

REFORMING A LOAFING DRIVER

M. D. Norvell, Head of an Ohio Ice Company, Had Novel Method That Worked Well.

Harry D. Norvell, who rose from an ice-wagon driver to the presidency of the biggest ice company in Ohio, chanced to notice that one of his drivers was neglecting his work loitering about a certain saloon, says Fred Kelly in The Nation's Business.

Such was his argument—said in a pleasant way that barred antagonism. When he got through the driver was on his side.

Nobody ever received a letter from Norvell in which he designated himself the president of the company. I once asked him why he merely signed his name without a line below to indicate his position.

"Oh, the people who don't know Norvell," he chuckled, "can have the fun of wondering whether the letters are from the president of the company or from a barn boss."

BALKED AT PURPLE PRUNES

Chinese Said His People Wouldn't Take "Death" Colored Package Offered by California.

The following is the marketing experience of the California prune growers, says The Nation's Business.

Prunes "go" with rice, and so the prune growers sent men to China to see whether a market could be created over there. The scouts reported that there were comparatively few among the 400,000,000 Chinese who could afford prunes, but that there were enough to justify the trial.

So small packages were prepared, with two or three prunes to a box. The prune-growers thought the very look of the package was appetizing. They called in a Chinese to see what he thought of the plan. And he threw up his hands in horror.

"You can't give those things away." "Why?" "Because the prune on the cover of the package is purple. Don't you know that purple is the color of old age and death?"

The prune growers hadn't known, of course, but they profited by the advice and devised a new package. Supply and demand, it is clear, are not the only factors which govern value.

A Woman's Way.

A woman ran out of a house shouting "Fire!" A passer-by started at a gallop for the fire station, while a second pedestrian dashed into the hall and, being unable to see or smell smoke, turned to the gasping and excited woman, and asked: "Where is the fire? I can't see any signs of one."

"I—I didn't mean fire! I—I meant murder!" she screamed.

A policeman arrived at that moment, and demanded to know who was being murdered.

"Oh, I didn't mean murder," wailed the miserable woman, "but the biggest rat you ever set eyes on chased our cat across the kitchen just now!"

Elephant Radio.

Even elephants use wireless nowadays. A loud speaking receiving horn was placed near a Jumbo in the London zoo to see how it would affect him. He listened to all the jazz mix-up with seeming unconcern. Then his Indian driver, speaking from the broadcasting station, uttered four orders: lie down, get up, salute, and pick up. The elephant walked slowly towards the loud speaker. No doubt the order to get up when he was still standing, puzzled his massive intellect. A keeper who watched him thinks he would have obeyed if the orders had been repeated.

She Should Have.

The actress had been happily married three times, but was compelled to sue her fourth for divorce. He had left the flat, also some old clothes and some of her old love letters. There she sat amid the litter and looked them over.

"I remain, Mrs. John Flubdub." Thus they were signed. She tossed the last one aside. "But I didn't remain Mrs. John Flubdub," she sighed.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Wholesome Curiosity.

"Does your boy Josh intend to study law?" "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "The traffic cops keep him in touch with the court so much of the time he thinks he might just as well read up so as to have an intelligent interest in what's goin' on."

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MEXICO LIKES YANKEE GA.

People of Neighboring Republic are Becoming More Sportsmanlike as a Consequence.

I had been greatly impressed with what American sports are doing for young Mexico. American sports are common all over the republic now—basketball, baseball, volley ball, handball, tennis and all the typical American sports.

Even the president has a handball court up at Chapultepec for his eighteen-year-old boy to play on. I asked him if he did not feel that these American sports were going to teach his people how to "play the game."

In Mexico the minute a man is defeated for office or the minute that a brother defeats him in debate or wins a girl from him, that Mexican wants to kill his opponent or start a revolution. They have not learned to be what we Americans call "good sports." American games are teaching them this spirit, says William I Stidger in the Outlook.

