

Country Correspondence
Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectation of "Watchman" Readers by a Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

PLEASANT GAP.

Never advise to appear wise. John Barnes has bought the neat bungalow in Hornstown now being occupied by the Fike family. Charles Rimmey has sold his small bungalow to a Mr. Klinger; consideration \$500.00 cash. The lot measurement is 60x270 feet.

Mrs. Agnes C. Coldren, noted for her good sticking qualities at her home, has at last broken the monotony by taking a trip to Selingsgrove, to visit friends and recuperate.

A large amount of ice is being harvested in the Ray Noll farm. Quite a bunch of it is being hauled to Bellefonte. The cold snap has produced an extra marketable quality of ice.

Lawrence Hile, of Axe Mann, has purchased the old Keene property in Hornstown from the late owner, Mr. Davis, of West Virginia, and will, after April first, again become one of our citizens.

Capitalist William Kerster has purchased the up-to-date premises of Orrie Bulbarger; consideration \$2000. The premises have been recently remodeled throughout so that it is now a very desirable home.

Our efficient assistant postmistress, Miss Marion Gettig, has accepted a position as one of the clerks in Noll Bros. stores. Marion made quite a success as a school teacher, likewise, as postmistress, and is succeeding admirably as a hustler of merchandise.

William Lambert, one of the old stand-by employees of Whitehook, was on Tuesday caught underneath a ledge of falling rock and was injured to some extent; but happily not to a serious extent. It is to be hoped that Billy will be himself again in a few days, and will be able to resume operations at the old stand.

It is a noticeable fact that more properties were sold and transferred at Pleasant Gap in the past two years, or since our state road was completed, than changed hands the previous twenty-five years prior to the completion of the road, besides the prices of real estate have increased from twenty-five to thirty per cent.

William Wolford was recently discharged from the U. S. Navy on account of the expiration of his term of enlistment, and is home visiting his parents, friends and former associates. He encircled the globe several times during his term of service. He expects to re-enlist at an early date. A born soldier it seems is never contented unless he is in uniform.

A little less investigation and more action at Washington would be welcomed by the average citizen. The kind of financing that will carry on successfully a private business, is what we need at the head of the government. The government guarantees its citizens life, liberty, employment and pursuit of happiness, and comes about as near it in one instance as the other.

The sincere orator has befriended humanity, for it has seldom been recorded that he pleaded the cause of the despot. He is the embodiment of free speech, which is among the most precious of our rights; for if the public voice is stifled the oppressor has his own way in everything. Eloquence is a wondrous power in shaping the destiny of nations. The faculty of being able to move people at will, is one of the highest forms of genius.

Miss Anna Bilger and Miss Bess Beckwith, who for nine straight years served as head pushers in the warden's home at Rockview, have retired from their strenuous duties and are now regular boarders at the Gap. While they have declined to accept several tempting offers, they have decided to live retired until spring, anyway. Happily, the girls are in very good circumstances financially. They made good money and saved it, hence are independent. Wait until the blue birds come again and you will no doubt see these enthusiastic workers open some new project that may surprise the population.

Our neighbor, Joseph Schmoeyer, went up against it a few days ago, when he had occasion to stop from force of circumstances rather abruptly. The way it happened, Joe was going down the state road early in the morning in his automobile to go to work. For some unknown reason

he evidently forgot that the White-rock "dinkey" crossed the road, and a train of twelve stone cars was crossing when the ambitious Joseph struck the centre of the train. The result is that the train was uninjured, but the auto was badly damaged; so much so that an entire new body will be required to put the machine in shape.

Our two Sunday schools have a very creditable record. The Lutheran and Methodist churches. We have 250 boys and girls attending our public schools; while the two churches have enrolled a total of 310 Sunday school scholars. And the beauty of the matter is that as a rule they have an unusual attendance. The parents and the Sunday school teachers are working harmoniously together, and the best of all is there is no rivalry existing between the two congregations; all they seem to have an ambition for is to have their own without infringing on each other. They have also shown their good and earnest judgment by combining the two flocks for their annual picnics. The good work has a tendency to be of invaluable benefit to the young and rising generation of Pleasant Gap. The members of both congregations are deservingly of great credit in their judicious management.

That topic which is always on the end of the human tongue in every language, is the topic of the weather. We just passed through quite a variety. First it was too warm, then too cold to suit the average citizen. Only one kind of weather has been really unique, and that was experienced by Noah and his meager family and all too numerous families of animals. That occurred a few years previous to the establishment of the United States Weather Bureau. How the millions who lived between the great flood and the modern statistician survived the lack of official records we are not informed. The weather bureau is recent, and it is to be hoped it will be a joy forever. But there are men and women older than the weather bureau, and it is the fate of every one of them that this is an unutterably exceptional winter, as far as we've got, and the oldest inhabitant is ever an entity to be revered and believed. He and she are indisputable. The groundhog, alias the woodchuck, is now about to be put to the test. His reputations is at stake as never before. Either he is a prophet or he isn't. Heads or tails.

