Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 7, 1923.

THE GREATER THING.

However humble the place I may hold
Or lowly the trails I have trod,
There's a child who bases his faith on me;
There's a dog who thinks I am God.

Lord, keep me worthy—Lord, keep me clean
And fearless and unbeguiled,
Lest I lose caste in the sight of a dog
And the wide, clear eyes of a child.

Lest there shall come in the years to be
The blight of a withering grief,
And a little dog mourn for a fallen god
And a child for his lost belief.

—C. T. DAVIS, in Arkansas Gazette.

A LAW UNTO OURSELVES.

(Concluded from last week).

"And aren't you glad we came—that we're here? Aren't you?"

"You know I am!"

"We've been so free—able to come and go exactly as we pleased—yet we haven't wanted to do a thing apart. Suppose we'd stayed in New York—married and settled down— listened to the dictum of our conventional ancestors! By this time we'd be living in a conventional apartment, probably north of Fifty-ninth street, doing the movies every night for a diversion or sitting at either side of the gas logs, you with your evening paper and I with mine. Every now and then I'd grunt out some news or you'd regale me with servant troubles. Domesticity—it's a dirge!"

For the first time since the encounter at the table a smile touched her lips. "I think I'd be happy with you, even married and north of Fifty-ninth street. That's the way I love you. It doesn't matter how or where—so long as we're together."

"You think that because we've found romance—this way. Wedding bells are its knell.

She did not answer and the anxious look swept once more across his dark, intense face.

"You're not sorry, sweetheart?"

"No—of course not! Why, when your arms close round me, all the rest of the world is shut out. As if it and its laws had never been made! As if you and I were alone—for always—in eternity."

"And you're all I want!" came from him. "Without you, there's nothing for me. Beloved!"

The cab creaked as it stumbled through the curious gray light that is the veil dropped by night before the dawn. Inside there was stillness. Outside all Paris danced.

They stopped before a house that leaned forward out of the shadows like a weary old ghost. It was of wood, with a pointed roof and casement windows, a rickety relic of old Paris. He got out, lifted her down, paid the sleepy cocher and led the way through a small courtyard and up two flights of wailing wooden steps. At the top he unlocked the door to a large studio room. The draught of air reached out long arms and drew them in. Emery looked toward the stove that stood before the mantel. The fire had gone out. He shivered as he picked up a brass scuttle and heaped coal into its yawning mouth.

"Dearest, I wish you'd let us move into more sensible quarters. This decrepit old place is artistic but nerve-racking. It's so draughty that the fire's always going out."

Jean went to the windows and stuffed strips of newspaper into the cracks where they closed.

"Don't forget that we took it not for art but for the price."

"And that's so unnecessary," he protested, "when I could give you everything. When I want to give you everything!"

"You're giving me things all the time—every chance you can make to buy me presents. I can't stop you from doing that. I—I don't want to. But you know our agreement—you must let me pay my own way, we must share equally the expense of living—and this is all I can afford."

"But it's so galling, when I want to spend all the money I have on you."

"Then spend it on my lessons, dear. Yoy know—there's one thing that troubles me a lot. I've wanted to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" he prompted, going to her as she paused in the act of putting a match to the wick of the lamp on a small table. The flame flared up and traveled along the stick until it almost burned her fingers.

"Well?" He blew it out, struck one of his own, and lighted the lamp. Then he cupped a hand under her chin, lifting the vibrant face to his.

"No—wait! I can't tell you if you kiss me. And it has been bothering me—the only thing our coming here has interfered with!"

"What is it, my love?"

"That's just it! Your love! Being your love has made me forget everything else. If we'd stayed in New York, I should have gone on studying. I wouldn't have let anything in the world keep me from my singing lessons. Not even you, dear, could have made me neglect the thing that for so many years has been my one aim—my one goal. But here—living in this dream-world, with everything about me so new and wonderful, I keep putting off my arrangements. We're sure to say, either you or I, that we'll wait until tomorrow—and tomorrow there's always something else to do."

