

WHICH?

Two little Tempers went their way Through town and country on New Year's Day. One, like a queen, wore a golden crown, And fairy Sunshine had spun her gown; And she gayly tossed as she danced along, A largess of smiles, good cheer and song. The other one wore on her brow a cloud And her voice was fretful, and cross and loud; And people pulled up their muffers high, And said, "There's an east wind passing by."

SOME WEDDING DAY RHYMES.

The popular rhymes about wedding days and colors, writes Doris Blake in the Chicago Tribune, seem to have a subtle influence regardless of whether one is of a superstitious nature and willing to admit it or not. And why shouldn't a bride listen to a bit of ancient superstitious lore if it will make merrier the great and eventful day for her? Says one rhymster: Marry when the year is new— Always loving, kind and true. When February brides do mate You may wed or dread your fate. If you wed when March winds blow, Joy and sorrow both you'll know. Marry in April when you can— Joy for maiden and for man. Marry in the month of May, You will surely rue the day. Marry when June roses blow, Over land and sea you'll go. They who in July do wed Must labor always for their bread. Whoever wed in August be Many a change are sure to see. Marry in September's shine, Your living will be rich and fine. If in October you will marry, Love will come, but riches tarry. If you wed in bleak November, Only joy will come, remember. When December's snows fall fast, Marry and true love will last. Another interpretation is: Married in January's chilling time, Widowed you'll be before your prime. Married in February's sleety weather, Life you'll tread in tune together. Married when March winds shrill and roar Your home will be on a foreign shore. Married neath April's changeful skies, A checkered path before you lies. Married when bees over May blossoms fit, Strangers around your board will sit. Married in merry month of June, Life will be one honeymoon. Married in July's flower banks blaze Bitter-sweet memories in after days. Married in August heat and drowse, Lover and friend in your chosen spouse. Married in gold September glow, Smooth and serene your life will flow. Married when leaves in October thin, Toil and hardship for you begin. Married in veils of November mist, Fortune your wedding ring has kissed. Married in days of December cheer, Love will shine brighter year after year. And then you have probably recited these rhymes about the days of the week on which to marry: Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all, Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, Saturday no luck at all. Or this: Wed on Monday, always poor; Wed on Tuesday, wed once more; Wed on Wednesday, happy match; Wed on Thursday, splendid catch; Wed on Friday, poorly mated; Wed on Saturday, better waited; Wed on Sunday, Cupid's wooing; Wed in the morning, quick undoing. And the one about the color of the wedding gown: Married in white, you have chosen all right. Married in green, ashamed to be seen. Married in gray, you will go far away. Married in red, you will wish yourself dead. Married in blue, love ever true. Married in yellow, you're ashamed of your fellow. Married in black, you will wish yourself back. Married in pink, of you he'll ere think.

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Something for Nothing.

The Marquis de Chamburn, the French charge d'affaires, said at a luncheon in New York: "Some people are actually declaring that Germany has now suffered enough and the Allies ought to let her off. If the Allies did that they would be like the man at the party. "A man went to a party. It broke up at about 5:30 o'clock in the morning. The man then made his way out, balanced on the curbstone and hailed a taxicab. The taxicab drew up beside him, and he climbed in at one door, and immediately rolled out at the other. "Picking himself up he brushed the dirt from his hat, took out a roll of bills and said to the driver: "Well, how much—hic—do I owe you?"

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

HIGH TRIBUTE TO RABBI WISE

Churchman of Another Faith Expresses Deep Admiration for Character of Jewish Leader.

Every time I hear Rabbi Wise it makes me want to play truant from my own church; he is so vital, so vibrant with intellectual power, so aglow with moral electricity—like a bit of human radium. Tall, athletic, graceful, his dark brown eyes eagle-like in their brightness; his deep bass voice as velvet in appeal, and resonant in denunciation; his style bristling with epigrams, swift epitomes and phrases that sting the mind with the surprise of beauty—his charm as an orator is equal to his daring as a prophet. One moment he is walking to and fro like a lawyer at the bar; another, he is exploding some injustice or absurdity with a quick saber-thrust, with now a glint of humor and now a gleam of prophetic indignation. Emerson said that the man who speaks the truth will find life sufficiently dramatic. It has been so with Rabbi Wise, who early took for his motto: "I will try to see things as they are, and then I will try to say them as I see them." His gallant fight for a free pulpit in a free synagogue is memorable in the religious life of America. As chivalrous as he is fascinating, in New York he is not only a personality out an institution—admired, feared and idolized by turns—a leader of his own people and a captain of the forces making for social justice, civic honor, and national idealism.—Joseph Fort Newton in the Atlantic Monthly.

