

Bellefonte, Pa., November 10, 1922.

HOPE ON.

That the bule was not somewhere above

There is never a mountain top ever so That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and

That the stars There is never a cloud so heavy and black

That it has not a silver lining. There is never a waiting time, weary and

That will not some time have an ending; The most beautiful part of the landscape is where

The shadows and sunshine are blending. Upon every life some shadow will fall But heaven sends the sunshine of love; Through the rifts in the clouds we may,

See the beautiful blue abovve.

Then let us hope on, though the way be And the darkness be gathering fast;

For the turn in the road is a little way on Where the home lights will greet us at last .- Anonymous.

NERVOUS ENERGY.

By L. A. Miller. I have noticed that crime is at its lowest ebb just after a Presidential election, and at its height at the opening of the campaign. Make a note of

persons say they feel as if they wanted to yell with all their might, or and Mrs. Keller, of Philadelphia. wanted to break something or do something that would require extra-ordinary effort. Mrs. Martin Van Bu-acre farm was sold for \$3,850, which

ture allowed to pass the door was a cat, and for its better accommodation a piece was cut out of the bottom of the door and a swinging gate out on, which the cat soon learned to operate. Mrs. Washington's spells, as the servants called them, frequently lasted for a day or two, during which she would moan and sob piteously.

Almost every delicate woman, and in fact nearly every woman, will say, if placed on the rack, that she often feels like hurting or destroying something. There may be a few husbands who might give some valuable information on this point. Some take spells of singing, pounding the piano, scrubbing, lifting or moving furniture, or going among the dry goods and jewelry stores to assist in keeping the clerks busy. Sick headache is another popular way of getting rid of this accumulated force; nervous head, ache is another, and making things lively for the children and the old man

another. Women, however, are not so much worse than men in this way, only they are generally more sensitive and show it more. Men have better opportunities to utilize or dispose of this surplus. They can stand on the corner and talk politics as loud as they want to, scuffle, lift weights or get drunk. The periodical drunk is a favorite way of working it off. A man feels all on nettles; he is restless, snappy, and out of sorts. Things are too slow and nobody seems to be right. The climax comes and the sufferer is soon as happy as a lord. It may be months before he touches liquor again.

A dog fight, horse race or boxing match answers the purpose with some, and there are a few who can only be satisfied with a good body-beating. One of the singular things about this condition is the desire to do that which the person knows to be wrong. It was stated by a physician, in an article on nervousness, recently, that a Bishop of the Methodst church came to him in a great state of mind over the fact that when he took one of his "spells" he couldn't help swearing. So far he had been able to keep the profanity from the ears of others, but it troubled him wonderfully.

A model christian lady, well and favorably known, said to her physician not long since, that she was really afraid that she was becoming "pos-sessed," for whenever she became nervous and a certain desperate feeling came over her, she was sure to say a bad and unbecoming word, and like the captain of the Pinafore, she said it with a big, big, "D." After ripping out one or two of that kind and kicking the wall a few times she

would feel better. Examples might be multiplied in-definitely to show that surplus nerve force is developed and stored up in the system, and that it becomes negative, producing results directly opposite to those desired. It is more than probable that what is generally termed abberation of the mind and temporary insanity are nothing more than the action of this surplus negative force on the brain. For the time being, or until it is expended, this force and violent actions, such as murder, suicide, arson, brutal assaults, theft or malicious mischief. The excitement of battle is productive of a great deal of this explosive nerve force. Men yell from the word go until they are shot or something happens. When are shot or something happens. When the fighting point is reached the nervousness changes almost instantly from the trembling stage to the yelling, dashing, killing stage.

PLEASANT GAP.

Received too late for last week. The sisters of the Methodist League

There was never a day so misty and gray
That the bule was not somewhere above in Philadelphia, Sunday, after spend- and fragrance of the rose, no matter numerous friends and relatives here.

Saturday night last Mr. and Mrs. a symplocarpus foetidus was a rose, even if it were labeled with that name. ty, when all participants returned to childhood days. The twenty invited guests surely had the time of their results of the control of the co proved a great success.

Mrs. Harry Hartline has posted sale bills. She will expose a nice line of useful furniture, hogs, chickens, etc., on November 11th, at 1:30 p. m. The week following they expect to move to Berwick, Pa., where Mr. Hartline has engaged in the bakery business, and from all reports, is doing exceed-ingly well. The community will miss this good family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Noll entertained on Tuesday evening in honor of their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Keller and daughter Betty. Some twenty invited guests were present. The popular game of 500 was the leading event of the evening; the distribution of prizes were, first, to Mrs. H. Griffith, and booby prizes went to Mrs. Keller and Mrs. Gelhaus. All were delighted with the evening's entertainment as nothing was left undone for the comfort of the jolly participants.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Witmer,, of Bellefonte, entertained at the Masonthis and see for yourself. There are so many strange phenomena connected with the human nervous system converted with the human nervous system benefities, entertained at the mason-ic camp, at Snow Shoe Intersection, last Tuesday, Hallow-een' eve. Luncheon was served in profusion. that it is hardly safe to denounce anything as nonsense that comes under Mrs. A. B. Williams, of Tyrone; Mr. thing as nonsense that comes under that head. When a man may believe he is somebody else, or that he is an animal, or that he sees things that no one else sees and all is just as real to him as life itself, what may not be?