"But you do practice."

"No—I sing for you when you want to hear me—during the day for an hour or at night when we're not going out. Practice is going over monotonous little scales again and again and again—tuning up the voice exactly as one tunes up a violin. It would drive you insane—that's why I haven't done much of it."

"Don't worry, sweetheart! I'll get a studio outside soon—only I hate to be away from you all day. Let's have this wonderful, carefree dream of ours a while longer. Your voice will be more beautiful for it. We'll have de Reszke take you in hand then. Promise not to worry—promise!"

She went into his arms lifting her lips.

"I always promise what you want, don't I?"

"And when we both begin work seriously, you can practice those scales from dawn till dark. They'll be music because it's your voice!"

The first faint rays of morning touched like timid fingers the black painted floor. Jean drew back presently and went toward the little hall that led to the rear room.

"We must get some sleep—and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the bedroom were an icebox, too. Stay in here while I light the stove. Thank heaven it's an oil one!"

When he was alone, Fred Emery went to the casement windows, in his troubadour costume fitting curiously into the frame they made. Paris had stretched her beautiful body for a final nap before dawn. The streets were somnolent, deadly quiet, much as they had been that night in the Square when he and Jean decided to come away to live their own life according to their own will.

He raised his two hands and pushed back the heavy shock of hair that swept over his eyes. It had been heavenly, this long stretch of holiday, months without a care, without a thought of the world outside themselves. But the incident at the ball tonight disturbed him. That was because he knew it was disturbing Jean. He had sensed in the cab her tense, nervous recoil from Felix's insult, the surge of tears to her throat controlled only because she knew how distressed he was and wanted to spare him. Had he subjected her to that humiliation? Had he? In spite of her dismissal of it, he had felt her still trembling as he lifted her from the cab, even as he held her in his arms just now. She was so sensitive—that sort of thing must make her suffer. It was sacrilege. But she would try not to let him sense the wound. She always put him first—thought of him before herself.

That very afternoon a letter had come from her mother and she had don her best to keep him from reading it.

"Dear, you're not crying?" he had asked as her face bent over the page.

"N-no! But somehow these letters, so full of faith, always make me feel like a beast. Not that I don't think we're doing the right thing," she added hastily, "but I wish I had the courage to tell her the truth."

He turned now from the window to the table where the letter still lay, open as she had dropped it. The fingers of morning moved toward it as he did and picked up the fine, careful writing under his eyes.

My dear Jean—

It seems such a long time sinec you went away, yet I am so glad that things are coming so nicely for you that I feel I must not complain. I rejoice, my dear child, that you have found some one to give you the oportunity you deserve. It is so much greater than we had ever hoped for that even though I miss your little visits, I do not want you to hurry back. I hope some day to meet your friend and thank him for all his kindness. But he is sure to be rewarded, for, after all, doing things for others is the greatest happiness——

He looked up as a gust of wind suddenly flung open both windows with the bang of giant hands. It lifted the paper from under his eyes, tossing it to the far side of the room. It played with the soft curtains, plunged over a vase, scattering the foliage, and tried its strength against Emery himself. Instinctively, as the wind tore past, he reached out to steady the lamp. But half way, his hands closed convulsively. His breath stopped. From the rear room came a roar, a blinding flash, and the anguished cry of his name fell across the silence. It all happened in one breathless second, but the crack of burning wood, the glare of flames were upon him even before he crossed the miles of space that made the short hall.

"Jean!" he called. "Jean—my God!"

He struggled down the hall.

A cry uplifted was his only answer, and the awakening of those on the floors below to the alarm of danger.