FROM ANCIENT GREEK COINS

Curator of Boston Museum Believes He Has Found Origin of Old Golden Receptacle.

Lacey D. Caskey, curator of classical art at the Boston Art museum, believes that he has made a discovery regarding the origin of the solid gold Greek libation bowl which has just been put on exhibition at the Art museum. "I found the bowl weighed the equivalent of 100 Babylonian shekels, 100 Persian darics and 100 Corinthian staters," explained Mr. Caskey. "The Greeks took their unit of weight from the Orient and when I discovered that the bowl weighed the same in oriental money as in Greek money, I was satisfied that the bowl was made from Greek gold coins of the Seventh century, B. C. "Another very interesting feature of the bowl," said Mr. Caskey, "is its inscription. The sons of Cypselus dedicated this from Heraclia." The bowl was found at Olympia and it is thought that it was a part of the spoils after the conquest of Heraclia. Cypselus figures as one of the worst tyrants of Greek history, so the inscription bearing his name is considered of historical value. One son of Cypselus Perinda was titled one of the seven wise men of Greece."

"Gehenna,"

Gehenna is the Greek name for the Valley of Hinnom, situated south and west of the city of Jerusalem. Sacrifices to Moloch, instituted by Solomon (1015-975 B. C.), were offered there, and for years after, it was the place chosen by the Jewish kings for the practice of their idolatrous rites. When Josiah, King of Judah, restored the national worship, he made Gehenna a place of defilement by covering it with human bones; after this, it became the cesspool of the city. Fires were kept constantly burning there to consume the bodies of malefactors, carcasses of animals, and whatever other offal had been cast out from the city. The word "Gehenna" occurs frequently in the Scriptures; and in the New Testament is translated "hell."—Kansas City Star.

Plan Fine African Roadway.

For several years work has been in progress on a roadway to encircle the entire peninsula at the southern extremity of South Africa, on which Capetown is situated. The roadway is now completed, and at the opening ceremonies, last May, it was claimed to be the finest marine drive in the world, surpassing even the famous Corniche road, at Mentone, in the south of France. The road is 125 miles long, and for most of its length is hewn in the rocky sides of the mountains that tower over the entire sea coast of the cape.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Science in Law Court.

When do sounds become noises? Science was invoked to free Sidney Vine of the charge of driving a noisy motorcycle. An audiometer, which photographs sound waves, recorded the hubbub created by other noisy machines whose drivers were not interfered with. The defense tried to show that more disturbing motorcycles passed the same point, and had photographs to sustain the contention. It lost, but considerable interest was attracted by the new scientific procedure.—London Mail.

An Oath in Japan.

Girl scouts take a promise of loyalty to God. The Japanese do not worship any one God, so a knotty problem arose when scouting was introduced in Japan. At the International Council held in England recently, it was decided to permit the Japanese to join the movement provided they lived up to the ten scout laws and are loyal to the spiritual part of the promise. They may swear by the Eternal Truth of Their Ancestors or whatever represents the ideal to them.

CREDIT SNEEZE TO SCULPTOR

Prometheus Said to Have Introduced the Action to the World of Mortals.

