

**A "FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER."**

By Margaret H. Barnett.

There was an editorial in a recent issue of The North American, entitled "Frankenstein Monsters." The editorial is based on Mrs. Shelley's story, "Frankenstein." The hero of this book, a young medical student, fashioned a creature which had the semblance of a man out of parts of bodies taken from the dissecting room, and succeeded in endowing it with life, mere physical life. The creature was soulless, and without any moral nature. It was powerful and vicious, and became a veritable nemesis to its creator, who seemed unable to destroy it, once he had given it life. The monster finally drove him to his death.

The editor applies this idea of the gruesome story to many of the agencies which men and nations build up, to the objects and ends which they pursue, which frequently work their destruction. He cites as an example, the militarism of Germany, which brought about the downfall of that nation.

There is another "monster" which might be added to those which the editor of the North American names, the liquor traffic, which the people of this country, and especially of this State, encouraged and built up by their laws, and which has proved a vicious, soulless, destroying monster to its creators.

A great many years ago it occurred to some one to give the exclusive right to sell intoxicating liquors to those who kept hotels or inns, in order to encourage persons to provide places where the traveling public might be accommodated with food and lodging. This combination business, liquor selling and hotel keeping, seems to have been very popular, and the State was well supplied with public houses of entertainment. In 1840, one small town, whose population is given as "over 600 souls, had five taverns, and a small rural county had within its borders twenty-two taverns."

But when once the liquor traffic was connected with the hotel business, it seemed impossible ever thereafter to separate them.

The most recent license act in Pennsylvania is the Brooks High License Law, of 1887. Its title is "An Act to restrain and regulate the sale of vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof." The title of an act of Assembly must set forth its purpose. The purpose of the Brooks Act is to restrain and regulate the sale of liquors, not to license places where travelers might get food and lodging. In this respect it differs from earlier license laws.

But in spite of this change in the law, the idea persisted that a licensed bar for the sale of liquor was an essential part of a hotel. It had become firmly imbedded in the public mind, and it could not be dislodged. For those seeking liquor licenses "strangers and travelers" became a phrase to conjure with. It was said year after year, especially in the smaller towns, that we must have liquor licenses, in order to have hotels. A hotel keeper sometimes told "strangers and travelers" that he would have to charge a much higher price for the meals which he served, if he did not have the profits of the bar to keep up the table, and he did not seem to realize the irony of it.

A very few years ago, an attorney for an applicant for a liquor license, inquired, pathetically in license court, "Who will provide for strangers and travelers in this town, if this license is refused? Will these remonstrants?" A very few years ago, judges said in license courts, with pious solicitude, "We must provide for strangers and travelers," and they provided for them by granting licenses to sell intoxicants to bring woe and ruin to the residents of the places where they were granted.

This combining of liquor selling with hotel keeping is but one of the ways in which the people of the State encouraged the liquor traffic, but it was a very effective way. And the monster thrived and grew strong, and fully justified the opinion of Gladstone that "Intemperance has brought more calamities upon mankind than the three historical scourges, war, pestilence and famine."

The monster received its death-blow when national prohibition was adopted; but though mortally wounded, it is not dead. There are some, who, with strange perversity, are trying to heal its mortal wound, and to prolong its life.

There are candidates for important offices who announce themselves as "wets." Some are running on a "light wine and beer" platform. All these announce themselves as against the enforcement of our National Constitution. They encourage that spirit of lawlessness which is becoming general enough to be a serious menace to our government. Against it, many new-made graves in our country bear silent testimony, the graves of the victims of lawless violence.

The Literary Digest's National poll on Prohibition asked people to say whether they were in favor of strict enforcement of the Eighteenth amendment or not, as if it were optional with the people whether it were enforced or not. It must be enforced or such a spirit of anarchy will be developed as will not stop with violations of the prohibitory amendment.

All voters, men and women, should carefully study all candidates who are asking for votes at the coming election, and they should register at the polls their condemnation of all those who practice and encourage contempt for law.

The final outcome of the fight against the liquor traffic is certain, complete and final victory for the forces of law and order. All true American citizens should see to it that final victory is not delayed.

—There is enough iron in the blood of forty-two men to make a plowshare weighing twenty-four pounds.

**WILD BOARS.**

When I was eight years old, I went on a deer-hunt in a wild swamp not far from our plantation on the banks of the Santee river. The old negro hunter who had charge of the hounds seemed to be uneasy about my being along; and this was especially true when we took up the stands for what was known as the Laurel Tree Drive. After he had posted me at a big pine and had ridden a hundred yards off, he turned his horse and came back to me.

"If a deer comes out," he said, "or a turkey, or a fox, shoot it. But if you see a big hog come out, you'd better let him pass; and you need not make any motion so that he can see you."

Neither deer nor turkey nor fox came; but there passed within easy gunshot of my stand a creature which has haunted my imagination for more than thirty years. It was remarkably tall; it looked powerful; its color was a tawny gray; and out of its hideous flattened mouth I saw the dull gleam of long rakish tusks. It did not trot like a hog; neither did it bound resiliently like a deer; nor did it strut gracefully like a turkey. Through the low bushes it tore with savage strength; and now and then it would clear with a great leap of brute power a high log. He was in sight for a few moments only. My gun was on him; but I remembered the negro's warning. I did not shoot; and I have been sorry ever since; for this creature was a wild boar—and one of the few I have ever seen alive in the woods.