It is not unusual to hear nervous It is not unusual to hear nervous Mrs. Paul Keller and daughter. The

At the recent sale of the late Harry ren, as was testified to in court, used is a fair consideration—but the fine to ask her coachman, when driving along the streets of Buffalo, to drive outbuildings, was sacrificed for \$4,500, out to some place where she could which is very little more than half "scream and yell" as she felt she would certainly explode if she didn't. Next to screaming and yelling the that a half dozen of our citizens feel found most relief in crying. found most relief in crying.

Mrs. Martha Washington, according like kicking themselves for being absent from the sale. It was anticipationally sent from the sale. to good authority, permitted no person to enter her room for eighteen months before she died. The only living creature allowed to pass the door was a toward for \$17,000 and he is now a tenant, for \$17,000, and that was a sufficiency for him. Unfortherefore, should see to it that in poltunately the other three heirs were thus thrown off their guard, resulting same thing. thus thrown off their guard, resulting in the low price attained.

schedule was promptly carried out, and Mrs. Bilger, who has just passed her 92nd summer, says the event was simply wonderful, reminding her of similar doings in the Hallow-een' demonstrations some eighty years ago. This was surely a kindly act on the part of Mrs. Rockey. Dollars to doughnuts that no one witnessing the elaborate demonstration enjoyed the event more than did Mrs. Bilger. Even at her advanced age she is a game sport, and enjoys hugely such hilarious oc-

Select Your Breeders Now.

After every pig crop there are a bunch of boars and gilts, the majority of which will eventually find their way to the pork barrel, by way of the fat-tening lot. Many more could be included in the feeder class, since they never will develop into the most desirable breeding individuals. The breeder of pure breds must always bear in mind that "the best is none too good." A good start in the breed-ing game should be followed by a constant improvement of the herd, through the selection of outstanding females from the litters and the importation of better sires, says farm

agent J. N. Robinson. At this time of year the matter of selection is of first importance. The fall litters have reached the point where at least 50 per cent. of the pigs can be sent to the fattening lots, there to be prepared for the pork bar-rel. Most of the boar pigs, and a good many of the females, will return the greater profit in this way. The demand for boars in Pennsylvania is very limited, and seldom should the boar pig be kept unless it is one of exceptional excellence. All other boar pigs should be castrated at once.

With the pork stock weeded out, considerable time should be given to considerable time should be given to the development of the good boar, and the gilts that are kept for the breed-ing herd. They should have plenty of growing bone building feeds and a good sized lot of exercise. As quick-ly as one of the selected group de-velops a serious defect, send it to the fettening pan. Do not labor with a fattening pen. Do not labor with a bunch of inferior pigs expecting to make breeding individuals out of them. They make better market hogs. Spend the extra effort on a few good ones, rather than a bunch of mediocre

Quite a Stunt.

pigs.

"You see that stout old chap in the corner?" asked Jones. "Yes. What about him?" replied

whether he was busy and he said: 'My boy, I just hang on from day to day, keeping my nose above water by the skin of my teeth."—Los Angeles

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Margaret H. Barnett.

A long time ago, a great poet asked ne question, "What's in a name?" Saturday evening, at Noll's hall; a satisfactory amount of cash was realized to satisfy their ambition.

The question, "What's in a name?" He followed the question with the statement, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." atisfactory amount of cash was real-ted to satisfy their ambition.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Keller and a name seemed a thing of small iming a very pleasant week with their by what name it was called. But no one could have made him believe that

One need not consult an encyclopedia to find out that the poet was not an American, and that he lived before life; the event was superlatively well managed and all were delighted. It were an American citizen today, he would know that in politics, at least, a name is a thing of great importance, sometimes the only thing of import-ance. He would know that many vot-ers would accept any swamp cabbage that was labeled with the name of their favorite party rose, especially if the party rose had been a favorite of

their grandfather also. Recently, a voter, an intelligent business man, was discussing the political situation. He denounced, unqualifiedly, one of the candidates for an important office. But after he had criticized, and denounced, and condemned the candidate of his party, he asked mournfully, "But what am I to do? I couldn't vote for a Democrat."

