

**NEW YORK'S HALL OF DEATH**

Building Well Described as a "Place From Which Emanates Shuddering, Creepy Horror."

It is a gray building nestling along the bleak and dreary water front of the East river at the foot of Twenty-ninth street—a building from which emanates shuddering, creepy horror. Black wagons come and go, leaving their greswome loads, writes O. O. McIntyre in the Kansas City Star. At night vagrant bats from nearby warehouses beat against the walls. And off in the river the soft swish of a lonely paddle or the sound of a boatman's night song.

The building is the depository for the city's unidentified dead—the morgue. In the gloomy interior, as forbidding as the tomb, are rows upon rows of drawers, to each one of which is thumb tacked a white card bearing an almost illegible scrawl and number.

Perhaps a girl of the cabarets washed up from the ever-flowing waters. The gangster pistoled through the skull. A woman in silks and satins with acid seared lips and all identification marks removed. The disillusioned from all walks of life. All are there in the numbered-drawers.

Into the waiting room, feebly lighted, come searchers with faces of ghastly pallor—the aristocrat and bourgeois. All hoping against hope. Sullen, phlegmatic attendants take them one by one into the hall of death to gaze upon the human flotsam of a great city.

Veteran reporters, lured to the sordid and tragic, never go to the morgue without an inward shudder. But they must go, for the morgue is the first step in unraveling many of New York's murder mysteries. And many times the steps lead to the grilled doors of Fifth avenue's most palatial mansions.

**EASY TO COMPLY WITH RULE**

Wonder How This Idea of Identification Would Work With Suspicious Bank Cashiers.

A rule was recently established in one of Chicago's stores to the effect that any customer wishing to charge and at the same time take purchases must show the floor walker something for identification.

One day a stout woman bustled up to the glove counter, selected a pair of gloves, and said to the clerk: "I'll just take these with me. Charge them, please." The clerk filled out the necessary slip and called the floor walker.

"Have you anything by which you can be identified?" he asked.

The customer flushed uncomfortably. "Why—I—I never heard of such a thing!"

"It's a new rule, madam. Every customer is required to show some mark of identification. I'm sorry, but none of our other customers have taken offense."

The woman looked about her doubtfully. "Well," she said reluctantly, "if I've got to, I suppose I must." Then quickly unfastening her collar and pointing to a large brown mole on her neck, she said: "This is the only mark I've got. I've had it all my life. If you think it's going to do your store any possible good you're welcome to look at it!"—Judge.

**The Telescope.**

Tradition has it that about the beginning of the Seventeenth century one Jansen, a spectacle maker of Middleburg, Holland, constructed a telescope about 16 inches in length, which he exhibited to Prince Maurice and the Archduke Albert, who, appreciating the importance of the discovery, paid him a sum of money to keep it concealed. Another spectacle maker, Lippershey made application in 1608 to the states general for a patent for a telescope, as also did Metius, a professor of mathematics, but in the former instance, at least, it was refused, as the apparatus was already known. It seems certain that the instrument was known more or less about Europe, but the honor of its invention usually is given to Galileo, who was the first to describe the instrument and exhibit it in complete form in May, 1609.

**Instinct of Prairie Dogs.**

Prairie dogs seem to have some kind of foreknowledge of the weather, if observers at the New York Zoological park are right. Now and then the large members of the colony loosen the earth round their mounds with their forefeet, then shovel the soil upward with their hind feet. Other members work inside the burrow, throwing out earth to aid in the building. When a dyke has been built, the animals tamp the earth down with their heads—an amusing sight. As these operations invariably take place before a storm, the obvious purpose is to build a dam that will keep the water from running into the burrow.

**No Standard of Weight.**

The bureau of railway economics says there is no standard for the weight of a railroad rail. This depends entirely on the traffic the particular road is handling. Usually rails are not measured by the foot, but by the yard. Formerly railroads used the 80-pound rail per yard, but now most roads use the 100-pound rail. The Virginian railroad is using a 120-pound rail, as it handles very heavy traffic.

**HIKING DOWN THE LONG BROWN PATH**

Vacationists With Shelter Tents and Tin Cow Learning to Walk All Over Again.

Oh! It's not the pack that you carry on your back. Nor the ride on your shoulder. Nor the five inch crust of khaki-colored dust. That makes you feel your limbs are growing older; And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike. That drives away your smile. Nor the socks of sisters that raise the blooming blisters— It's the last long mile. —Plattsburgh Marching Song.

Stringing out from the suburban transit terminals of New York every Sunday and holiday goes the army of khaki-clad hikers. There may be an automobile for every twenty of the country's population, but a host of city folks disprove the theory of a future leg-enfeebled citizenry and are learning to walk all over again.

