

# Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 23, 1923.

## AN AUTUMN DAY.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

A day of sunlight—softly tempered sunlight—  
A haze as faint as smoke wreaths far away.  
A sense of wistfulness, of silent waiting  
And shadows shading to a violet gray.  
A whisper in the breeze, almost a sighing,  
A murmur sweet as all old songs, resuming.  
A hint that summer time is dying, dying,  
While all the earth is thrilling, joyous, young.  
A day of promise, and vague soul stirrings,  
And still a day of heart-break for the weak—  
A day when we have pushed aside adventure,  
And half forgotten words that we would speak.  
A sobbing on the wind—the sky is sleeping  
Despite the hidden, though so poignant, pain—  
When every hour slowly, sadly creeping  
Goes far from us, and will not come again!  
A day of sunlight—older, warmer sunlight—  
A radiance before the coming dark,  
Trees that shall show warm colors, bronze and scarlet,  
Before the gale has left them chill and stark.  
First autumn, with her friendly arms outflung;  
And yet—a hint that summer-time is leaving—  
While all the earth is thrilling, joyous, young.

—Christian Herald.

## IS DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE?

By L. A. Miller.

"Why do I drink?"  
"Yes," said the middleman in the minstrels would say, "why do you drink?"  
"I don't know why, but I do, and am sorry; ashamed of it. No man knows better than I what the final result will be, for I have seen my old associates go down around me one by one until I am left almost alone. After one of my sprees I am so ashamed to go out on the street that sometimes I only venture out after dark until I think people have forgotten it."  
"You must forget it too, or you wouldn't try it again."

"Forget it? Never! I have before now, when I felt the spell coming on, got down on my knees before God and taken solemn oaths that I would not do it, and before an hour be drunk as a lord. The last time I went off I fought the devilish spirit, and even while I was putting on my hat and coat to go out and get drunk I was saying to myself that I wouldn't do it."

"Honestly, I believe the spirit of drink is a veritable devil that takes possession of certain poor mortals to torment them and finally drive them to perdition."

There was poor Cassio, officer to Othello, who was led to exclaim in agony: "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call the devil." "I have been there, and know Cassio meant just what he said."

There are those who believe drunkenness is not a disease in any sense, but a purely voluntary habit. The foregoing talk with a reputable, well-educated and talented gentleman would indicate that it was not voluntary in his case, at least. Others have told the same story. The other side is supported mainly by those who were never confirmed drinkers, and are therefore scarcely competent witnesses.

Disease is defined as the state of a living body in which the natural functions of the organs are interrupted or disturbed, either by defective or morbid action, without a disruption of parts of violence; a morbid state of the body generally or an organ in particular.

A great many have the idea that a disease is an entity—a thing that comes at will, attacking whomsoever it pleases, either with or without provocation. This idea is still prevalent among the uncivilized.

That the liver and stomach of chronic drinkers become diseased there is no question or doubt. It is not infrequent that the liver of one who has died from alcoholism in any of its forms, is twice its normal size, or is completely honeycombed. The stomach becomes tender, irritable and morbid, its membranes are congested and thickened, preventing the inflow of the digestive juices and the absorption of fluids. This being a morbid or unnatural condition of this very important organ, it is, therefore, diseased. Slight irritation of the stomach produces what is called a longing for something. The desire may or may not indicate what particular thing will satisfy that longing. A still greater degree of irritation will produce dryness and tickling in the throat, which naturally suggests drink of some kind.

Even those who do not drink may have irritable stomachs, and suffer from the same throat troubles. It is probably only an accident that these do not drink, because in their first efforts to satisfy the craving of their stomachs they resort to tobacco, lemonade or even chewing tooth picks, or eating a few bites of something which gives relief. The next time the feeling comes on, their minds naturally turn to whatever it was that offered relief before. Those, however, who bring on this irritable condition by drinking usually resort to their "favorite" for relief, on the theory, perhaps that "the hair of the dog is good for the bite." Ever after when this longing comes upon them, their first thought is of the old remedy. It gives temporary relief, but the second state of the patient is really worse than the first. Thus it goes, until whatever excites or irritates the stomach creates a desire for the drink that has been indulged in previously.

## IF IT IS A DESIRE, IS IT CURABLE?

It is, but not in the same way that cramps or corns are cured. A simple dose of medicine, or a few turns of a knife will not do it. When it has taken hold upon the system once it is not easily shaken off.