The Greeks, who refined upon all ancient and inherited customs, and after them the Romans, had an elaborate code by which they distinguished whether a sneeze was to be regarded as a blessing or a malign portent, the distinction being made according to the time, place and circumstances. Thus, if one sneezed between mid-day and midnight, the augury was happy, unless the moon chanced at the time to be in the sign of the Virgin, the Balance, the Crab or the Scorpion, when it became an evil omen. Both Greeks and Romans regarded "sneezing to the right," that is, turning to the right side as the sneeze occurred, as a most happy omen. Father Faalen Strada, who has made the most erudite researches into the history and literature of the sneeze, says that Prometheus introduced it to mortals. He had made a statue which he wished to endow with life, and for this purpose he stole a beam of sunlight. Wishing to conceal the theft from Apollo, he hid the beam in his snuff box. Shortly afterward, being desirous of taking a pinch of maccaboy, he absentmindedly put the beam up his nose—causing himself to sneeze violently.

GIANT TREES CENTURIES OLD

Sycamore Near Long Island City Believed to Be Good for Many More Years of Life.

"Old Sycamore," a giant tree at Wheatley, L. I., was born only 57 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador, in 1492. It was eighty years old when Hendrick Hudson first saw Long Island. This is the opinion of experts who have examined the giant sycamore. Its age is estimated between 300 and 400 years, more likely the latter, it is said. The trunk near the ground is 24 feet in circumference and some of the limbs, half way up even, are larger than the trunks of many trees which claim to be patriarchs. The height of "Old Sycamore" has not been ascertained, but it towers over the landscape in lordly fashion. Ninety years ago the place was used by the county butcher as his home. His beef when slaughtered was hung on chains from "Old Sycamore's" limbs. The tree is said to be in splendid condition, and good for a century or so more.

Music.

Music is the most abstract, pure embodiment and type of universal law and movement. It is a key to the divine method throughout all the worlds of matter and spirit. It is the most fluid, free expression of form, in the becoming form developing according to intricate and divine necessity. There is nothing arbitrary in music; no acquiring any power in it except by patient, reverent study, and mastering of divine proportions and the eternal laws of fitness. Goethe says: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject matter, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."—John Sullivan Dwight.

Furniture Big Factor in Life.

Did you ever weigh the fact that next to food, or possibly fashions, furniture is the chief thing in your life? It was a necessary witness at your birth. From your high chair you graduated into the nursery. Then came the sofa, where you wooed your bride. Polished and new is the table across which you smiled at her you had won, at the first breakfast. Furniture in your home reflects your ambitions, your success. And then—life has not greater joy than the selection of the crib for the coming of the little stranger, your first born. And last, the bed supports you as you drop into the peaceful sleep which has no waking. Yes, furniture truly is the chief thing in your life.

Felt Sympathy.

"Now," thundered the school teacher on a morning of unusual density on the part of his scholars, "you are all block-heads, but there must be one among you who excels in something, even if only in crass ignorance. Let the biggest dunce in the school stand up." The invitation was more in the nature of "bluff" than anything else; but, to the teacher's surprise, one stolid-visaged lad rose to his feet. "Oh," purred the master, "I am glad to see that one of you has the honesty to admit his ignorance." "Tisn't that, sir," said the youthful satirist; "but I 'adn't the 'eart to see you standin' there by yourself!"

Really Not His Fault.

The late Doctor Creighton, bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away. Then he remarked: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your incense." "Very, sorry, my lord, very sorry," replied Father Stanton, submissively "but it is the very best I can get for 3 shillings and 6 pence a pound."

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES.

Think of it. All the rush, the preparation and the almost childish excitement and all the old lessons, too, past for 365 days, and then the whole thing will be gone through with again, and we will be as interested as ever, as eager as ever and as behindhand and hurried as ever. Just as the joy of the time never grows old to us, so we never learn from the past experience to be ready next year. It is not a custom to make resolutions on New Year's properly speaking. It is simply human nature. We make each Monday morning a sort of new week stand from which we drop gracefully by Tuesday afternoon, and of which we have no memory by Wednesday. It is our natural impulse to decide how a new book or gown or rug shall escape the fate of its predecessors. This one shall go as it has been started. It shall stay fresh. It is not necessary that the leaves be dog-eared, the little rent torn, the ugly spots trodden in or the gray splattered. No, it is not necessary, but it will happen, and the new becomes the old, and so the world goes on.

