

DRESS 'EM UP.

Little girl you are so small, Don't you wear no clothes at all? Don't you wear no shimmy shirt? Don't you wear no petti-skirt? Just your corsets and your hose— Are those all your underclothes? Little girl you look so slight When I see you in the light With your skirts cut rather high Won't you catch a cold and die? Aren't you afraid to show your calf? It must make the fellows laugh! Little girl, what is the cause? Why your clothes all made of gauze? Don't you wear no underwear? When you go out fully dressed? Do you like these peek-a-boos, 'Stead normal under-clothes? Little girl your 'sunders show When the sunshine plays just so I can see your tinted flesh Through the thinnest gown of mesh; Is it modest, do you 'spose, Not to wear no underclothes? I can see way past your throat, To a region quite remote. 'Taint my fault, now, don't suppose Why not wear some underclothes? Little girl, your socks have shoals Of those tiny little holes; Why do you want to show your limb I do not know; is it a whim? Do you want to catch the eye Of each fellow passing by? Little girl, where is the charm In your long, uncovered arm? And the "V" betwixt your neck Is it for the birds to peck? Little girl, I tell you those Are not as nice as underclothes. You would be just as dear If you'd cover up your charms Neck, back, legs and both your arms. I would take you to some shows If you'd wear some underclothes; But no lover—goodness knows— Wants a girl without underclothes; Little girl, your mystery, Loving charms and modesty Are what makes us fellows keen To possess a little queen 'S'pose I wore some harem pants Or no shirts like all my aunts, Or a ringlet through my nose— They'd arrest me, don't you 'spose? I must wear a coat of mail, Clothed from head to big toe nail, I must cover up my form, Even when the weather's warm. —Union City Times Enterprise.

PARENTS AS EDUCATORS.

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Freud.

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FAMILY PRAYERS AND SAYING GRACE

All over the country there is a movement to re-estabish these customs which were observed by our Pilgrim Fathers whose characters and accomplishments speak for their sterling worth. How many children of the present generation have had the unforgettable experience of "seeing Daddy pray?" It is a sorry thing that with the omission of the children of ministers' families, there are not many. Yet there is no one thing which makes such a lasting impression and is such an influence for good on the plastic mind of a child.

It seems as if time is so limited in our average American home, business and family routine so pressing that we fail to find a suitable time to observe with our children those things which we ourselves know to be wise and best. Consider first "Saying Grace." Even in the busiest of homes, surely there is time for bowed heads and a few words of thanks to the Giver of our food, a simple prayer which can be understood even by the young members of the family. The children love it and when accustomed to the little ceremony feel something is seriously missing when it is omitted. Danny, our little son, scarcely dling from his play as we sit down to a meal and hold up his arms to be taken. (Of course he is a schedule baby and does not have his meals with the family as yet). He will sit quietly in his mother's lap and look wonderingly about the table, impressed by the bowed heads and his grandfather's voice "Saying Grace."

Is not wonder said to be the first awakening of religion in a little child's heart? Virginia, who is five and has just started to Kindergarten, lost her father in the recent "flu" epidemic. The mother, though interested in her children's welfare, is too busy providing food for three hungry mouths to take time for what we might call the finer things of life. When the little girl learned the "Thank You Prayer" at Kindergarten, she came home to ask if she might not say it at their table and now the little home is touched by something which makes the commonplace seem brighter and the daily struggle less irksome than before.

The old custom of "Family Prayers" and bible reading has been greatly crowded out of our homes because of the unavoidable rush in which we live. But every mother and father who wish their children to become acquainted with the greatest of classics and have a foundation for a lasting religious faith will, if they are wise, make a place for just this thing. Fascinating stories of bible heroes read at bed-time, the Lord's Prayer repeated together perhaps at breakfast or at some other suitable time, the talking over with mother or daddy the little misdeemors or failures of the day and the asking "Our Father's" help to overcome them; all these things serve to form a sweet and unbreakable bond of sympathy between the parent and child.—By Mary C. Terry.

PLAY PLACES IN THE HOUSE.