It affects the moral nature as well as the physical, therefore, must be treated with moral forces. That whiskey is drunk as a matter of taste is abundantly disproven by the fact that the majority of regular drinkers have to hold their noses while they gulp it down, and have a glass of water handy to clear the taste out of their mouth.

The first thing to be done is to resolve to stop adding fuel to the flame, and keep the resolution. It must be kept if the patient has to be placed in confinement. The next is to begin a mildly restorative treatment of the stomach, live on light diet, drink small draughts of strong, black coffee, with frequent copious draughts of hot water. These are among the most reliable stimulants and tonics known which are not liable to do harm. They are refreshing, cleansing and healing, as well as great aids to the digestion and assimilation of food. This course followed, under the direction of a physician who is able to discover and remedy incidental disorders, or modify the treatment to suit any peculiarities of the patient, has rarely, if ever, failed to affect permanent cures.

A cure cannot be effected in a week or a month, but it is worth all the time it takes. Those who have an earnest desire to be cured are the ones who get well first; while those who really enjoy a "drink" once in a while and regard their reformation as a sacrifice, get along but slowly, and are subject to frequent relapses.

Inebriate asylums have been successful accordingly as they have avoided the "tapering off" system, which means the gradual reduction of the dose until it amounts to nothing. The substitution theory is nearly as bad. That is the substitution of other narcotics for alcohol, hoping thereby to change the taste. Some claim that coffee is a narcotic, but the claim has scarcely a shadow for a foundation.

The most successful cures have been where the victim arose in the strength of his manhood and said, "I will not touch it," and did not. It will cost a struggle to succeed, but if the struggle is maintained the victory is sure. The reformation of a drunkard or a tippler is not wholly a matter of moral or intellectual change, but physical also. Take my advice if you want to avoid being a drunkard; drink no intoxicating liquors. The only way to stop drinking is to reform.

## SEEK FUNDS TO GIVE REMEDY FOR TUBERCULOSIS WORLD.

As a result of the conferences here between Prof. Spahlinger, the Swiss bacteriologist, who has originated a method of checking and, in some cases, curing tuberculosis, Baron Henri De Rothschild, General Sir Frederick Maurice, Sir Stanley Birkin and a group of famous doctors and philanthropists, a campaign is being launched with a view to making the Spahlinger treatment available to sufferers from the great white plague of the world over.

Baron de Rothschild, who is not only a member of the great banking family but a qualified physician as well, announced recently that his purpose was to save the Spahlinger serum altogether. Private means are insufficient and to bring in the necessary financial contributions a public appeal will be issued the first of the year for \$500,000.

A committee now is formulating plans to make the Spahlinger treatment obtainable anywhere in the British Dominions, and it is hoped that philanthropists will take up the work until the sufferers from tuberculosis of all nations may receive the benefits of the treatment, which specialists everywhere have declared has had wonderful results.

The work would have lapsed earlier this year but for the donation of \$100,000 by Sir Stanley Birkin, Prof. Spahlinger having exhausted his family fortune of nearly \$500,000 in promoting the work. He has been offered large sums by firms anxious to exploit his discovery commercially, but always has refused. He is a scientist first and afterward a philanthropist, with no desire to reap any profits, his sole aim being to relieve human suffering.

The Spahlinger serum is produced by injecting the poison germs into horses and the process is expensive as the best results are obtained only from well bred, dark Irish horses costing \$400 each. He needs to maintain fifty in order to produce the serum properly, but at present has only a dozen.

Prof. Spahlinger said recently that if he was relieved of all financial anxiety now it would take another two years' work before the serum would be ready, so for the present it is useless for sufferers to appeal for it at Geneva. He will make it available for test purposes as soon as possible. He warns that it is not a lightning-quick remedy, but takes a year and a half in advanced cases.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Highway Pedestrians Urged to Use Side of Road as Safeguarded.

Pedestrians who walk on rural highways where there are no sidewalks should keep to the left hand side to prevent accidents, auto clubs of the State have warned.

Motor vehicles keep to the right and if persons walking would keep to the left they can see approaching automobiles while if they walk on the right hand side of the road they do not know a machine is approaching until it comes up on them, according to J. Barton Weeks, president of the Keystone Auto Club.

"In the interest of his own safety a pedestrian on a road should keep to the left," Weeks said. "Track-walkers must face the direction from which trains come and it ought to apply equally to automobile roads."

—For all the news you should read the "Watchman."

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT.