In a great measure, also, the good name of the neighboring city of Punxsutawney is in the mighty balance. The appellations of groundhog and Punxsutawney are synonymous. The weather of the moment does not promise uproarious applause for the groundhog and Punxsutawney. But the winter has come to the stage of adolescence only. Let the groundhog and Punxsutawney be watchful and waiting. We don't have any particular line for the groundhog. But speaking of the weather bureau, it surely is a blessing to our farmers, who are great advocates of the newly inaugurated service. In many instances the farmer, as well as the rest of mankind, have been mutually benefited since the establishment of the new and indispensable service.

RUNVILLE.

Miss Jennie Taggart, of Ocean City, is visiting with Mrs. Alice Rodgers. James Burd, of Moose Run, spent Sunday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Paul Bennett.

Rev. Andreas, of Milesburg, gave a splendid address on the Eighteenth Amendment, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Reese visited over the week-end at Williamsport, with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Rightmour, and four children, of Bellefonte, spent Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Sallie Friel.

Miss Lulu McClincy, Mary Eason and J. H. McClincy, of Williamsport, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fetzner.

Miss Alice Heaton, of Moose Run; Hazel and Mary Shawley and Miss Walker, of Yarnell, were Sunday callers with Miss Kathryn Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shirk, of Pittsburg; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shirk, Samuel Shirk and Mrs. Toner, of Bellefonte, spent Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shirk.

Those from this place who attended the funeral of Mrs. A. C. Lucas, at Altoona, on Tuesday, were: Mary Heaton, Franklin Lucas, Mrs. Samuel Shirk, Mrs. Edward Walker and Fred and Clair Witherite.

OAK HALL.

Mrs. E. C. Radel is visiting her parents at Millersburg, this week.

Miss Eliza Gilliland is assisting at the home of her brother James, near Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kline, of Axe Mann, spent Wednesday visiting at the Dale home.

Mrs. Nannie Gilliland spent Friday and Saturday of last week at the home of Miss Olive Mitchell, in Bellefonte.

The Oak Hall Lime and Stone Co. resumed operation again, Monday, after having been closed for a week while repairs to the crusher were being made.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lowder and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Lowder and children motored to Reedsville, Sunday, to attend the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Rothrock.

The Tallest Chimney.

The tallest smokestack in the world is said to be in western Montana, where it has been erected of specially made brick by a copper company to carry off smoke and gases. It is 30 feet higher than the Washington monument and its diameter is so great that the great stone shaft could be placed inside of it. It is itself a monument to American imagination, enterprise and skill. Its height is so great that the surrounding country does not suffer from the fumes it emits; no doubt its emanations descend somewhere, but they are so scattered as to leave no noxious trace. —Providence Journal.

PINE GROVE MENTIONS.

Mrs. Maude Fry is suffering with a bad attack of the flu.

Entire families in this section are in the clutches of the grip.

Philip Dale, a Civil war veteran, of State College, is quite ill with heart trouble.

Stock buyer Joe Shoemaker spent Tuesday among the farmers on the Branch.

Harry F. Gearhart was a business visitor on the Branch last Thursday evening.

Misses Maude and Gertie Miller spent Tuesday at the C. M. Dale home on the Branch.

Mrs. Anna Way and Ethel Weaver spent Sunday afternoon with Virginia Dale, on the Branch.

Paul Sunday, one of our enterprising farmers, has a four thousand bushel lime kiln smoking.

Mrs. John F. Kimpfort, who has been ill the past ten days with bronchial trouble, is now convalescing.

Miss Helen Beachey, of State College, was a pleasant caller with friends at Rock Springs on Sunday.

Mrs. Randall Rossman was discharged from the Bellefonte hospital last Thursday not very much improved.

The E. C. Musser home caught fire last Friday but fortunately a bucket brigade was able to extinguish the flames.

Mr. A. F. Markle, of State College, was taken to the Bellefonte hospital, on Saturday, for an operation and treatment.

Mrs. Margaret Quinn, of Pennsylvania Furnace, was a Friday visitor at the postmaster George Glenn home at State College.

Farmer Harry Glenn, who has been ill since early last summer, is not improving as rapidly as his family and friends would like to see.

We are anxiously waiting for tomorrow to see if that pesky little prognosticator, the woodchuck, will stick his nose out of his hole.