During the many days and hours when children can not be told to "run out and play" they must play in the house as a matter of necessity. Where the abode is a spacious one there is of course no problem, but the majority of families live in small houses and, alas, apartments. Time and again it has been my lot to spend visiting sessions in houses where to all intents and purposes the

only play places were under the visitor's feet, on the arms and rockers of the chairs and entirely in the vicinity of the grown people who were going through the vacuous form of conference or conversation. The usual apologies were always forthcoming "the weather is so bad!" "The house is so small!" "The children are so full of life!" "They love so to be with mother!" and so on.

Now an A B C application of ordinary sense would make it plain to that mother that consideration for her guest, for her own comfort, for her children's good, demands some other play place, and a little ingenuity would make one possible. Play is so vital a part of a child's life that a place for it, both indoors and out, is a necessity, not a luxury.

One mother whom it is my privilege to know, following the modern custom of opening windows at night, has several little beds in a row in one room—the smaller one, a larger one being reserved for the necessary bureaus, play space and playthings.

In another home the dining room is the play place, and the very fact that it must be put in order before meal times is giving one group of little folks invaluable lessons in neatness, order, consideration and helpfulness.

But the ideal play place is the attic, and there often is one of some sort. Such a space kept reasonably clean, and having its windows protected, would solve many a household problem. The fact that the attic is cold is in its favor rather than otherwise. Indeed while the children are playing there the upper sash of the windows should be open. There is no reason why with coats, sweaters, caps and even mittens on, the children should not be told to "run up and play" at such times as rain or cold make outdoor sport impossible. There being no occasion for putting on the despicable and clumsy rubbers is also an advantage. Wise parents would see to it that such an attic contained an old mattress for "jumping on," a ladder, a clothesline, some odds and ends of discarded furniture, wooden boxes, a trestle or two, boards, hammers and nails, an old tarpaulin or other cloth for tent-making enterprises together with such toys as the children choose to take with them.

I have seen many porches which would make fine play places on wet days and wondered why none of them was in use. I suppose mothers consider the weather "too damp." But when I remember a neighbor's healthy brood of children, who, equipped with rubber boots, coats and caps, played out of doors every day in the year, except when the thermometer was twenty below and the wind blowing, I am of the opinion that a few hours in damp fresh air would be much less fraught with dangerous possibilities than whole days in furnace-heated rooms.—By Katherine Beebe.

SOMETHING TO TAKE CARE OF.

"Oh, mother, I wish we had a cat or a dog or a baby—or some kind of animal," sighed the little boy one day. He was expressing the natural desire every child has to care for and protect something smaller than himself. This is a very good wish for a child to have and the wise mother uses it at once to develop a feeling of tenderness and responsibility.

The cat and the dog and the baby should be in every family if possible, but there are other ways to please the child if these are out of the question. One mother put a bowl of goldfish on a low magazine stand, and let her little boy feed them each day. He was interested in watching their habits and he and his mother often talked about the tiny, beautiful fishes. Another boy was given a geranium at a church concert and cared for it all winter. He was very proud when it blossomed before his brother's did, watered it carefully every morning.

A small bed of pansies was given to a little girl one spring day, and she was told it was her flowered to care for. Her mother suggested that she supply the table with pansies, picking a few at a time for a low dish, then showed the child how to combine colors to make lovely effects. The little girl learned many things about flowers that summer and tended her garden faithfully, with love in every touch she gave the pansies.

The boys have their games, the girls have dolls, but these do not satisfy the need for something alive, something that grows, and shows the results of care and attention. A kitten, a puppy, some rabbits, a few white mice, whichever suits the needs of the family best can be easily supplied, if the mother thinks it over. Of course it will be a little more care for a mother in one way for she must see to it that the child does not shirk the responsibility after the novelty wears off, but with gentle firmness the child's own "growing thing" may be the means of helping towards an understanding and realization that all helpless things need constant, steady love and care from the stronger ones of the world.—By Lydia Lion Roberts.

CORNCOBBS MAY COME INTO VALUE.

The common corncob, which heretofore has been a waste product on the farm, may come to be considered a valuable article of commerce as a result of experiments just conducted by Professors E. B. Fred and W. H. Peterson, of the University of Wisconsin, and reported to the Wisconsin Agriculturalist. Corncobs, it was discovered, are rich in acetic and lactic acids, both of which are used extensively in the industries.

