget for the coming year. From Petrograd to the Southern Tyrol, and from Cologne to Constantinople, these colonies of mercy are to be reinforced, so that each in its own sphere can be a healing refuge to the sick, afflicted and oppressed in those war and famine-malmed lands.

LONG DIVISION

A New Problem in International Affairs.

If \$200.00 is sent by courier 700 miles by rail, steamship, and horse cart, and divided among 100 pastors and their families, how much does each pastor receive? The answer depends altogether upon the geography involved. This time the pastors happen to be in and around Moscow, so the answer is 200,000 rubles each. Dr. John A. Morehead, European Commissioner for the National Lutheran Council that operates in 17 countries over there, met a Moscow merchant in Berlin in the summer, who possessed one of the rarest scraps of paper in the world—a passport from the Soviets—and who offered his services as confidential messenger to the Bishop of Moscow.

Dr. Morehead checked out \$200.00 and by the time the good merchant reached Moscow, by way of the Baltic Sea, through Riga, and a journey by cart and by foot over a distance where the railroad had rusted out, he was weighed down with 4,000,000 rubles. These were the first gifts or word from the outside that the Lutherans had had in three years. The money bought one meal a day of black bread and rice, for nearly a week, for each family, with a little change left over where they were extremely economical, sometimes even enough to buy a candle.

Shoes.

Shoes.



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