

"OTHERS."

Lord help me to live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of—others.

Others, Lord, yes, others
Let this my motto be
Help to live for others
That I may live like Thee.

—C. D. Meigs.

TYPICAL SCHOOL-MASTERS.

By L. A. Miller.

Is school teaching a healthy business? Few teachers grow fat and few become fresher or fairer as the years go by. Whether it is the fault of the business or a natural development of the teachers is not so easy to determine. Scholars—that is specialists or, as more commonly called, cranks on special topics—are almost universally thin, lank and angular. Are they thus because they are scholars, or are they scholars because they are thus? A fat philosopher is a freak, a rara avis.

The old-time pedagogue was thin, crabbed and cranky. He believed that soberness, austerity and dignity were the chief attributes of a good teacher. To smile was to lose his grip on the school; to perpetrate a joke was to become undignified, or to yield a point, even if fairly beaten, meant nothing less than the surrender of his supremacy. He wore a solemn face and a long, solemn coat, kept his hair combed behind his ears, usually wore glasses, and invariably carried a stout rod of correction under his arm.

The school house in those days was a solemn place, except when the master's back was turned. He intended it should be so all the time. If there was a smile or a whisper during study hours and the master got wind of it, the culprit had to suffer. To suffer in those days meant something more than being taken into a private room and talked to until tears flowed freely. Instead thereof the Master applied a tear starter that for efficiency and promptness will double discount the most pathetic talker in the Commonwealth.

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

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

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

Think of being sent home an hour before the usual time, or being kept in for twenty minutes after school is out, for placing a "Johnny-jump-up-quick" on Bill Gramley's seat. An hour's extra play on the street or twenty minutes' pleasant conversation with a pretty teacher! Where is the boy who would not cry for more?

There is not so under the master. The festive youth was made to stand up in the middle of the floor, take off his coat and submit to a good thrashing. None of your dainty paddings, but a dozen or more sound, ringing cuts with a hickory switch, leaving welts which would not disappear for a week. The whipped would yell like a good fellow, while the whipper would wipe the sweat from his brow, conscious that he had made an impression that would last.

Do female teachers impress boys with many ideas? Can it be that the decline of manliness complained of by the strong-minded sisterhood is due to effeminate ideas inculcated by lady teachers?

The thought is shocking, yet it bobs up every time the effeminacy of the rising man is broached. Banished be the thought! That was what Sady Macteach said to the blood spot, but that was all the good it did. If a boy grows up among thieves he is likely to be a thief; if raised among Indians he will partake largely of the Indian nature, or if nurtured among dudes he will naturally be dudsish—what is to hinder him from being soft and womanish if his rudimentary education is obtained from women teachers?

What a field is opened here for the speculative, philosophical woman hater. School teachers are not more prone to die than other folks, yet as a class, they complain a great deal of their killing duties. They say they pick up like everything during vacation; sometimes gaining as much as twenty pounds in weight, but one

month in the school-room reduces them to their former state of wanness. Whether it is the expenditure of vital energy in moulding the youthful mind, or its waste in scheming to get invitations to the opera, oyster suppers, or moonlight drives, is a question that none but an expert dare tackle; and he had better have his hammock swing high.

If many of our lady teachers are not unhealthy it is due more to good luck than good management. They starve themselves. No wonder they lose their plumpness, and no wonder their blood is thin, eyes either droopy or stary. It is almost a miracle they are not tortured with doreux and neuralgia. Blotched faces, smoked complexions and shriveled skin should not be complained of, because they come in obedience to their bidding. All these are results of starvation. The interior of the average teacher's lunch basket is a curiosity. There are a few cookies, a piece of pie, a slice of cake, a taste of cheese and an apple or an orange. Anything would grow sickly, thin and pimpled on such a diet. There is scarcely any nourishment in it, particularly of the kind necessary to repair nerve waste.

School teaching may be unhealthy work for some women, but a majority of those who become debilitated have no one to blame but themselves. They are either too proud, too prudish or too finicky to eat food such as is necessary to supply the waste of vitality caused in the discharge of their duties, and to take proper care of themselves in the matter of dress and habits of life. School teachers need more muscle. A flabby muscle is indicative of a flabby brain.

THE RAVAGES OF FASHION.

The fad or fashion of wearing furs in summer is hastening the doom of many kinds of animals. How to awaken the devotees of this cruel and senseless craze for fur to the realities of the present day situation, is a problem calling for the most serious consideration and concerted action by statesmen, economists, humanitarians and wild-life conservators. It requires the combined efforts of the National Association of Audubon societies and their allied sympathizers and supporters, and years of strenuous activity to educate our people in the value and importance of the living birds. The obliteration of entire species of fur-bearing animals is near. Nothing but a complete cessation of that cruel and hysterical habit of buying and wearing the costliest of animal pelts will ever repair the ravages already committed. Here are some facts and figures, furnished by the San Diego Sun that are little short of appalling:

The pelts of fur-bearing animals taken by the fur trade in 1919, 1920 and 1921, numbered 95,745,437. The winter auctions of 1921 added enough more to make the grand total of 106,000,000. Even this does not tell the whole and awful story of ruthless blood-letting that the fashion demanded, because the auction sales represented only a proportion of the animals destroyed.