We give Thee thanks, O Lord,  
Not for armed legions marching in their might,  
Not for the glory of the well armed fight  
Where brave men slay their brothers,  
also brave,  
But for the millions of thy sons who work  
And do thy tasks with joy and never shrink  
And deem the idle man a burdened slave.  
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

The Thanksgiving feast is practically always the same—an old story to the seniors, a familiar program even to the youngsters. Yet somehow it never loses by its regular recurrence. No one tires of it or says when the subject of Thanksgiving dinner is broached, "Let us have something different this time."

One of the charms of the occasion is found in just the fact that the dinner as we eat it that day follows the lines established by great-grandparents, and that when we gather about the board we see it spread in substantially the manner we recall when as children the Thanksgiving feast was one of the great events of the year.

No matter what "high-fliers" after fashion may be in the family there is a stir of resentment at the suggestion that innovations should be introduced into the Thanksgiving bill of fare.

Certain items are immutable, as they were in the beginning, are now and ever shall be, so long as Americans celebrate this, probably the most American of our festive occasions.

A family celebration it is, too, centered in the home and having nothing to do with outside glorifications. From far and near the sons and daughters come home for Thanksgiving, and it has a hold upon the affections of the people at large that is hardly possessed even by Christmas.

Well known as are all its details, however, there are always new households where a word of counsel is of service or older households in which a suggestion or two may prove helpful. Even if the staples are the same, the roast turkey for the majority of homes or the roast chicken for those establishments where the family is small, the inevitable cranberry sauce, the pumpkin or mince pies, possibly a plum pudding or a Marlborough pie or some other dainty peculiar to some special locality, there are different ways of preparing all of these, and the only lawful glorifications of the menu are when new methods are found for doing old things.

For example, there is the roast turkey. How shall he be dressed? Is he to be stuffed with an old-fashioned bread dressing—never soften it with water or milk, I beg of you, or with anything except butter or chicken or turkey fat—well seasoned with pepper and salt and minced herbs and the berries broken and stewed in or in the juice? Or shall he be stuffed with oysters and the dish garnished with fried oysters?

This bivalve should appear in some form at the Thanksgiving feast and it is a heresy to begin the meal with soup. Perhaps it is better to serve a big dish of scalloped oysters and have this grace the turkey at the other end of the table.

Or shall we stuff the turkey with sausages and hang a necklace of them about his neck? Shall chestnut stuffing be introduced into an American Thanksgiving dinner or shall mushrooms be used in the dressing and broiled mushrooms be laid about the bird in the dish?

On all these matters the housekeeper debate and decide as her purse or her preference or the taste of her family shall incline.

In any way the turkey will have the place of honor at the board and will be received with enthusiasm, no matter how he is stuffed or garnished.

Then the cranberries. What form shall they take? Shall they appear in the old-fashioned sauce, with the berries broken and stewed in or in the equally known way of a sauce stewed and strained? Or shall they be served as a jelly, either plain or with the berries, formed in a mold and turned out, a ruby form beautiful to behold? Again it is a matter of preference and it is hard to tell how the berries are best.

Vegetables, too, what shall they be? This is not the time for frills and sort or for foreign delicacies. Spaghetti or macaroni or artichokes or other unfamiliar dishes are not for us today. Instead of these we will serve sweet potatoes, boiled or baked or glazed or scalloped with brown sugar, oyster plant, stewed or fried or perhaps turnips in some form—I know two or three people who would think the baked sweet potatoes a dish and all if they did not have mashed turnips—celery, of course, stewed or scalloped tomatoes or creamed onions, perhaps, and a big dish of boiled rice to serve as a vehicle for the gliblet gravy.

Of course there are other vegetables from which to choose, cabbage, cauliflower, egg-plant, beets, carrots—the name is legion. Don't have too many of them. Two or at the outside three with the cranberry and celery will be all that you want.

Then the pies. In my young days there was a tradition that mince pies should not appear until Christmas time and that pumpkin pies were the only fit sweet to serve on Thanksgiving day. But since then I have found many households in which mince pie and apple pie and cranberry pie, as well as pumpkin pie are considered essential for Thanksgiving.

Follow family tradition in this and if you are keeping your first Thanksgiving in your new home, find out what your husband always considered the necessary pie in his old home and have that, no matter what else is left out.

These are the main items of the Thanksgiving dinner. Such details as a display of sweet and sour pickles, other jellies than the cranberry, nuts and raisins after the pie and the like may be left to the individual decision. Salted nuts and olives are better omitted from the Thanksgiving bill of fare and there should be no thought of a salad course. Every one will eat too much—that is one of the ways in which we prove our thankfulness!—and there is no sense in making the eaters even more uncomfortable by tempting them with dainties which are all well enough at other dinners,

but have no real place at this particular meal.