To the more casual minded, the hike is just exercise, but to those who catch its real significance the hike means a great deal more. It is the cheapest form of recreation and therefore appeals to those living in crowded districts and unable to avail themselves of the more expensive amusements. And these people, he it noted, are just those the country is so anxious to have spread out and settled in the farming sections. The hike, indeed, has possibilities as a real starter for the "back to the farm" movement.

**Doughboy and Boy Scout Lead Way**

Just a brief survey of the rollicking groups which move off from the outlying terminals on holidays establishes a few general types. There is the ex-service man and his friends who will hear from him the story of more serious excursions on the muddy roads of France. He tightens a strap here and another there on the blanket roll adjustment or the "shelter half," in which the commissary is packed for the mid-day feast by the roadside. Expert directions come from him on the method of slinging the pack so it will not feel so heavy or interfere with the free body movement. He will pass along the information, gained in his army days, of how that same pack was evolved after numerous experiments to find the easiest way of carrying the heaviest load. With results he now compliments, but which he characterized when a doughboy as a "blankety-blank total failure."

Then there are the boy scout parties, adept at everything pertaining to "shanks mare" travelling and woodcraft. The ex-service man and the boy scout are pioneers in the hiking game. Listen to one of them right off the train and making ready for a twelve mile jaunt: "Get that can-teen over to the side, Jimmie, and it won't keep bouncing off your leg every step. Is it filled? Well, then, we drink. How about the eats? Let's check 'em off. You got the spuds, Bill; the bacon Jimmie. Who has the coffee and the Borden tin cow?" "Right here," announces a freckled comrade of the road, patting his knapsack. "Snatched the mocha and the can of milk when Sis wasn't looking." "Well, then, let's go!" snaps the commander of the expedition. This party is traveling light for real distance. Another must expect to make a shorter hitch or else be counting greatly on its power of endurance. Perhaps the camp is not far off because the group is equipped for an over-night stay with heavy blanket rolls, hatchets, lanterns, canvas waterpails, rubber ponchos, kettles, pots, new fangled firestand, etc., etc. The blankets are laid out for a better packing of the bags and cans of food. When the party commences to load up the members bristle all over with camp tools and equipment.

**Back to the Farm**

The veteran from the crowded city tenements has found a new territory to roam and one almost unknown to his associates. He is introducing them to this newly discovered land and teaching them how to be independent of any transportation but their own good legs and of any subsistence but what they can carry and prepare "Walk, and cook your own," is his motto.

Who will say the leaven thus fermenting in the city crowds will not bear fruit in a keener appreciation of country delights, especially as these are added to by increased comforts on the farm. With his radio hitched up, the farmer listens in on the best entertainment the country has to offer. Modern home devices wipe out many hardships formerly imposed upon isolated dwellers. There is, in short, a rapid cutting down of the differential between farm and city life.

In the meantime, knowledge must precede a true appreciation of what the country holds, and this is what the hike supplies. There is more appeal in one apple tree in blossom than in reams of printed matter put out to induce the citizen of the city to change his abode to the country. The hikers constitute a growing army equipped with bacon, spuds, coffee and tin cow for merely a day's outing but nevertheless seeing sights that make them yearn to be among them all the time. It is not too much to assume that the army may one day recruit the open places.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

**WHY DO THE GOOD DIE YOUNG?**

By L. A. Miller.

The good die young, it is said, but it is difficult to see why they should. If heaven controls the lives of individuals, it would seem more probable that the vicious would be the first to fall.

The statement is probably not exactly true, although it is apparently so. Many of those who die young are accounted good because they lacked the physical and mental ability to be bad. They are sickly, morose and melancholy; prefer sitting in the house to going out and fighting with the children from the other side of the street, and are shocked at coarse language and rough actions, their highly sensitive natures having been impressed with that which is mild and quiet.

Another class of children who are pointed out as models of goodness are those afflicted with precocity. They are devoted to books and delight in listening to the conversation of older persons, and are known to the community as little men and women. Their minds run in moral grooves far above the average girl or boy. Of these it may be said, they are mental cripples. Their precocity is as much an evidence of mental deformity as a hump on the back or distorted foot is of physical deformity. If it does not amount to a positive deformity, it indicates a feverish brain, or at least an unequal distribution of the vital energies.

The brain is robbing the body of its life. This being true, it is only a question of time until the body succumbs—falls a victim to an overgrown, over-sensitive brain. Then the people wonder how heaven can be so unfeeling, so unjust and so imprudent as to take away the brightest and most promising, and the best of the flock, instead of the stupid, boisterous and rough conditioned.

From this standpoint it does seem odd, but it is not the proper view to take of it. Heaven has no special use for precocious children, neither does it slight the less gifted ones. In fact it has nothing to do with the case. The result is just as natural, and is no more to be wondered at than that a child should die from eating poke root or drinking concentrated lye. The cause is always good and sufficient. Parents are more to blame, where any blame attaches, than heaven or anything else. They are proud of the fact that their children are brighter and less uncouth than the average, and they take special pains to encourage their precocious dispositions. By so doing they destroy the equilibrium that should be maintained between their mental and physical natures, divert their vital energies to the brain, and rob the heart, lungs and body of the vitality necessary to insure healthy development. The result in many cases is death, but in a majority is worse.