The sea-otter, whose fur is the most beautiful known to the trade, is very close to extinction. A few years ago it crowded its habitat. Today the few that remain are being given tardy and, probably, ineffective protection. In three years only 76 of these animals gave their pelts to the market. Trappers should secure no more.

Siberia, Australia, Canada and the United States are being swept clean of fur-bearing mammals at the present time. The finer animals already are so near extermination that trappers and furriers are now seeking and taking the lesser animals that four years ago were considered valueless as fur bearers. Thousands of squirrels are being slaughtered. Over 50,000,000 mole skins found their way to market from 1919 to 1921, inclusive. Muskrat skins, once worthless, brought \$7.50 a piece in 1920. Some 7,000,000 skunks and 4,500,000 ermine gave up their lives and hides in the three years mentioned. The peak of the killings was in 1919, but the present destruction is only 10 per cent. below the highest point. If the devotees of fashion do not relent, and that soon, fur-bearing animals the world over, will disappear entirely.—Ex.

Night Prowling Rabbits Elude Pennsylvania Hunters.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Educated rabbits which roam forth at nights and lay low in secluded spots during the day have proved a great disappointment to hunters in many sections of the State, according to Seth E. Gordon, secretary of the State Game Commission. In other sections where the rabbits have neglected their education the hunting is much better.

"In some sections," said Secretary Gordon, "rabbit hunting has been disappointing this season. There are plenty of rabbits, but they are not to be found during the day, although at night they venture forth. The only reason we can ascribe is that the rabbits have become educated and are not venturing forth when the hunters are about."

Gordon declared that reports from game wardens and refuge keepers indicated there were more deer than ever before in Pennsylvania, and that there would be plenty of good sport for the deer hunters during the season, which opened December 1st and runs to December 15th. Elk, which can be shot in Pennsylvania for the first time in seventy years, also are reported to be plentiful in the regions which the commission stocked.

The Intelligent Animal.

Harris prided himself on a thorough knowledge of horses and their habits and so he was interested when, on a visit to the country, he saw a farmer having some trouble with his mount.

It would start, amble along slowly for a short distance, and then stop. Then the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started again. Finally Harris approached the farmer and asked kindly:

"Is your horse sick?"
"Not as I know of," was the short reply.
"Is he balky?"
"No. But he's so afraid I'll say 'Whoa!' and he won't hear me that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Why Horses Are Shod.

The horses which run at large in the plains country go barefoot, yet they have foot-health. It is only under the artificial conditions imposed by man that the horse requires shoes. A good deal of this necessity for shoes arises from hard pavements and roads which the horse is worked on. But there is another reason. The stable horse does not get at night a foot dew-bath. He needs that dew-bath. The moisture can be supplied, and sometimes is, by packing the foot each night in wet clay, a method so wasteful of labor that it is only resorted to in exceptional cases, usually when the need is acutely manifest. To maintain a healthy condition and durable texture, the horse's hoof must have moisture. This the dew-bath en-

joyed by the pastured horse throughout the night, effectively supplies. Night dew is recognized by horsemen as the best of all medicines for hoofs. Soaking in it invigorates the whole structure. The hoof becomes much tougher, more rounded, and better spread. It is not uncommon for horses which are pastured at night through the summer season to stand up under daily work without being shod. The horse which runs constantly in pasture develops sound, tough hoofs, which, though lacking shoes, do not chip, or crack.

Time Not Up.

"How long did it take your wife to learn to drive?"
"It will be ten years this December."



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8:

Fine All Star Cast in "THE AGE OF DESIRE," a wonderful heart throb feature made by the maker of "Humoresque." A story of a woman who sacrificed a son on the altar of selfishness in the craving for luxury. An excellent picture by a big star cast. Also, comedy, "So Long Buddy."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10:

ALICE BRADY in "THE LESPARDES," a six reel interesting tale of the tropics, with Alice as the tropical belle, and the great climax when a leopard kills his keeper instead of the victim intended. Also, Pathe News and Topics.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11:

WILLIAM HART in "THE COLD DECK," is one of the star's good ones, in which he puts one over in a gambling deal in his usual solemn way. Also, 2 reel Metro Comedy.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12:

All Star Cast in "BRASS BOTTLE," is a romantic adventure story of a young man with a Genii imprisoned 1000 years in a brass bottle. Fine cast, with Harry Myers, Tully Marshall, Barbara LaMarr, Ford Sterling, etc. Don't miss it. Also Harkinson Comedy, "The Four Orphans."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13:

POLA NEGRI in "MAD LOVE," a foreign-made 6 reel feature of this tragic actress, in which her acting is superb and the picture entertaining. A story of flirt who meets a tragic end at hands of a mad lover. Also, Pathe News and Review.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14:

HOOT GIBSON in "THE RAMBLIN' KID," is a spirited action, good western picture, with rovers and wild riding stunts that thrill with their daring in his race for girl he loves. Also, the second episode of "THE STEEL TRAIL."

OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8:

BUCK JONES in "BIG DAN," one of this wild west favorite's best. Also, 2 reel Universal Comedy, "Vamped."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15:

TOM MIX in "THE LONE STAR RANGER," Emuf sed. Also, fine Metro Comedy, "When Knights Were Cold."

The "Watchman" gives all the news, all the time. Read it.

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