The flames danced across the room to meet him as he reached the doorway, leaping gaily up the cracked plaster of the walls. In their midst, close to an overturned little oil stove, stood a girl in warrior costume beating at them with hands too stiffened with terror to do more than add to their fuel. The fiery tongues licked the white flesh. They ate up her hair, playing about her helplessness until she became a tortured part of them. She was sobbing his name over and over, and as he came near her hands stopped their beating and reached out to him.

Fred Emery fought through to the bed, tearing at the comforter tucked into its sides. It ripped as he pulled and dragged the bedding from under it and flung the mass around her, lifting her into his arms while he stamped on the flames.

"Fred—save—save me!"

"I will! Oh God—let me!"

Unconscious of his own pain, with the fog of smoke pressing into eyes and nostrils, he tried to choke out the fire. It laughed and leaped at him in turn.

Somehow he knew, as his desperate hands pressed the quilts and blankets round the quivering form, that he was fighting eternity, grappling with a power greater than his puny grip could grasp, a power that could prove to him how quickly the strength and beauty of flesh might be consumed.

He did not look down into the face beneath his—he did not dare. But the low, long moans were like the jagged thrusts of a bayonet that had reached his heart. All he loved, all he longed for was there, in his arms, and a gust of wind might tear it from him.

The flames, cloying their way along the spreading oil on the floor, followed him as he went stumbling back to the other room. He pressed the burned and blackened bundle closer and kicked open the door shouting "Fire!"

Already the students who occupied the lower floors were pushing and elbowing one another down the shaking stairs that must collapse and go up in smoke at the first touch of red heat. The old tinder box of a house was like so much wood heaped together in a chimney place.

Fred Emery stood at the top of the steps, seeing the vague trooping figures in the cavernous space below, more fearful of falling with his burden into smoke filled darkness than of the glare that sprang from the open door behind him.

"Oh God," his lips muttered, "if only I hadn't brought her to this hell hole!" And again, suplicatingly: "Let me save her!"

The low and constant moaning from his arms ceased. As he caught his breath, plunging downward, the light form held close to him relaxed and he had the sudden sense of a dead, unconscious weight.

Against the charred skeleton of what had been a house in a narrow old Paris street, the girl who had been Jean opened her eyes as far as she could and looked up into the agonized face that bent over hers.

"Fred—dear—I—I'm going to die."

"No! No—no, I say!"

The doctor on one knee beside her put a quick, warning finger to his lips.

"I am! Couldn't suffer—like this—and—and live——" The voice trailed off. The eyes closed. When she spoke again in a whisper, they did not open. "Fred——"

"My darling!" It was inaudible.

"Wouldn't want—live—all burned—like this——"

"But I want you so! Oh, Jean—my little Jean!"

"——not cry! Musn't—don't——"

"Oh God—if only I hadn't brought you here!"

"Happy, dear—musn't be sorry! Rather die"—the words came slower, more halting, as if only the will of the spirit were bringing them forth—"than have your love—die. Might have happen——"

"Jean—my Jean!"

"Arms round me"—and as they closed swiftly, convulsively, as if to hold her against death itself—"hurt not matter—now—only——"

"Jean—Jean!" his eyes clung desperately to the fluttering lids.

"Home—want to go—after——"

The fluttering stopped.

The man caught her up to him.

"Oh my God—no!"

A great sob broke from him, a sob full of the anguished impotence of man's will against the Divine. With the coming of the white light of early morning, another light had gone out.

III

New England! A little cemetery in one of those veiled and bonneted towns that stand with eyes downcast while the world rushes by. From it a man and a woman walked side by side, both with heads bowed, his hand supporting her elbow, her step unsteady, her eyes looking out dazedly as if to question why things happened that one could not understand.

They were quite dry, those eyes, and looked as if, at one time, they might have been very blue. All about them were fine-drawn lines like scratches from the hand of Time. Yet she was not old, not yet fifty. Through the streaks of gray that deadened her hair were strands of soft brown. Old before God meant her to be—old with the look of one who had never been permitted to be young. In her tight little black hat and coat, she moved with the timid, furtive movements of a bird from which freedom has long since been barred.