Mince-meat must, of course, be made at least a week or ten days before-hand that it may have time to ripen properly. The cranberries may be converted into jelly or sauce on Tuesday of the great week and at that time, too, the pastry may be made. It will be all the better for standing on the ice or in a cold cellar for twenty-four hours before it is made up into pies.

Sit down quietly alone and write down all that must be done and the times at which you plan to do it. For instance, Tuesday: Make pastry, pick over and cook cranberries, stew pumpkin. Wednesday: Make and bake pies, select vegetables and partially cook those which require long boiling, pick out linen for table, decide what china shall be used and how the table is to be decorated.

This leaves Thursday free for roasting the turkey, cooking the vegetables and oysters and for the numberless trifles that cannot be accomplished until the last minute.

## The Harris Touch.

Phelps Phelps, young millionaire, said in one of his Greenwich Village success talks:

"Successful men have what I call the Harris touch. Harris—Sir Augustus, you know—wound up as the proprietor of Drury Lane."

"And how did Harris make his first entry into Drury Lane? Well, he blew in there one morning on his uppers. Bruce, who was boss at the time, looked at him coldly from the mass of papers on his desk."

"Do you want a stage manager?" said Harris.

"No," said Bruce. "I'm my own stage manager."

"Do you want an acting manager?"

"No. I'm my own acting manager."

"Do you want a press agent?"

"I'm my own press agent."

"Do you want an actor?"

"No!" roared Bruce. "No. I don't want anything. For heaven's sake, man, clear out! Can't you see I'm so busy I don't know where to turn?"

"Then you want help," said Harris, peeling off his coat. "I'll stay and help you."

"And stay he did, and he soon owned the theatre."

## Hotels and Restaurants May Not Sell Wild Ducks.

In response to inquiries as to whether it is lawful for hotels or restaurants to serve wild ducks and geese, the United States Department of Agriculture states that the provisions of the migratory bird treaty act and regulations make it unlawful to buy or sell wild ducks or other migratory birds or parts thereof, except under proper permits for scientific or propagating purposes.

Migratory waterfowl raised in captivity under proper Federal and State permits may be bought or sold and served in hotels or restaurants, but this does not apply to any wild birds, including those that have been captured under permit for propagation purposes, as birds thus captured cannot be killed or sold for food purposes at any time.

The serving of the flesh of wild birds with meals in hotels, restaurants, or other places is unlawful if a price is charged for the meal, and the statute can not be avoided under a pretense that no charge is being made for the flesh of wild birds.

## Must Guard Our Pheasants.

The shots and shells of the world war are even now damaging the game birds of America, indirectly but none the less vitally. Lee S. Crandall, curator of birds of the New York zoological park, in a report to the American Game Protective association, warns that unless the few fortunate possessors of aviary pheasants cherish and increase them during the coming breeding season all species are in danger of becoming virtually extinct. The industry of collecting and distributing wild birds and animals has been badly demoralized by the war and American breeders can no longer depend upon European importations for supply. He explained. The seed stock of many kinds of game birds and waterfowl has become dangerously reduced and even if it is possible to obtain fresh stock, the newly-imported, wild-caught birds often breed with great reluctance and years must pass before a prolific breeding strain can be developed from them.

## Bottled Papers Travel Far.

Knowledge of the direction and speed of ocean currents is of great importance to navigators. Since it is very difficult to measure these directly the United States Hydrographic office accomplishes it approximately by means of what are known as "bottle papers." These are small paper slips with directions for their return to the proper authorities printed in the principal languages of civilization. They are given to vessel captains, sealed in bottles, and thrown overboard with the time and place they were put over noted on them. After months or years they come back to Washington. One drifted nearly across the Atlantic and back. Another made a drift across the widest part of the Pacific, taking more than two years, another dropped near the Cape of Good Hope was picked up on the west coast of Australia.

## Furs Will be Lower.

This is a big year for skunks, they being more numerous than for some years past. This may be due to the fact that many trappers do not care to engage in this particular line of furs. However, the fur market will be somewhat lower for these pelts. They are divided into four grades: Pure blacks are known as No. 1, and bring the best price; No. 2 have only a short white stripe; No. 3 have full narrow stripes; and No. 4, bringing the least money, have as much white as black. Muskrat pelts, it is believed, will be lower than last year, owing to the falling off for the demand for Hudson seal coats, which are made from nothing more than the common muskrat.

