Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., July 25, 1924.

IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY.

If you've anything good to say of a man, Don't wait till he's laid to rest, For the eulogy spoken when hearts ar broken

Is an empty thing at best.

Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely Would perfume the mountain side,

If the sun's glad ray had but shone today And the pretty bud espied.

If you've any alms to give to the poor, Don't wait till you hear the cry Of wan distress in the wilderness, Lest the one forsaken die.

Oh! hearken to poverty's sad lament! Be swift her wants to allay; Don't spurn God's poor from the favored

door. As you hope for mercy one day.

Don't wait for another to bear the burden Of sorrow's irksome load;

Let your hand extend to a stricken friend As he totters down life's road. And if you've anything good to say to a

man, Don't wait till he's laid to rest;

For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken Is an empty thing at best.

-Front Rank.

DOT AND WILL'S RADIO SET-TO.

I suppose there comes a time in the life of every married woman when she suddenly realizes that she is the one who is making all the sacrifices-there is a lot of kick in making large sacrifices-but just the little, dinky, irritating ones.

The other day I happened to read a page or so in the diary I was keeping when Will and I got married, and I came across this paragraph:

Mother was talking about being married, himself, just to please me. today, and she said how you had to bear Like spending our Christmas monand forbear-all that old stuff. Thank goodness, I wasn't born back in her generation. Will is perfectly crazy about me, and wants me to have everything I want. It's not likely that this sort of thing will come up much in our lives.

Honestly, it seems strange that a person can know what I know now at twenty, and have been as dumb as that at nineteen! Will and I did talk expensive things to go with it. Mah Jong parties are all the rage now in things over once or twice and say that of course we knew we wern't perfect, Montrose and some of the girls have and we'd have to overlook each other's perfectly beautiful sets. I wasn't sure Will would care for the idea, so I befaults. That seemed to settle the whole question. It makes you feel gan cautiously, sort of preparing the awfully broad-minded and tolerant ground. and everything, when you say you're going to overlook your husband's pe-"I think it would be nice to get

something snappy and new, don't culiarities. But the first time you find you?" that he wants tea with his dinner, it's "You bet," Will agreed. "No use just as great a shock as though you getting a horse and buggy instead of a roadster." hadn't already admitted that he was

less than perfect. "Or a pack of cards instead of a Mah Jong set," I said suggestively. As a matter of fact it was on this little thing of tea that I first began I dropped the subject at that, thinkhousekeeper appreciates, it's a nui-sance to have to make tea while you are getting a dinner. Goodness knows, there are enough things to be attend-what I planted. I got back from

bunch up at Lake Winneposocket, nat-urally, and one flashlight of the party Madge gave for Will and me when we got engaged. And there was even one picture of me in front of Rose-mary's that people always thought was Rosemary, just because it wasn't awfully clear and they could just rec-ognize her house. But what earthly fun would there be in keeping an album if you never be in keeping an album if you never bunch up at Lake Winneposocket, natto be something of a huisance. I had been painting a bedroom set and had not been out all day. Naturally, at a time like that, you look forward to a little sociability when your husband gets home at night. And, believe me, I didn't get much. Will hustled right up from the supper table and began fooling with the dials, and from that be in keeping an album if you never showed it to anybody? "Especially the last book," Will was going on. "I— Honestly it just makes me squirm to have you show fooling with the dials, and from that moment on there was no conversation

like," I offered generously.

them to people.

When we were first married I might have tried to tell him that there was no occasion for intense regret; but cute it was. Having known Will all my life, I had snapshots that went clear back to when he was a baby. "I could take out the baby one of when we were first married I might have tried to tell him that there was no occasion for intense regret; but after nearly a year of married life you learn that there are fine points the learn that there are fine points the masculine mind simply doesn't get. Any woman would understand, of course, that there would be a lot of you without any clothes on in the bathtub, if that's the one you don't Just mentioning this seemed to irkick in being the only person from Montrose in Washington at the time ritate Will in the strangest way. We had almost a quarrel about it before of the President's speech, and coming home and telling what Mrs. Nicholas we got through, and it ended by Will's apologizing for hurting my feelings. But apologizing couldn't stop my knowing how he felt about my albums, Longworth had on, and how President Coolidge really looked, close to, and how terribly interesting his message was. But just to listen to the mesand I just naturally stopped showing

sage over the radio, that was something practically anybody could do! "The Burrises got it so plain," Will said, "that they could hear him turn-Oh, there were dozens of other things, like a perfectly stunning brown dress that I practically stopped wearing because he didn't like it; and ing the pages."