She looked back at the fresh muond of earth they were leaving and her eyes met those of two gaunt, grim men, Jean's father and brother, who walked behind without the slightest trace of emotion.

Jean's mother moved closer to the man at her side, almost as if for protection.

"Mr. Emery—would you mind staying awhile? Don't go back to New York until tonight. I can't bear to be alone. I want some one to talk to—about her."

Fred Emery's head bent lower in silent assent. At the moment it was impossible to bring words to his lips.

"Thank you—oh, thank you! It—it will mean so much to talk to some one who loved her the way I did. You—you did love her, Mr. Emery, didn't you?"

"God knows I did!" was wrung from him.

Jean's mother tried to smile.

"I thought so. A young man like you couldn't have done all you did for her without loving her. I was so surprised when you arrived yesterday. I had an idea you were going to be a much older man. My little Jean—of course you couldn't help loving her, could you? No one could—she was so sweet and good."

"She was——" He hesitated over the verb that must now always be in the past tense. It seemed so strange not to think of his Jean alive, and vibrant—"She was wonderful."

"I suppose one of these days you would have married her—wouldn't you?"

He looked down into the blurred upraised eyes.

"Yes," he lied hoarsely.

"Then you don't mind listening to me? You see, I can't cry. I don't know how to cry—any more. I've never been able to express anything I felt—never been allowed to—and gradually the power has gone. That was why I made up my mind when Jean was a very little girl that she must never be cramped and—and hurt as I had been. She represented all I had hoped for in girlhood—she was the one bright, hopeful thing in my life—and I felt her life musn't be spoiled the way mine had been. It was just a mother's foolish dream. And now—why do you suppose this has come to me Mr. Emery?"

He dared not again meet the upturned eyes. He did not answer.

"It's hard to know, isn't it? It seems so—so cruel, when I had nothing else."

They turned up the path that led to a conventional white painted house with green shutters and a square of porch at the top of the steps. On either side of them was a precise, well kept grass plot.

She shivered a bit as she mounted the steps.

"Do you think it's too cold to sit on the porch?" she asked, her timid eyes raised pleadingly to his. "I like the air."

But he knew it was because the men who followed were going indoors. She apologized to them as they came up the steps and said she would be in presently to prepare dinner. There was still that look of apology as she turned back to Emery, indicating the most comfortable chair while she pulled close a smaller one with a stiff, straight back.

"You know, it was selfish of me, of course, but I used to think some day when Jean was a great singer—and I knew she would be—that I'd go to New York and live with her—away from here—where there would be a little corner for me and—and love——" She choked.

Instinctively he reached over, took her hand. But said nothing.

"It would have been so wonderful to see her succeed—my baby. I wanted so much for her. She was so full of life. I used to save every penny I could—even steal it from John sometimes so that when she was old enough she could go to New York and study music. She was always singing—except when her father was at home—and I wanted her to have the chance to keep on singing—no matter what I had to give up." Her hand, with nails roughened and the whiteness of a fine skin long since scarred, closed convulsively within his. "But then—mothers love to give up things for their children—daughters particularly. And she was all I had, you see. That's why I can't understand——" Her voice caught as if afraid to go on. "Why, do you suppose, Mr. Emery—why?"

His husky answer came, scarcely a whisper.

"That's the question I've been asking myself ever since—it happened. God alone knows!"

Silence settled between them. Then with the look of one steeled to meet the inevitable, her eyes lifted again to his evading ones.

"How did it happen? I haven't asked you yet. Somehow I couldn't. You understand—don't you?"

He dragged a hand across his hair. If only he could banish the nightmare of how it had happened! The reproach that was always with him—"If only I hadn't taken her abroad * * * If only we hadn't taken those rooms in that rotten old shanty * * If only I'd made her listen!" It was a litany his brain sang all through the sleepless hours of the night. The little woman sat waiting. Unconsciously he voiced the agony of it to her, Jean's mother, who was suffering with him.