## BLACKBIRDS FEAST ON FISH

Make Raid on Trout Fishery Established on an Estate in Scotland.

Those who study nature find that age-long traits and habits are being in some cases modified and in others entirely changed.

The writer knows of a case where a bird has its habits changed by altered conditions.

A trout fishery was established on an estate in Scotland. During certain seasons a large number of the fry or young trout are crowded together in shallow ponds, as their inclination is to keep together just where the water enters.

One day a blackbird, drinking at one of these ponds, got hold of a young trout, probably accidentally, but found it was excellent feeding. A blackbird does not by habit get its food from the water, but this particular one, having tapped a new source of food supply returned to it again and again.

The following season this bird had by some means been able to impart its newly-found knowledge to all the other blackbirds on the estate, and instead of one bird stealing the young fish, all the birds got into the way of doing so! The owner had either to shoot the blackbirds or give up trying to rear trout.

That an entire change of food is not detrimental may be proved by the fact that many of the cows kept in Norway are fed on fish, yet who will say that a cow's teeth were made for dealing with a diet of this sort?—London Tit-Bits.

## EVIL EFFECTS OF HASHISH

Acts on Nervous System in Various Ways, Which Differ According to the Individual.

The Arabs call a man who indulges in the drug hashish a "hashash," the plural of which is "hashashen." A band of Moslem fanatics who flourished in the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries and devoted themselves to murdering secretly the enemies of the prophet used to fortify themselves with hashish for their desperate deeds. They came to be known as "hashashen"—hence the English word "assassin."

Hashish acts on the nervous system in various ways, which differ according to the individual and the strength of the dose. A small dose produces gaiety, a larger one hallucinations, delirium and sometimes catalepsy. An average dose induces a dreamy state, when the indulger becomes the sport of rapidly shifting ideas. The habitual "hashash" can rarely collect his thoughts, his memory goes and he is prone to curious errors of perception.

Herodotus records that the Scythians burned the seeds of hemp during the purification ceremonies that took place after a death and that they became intoxicated by the fumes.—Detroit News.

## Rhode Island School Leader.

The first public school in New England, and believed to be the first in the United States, was launched at Newport, R. I., 283 years ago, when the men of Rhode Island voted to support such an institution to be conducted by the Rev. Robert Lenthall, a Church of England clergyman.

In the colonial days in America little thought was given to the education of the children of the "common" people, and among the well-to-do the opinion generally prevailed that such people were better off without any education.

The Rhode Islanders did not share this view, however, and when Rev. Mr. Lenthall proposed to "keep a public school for the learning of youth" he found ready support for his project. He was granted 100 acres of land to be "laid forth and appropriated for a school, for encouragement of the poorer sort, to train up their youth in learning."—Capper's Weekly.

## When Tin Catches Cold.

You would scarcely suspect a metal, such as tin of being able to catch cold, but it can do so for all that. In countries like northern Russia all sorts of utensils are likely to become useless in winter time. A tiny grayish spot makes its appearance on the surface of the tin; it grows in size, and then others appear. In time the metal crumbles into a dark-colored powder. Some years ago a whole shipload of blocks of tin, stored in the customs house in Petrograd during the winter, was found the following spring to have crumbled to dust.

What really happens is that the cold causes tin to change from one of its forms to another. Tin is often found in mines in the gray powder form which is quite useless. When it is heated it turns into the well-known shiny metal, but under the influence of extreme cold it may return to its other form.

## Reverse Action.

Little Esther was hardly more than a baby, but she objected when bedtime came around, as children will. Finally, father offered to lie down on the bed until she was asleep, and for a while everything was quiet.

The minutes passed—ten, fifteen, twenty, and mother, sitting in the parlor, wondered why father didn't return. She continued her sewing, however, and presently the silence was broken by the pit-a-pat of naked feet. Next moment Esther appeared in the doorway, her tiny fingers raised for silence.

"Sh-sh, mummy, I've just got daddy off to sleep at last."—Boston Transcript.

## THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENT.

Songs of the States.

A very appropriate and delightful evening's entertainment for Thanksgiving is made up of a series of costume songs and dances featuring the States. The idea is capable of wide variation, from the simplest grammar school or high school affair to the most elaborate occasion.