Even that left me cold. I can hear advice that I'd listen to politely from Mother Horton just because she was plenty of paper rattle here in Mon-

will's mother, whereas if my own mother had pulled it I'd just have said, "Oh, come off, Mother, times have changed since the burning of the Iriquois." And there were things I Uiled to ext end that I'd external and I'd roll up the rug. But we would have danced about ten steps when Will would say he thought there liked to eat and that I'd stopped cooking, just because Will didn't like them. Sometimes I have made up my mind to do something I simply hated, just to please Will, and then I've been so everlastingly tactful about it that he'd and dials. When he'd get that to suit believe I really wanted to do it, and him, we'd dance a few steps more, and sometimes actully wind up by believ-ing that he was doing the whole thing music loud enough, or were getting it too loud, or something, and he'd go and fool with the set again. By the ey, for instance. Each of our fathers had given us twenty-five dollars for Christmas, and the announcer would be saying wenty-nve contars for Christmas, and we had a little "luxury money" in our budget box, so we decided to pool it all, and get something big and im-pressive that we'd both enjoy. I had practically decided on a really good Mah Jong set with a table and all the expensive things to go with it. Mah

ning to get kind of sick of hearing marshaled the girls into the diningning to get kind of shear another play "Lin-one orchestra after another play "Lin-ger Awhile" and was glad it was the night that our crowd always goes to the movies together. Dulcie invited having a party. Compared with the having a party. Longared with the having a party. Compared with the having a party. Dulcie invited having a party. Compared with the having a party. Duck with the movies together. The movies together. The movies together invited the movies together. Duck was a party with the movies together invited having a party. Compared with the movies together invited the movies together. Duck was a party with the movies together invited the movies together invited to the movies together invited together which turned it into a regular party. Imagine my horrified amazement to find that Will didn't want to go. He happened. But no talk and laughter would rather stay home and try to get Davenport, Iowa.

every single night and sit up with the radio!"

radio!" We did go with the bunch, but any-body could see that Will's heart was not in it. In fact, it was so plain that he wanted to get home before all the broadcasting stopped that it almost spoiled the party for me. And then spoiled the party for me. And then, just as we were leaving, if I didn't most complacent, indulgent tone: "Yes; I got Dot a radio."

wasn't in fact, till the third night evening after evening passed, I got to For a moment I forgot my anger in

turns entertaining. I was half afraid evenings before, while he was silently getting one station after another, I consoled myself by planning the nicest party the club had had so far.

yellow dishes and put mauve candles in my yellow china candlesticks. Will was to bring home a dozen daffodils, which he forgot, of course, arriving instead with a dry-cell battery. But I called up Miss Lottie, and she stop-ped in with the flowers herself, so all was well.

All was, indeed, well, right up to the climax of the evening. At halfpast ten I prepared to serve the rereshments. I had the daffodils in a basket with a great bow of mauve tulle on the handle, and nothing could have been daintier. That was the keynote of the whole party, elegance and daintiness. I was just lighting the candles when I heard steps on the porch outside and Will's key grating in the front door. I paused, a lighted match in my hand, with a strange premonition that something unpleasant was about to happen.

At the first glance out into the hall, I nearly dropped dead. There was Will, leading into my dainty party the riffraff of the town: Harry Porter and Jim Bleed and Seth the baggage man, who drinks, and some men I'd never even seen before, men in queer, shabby caps, like the silent tuners. It seems there was a prize-fight to come over the radio late in the evening, and seems there was a prize-fight to come over the radio late in the evening, and Will had gathered up all the men who wanted to hear it, and wouldn't get asked anywhere else. I should say they wouldn't!

I stood staring, simply pie-eyed. And right then and there I stopped And right then and there I stopped ever find anything about being mar-feeling sorry for myself and began to ried kind of hard?" get mad.

I finished lighting the candles and

could drown out the hubbub in the living-room. Mauve tulle bows and hook to the jaw-"

turns entertaining. I was half afraid suddenly and put his arm around me. Will wouldn't want to go even to I should have shaken him off angrily except pertaining to the radio. "It's a shame we didn't have it so you could have heard the President's 'lodge, which he adores, but might ac-tually want me to put off the girls, so that he could stay home and work the 'where. Then I remembered what it The last one was the really clever one. I called it "My Him Book," and it was just pictures of Will. Every-body who had ever seen it said how wate it was here with the seen it was first married I might was in the second to be an adverted to be a rock me and sing. I could hear her now, singing the words to the far-

> "The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the daisies sprung;

The creaking old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young."

It always made me feel queer and

It always made me teel queer and lonesome, I remember, even when I was just a tiny girl. Sometimes Grandma would stop singing, and when I'd ask her why she stopped, she'd say she was thinking about Grandpa. Then, maybe, she'd clear her threat and go on: her throat and go on:

"They say we are aged and gray, Maggie, As sprays from the white breakers flung, Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,

When you and I were young."

The voice that was singing in the air now was so faint and far away, it might have been anybody's—it might have been Grandma's, come back to remind me that some day I might be old and lonesome, sitting in a bay win-

having to stop singing because the song made me think o' Will; some-time when I wouldn't have Will ever any more-even to be mad at!