That one sentence tells the secret of many of the ills which, at present affect the Keystone State. There are many citizens who vote year after year, guided only by the party name under which a candidate's name is printed on the ballot, voting, sometimes, for candidates whose only qualification to hold office is their party's

Because large numbers of voters can be depended on to vote in this way, it is possible for a political party to get into power, and to continue in power, year after year, even though the State's treasury is robbed from time to time; even though there is extravagant and unnecessary expenditure of the money which the people are heavily taxed to raise; even though pay-rolls are padded, and the salaries of officials are increased in defiance of the Constitution.

No great vital issue divides the principal parties in Pennsylvania today. Voters, therefore, should carefully study the candidates for office, their records and their mental and moral qualifications for the offices which they seek. Election returns should record the results of this careful investigation, instead of recording merely the fact that a certain number of voters always vote with a party of a certain name.

On questions of importance, political parties will act as political expe-

What Pennsylvania needs today, is a State government that is adminis-Mrs. Rockey, the good, generous daughter of Mrs. Jonathan Bilger, telephoned out to the venerable Mrs. Bilger on Hallow-een' evening to be in readiness as she was going out in her auto to bring to Bellefonte Mrs. Bilger and daughter Virgie. The Bilger and daughter virgie. The bright of the state at large, not merely in the interest of those who desire to hold office. Some office-holders do nothing, while in office but hold office. while in office, but hold office.

To secure such a government, and to perpetuate it, there must be, back of its officials, an honest and intelligent electorate, an electorate which holds the ballot in the respect to which it is entitled; an electorate which exercises the right of suffrage as carefully and as conscientiously as its importance demands; an electorate which would scorn to sell its votes, and which regards a mere party name as of as little importance as a name was to the poet.

Curious Place Names.

It is a generally accepted principle of every-day life to let each man decide the spelling and pronunciation of his own name; but if this practice were applied to cities and States the world would have to learn its geography lessons over again.
For example, Spain, whose people

have done so large a share in the naming of New World places, is Spagna to the Italians, Espagne to the French, and Espana to the Spanish themselves. And this, as an arbitrary name, carries much better through the languages than one which is a description of the languages than one which is a description. tive term, like "the United States, which can be directly translated into

the various languages.

The French call this country Etats-Unis, but Vereinigte Staaten is the German translation of the same idea. The "New" in the name of our chief metropolis is generally retained in its American form by the French and Germans, but translated by the Spanish and Italians. The former speak of Neuva York. The Mediterranean Sea, the Mare Internum of the Latins, is variously translated. The Germans express the same idea in Mittellaendisches Meer.

In the new words that come to the front there is doubtless a growing ten-dency the world over to adopt as near the home equivalents as possible.

Real Thanksgiving.

The bachelors of a certain town were alarmed by the arrival of a man-

hunting spinster They were all afraid she would choose them for her special attention and allurement. However, their fears were allayed

when she chose the young rector, and the approaching wedding was an-So relieved were they that they joined forces and presented the hap-

py couple with a costly dinner serv-"What a magnificent service!" gasped the bridegroom when he saw it.
"Well, you see," explained the spokesman of the party, "it's really a thanksgiving service."

Gas Oil is Not Gasoline.

Due to the American tendency to abbreviate, gasoline has come to be almost universally known as and this has led to some confusion with another product of crude petro-

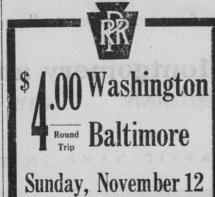
um-gas oil. There is considerable difference between the two products. Gasoline is principally used as fuel for internal combustion engines. Gas oil is much heavier and is used to enrich the ordinary artificial gas for lighting and heating.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Is Your Blood Good or Thin and Watery?

You can tell by the way you feel.
You need Hood's Sarsaparilla to
make your blood rich, red and pure,
tingling with health for every organ.
You need it if weak and tired day
in and day out, if your appetite is
poor, sleep unrefreshing,—for humors, boils, eruptions, scrofula, rheumorism headaches peryons prostramatism, headaches, nervous prostra-tion. It is simply wonderful to give strength to your whole body.

It is agreeable, pleasant and convenient to take, and embodies a long-tried and found-true formula. 67-34



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tween Bellefonte and Lewisburg
Return, leave Washington 4.35 p.m.
Baltimore (Union Station) 5.37 p.m.
Tickets on sale beginning Friday
preceding Excursion
Visit Library of Congress, open
2 p. m., new National Museum, 1.30
to 4.30 p. m., Corcoran Art Gallery,
1.30 to 4.30 p. m., Botanic Garden,
8 a. m. to 4.30 p. m., Washington
Monument, 1.30 to 4.30 p. m.

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SOMEONE once said to Turner: "Sunsets never look as you paint them." And the great artist replied: "No, I paint them as they ought to look."

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are not made to make men look as they are, but as they ought to look. They build a man up. They often give

him a grace of carriage and shapeliness that nature failed to provide. Their wonderful styling has played no small part in their success.

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