After I had explained what I meant he admitted that my implications and deductions were true and that he had manifested his confidence in the Y. M. C. A., which introduced these sports into Mexico, by giving that American institution a government gift of 25,000 pesos.

"What are your personal sports?" I asked him.

"Billiards and poker," he said, with a smile.

LONDON LOSING ITS VOICE

Famous Old Street Cries of the Metropolis Are Dying Out One After Another.

Even in London, most conservative of cities, one by one the famous old street cries are dying out.

In Shakespeare's day the streets were musical with this chanting of tradesmen, calling their wares, each to his own particular fitting tune.

The last to be heard in modern London is that of the lavender peddlers: "Sweet lavender, sweet lavender! 'Won't you buy my sweet lavender? 'Sixteen branches for a penny!"

It's still heard on the side streets, but its days are numbered. It's easier to walk to a drug store and get mothballs.

Just as the street cries are dying out, so also are the London flower girls—famous in song and story—disappearing.

Once they were to be seen all over the city—these "girls" whose ages ranged from sixteen to sixty. Piccadilly Circus has been their last stronghold. But there are signs that they're being ousted even from this favored spot. Men, mostly ex-soldiers out of regular jobs, are now selling flowers.

Man-Killing Horse.

What is said to be the strangest manslaughter case ever tried in the criminal courts of the United States is scheduled to be heard in Middlebury, Vt., in the near future. William Hallock, a farmer, is to face a jury in the charge of being responsible for the death of A. W. Woodcock, an eighty-year-old neighbor. The defendant is the owner of a stallion, which broke away and entered the yard of Woodcock, attacking and killing him before any one could come to his aid. The state will contend that Hallock was directly responsible in that he was negligent in not keeping a vicious animal properly restrained. The horse was permitted the freedom of its own barnyard, it is said, but broke from the yard, trotted down the highway and entered the open gate of Woodcock's place. It first attacked Floyd Woodcock and was beaten off with a pitchfork. It then approached the old man, striking him down with its hoofs, causing injuries which resulted in his death.

Following Orders.

He was on sentry duty for the first time. An officer approached. "Halt! Who goes there?" he shouted. "Officer of the day." And the officer continued on his rounds. But he hadn't gone far when the sentry shouted again: "Halt! Who goes there?" The officer halted and looked back furiously. "What's the idea," he snarled, "halting me twice like this? What's the idea?" "Never you mind about the idea," said the sentry. "My orders is to call 'Halt' three times and then shoot!"

A Novel Fruit.

Satsuma, a variety of orange, is to be introduced to the New York public. It is not entirely novel, but has never been marketed under its own name. A concerted attempt to specialize in this variety is now under way in certain districts of southern Alabama, and arrangements have been made to handle it co-operatively in New York under the name of Satsuma.

Analogous.

"I asked my five-year-old youngster," writes F. W., "if he could tell me why the little hand of a watch goes faster than the big one." His reply was, "I guess it's for the same reason I have to run when I go walking with you, isn't it, daddy?"

That Vague Feeling.

Mrs. A.—Did you ever have the feeling that you had met a person before and perhaps had an unpleasant experience in the dim past? Mrs. B.—Yes, I sometimes have that feeling when hiring a cook.—Boston Transcript.

Two Arms About Her

By KATHLEEN THOMAS

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Six o'clock in the morning of the important day found most of Spotsford Centre bustling about its business. Cook, the caterer, had long since been manipulating egg beaters and stove dampers with an expert hand, and the skeleton of a bride's cake already lay before him, even in its unadorned state a compliment to the importance of the wedding of a Spotsford to a Hart.

A few doors down, and on the same side of Main street, a light was burning in the back room of Perkins, the florist's, and if one had been there to see, one might have glimpsed a bright head bending absorbed above an armful of flower sprays scattered on the work-table. But of course it was six in the morning and there was no one to see, for all of Spotsford Centre that had not business of its own to be about was asleep uptown, and would be for hours.