"It was—horrible! We'd come in from a ball—Jean and I. She went back to the bedroom to light an oil stove. I was in the front room—a window blew open and the wind came tearing through. It must have upset the stove—because the place caught fire in a second. It was full of draughts—an old shanty."

He had spoken as if to himself, and absorbed in the misery the words dashed about him like an engulfing sea, he did not meet the eyes opposite. They were still raised but to their expression of fear was added a vague bewilderment.

"Was no one else there? Were you all alone—with her?"

"We'd just come in—it was nearly five."

"Five in the morning?"

"Yes."

"And she had gone into the bedroom—to light the stove?" came the trembling voice.

"Oh God, if only she had listened! If only she had let me do what I wanted and take rooms fit to live in!"

The timid, tired eyes shifted uncertainly—then came back bravely though they were almost closed. It was as if they tried to shut out the vision that rose before them, as if a veil had suddenly been lifted and what they saw beyond was revelation they could not bear to look upon. They settled on the bent head, on the hands that had withdrawn from hers and were clasped against the forehead. And anguish followed by numb horror swept across those eyes. Her lips moved silently. "It can't be true!" was what they were saying.

"Mr. Emery," came after a moment, spoken very low, "you don't mean that you and—and Jean were living in those rooms—together?"

Too late he looked up and caught in the terrified eyes the revelation his self-absorption had made. Too late he made a desperate attempt to rectify it.

"No—you don't understand."

"But—but at that hour—you would not have gone up with her—otherwise."

"I," he mumbled, "I had a place in the same house."

"But just now you said she wouldn't let you take rooms fit to live in——"

"Don't you see?" He tried to summon some plausible excuse—to meet those pitiful eyes. "Don't you see? She wouldn't take anything from me. She insisted on paying her share of everything and that miserable place was all she——"

"Mr. Emery—please don't lie to me. You can't—to a mother, you know. You must tell me. I've borne so much—I can bear this. Only—don't lie! What—what were you and—and my little girl to each other?"

He made a last attempt to satisfy her by evasion.

"I loved her more than anything—or anybody—in the world."

"I want the whole truth—please. You can't keep it from me, so don't try. I'd find out—sooner or later. I—I'd have to."

She said it without moving those blurred eyes from his—the eyes that had once been deep blue like Jean's. And sudden rebellion against the arraignment in them made him face their judgment.

"I won't lie to you—there's no reason why I should. Jean and I were not ashamed of what we did. It was a principle with us. We loved each other more than most people who repeat the marriage service. But we didn't believe in marriage. She had seen your misery—I had seen that of my parents. Both of us knew more unhappily married couples than happy ones. We made up our minds that our lives belonged to ourselves, that we must live them as we thought best. And we were happy—we never regretted for an instant! Even when she——" The words caught. He did not go on.

Jean's mother drew a shaking hand across her brow. She had said she must bear whatever revelation he had to make, had said she must face it.

"It—it doesn't seem possible." And her frightened face was whiter than it had gone when the first spadeful of sod had fallen in the churchyard. "You—you took her abroad—that way?"

"Don't misunderstand—please! Jean and I were brave enough to live the thing we believed in. We were a law unto ourselves—"

"But—a law unto yourselves?" she interrupted brokenly, gropingly, like some one stumbling in the dark. "No one in the world can do that. There's always somebody dependent on you in some way—somebody who will suffer through what you do—the way I was dependent on Jean for any hope—for any happiness or comfort I might ever have. Didn't—didn't either of you think of that?"

No words came to his aid. He merely looked down at the quivering little figure with hands outstretched and for the first time it came to him how completely he and the girl he loved had kept that little figure out of their calculations. It stood now so pathetically alone.

"We didn't think——"

"Didn't Jean ever think——" she broke in with a sort of wonder.

"Jean wanted to tell you—from the beginning."