When the corncobs are partially water soaked and inoculated with the bacteria lactobacillus pentoceticus, equal quantities of acetic and lactic acid are produced. If the yields on a commercial scale are equal to the laboratory results, every ton of corncobs will yield more than 300 pounds of acetic and 320 pounds of lactic acid.

There are produced in the United States alone more than 20,000,000 tons of corncobs yearly. A small amount of these are used for pipes or in feed, but the great bulk usually is discarded. Acetic acid is used largely in the dye industry and lactic acid is extensively used in the leather industry. Both also are used in many technical operations in various other industries.

FOREST FIRES CUT INTO GAME SUPPLY.

The statement that forest fires destroy much game has always been made, but definite information to prove this point has been lacking. It is an indisputable fact that game becomes less abundant with each recurring fire but just what kind and number of game perishes with the opportunity was afforded in the spring of 1920 to get information on this source of destruction to the wild game.

The spring of 1920 was very dry. Many large forest fires occurred in Pennsylvania. One such fire started on June 1st, five miles south of Medix Run, in the heart of an unexcelled deer country. The men fighting this fire, Charles E. Zerby, rescued 3 newborn fawns from the fire near their camp. These fawns could hardly stand and would surely have perished had not their bleats been heard by the fire fighters above the roar and crackle of the flames. All three fawns were male deer. From this rescue occurring on a limited area near camp, it was estimated that fully 100 or more fawns perished with the 5300 acre sweep of the fire. The adult deer could, of course, escape. It was predicted at this time that a shortage of legal deer killed would be noticed in the season of 1921, at which time these fawns would be spike bucks. Such was the case. In conferring with the traveling game protector, Mr. William C. Kelly, of DuBois, he informs me that while the deer killed in the vicinity of the fire showed an increase over past years, yet this increase was in keeping with that of the surrounding regions. The shortage of spike-bucks was particularly noticed.

Very few of the smaller game animals escaped. This area being a blackened waste the protective coloration of the rabbits and ruffed grouse made them easily discernible. Only one disheveled rabbit and a grouse hen with a lonely chick were seen during the summer following the fire. Immediately after the fire the female deer could be seen searching for their fawns over the blackened ground. One such deer fawn we had saved, scenting her off-spring, came close to camp. But when we carried the fawn to her she would run away, the fawn following us back to camp as tame as a kitten.

Pennsylvania has built up a great hunting ground. Under wise protection the game is increasing rapidly. There are only two things that can remove the game. The first is to repeal all game laws and the second is forest fires. There is little danger of the game becoming extinct from either cause if the State continues in its present policy. The tools and equipment that would have stopped the fire in 1920 have been supplied by the Department of Forestry together with their advances in forest protection. But it remains with the individual to use great care while in the woods. A fire causes enormous damage to timber and game. We can't be too careful. Prevent forest fires—it pays.—By Charles E. Zerby.

COAL MINE BLAZE OUT AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

The Summit Hill fire, the king of all mine fires, is still burning, but it is well under control, according to a recent announcement by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company, on whose property flames have been eating up millions of tons of anthracite coal for the last sixty-two years.

While this one has been brought under control, another mine fire, which has been burning forty-nine years near Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the lower anthracite fields is still trying to spread. The Summit Hill fire in the Panther Creek Valley, between Lansford and Coaldale, was discovered in February, 1859, in an abandoned gateway. The area involved is about one mile long by 1,500 feet wide. How many millions of tons of coal have been consumed has never been accurately ascertained, but it has cost the company more than \$3,000,000 to fight the long burning fire.

Many efforts were made to check the flames, but to no avail until about 1900, when a concrete and clay barrier, about 12 feet thick, 170 feet deep and 700 feet long, was built. The fire traveled so rapidly that it pressed closely upon the location of the new barrier before the work was completed. The barrier eventually checked the progress of the fire.

In order to insure against a further spread, the coal company has been striping the overburden from the coal west of the barrier. This operation has been in progress nine years, and when completed the company officials hope the fire will be certain to be under control. It is not known to the present generation of mining men how the fire started.

CHINS AND CHARACTERS.

The small, pointed chin generally belongs to a woman, and more generally still to an old maid, for the simple reason that the owner of this chin is at once so cautious and so hard to please that she is unlikely to embark on the risky sea of matrimony. She is, however, generally clever, and has a way with her.