Within a minute or two the driver came galloping up; he passed me, dismounted hurriedly, and stopped; the hounds that were now coming full cry on the boar's track. He told me that he didn't want any of them killed; and he added that he had heard of this boar's being in this part of the swamp, and that he had thought it best for me not to shoot at and wound him; for then he might be highly dangerous.

Even since that day I have heard occasionally of the killing of one of these monsters in the swamp. I have seen the tusks, treasured as trophies, in the lonely homes of those hardy woodsmen who live on the borders of the wild swamp. I have had a pack of hounds bay such a creature in the desperate heart of a jungle so gross that there was no penetrating its semitropical tangle of briars, and myrtles. Nor is it an altogether easy matter to bring one of these great creatures to bay. Some dogs are not eager about following such an animal, especially through the kind of country that he is sure to traverse; that is, wild morass, monstrous canebrake, baffling swamp. I know of one great boar that has been hunted for more than five years; yet he has been sighted only twice. This huge fellow has had some of his jumps made in full flight measured by a reliable hunter. The longest of these was full twenty feet, and the average was sixteen.

In this same Santee swamp there are many black bears; and the feud between boar and bear is age-old. The bears catch many pigs and half-grown hogs; but I believe that a mature boar is a match for a black bear, especially since there appears nothing that one of these boars is so little inclined to refuse as a fight.—Alexander Rutledge.

**NEW DIRECTION SIGNS FOR STATE HIGHWAYS.**

The Pennsylvania State Highway Department has begun placing standard direction and warning signs along all state highways. Made of cast iron and mounted on iron columns, the warning signs are painted white, with a black outline and black letters. The supporting columns also are painted white.

Direction posts are painted black and the sign has a yellow face bearing black letters. State highway officials declare that they have received many letters of commendation for the new signs already erected, because they are legible either in the daytime or at night.

Distances between important points are given on the direction signs, 1700 of which have been ordered. The department plans to place division lines terminating in an arrow on all curves of a 300-foot radius or more. These division signs are intended to keep motor drivers on the right side of the road in rounding dangerous curves, preventing possibilities of collision.

Dangerous undergrade crossings on sharp curves are being marked with black-and-white checker boards. At a number of points where sharp curves run along steep declivities the department has placed huge red warning signs which reflect the headlight rays at night. These signs are protected with a wire netting.

**Many Trees in Clearfield Nursery.**

District forester Dague, of Clearfield, has reported to the Department of Forestry that an inventory of the Clearfield nursery last week showed that it contained very nearly 8,000,000 young trees. This is the first year since 1918 that the nursery has been fully stocked. Scarcity in obtaining forest tree seeds during the war accounted for the shortage in seedlings for the past few years.

During the last two years the demand by private planters for free seedlings for planting has increased and has overrun the supply, but it is expected that the Department of Forestry will in a few years be able to supply all the stock needed. The Clearfield nursery will be enlarged to almost double its present capacity.

**Real Estate Transfers.**

John C. Glenn, et ux, to H. F. Reese, tract in State College; \$1,000.

Angelo Genua, et ux, to Peter Mangino, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1,000.

Charles W. Corl, et ux, to Sarah E. Keller, tract in State College; \$500.

T. Miles Cronover, et ux, to Charles S. Lucas, tract in Snow Shoe; \$600.

Peter Mangino, et ux, to Octavio Berardis, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1,400.

**A LONELY JOB.**

Every large sheep station in Australia has upon its territory three or four lonely huts in which live the solitary men who look after the sheep in the remoter paddocks and ride around the wire fences, keeping them in repair.

These men have but slight intercourse with the outside world. Once a month, perhaps, the boundary rider may lock up his hut and ride to the nearest township, spending a night or two nights away. Occasionally he rides in to the head station on business connected with his sheep; now and then he may be called from his regular work to assist at a lamb-marking camp or to join the musterers at shearing time; but for the most part he lives absolutely alone with his dogs and his horses, except for the rare visits of the station ration carrier, the sheep overseer or some passing traveler, taking a short cut from one main road to another.

The boundary rider's hut is generally placed near a creek or permanent water-hole, in the corner of a large sheep paddock, for which he is responsible. As this enclosure may be anything from twenty to sixty miles in circumference, a small paddock of twenty to thirty acres is fenced in to hold his horses.

Of these he may have three or four supplied by the station, and he is generally allowed to keep one of his own, so that he has sufficient for his needs even during the hard conditions of food or drought.

His close companions, both at his daily work and in his long lonely evenings, are his sheep dogs. There is no doubt that in many cases these animals supply the reliable strand in the rope that holds back such a hermit of the bush from the brink of mental downfall which the peculiar mode of life brings near.

His hut consists of but a single room. It is built of weather-board or of rough slabs, like untrimmed railway ties, set on end. At one extremity of the hut is a deep fireplace and a chimney of galvanized iron. On the hearth an immense log smolders continuously. Most of the cooking is done in a camp oven, a round pot on three short legs, which is set upon red hot wood cinders, with a generous supply of the same heaped upon its lid. In this are cooked the mutton, the bread, and the "brownie," that simple but appetizing cake so dear to the bushman.

At one side of the small room is the bed, which is simply a rough bunk covered with old bagging or sheepskins, and a four-inch layer of gum leaves or pine tassels—a fragrant as well as a soft mattress. On the other side of the room is a small table consisting of a flat sheet of bark on four supports. On a shelf stands a few cans containing salt, sugar, nails, golden syrup, baking powder, and strychnine for poisoning wild dogs.—Ex.

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

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