Nor did it really matter. For though it would be, in our opinion, a shame to miss a sight of Shirley Carter's profile at any time, and particularly in the half-yellow light of the back shop that morning, unconsciously provocative with its lips pursed over her work, there was no one uptown who would have spent a thought on the sight. Not any more.

The time had been, of course, when Shirley's slightest whim had motivated the whole uptown set, but that was before the administration changed, tariff jumped, and the bottom of the sugar market dropped, leaving Mr. Carter to die apologetically in the big Carter house, because there seemed to be nothing much else for him to do at his age and with his financial tangles.

It is only in the movies and in story books of a kind that the friends of the unfortunate heroine who has lost her patrimony execute an "about face" and leave her to shift for herself. Such mercenary procedure is not true to human nature, even of the most perverted sort, and certainly it would not be a natural act of the kindly people who had become Spotsford Centre's aristocracy by right of other things than money.

It was Shirley Carter's own fault that she had been dropped by the uptown set, and she acknowledged the fact generously. She had dropped out with studied purpose, after she had decided that one party dress such as she had always worn was scarcely worth a month's salary. Not that the party dress was essential to her playing about with her old friends, but it symbolized a great many things and which she could not now afford.

Above everything, Shirley dreaded pity, and she did not intend to emphasize her new estate by forcing too many comparisons. And Spotsford Centre once made to understand, had accepted her decision.

This morning, bending over the bouquet which she was fashioning, Shirley's pride was stronger, and her heart more desolate than it had been before in the three long years. Her thoughts were full of the happiness of Mary Spotsford, who, at high noon, would be carrying this very bouquet up the flower-strewn aisle of the church, where Robert Hart would be waiting.

Her heart was glad for Mary, yet she could not control the rush of feeling that was almost self-pity as she wondered if there was anyone in Spotsford Centre besides herself who would remember today that three years ago she, Shirley, had been engaged to Raymond Hart, Robert's brother, and that today's ceremony was to have celebrated two weddings instead of one.

Raymond was another figure of the old life, as lost to her as her father, or her long summers in the Adirondacks, or her Paris hats priced in three figures. Their quarrel had been unimportant enough, save that it was significant of the misunderstanding between them. What he did not see and she was too proud to explain to him was that the pity and sympathy mirrored in every friendly eye about her seemed to Shirley a reflection on the beloved father who had left her in such a predicament. So how, though he argue ever so heatedly, could she consent to an immediate marriage, as though there were no other course open to her—as though she were capitalizing Love?

No, she would work, pay what she could of the debts that she had inherited, and when the time came she would marry him as they had planned, taking her place once more by right of her position as his wife.

But Raymond Hart would have none of this, and had taken himself and his belongings to the Orient while Shirley learned with weary surprise that one lives on long after the heart has stopped caring from the sheer weariness of its ache.

The door of Perkins' opened, and Shirley, taken unaware, bent far over her work to hide her face and the look of naked misery which she knew must be there. But if the woman noticed she made no sign. She came forward eagerly and buried her face happily in the flowers which Shirley still held. It was Mary Spotsford.

There were tears on each girl's lids as the two regarded each other. At length Mary spoke, gently. "Shirley, I've slipped out on my own wedding morning to ask you a very personal question," she said. And as the other looked startled, she went on. "Do you still love Raymond?"

A look of pain which made Mary wince crossed the other girl's face. "Well," Mary spoke again, "I have another, much harder, question. Do you care enough for him to be very big, Shirley, to forget the hurt, and to even forget pride?"

Shirley's only answer was made in a voice trembling with eagerness. "Oh! where is he, Mary?" she cried.

And then it was that two arms slipped about Shirley from behind, and a voice, dearly familiar, whispered things about their wedding day. . . . and a fever . . . and blessed, intimate words intended only for her ear. From which Shirley gathered that Raymond had been coming to her, all repentance, from Java, when a fever had stricken him and detained him until today—their wedding date!