The protruding or "nut-cracker" chin shows force of character and determination, especially if the lips are compressed. When very pronounced, it denotes obstinacy.

The dimpled chin is more attractive than favorable, for its owner is mostly fickle and pleasure-loving. Philanderers often have chins of this type.

The square, rather bony chin shows executive ability and firmness, which makes its owner a good "boss."

The double chin belongs to the affectionate, pleasure-loving and somewhat lazy person, who is in danger of not doing much because he has such a keen enjoyment in the moment.

The long chin shows a poetical temperament, but it is also indicative of instability and delicacy of constitution.

FEBRUARY'S BIRTH FLOWER.

You folks who entered this life 'mid the blizzardy weather of February should indeed have something nice to make up for the lack of sunshine during your first few weeks of journey, so the fates—at least we will give credit to these sages of wisdom—decided to give you the charming little primrose for your natal flower.

Did you know that in the olden days—not so very olden, at least not more than 300 years ago—this little flower in Merrie England was supposed to be the favorite flower of the first? In the language of the flowers it stands for inconstancy.

But cheer up, times have changed and now we consider this dainty little flower that with the pussywillow ushers in the spring a forerunner of happiness—we even associate it with the advent of the bluebird.

The Italians call it "fiore de primavera" (flower of spring).

Let me repeat an old warning: Never burn any of the dead leaves or flowers of this little plant, for if you do all sorts of bad luck will be sure to follow.

In East Norfolk one old writer versed in romance tells us the country folk believe that a less number of primroses than thirteen brought into the house on the first occasion of bringing any at all will cause many less eggs to be hatched by each goose that season.

An old English almanac advises us regarding the planting of the primrose as follows: "This rule in gardening never forget, to sow dry and set wet."

The origin of Primrose day, an English holiday, dates back to the time of Lord Beaconsfield, who adopted this one flower of his native heath as his flower. He used it to decorate his armor in much the same way as Napoleon set aside the violet for his personal use.

The primrose possesses certain charms. One is its ability to point out hidden treasure, away deep down in the recesses of the mountains far from the haunts of those in quest of gold.

Paralrsos, son of Flora and Preipus, having died from a heartache over the death of the lady on which he had bestowed his heart and hand, was converted in a mystical manner into a primrose—a rather happy fate, don't you think?

The English people love this modest, honey little blossom, that wanders in such friendly fashion over their green hills and about the banks of their winding streams and silvery lakes. Their love is a very reverent one.

Hulme tells us a touching incident of this. In Australia, where they were having an annual flower show, they advertised a display of "Primroses, the kind from home." Three thousand persons responded—mostly laborers, miners and bushmen. Some stood with tears streaming down their faces as the little lavender blossom carried them back to home and loved ones in Merrie England.

The Druids worshipped the primrose because they thought it had once been a living creature. And now here in America in 1922, as we see it in the shop windows, doesn't it make its own appeal and aren't we happy when we consider that anything so joyous and sweetly friendly can be purchased for sometimes even less than 100 pennies?

If the primrose isn't your natal, think over the birthdays of those you love and then hie you to the nearest shop and purchase a plant or a box of blossoms. Your friend will love them just as you do. The primula obconica is the most satisfactory for house culture.

And She Told Father.

"If you kiss me again," declared Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold, bad young man. "Anyhow, it's worth it," and he kissed her.

Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and left the room.

"Father," she said softly to her parent when she got outside, "Mr. Bolter wants to see your new gun."

"All right, I'll take it to him," said her father, and two minutes later he appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand.

There was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolter dived through the window and departed in all haste for the railway station.—Judge.

The Two Addresses at Gettysburg.

At Gettysburg, on November 19th, 1863, Lincoln gave an extraordinary illustration of the strength that lies in that simplicity of speech of which he was the master. Edward Everett, the most scholarly and polished orator of his day, made the formal oration at Gettysburg that day. He spoke at great length and with studied preparation. Lincoln's speech was but "a few remarks," hastily composed on a moving train. Next day Everett wrote to Lincoln in praise of the latter's brief address. Lincoln wrote to Everett a note in which he said Everett was expected to make a long address and he, Lincoln, a short one. He added: "I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not entirely a failure."

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