"And you wouldn't let her. You knew I—her mother—could have kept her from you."

"No—she came of her own free will. No one could have kept her from me."

"So all you thought of was yourself. You took her as far away from me as you could—took her over there—to die."

"For God's sake—don't say that!"

"It's true! You never gave a thought to anyone but yourself. And all the rest of my life I, who lived only for her future—who would have died gladly for her—will suffer for it." Those eyes that had not left his wandered out over the flat fields and low hills beyond which had lain hope, out to the empty horizon, back to the empty, still, white house, and then to him. "Remember that, Mr. Emery, always. Carry it away with you. There's nothing you can ever do to make up for it. You——" She got uncertainly, shakily to her feet, thrusting away the hands stretched out to aid. Her lips were as white as the skin around them. Her voice was the voice of prophecy. "You, who took my baby away to die, took away the only thing I had in the world. May God let you never forget it!"

Fred Emery was silent, staring down at the stricken figure that seemed to have crumpled even as the white lips moved. And suddenly as he stood there with gaze fastened to her, he knew that in the dark nights of years to come the face that would rise before him would not be the one that had been with him through the days of torture in Paris, through the week just past crossing an endless sea—not Jean's face lifted to his with the love-light in her eyes, but the face of the woman before him whose life was done even while she must continue to live, whose life his will had brought to a close.—From The Cosmopolitan.

GREEN DYE FROM CORN COBS

Science Has Added Another Achievement to Its Record in Use of Raw Material.

Science has found a way of utilizing all corn cobs, short or long, in the manufacture of various chemicals. As the corn cob consists of cellulose, which is valuable for making many products, such as celluloid and paper, it is considered desirable to save the substance of the cob. The furfural, therefore, is taken from the extract which is obtained by boiling the cob in water and the cellulose can thus be kept for other purposes.

This liquid is employed for many purposes in industrial chemistry, and can be so treated that it will yield a bright green dye, which is much liked by women of fashion, says the Detroit News.

Mote and Beam.

Senator Moses, apropos of a certain monopoly, said at a dinner in Washington:

"I am no muckraker. Have you ever noticed that muckrakers as a rule are slightly incrusted with muck?

"A politician was taking a swim the other day in the swimming pool of a big ocean liner. A great New York society lady—one of those well-preserved society ladies with golden hair, four divorces and a platinum removable bridge—well, this lady was taking a swim, too, and she soon had the politician engaged in talk. Sitting beside him on the marble rim of the pool, she gave politics the very old deuce.

"'Politics are man-managed,' she ended, swinging her legs girlishly in the water, 'and every man has his price. He lets the world know it, too.'

"The politician glanced sidewise at the society lady in her ultra bathing dress. Then he said:

"'Well, every woman has her figure, and she doesn't mind letting the world see it, either.'"

Rare Event Put on Record.

At Fifteenth and I streets one afternoon last week an old gentleman driving a new car got stage fright when his car got stuck in the middle of the street.

He jammed at this and pulled on that, but the car refused to budge. Behind him the cars began to pile up. In front and in rear and to the sides motorists took cognizance of him.

His eyes popped from his head. He wore a strained look, as if he would like to have sunk through his car and into the earth beneath. He plainly was rattled.

And, strange to state, not a motorist hollered at him. Nobody "cussed" him. Nobody laughed. Everybody seemed to be sympathetic. And when the man's car finally got under way, relieving the traffic jam, everybody seemed tremendously happy.

Yep, such cases do happen.—Washington Star.

—Get your job work done here.

HARRIS TOWNSHIP'S DEBT TO ITS YOUTH.

Consolidation of schools is the term used when two or more school districts are made into a single district, one school in one building replacing two or more small schools in several buildings. Consolidation in its best form takes place when schools not forced to close for lack of pupils are deliberately abandoned for the purpose of creating a larger school where more efficient work may be done, or equivalent work at less expense.