At the mention of the wedding, Mary appropriated Shirley with a knowing smile.

"You'll have to get busy, Mr. Groom," she called to Raymond as she unfastened her friend's apron, "and get the whole Perkins family down here. We'll need another bouquet, for we're going to have a double wedding, after all!"

As Shirley let herself be led toward the door, she knew, gratefully, that Mary would take the details upon her capable self. Gown . . . well . . . accessories . . . everything would be forthcoming in the five hours that remained. After three years of lonely independence, it was a comfort to be dependent, and no longer lonely.

She looked back over her shoulder at Raymond, whose eyes were still following her. Life had been sweet clean of all anchorage when he had left but now he was back!

SOUNDING SKY WITH BALLOON

interesting Experiments Made to Determine Temperature and Test Air Currents.

Sixty years ago two men managed to rise in a balloon to a height of five miles above the earth's surface, and for many years that ascent remained a record, says the London Tit-Bits.

In those days it was taken for granted that the higher you went the colder it got, but nothing was known for certain until, in 1902, a French meteorologist began to experiment by sending up small balloons, to each of which was attached a self-registering thermometer.

Most of these were lost, but some were recovered, and the fact was revealed that in every case after six and a half miles the steady fall in temperature ceased abruptly. Indeed, a slight rise was often noticed above that height.

Since then these small balloons, sondes, as they are called, have been used all over the world. They are made of rubber and constructed so that when they burst they turn into parachutes, which bring the instruments entrusted to them safely back to earth. These balloons have been sent up to 46,000 feet.

Pilot balloons, which are larger, and which are used for testing the air currents of the upper atmosphere, have been sent up to 82,000 feet, and have proved that at great altitudes there are winds blowing at 132 miles an hour—that is, faster than anything near the earth's surface.

These little balloons are teaching us all sorts of interesting things about the top of the weather. Up to the present century we were able to study only the bottom of it.

One odd fact is that the coldest regions do not lie over the poles, but over the equator. The greatest degree of cold ever recorded—119 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit—was found at a height of twelve miles above equatorial Africa.

When the Kaiser Wore Kilts.

A great many notables, from Gladstone to Balfour, from Fanny Kemble to Sarah Bernhardt, figure in the Countess of Jersey's sprightly reminiscence of the Victorian epoch. As a daughter of Lord Leigh and the wife of Lord Jersey, she has known most of the British nobility. When she was a child she shook hands with the duke of Wellington and was kissed by the young Queen Victoria. One of her girlhood memories is of the wedding of the prince of Wales in 1843, in connection with which she says:

The present ex-kaiser, then Prince William, aged four, came over with his parents for the wedding. He appeared at the ceremony in a Scottish suit, whereupon the German ladies remonstrated with his mother, saying they understood that he was to have worn the uniform of a Prussian officer.

"I am very sorry," replied his mother; "he had it on, but Beatrice and Leopold (the duke of Albany) thought that he looked so ridiculous with tails that they cut them off, and so we had to look about until we found an old Scottish suit of his uncle's for him to wear."

An early English protest against militarism!—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Dare.

Rastus Jackson, a thoroughly married dandy, was one day approached by a life insurance agent.

"Better let me write you a policy, Rastus," suggested the agent.

"No, sah," declared Rastus emphatically, "Ah ain't any too safe at home as it is!"—Judge.

Unavoidable Accident.

Teacher—Who was that laughing out loud?

Joseph—I was, ma'am. I was laughing up my sleeve and didn't know there was a hole in it.

Advertisement for Yeager's Shoe Store. Features 'Men's Work Shoes' for \$3.00. Text includes 'Every pair guaranteed to be solid leather, or a new pair given in their stead.....' and 'Come to the "Watchman" office for High Class Job work.' The store is located at Bush Arcade Building 58-27 Bellefonte, Pa.