

THE DOLLAR BILL HANDSHAKE.

Founded on an incident told during a political campaign.

By Margaret H. Barnett.

He gave his hand in friendly clasp;
He was a man who wished to be
The holder of a place of trust,
In this fair country of the free.

But what was that which flattered down,
When hands unclasped, that paper small?
On-lookers saw in it a joke,
A thing to laugh at, that was all.

He had not done it skillfully,—
There was no thought of wrong nor shame,
He should not let his money drop;
He was not skillful in the game.

Oh, many dollar bills there are
Which safely pass from hand to hand;
"The people" hold their birthright cheap,
The "Sovereigns" of this great, free land.

So, sometimes those who make our laws
Are those who break them many a time;
Sometimes the law's dread sentence falls
From those who are not free from crime.

But, as we think of dollar bills,
Which, in their hands, the voters find,
After a cordial, friendly grip,
This solemn question comes to mind:

The hand that passed the dollar bill,
Will it be raised to God on high,
To swear by His most holy name,
"I have not money used to buy

My office in this goodly land,
Which now I promise well to fill."
Will it be raised to take this oath,
The hand that passed the dollar bill?

TYPICAL SCHOOL TEACHERS— THEN AND NOW.

By L. A. Miller.

The question is often asked, by those who take an interest in our public school system: Is school teaching a healthy business? Few teachers grow fat and few become fresher or fairer as the years go by. Whether it is the fault of the business or a natural development of the teachers is not so easy to determine. Scholars—that is specialists, or, as more commonly called, cranks on special topics—are more universally thin, lank and angular. Are they thus because they are scholars, or are they scholars because they are thus? A fat philosopher is a freak, a rari avis. The old time pedagogue was thin, crabbed and cranky. He believed that solemnity, austerity and dignity were the chief attributes of a good teacher. To smile was to lose his grip on the school, to perpetuate a joke was to become undignified, or to yield a point, even if fairly beaten, meant nothing less than the surrender of his supremacy. He wore a solemn face and a long, solemn coat, kept his hair combed back behind his ears, usually wore glasses, and invariably carried a stout rod of correction under his arm. The school-house in those days was a solemn place, except when the master's back was turned. He intended it should be so all the time. If there was a smile or a whisper during study hours and the master got wind of it, the culprit had to suffer. To suffer in those days meant something more than being taken into a private room and talked to until the tears flowed freely. Instead thereof the master applied a tear starter that for efficiency and promptness will double discount the most pathetic talker in the State.

School masters—they were called masters because they were masters—usually had the dyspepsia or were bilious. They blamed it on having to board around, one week at one place and another at another. In so doing they necessarily struck some humble homes and very humble fare. However, it was generally found that they had the dyspepsia when they commenced teaching, which led to the conclusion that dyspepsia and biliousness were as much a part of the school-master's outfit as his knowledge of reading, writing and cyphering.

There is scarcely positive evidence enough to justify the assertion that ladies and gentlemen become teachers because they are dyspeptic or bilious, while investigation has not gone far enough to warrant the broad statement that teaching makes them dyspeptic, bilious and cranky, as there is only danger of falling into error by deciding either way, but also of doing great injustice to some very worthy people. The disposition, however, is to find a verdict of not guilty and divide the costs.

Since womankind has invaded the domain of the schoolmaster and driven him out, bag and baggage, there has been less "hickory oil" administered, but the question is an open one, whether the tougher classes are as well served as under the old style of treatment. The new style is decidedly homeopathic. The doses are small, and generally heavily sugar-coated.

Think of being sent home an hour before the usual time, or being kept in for twenty minutes after school is dismissed, for flirting with the girl the boy likes best. An hour's extra play on the street or twenty minutes' pleasant conversation with a pretty, fascinating teacher! Where is the boy who would not cry for more? 'Twere not so under the master. The festive youth was made to stand up in the middle of the floor, take off his coat and submit to a good thrashing. None of your dainty paddlings, but a dozen or more sound, singing cuts with a hickory switch, leaving welts which would not disappear for a week. The whipped would yell like a good-fellow, while the whipper would wipe the sweat from his brow, conscious that he had made an impression that would last.

The writer is not talking through his hat, he has been there and knows how it is himself. Do female teachers impress boys with many ideas? Can it be that the decline of manliness complained of by the strong-minded sisterhood is due to effeminate ideas inculcated by the lady teachers? The thought is shocking, yet it bobs up

every time the effeminacy of the rising man is broached. Banished be the thought! That is what Lady Macbeth said to the blood spot, but that was all the good it did.

If a boy grows up among thieves he is likely to be a thief; if raised among Indians he will partake largely of the Indian nature; if nurtured among dudes he will naturally be dudish. What is to hinder him from being soft and womanish if his rudimentary education is obtained from women teachers?

What a field is opened here for the speculative philosophical woman-hater!

School teachers are not more prone to die than other folks, yet as a class, they complain a great deal of their killing duties. They say they pick up like everything during vacation, sometimes gaining as much as twenty pounds in weight, but one month in the school-room reduces them to their former style of wanness, whether it is the expenditure of vital energy in molding the youthful mind, or its waste in scheming to get invitations to the opera, oyster suppers or moonlight drives, is a question that none but an expert dare tackle, and he had better have his hammock swung out of reach of womankind.

If many of our lady teachers are not unhealthy it is due more to good luck than good management. They starve themselves. No wonder they lose their plumpness, and no wonder their blood is thin, eyes either droopy or stary.