Why is it? Why can we not make a change when we really want to? Why cannot you who speak so loudly lower your voice, and you who delight to slander, know it and disapprove, stop? Why cannot you study when you should, get up at the right time, refrain from spending money you should not? Why? There is a very popular idea that on New Year's day every one is busy paving the highway with determination for the new, clean start, but this is a mistake. There is a most amusing, or pitiful, if you will, army of workers all busily absorbed in paving but there is also a large, amused and also pitiful crowd of onlookers. They are old, experienced hands at the work. They know that the roadbed is a quicksand and that the best laid stones will sink out of sight in a week or at most a month and be lost. They are the blasé old hands who make no resolutions on the 1st of January, and who find their fun in watching those who still struggle.

There is a curious fact about these two groups. The line of demarcation is not that of age. The class to which a man belongs can be read only in his face and in his voice. The workers are absorbed and eager. They have faith that with energy they will succeed, and they have faith in the worth of their aim. There are many of them gray-haired and feeble-handed, but they have retained that sweetest of all human qualities, a childlike faith in themselves and others, and no matter what the truth is they have a belief that they have succeeded in years past.

The onlookers are cynical. They have logical, practical minds. They have reviewed the past, read the future and refuse to roll the stones up the endless hill. Poor wise ones! There are no people so sincerely to be pitied as those who cannot stand on New Year's day and make resolutions.

Do make some—not a number, but one or two—and live up to them! Just the mere effort will sweeten you and add new zest to life. Do not admit that you have been thoroughly beaten. Perhaps it will be unwise to take a pet fault and resolve against it, but most of us have such a wide selection possible that the choice may fall on something that we really hate, and if we put our vigor to work we may kill the habit.

RUNVILLE.

Jack Witheite departed for Altoona, where he is employed in the Altoona shops. Mr. and Mrs. Elias Hancock are visiting their son, E. R. Hancock, at Philipsburg. Wilson Lucas, of Milesburg, spent Saturday night with his father, Edward Lucas. Miss Jennie Taggart, of Philadelphia, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Alice Rodgers. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lucas, of Altoona, spent New Year's day at the home of L. J. Heaton. Walter and George Kauffman, of Ryde, spent Christmas with their brother, Earl Kauffman. Clyde Shutt and family moved from Snow Shoe last Tuesday into the Harry Fetzer house in this place. Mrs. Grant Houseman, of Altoona, spent last Wednesday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Annie Lucas. Roy and Emanuel Rodgers, of Tyrone, visited at the home of their brother, Charles Rodgers, last Friday. Miss Verda Sparks, of Altoona, spent several days last week with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Sparks. Fred Reese, who is employed at Altoona, spent Christmas at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reese. Mr. and Mrs. James Flick and little son Robert, of Altoona, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Walker. Mrs. Claude Lucas and Mrs. Forden Walker, of Snow Shoe, spent Tuesday night at the home of their sister, Mrs. Earl Kauffman. Edward Lucas and sister, Mrs. Mary Heaton, visited a week at Polk, at the home of Mr. Lucas' daughter, Mrs. Joseph Greenlee.

JACKSONVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Neff spent last week visiting friends at State College. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beatty, of Blanchard, were Sunday visitors at the William Weaver home. George Ertley spent the most of last week visiting his brother and other friends at State College. Mrs. Mary Resides and daughter Helen, of Williamsport, were Christmas visitors at the Clyde Yearick home. Deimer Ertley and Clarence Weight left on Wednesday for Altoona in the hope of landing good jobs for the balance of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Garbrick, of Centre Hall, were visitors at the J. J. Vonada home on Christmas, coming here

to visit Mrs. Garbrick's father, Z. W. Hoy.

The recent public sale of the personal effects of Mrs. Mary Deitz was well attended, but bidding was not very spirited.

Miss Jane Prince, a well known and popular young lady of this place, has gone to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shope, at State College.

Milford Beightol, little son of Mr. and Mrs. William Beightol, who was so severely burned some weeks ago, was able to sit up for the first time on Tuesday morning. The lad is now getting along nicely.

W. B. Bathgate, our enterprising dairyman, this week moved his brother, Emmett Bathgate and family, to Blue Ball, where they will make their future home. Mr. Bathgate has a good position at the clay mines at that place.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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