The brain outgrows the body, the vital organs lose their tone from overwork and insufficient nourishment, and the once brilliant child becomes a physical wreck. It has neither the

ability to keep up sufficient vitality to support the abnormal brain, nor to give average strength to the body.

Precocious and nervous children should be kept out of school and away from study until their physical system is well developed. They should play on the ground, in the dirt, run wild, and become thorough children of nature. Coarse food, plenty of exercise in the open air and perfect freedom from mental effort should be insisted upon until they become physically strong. Children should be allowed to freely caress their mother earth. Of course their clothes will suffer, but the dear old mother does not care how scanty or how cheap their clothing is. From her body they absorb more vitality than can be found in a wooden or tile floor, and of a quality not possessed by the most toothsome buns or cookies ever devised by inventive French cooks, or old maids of the most pronounced domestic turn. Feet that have paddled in the mud, although somewhat larger and broader, are less given to bruises and enlarged joints than those grown in neatly fitting shoes; and toes that have been stubbed and scratched and cracked are not so prone to corns and ingrowing nails as those raised in a hot-house as it were. Faces that have been burned brown by the summer sun, chafed by the winds of autumn, and reddened by the frosts of winter will hold their beauty longer, give forth stronger expression and carry greater force than those that have been kept in mellow lights and protected from the caresses and kisses of the elements. The colors of the rose grown under a glass may be more delicate than those blown by the winds and watered by the rain, but they are not so lasting.

When the good do not die early, they sometimes turn out badly, which would seem to indicate that goodness is not a positive, or at least not a permanent, trait. This change was at one time ascribed to extraordinary efforts of the devil to steal them away from heaven. Was this not a confession of weakness on the part of heaven? It certainly would be were there any truth in the statement. It isn't the devil that steals them away. Neurasthenia, or nervousness, drives them forth in search of stimulants, and excitants. How many brilliant young fellows have found themselves thirsting for stimulants long before their college courses were completed; and how many more have sought to quiet the clamor of hungering nerves with alcohol in order to get through with the studies pertaining to their chosen professions? If parents would be made to understand that by encouraging the precocity of their sons, or by crowding them into mental exercises, they are fitting them for drunkards, rather than for useful men, they might be more careful.

Brainy boys need careful watching. The blood supply must be kept up in quantity and quality, and the first indication of indigestion, or of weariness of the brain should be taken as a demand for immediate rest.

The headaches that school girls complain of so much are symptoms of nervous exhaustion. They are fre-

quently, if not generally, attributed to indigestion. This is the indirect cause. A lack of nourishment sufficient to supply the waste of nervous energy causes nervous exhaustion, or neurasthenia, of which headaches, frequent yawning, sunken eyes and irritability of temper are the earliest symptoms. Hysteria and nervous debility follow in the course of time.

**A SANE FOURTH BETTER THAN TETANUS.**

From State Health Department.

The State Health Department had 202 calls for tetanus antitoxin because of July 4th accidents this year. Roy G. Miller, chief of the division of supplies, states this is more than they had in any one of the past five years.

It is not strange that the largest number occurred in communities where "old time" celebrations were the order of the day. The State Health Commissioner believes that the many calls were due not only to a greater number of accidents but because more people know the value of this treatment for preventing lockjaw. The State furnishes free, preventive doses—not the curative ones. The commissioner said: "It is not yet determined whether the enormous doses given after the disease has developed are of any large service, but it has been proven that the preventive dose given at once, and repeated if the wound does not promptly heal, will surely prevent lockjaw. However, the only absolute safety lies in making July 4th accidents impossible by prohibiting the sale of dangerous fireworks."

Pittsburgh alone had 15 cases, with 11 more in Allegheny county. Lock Haven had 25, Williamsport 5, Lancaster 9, Allentown 8, Pottstown 7, Easton 7, Scranton 11, Wilkes-Barre 19, Erie 5, New Castle 5, Westmoreland county 8. Contrasted with these are many communities, including Philadelphia, where the law was observed, and from which there were no calls for tetanus antitoxin because there were no accidents.

**Radio Popular Course.**

The popularity of radio at the present time is shown by the enrollment of 48 students for the course which is being offered this summer for the first time by The Pennsylvania State College summer school. Included in this number are eight women. The majority of those taking the course are teachers in the public schools who desire to become versed in the operation of radio outfits so that they may be able to answer questions concerning the subject in their classes. The course is of a popular nature and is under the direction of the regular wireless operator of the college.

—Blister beetles attack garden truck and flowers particularly. Dust the plants with tobacco dust, or with lead arsenate to drive them away. Spraying with bordeaux mixture is also effective.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

**HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**

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