It is almost a miracle that they are not tortured with the dolereux and neuralgia, blotched faces, smoked complexions and shriveled skin should not be complained of, because they came in obedience to their bidding. All these are the results of starvation.

The interior of the average teacher's lunch basket is a curiosity. There are a few cookies, a piece of pie, a slice of cake, a taste of cheese and an apple or an orange. They may have a half dozen of peanuts and a few caramels, but this is only on special occasions, such as the day after having been at the opera. Anything would grow sickly, thin and pimpled on such a diet. There is scarcely any nourishment in it; particularly of the kind necessary to repair nerve waste.

School teaching may be unhealthy work for some women, but a majority of those who become debilitated have no one to blame but themselves. They are either too proud, too prudish or too finicky to eat food such as is necessary to supply the waste of vitality caused in the discharge of their duties and habits of life. Some people are born snappish and cranky, but more make themselves so. The average school teacher needs more muscle. They must know that a flabby muscle is indicative of a flabby brain.



HISTORY OF THE SEAL.

Our grandmothers playing at post-office during the Civil war originated the "Charity Stamp" out of which the Christmas seal has grown. In 1862 a group of women interested in the Sanitary Commission, the forerunner of the American Red Cross, established miniature postoffices in connection with fairs held in Boston and other eastern cities. By 1864 the charity stamp used in connection with these postoffices had raised more than a million dollars for the care of soldiers in northern hospitals.

After the Civil war the charity stamp seems to have fallen into disuse. It was not until 1892, thirty years later, that the idea again appeared in a stamp for Red Cross work in Portugal. From that time the use of stamps began to spread over Europe.

THE FIRST TUBERCULOSIS SEAL.
In 1904 an enterprising Danish postmaster, the Hon. M. E. Holboll, conceived the idea of using a stamp as a tuberculosis seal and secured royal patronage for launching a Christmas stamp sale to establish a sanatorium for children. The success of this initial campaign was at once assured and the idea soon spread to the neighboring Scandinavian countries, Norway and Sweden. Later it spread to Switzerland and before the war was in vogue in more than a dozen European countries.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS STAMP.
In 1907, Jacob Riis, the well known writer and social worker, received a letter from a friend in Denmark bearing one of the Danish tuberculosis Christmas stamps. He was interested in the little emblem and secured from his friend something of its history, which he described in an interesting article in the "Outlook." Miss Emily P. Bissell, an enterprising Red Cross worker in Wilmington, Del., read the article and conceived the idea of using a Christmas stamp for a tuberculosis sanatorium which she was then establishing in the outskirts of Wilmington. With the support of the Philadelphia "North American" and the local newspapers, she launched a sale that brought in over \$3,000 for her project.

The success of the venture at once appealed to her imagination. After much persuasion she was able to induce the authorities of the American Red Cross at Washington to undertake a nation-wide campaign for the sale of Red Cross Christmas stamps in 1908. Over \$135,000 was realized

from this first sale, and that with practically no organization except the volunteer activity of women's clubs, religious organizations, Red Cross chapters and other groups. The next year the sale increased to over \$200,000.

A WINNING FIGHT.

When the National Tuberculosis Association was organized in 1904 the death rate from tuberculosis was slightly over 200 per 100,000 population. Armament for the fight against tuberculosis was meagre; a few scattered sanatoria, for the most part poorly equipped; a handful of tuberculosis workers and specialists; less than a half dozen working associations; hardly a score of clinics; no

nurses; no open air schools and practically no aroused public sentiment.

As the year 1921 closes, the death rate from tuberculosis is nearing the remarkably low level of 100 per 100,000 population, a cut of 50 per cent in less than twenty years. The fighting equipment against tuberculosis consists of more than 700 well equipped sanatoria, thousands of enthusiastic workers, 1,200 tuberculosis associations, over 600 tuberculosis clinics and a large number of traveling dispensaries and clinics, thousands of tuberculosis nurses, several thousand open air schools and fresh air classes, and a thoroughly aroused public opinion on the need for the control of the disease.

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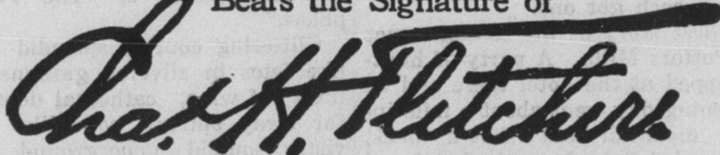
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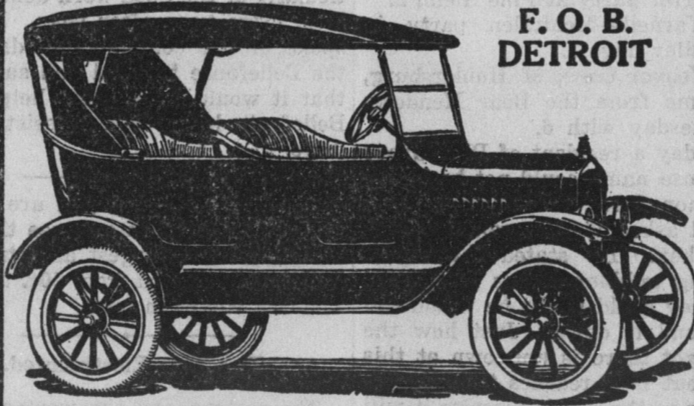
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