The two primary motives in the movement for consolidation are (1) for the purpose of securing better educational facilities, and (2) for the purpose of decreasing the cost of education on the school district.

When consolidation began in the United States is difficult to say. Probably in the older States from very early times schools had been abandoned for the sake of economy and the children sent to neighboring schools. In Massachusetts enough such instances had occurred previous to 1869 so that a question came before the Legislature in that year as to whether or not children from an abandoned school district might be transported to another district at public expense. The Legislature acted favorably and school trustees were authorized to pay for the transportation of children to a neighboring district out of the school funds.

The school law in Pennsylvania in regard to consolidation reads as follows: That whenever graded schools can be made to accommodate the pupils of one or more ungraded schools by consolidating such ungraded school or schools with another school, either graded or ungraded, it shall be the duty of the school directors to abandon the one-room schoolhouse or school houses, and they shall erect a suitable modern building for the purpose of consolidating and properly grading all of the said schools. Provided; that no pupils of the abandoned schools shall be required to walk more than two miles to the new school building.

The great objection which must be met in consolidating our rural schools is transportation. Where the unit of consolidation is not too large transportation of pupils has made attendance large, more regular, and eliminated tardiness. Transportation has been a great aid to the health of the children. They are not compelled to walk through the rain and in the mud, wearing wet shoes all day. In the majority of places where we have consolidation the school officials have been very careful to get responsible men as drivers of the school wagons. Consequently the pupils are under the care of some responsible persons all day, and the girls are protected to and from school, and the boys influenced from the temptation to quarrel and other misconduct.

The success of the consolidated school depends in very large measure upon transportation. If the transportation is safe, comfortable, rapid, and in charge of men of high character no troubles result from it. When men of low ideals are in charge of transportation or when transportation is slow, or when the distance is too great, then certain evils are at once seen, and just complaint is made against the consolidated schools. These evils, however, are remediable. If the people demand drivers of high characters they can be secured. If the officials insist upon rapidity of transportation, that too can be done, none of these evils in any way affect the real work of consolidation.

The Harris township schools are in great need of consolidation. Some of the far sighted people of the township tried several years ago to establish a better school in Harris township, but the movement was defeated by some near sighted people who were opposed to the betterment of schools on general principles.

Some of the opposed argued in this way: The schools we have were good enough for us they are consequently good enough for our children. Why not deny that farmer his automobile? Why not take away all his farm machinery; his reaper, his hay-loader, his tractor, and a dozen other conveniences, which have come to him in the last thirty years? His father did not have these, so why can't he get along without them? Every person who is half awake knows why he can't and likewise every clear thinking person knows why the children should have better schools today than children fifty years ago had. It is because we are in an age of advanced civilization. And civilization is advancing, contrary, it seems, to the wishes of many of our rural inhabitants. The enterprising farmer today is raising blooded stock, or at least he is striving to have the best stock he can get under his particular circumstances. But alas! there are so many people who are giving very little thought concerning their children's welfare. Perhaps in time to come the children of rural communities will occupy as high a place in the average man's mind as his stock.

Why are not the schools of Harris township consolidated at some central point? It seems to me this question is or should be in the mind of every wide awake father and mother and every one interested in the welfare of the children as well as in the welfare of the community at large. Allow me to point out the petty things that have kept our schools from getting together, and having one good school instead of the three inefficient schools we now have; after which I shall discuss the things that question every community which contemplates consolidation.

I have before mentioned the backward person who thinks the school good enough for his children because it was good enough for him. when it is a question whether or not it was good enough for him. When we hear this particular person talking and giving his views on certain matters, we rather doubt whether the school was even efficient in his day. Certainly there was either something the matter with the school then, or something radically wrong with many of the people who attended them. Again we have the man who wants the little school to stay, so as to give his daughter, son, or friend employment as a teacher; he knows well enough that

(Continued on page 6, Col. 1.)