Should printed programs prove too expensive, an easel may be placed at one side of the stage with announcements of the different numbers, just as they do in a real vaudeville.

Costumes suggesting the different States of the Union are worn by the performers, and the flower or emblem of the State may be used, too. Artificial flowers are sold almost everywhere, and mail order catalogues will help out in the more remote places.

A concert like this was given in our high school for the benefit of a popular cause, and was such a success that it was twice repeated. The entire stage was hung with dark draperies, effective but not costly. The draperies should hang straight across, about eight feet back from the footlights. In the center is a small platform with a short flight of steps leading toward the front of the stage. The curtains part over this platform, but another curtain exactly similar hangs behind, so that the effect is unbroken.

Another little flight of steps behind is hidden by the drapery, and by means of these the performer reaches the platform, where a spotlight plays on him, showing off the costume to the best advantage. Then, after a moment's sabbau, he descends to the stage proper, does his stunt, and exits at either side.

We used the easel to announce our numbers, and at the beginning of the performance a little girl dressed in the national colors placed in it a large map of Maine, which was followed by others as the program proceeded. The maps were merely outlined with charcoal, with the name boldly printed below.

Maine was a tall, stunning girl dressed in white with decorations of pine branches and cones and carrying a bunch of the same spicy evergreen. Artificial cones may be fastened to pine branches if real cones are not at hand.

New Hampshire, the Granite State, was an engaging youth who entered from one side of the stage, wheeling a barrow piled with alleged granite, but it was only irregular blocks of wood painted gray. He set down his barrow while he sang his song, and then wheeled it off at the other side.

As New York could not sing, she "spoke her piece" to the accompaniment of two violins and piano, with a spirited little dance at the finish. She was dressed in old-fashioned costume and carried roses.

The oriole colors, black and yellow, were for Maryland, who carried a bunch of black-eyed-Susans. South Carolina was a young man in white flannels, carrying a palm-leaf fan, symbol of the Palmetto State. Ohio is so widely known as the Buckeye State that the girl who sang "Beautiful Ohio" wore a long chain of buckeyes, or horse chestnuts, around her neck, another around her waist, while the hem of her russet gown was fringed with buckeyes on strings.

Michigan was a young girl in pale blue with her hands full of apple blossoms and with clusters of the same lovely flowers in her hair and at her belt; and Louisiana was in pink with and arm full of magnolias.

Nevada wore a traveling costume, hat, gloves, veil, and carried a suitcase, with a bunch of sage for a corsage bouquet. At the conclusion of her song a train whistle blew, off stage, and a loud voice proclaimed, "This train for Chicago, Kansas City, and Ren!" Whereupon she made a hasty exit.

Texas had quite an elaborate presentation. A horse was heard to gallop in from an apparent distance, and then stamp and prance outside as his rider dismounted, said rider being a gallant cowboy in chaps and sombrero. He was met, as he entered from the side, by a pretty girl who appeared at the top of the steps dressed in white and wearing a blue bonnet. She carried a little banner with the "lone star" and a cluster of "blue-bonnets." The cowboy sang "San Antonio" while the girl listened, and at the end of it they dashed off together, and the horse galloped away—all this by means of a pair of clappers used in the wings by a skillful and discriminating pair of hands.

Wearing a red bandanna turban and a yellow dress, Georgia was blacked up for a minstrel show. She sang "Georgia Camp Meeting" and danced a hoe-down. Alabama was a man also blacked, who carried a basket of cotton bolls. A pretty contrast was Florida in white, garlanded with Florida moss.

A dark Spanish beauty wore a thin black gown wreathed with poppies of all shades, for California; and Tennessee, for her return to the States, wore a yellow, ornamented with butternuts. A wide dress with red hat and sprays of syringa were Idaho's costume.—By Jessie V. K. Burchard, in Woman's Home Companion.

## Watching Sale of Old Nuts Mixed With New.

The season for nuts is at hand and with it comes the time-worn practice of mixing old, stale nuts with the new and foisting the mixture upon the public as a product entirely of this season's picking.

"This shell-game with the people will not be tolerated," says director James Faust of the Bureau of Foods, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Wherever the special food agents of the department find that aged and wormy English walnuts, pecans, hazelnuts and other nuts are being washed to make them appear bright and fresh, and the doctored nuts mixed with new, they supply the investigations will lead to prosecution.

—To pay the average railroad employee's annual wage—which was \$1622.00 last year—it was necessary for the railroads to haul one ton of freight 237,925 miles, or more than 45 times across the American Continent.