The venerable Samuel Glenn braved the storm, on Saturday, and spent the day with his old friend and neighbor, Charles Dale, on the Branch.

Charles H. Martz is so seriously ill with pneumonia that his two daughters in Cleveland, Ohio, were summoned home and are constantly at his bedside.

Earl Musser, James E. Lenker and James R. Smith will all celebrate their birthday anniversaries on groundhog day. A wedding is also slated for that day, according to the cracker box orators.

John Thomas add wife are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter on Tuesday night. Mr. Thomas is a Senior at State College and will graduate next June. The little girl has been christened Sarah, after her grandmother.

Miss Anna Dale and party, located at Lake Worth, Florida, had the surprise of their life the past week when Dr. W. S. Glenn, of State College, visited them. They did not know he was in the State and his call was like a breath from home.

The Boal bus line made its last trip on Tuesday and service has been discontinued indefinitely. The line was operated between State College and Lewisport by way of Boalsburg and Pottersville, but lack of patronage has thrown it into the discard, for the time being, at least.

Guy Riggel, who has been John Dale's farmer the past year, flitted to Jersey Shore last Thursday. Edwin Dale and bride will start housekeeping on the Walnut Grove farm. Mr. Dale is an instructor in the vocational school of Spring Mills but will take up farming in the spring.

Four inches of snow fell in this section on Friday night and the high gale on Saturday piled it up in huge drifts. The cold snap which followed pushed the mercury down to eight degrees below zero. But it was just what the young people were looking for, and the jingling sleigh bells tell of nightly sledding parties.

While out driving in his new Star car, last Thursday, Merrill Homan lost control and ran into a telephone pole. The front axle was broken and the car otherwise damaged so that it had to be trailed to the Stuck and Kline garage for repairs. Mrs. Homan and little son were also in the car but fortunately no one was injured.

Among those who braved the stormy weather, last Saturday, to attend the funeral of the late Mr. Fleming were W. J. Taylor and son Jesse, of Mapleton; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Huey, of Cochranville; Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Fleming, James G. Allison, P. M. Goss, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Fleming, Noah and Levi Holstetter, James Kauffman, S. W. Peachey, T. E. Zook and J. S. Peachey, all of Bellefonte; Dr. and Mrs. Miller, of McAlevy's Fort; Dr. L. E. Kidder, of State College, and Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Fleming, of Boston.

The funeral was in charge of Rev. J. Scott Becht, D. D., and Rev. J. Max Kirkpatrick.

On Sunday morning while an old friend, Andy J. Lytle, was rounding out his morning snooze Mrs. Lytle went to the cellar to stir up the fire in the furnace. During the night the water pipes had frozen and as she opened the furnace door the furnace exploded, covering her with water and ashes. Fortunately she was not injured but her clothing was ruined and the furnace a total wreck. Some ten years or more ago Mrs. Lytle had a similar experience when she attempted to stir up the fire in the kitchen range. It was literally blown to fragments and Mrs. Lytle was thrown through a window onto a porch roof suffering injuries from which she did not recover for some weeks.

And They're Still at Outs.

Two neighbors fell out. Said one, paving the way to peace, "I wouldn't have said what I did if it hadn't been for the nasty looks you gave me." Said the other, not quite mollified, "I gave you no nasty looks, you always had them." Peace has not yet been ratified.

UMBRELLAS AND MORALS.

By L. A. Miller.

Is it stealing to appropriate an umbrella belonging to another, to your own use? It is not so declared in the decalogue, or, at least, not in the old version. Common law is silent on the subject, probably because it existed before the umbrella became a thing of prey. The unwritten law, or common usage, appears to regard the appropriation of an umbrella in time of rain as one of the inalienable rights of freemen, classing it probably under the head of works of "charity and necessity." To take an umbrella when he has no immediate use for it, will stamp a man a thief or a fool. The fool carries his umbrella in clear weather, the wise man when it rains. The philosopher, who delights in far-fetched theories sees little difference between taking possession of the awning of a man has placed in front of his door, and in taking his umbrella for shelter. One is merely a fixed shelter while the other is portable. He even argues that while the sin, in sin it be, is the same in each case, there are so many more benefits and advantages connected with taking the portable awning that they mitigate the sin to such an extent that it becomes really much less than that of using the fixed shelter.

For instance: A man may be in a hurry to get his supper, or to catch a train, or to get to the lodge or prayer-meeting, or he may be going to take his intended to the opera. How can he do any of these if he has to stand under a stationary awning? Such protection is no accommodation to him at all. To be of real service to him that protection from the rain must be portable. Being compelled to stand under a fixed awning he is prone to swear, which he is not while bowling along under the portable one.

All sorts of people congregate under awnings. A man who wears a fine suit of clothes may be jostled by dirty workmen, or he may perchance meet his old tailor, or boarding-house keeper, or an enemy who may embolden him into a fight, or he may be smitten by the glance of a storm-stayed maiden and become estranged from his affianced, or even from his wife. He may be standing cheek by jowl with a pickpocket and get robbed, or have his corns trodden by a hob-nailed trojan on the hoof of a heavy-weight pudler.

All in all the opportunities and provocations for swearing are much greater under an awning than under an umbrella. The good man who had the awning erected did not intend it should be the cause of inconvenience to any one, much less to be productive of immorality. No doubt he would cheerfully give an umbrella to each person stopping under his awning rather than have them injured in this way. Therefore, it is better to risk the dangers lurking under an awning than a shower than to appropriate an umbrella found standing in idleness.

The first account we have of the umbrella is when Vishnu, one of the gods of the Brahma trinity, descended into the infernal regions with one spread over him. It is sculptured on the ruins of Nineveh and monuments of Egypt. The Greeks used umbrellas made of peacock feathers and the plumage of rare birds as royal coverings for the maidens who represented goddesses in processions; especially during the feast of Bacchus.

This projects sufficiently to hang the obstruction on the fact that the losing of an umbrella may be dated back to that time, as Bacchanalian revels of modern times are notorious for the number of umbrellas lost.

In Siam, the fellow who ranks next to the lord of the Elephants is the lord of twenty-four umbrellas. These are for the King. They are all white, and no one else in the kingdom is allowed to use a white one. The officers of state may have one or more common cotton ones, but the people are not permitted to use any at all. The King may be laboring under the impression that it is as much a sin to steal an umbrella as a turban, and knowing by his experience with the two dozen he has that his morally weak subjects could not resist the impulse to steal from each other, he has wisely decreed that the temptation shall not be placed before them.

Possibly the name umbrella, has has something to do with the lightness, in a property sense, in which it is held. The name comes from the Latin umbra-a-shade: A shadow. Only a fleeting shadow! An English gentleman traveling in Italy a century or more since, wrote back that the ladies, in addition to fans, carried things of greater price, which invited shadow. He also saw horsemen with a parachute on a long handle attached to one leg, so that while their hands were free they carried shadows with them wherever they went. Even then it was not the substance that was considered valuable—only the shadow.

The parasol never was regarded as lightly as the umbrella. It is not a little umbrella, as most people suppose. It derives its name differently. It comes from the Italian parae—to parry, to ward off; and from Sale—the sun, to parry the sun. See? No doubt this is why they are flourished around so recklessly by ladies on the streets and in crowded places. It is

all a man can do sometimes, to parry the parasol and keep its ribs from jabbing his eyes out.

Old Jonas Hanway, of London, had the distinguished honor of introducing the umbrella into use in London as a protection against rain. That was in 1750. Previous to that time they had been used by a few ladies in France for the same purpose, but were covered with feathers. Old Jonas was hooted and stared at, and called an old woman, and all sorts of queer names, but he stuck to his parachute and had the pleasure of seeing his traducers carrying them and enjoying the protection they afforded against wind and rain, before he died.

Robinson Crusoe, "The monarch of all he surveyed," had one made of skins, which is always pictured in his illustrated travels. It was during the reign of Queen Ann, however, that the umbrella became fashionable for gentlemen, her couriers setting the example. On a rainy day a man who thought anything of himself would parade the streets with his immense umbrella, ornamented with colored streamers. Some of the court ladies had mirrors fastened inside of theirs to enable them to note any derangement of their elaborate coiffeur. Others had little windows in them to peep through at the gentlemen.

I had an object in view when I selected the umbrella for my topic this week. When I left Pittsburgh to return to my old home in Centre county, before leaving the city, our office forerunner, a man with a superb eight dollar silk umbrella. I was so proud of it that I neglected to use it for at least ten years. One day when it was raining and I was about to go for my mail my good wife prevailed on me to break in my good umbrella. I did as directed, but unfortunately left it standing in the postoffice and returned home without it. As soon as I discovered my mistake I returned to the postoffice—but no umbrella; some one who knows a good thing when he sees it had appropriated it. It was far superior to any umbrella I had before or since.

A Careful Buyer.

The Jeweler—Yes, we have cheaper wedding rings, but they're only plated and won't last more than a year or two.

Thus Wadde—I'll take one of them. If my marriage outlasts the ring I can have it replated.

MEDICAL.

Get at the Cause

Many Bellefonte Folks are Showing How to Avoid Needless Suffering.

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HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

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