'The days that are gone-"

Will's arm tightened around me and I caught his hand and held it tight, as though just holding fast could make time and chance stand still.

ing on tight to Will's hand, "Do you

At first, Will said he didn't. "No, honestly," I insisted; "isn't there sometimes something?"

like hardly ever getting out hunting

or fishing any more." Well, that just staggered me. I suddenly realized that Will hadn't gone off hunting or fishing with the boys for weeks and weeks and weeks. "Merciful heavens, Will," I gasped, daffodils in the dining-room; in the "we might as well have twins like the Mertons, if we've got to stay home uppercut—Ferguson hands back a left Mertons, if we've got to stay home uppercut—Ferguson hands back a left used to go before we were married,

Youthful Prodigy Has

Temperament of Genius

Wini Rota Rinaldi of Milan is twelve years old. He is a sort of three-in-one prodigy-musician, composer and conductor.

When eleven, Nini composed an oratorio-"The Childhood of Saint John the Baptist"-which has been pronounced by those who know a very excellent thing. Be that as it may, the youthful composer came something of a cropper recently at Tourcoing, France, when he attempted to lead an orchestra of 250 musicians in the rendition of his composition. The musicians, at least some of them, did not measure up to Nini's conception of what a musician should be. Perhaps the musicians themselves did not take kindly to the idea that "a little child shall lead them." In any event a false note or two from some careless member of the 250 brought Nini's artistic temperament into play.

He criticised and protested, stormed and perhaps cursed. No one knew just what anathemas he was calling down upon the erring orchestra. He quit in a fury after less than five minutes and could not be persuaded to try again. He did finally come before the audience and complain that the orchestra lacked soul.

This boy's mother wants him to be a real boy, not a prodigy. Since mother seems to be having her own way at present, it will, in all probability, be some time before the youngster again faces an audience .-- New York Times.

Increase Capacity by Variation of Labor

The working capacity of persons engaged in dexterous physical work may be greatly increased by varying their work from day to day, says Dr. J. P. Baumburger of Leland Stanford university as the result of a recent study of the problem of human efficiency.

In work where there is a slight change in the task from time to time it was discovered that the actual working capacity was about 7.7 per cent below the maximum capacity, while in other tasks which were continuous and uniform there was from 36.8 to 39.4 per cent loss from the maximum working capacity.

The findings indicate to Doctor Baumberger "that men working at alternating occupations have an output more closely approaching their maximum work capacity than do men in processes studied in which the same occupation was continued throughout the day.'

"Many industries could easily apply this finding," Doctor Baumberger says. "Workers could be trained to operate two machines and exchange places at regular intervals of time. I feel convinced that this plan would lead to increase of output and decrease in fatigue on the part of the men."

dow with a little girl on my lap, and

ed to on the stove at the last minute without adding tea. But it wasn't re-in Verblen, and found that Will had without adding tea. But it wasn't re-ally the bother that shocked me; it bought a radio! was the old-fashionedness of Will's "I tried all yesterday and last even-

was the old-fashionedness of with s wanting tea with dinner. At first, I tried to put him off. "Oh, if you don't have it a few "Oh, if you don't have forget

"Oh, if you don't have it a few times," I told him, "you'll soon forget all about it and stop wanting it." soon as Van got transferred to the Chicago office and said he guessed he

"But I don't want to stop wanting would sell his set, half a dozen felit!" Will protested. "I like tea, and I like to like it. I'll make it myself, lows were after it. It's a wonderful if it's a nuisance to you." I suppose if I'd been married ten

bargain, you know. Of course I wouldn't have got it if I hadn't been sure you wanted one; but I remembermonths then, instead of ten days, I ed what you said about keeping up to might have realized that, small and the minute and everything."

reasonable as this sounded, it would My breath was taken away. I didn't know whether I wanted a radio or not. I'd never even thought about be the Opening Wedge. I might have taken warning right out of my own old home, too. Mother has gone all through her married life having to getting one. I was terribly disappointed about the Mah Jong set, buthave doughnuts for breakfast, just and this is the way selfsacrificing gets because Father used to have them to be a habit-I didn't say a word when he was a boy. Yet, when Will put his arm around me and brushed his about that.

"Merciful heavens!" I gasped when cheek against my hair kind of coax-Will led me proudly into our livingingly, I said, "Oh, all right, Grandpa, room. The whole end of it looked extea for yours," to conceal the thrill that swept all over me at the idea of actly like the physics lab. in high school-dials and lights and wires and batteries and goodness knows what all, and a wire loop as big as a Ferbeing actually married to Will and living in the same house. For a long time I didn't notice oth-

ris wheel. er little things, as they came along, one by one. You don't at first. I'm "This is the slick kind of set," Will was explaining proudly. "No aerials or ground wire sor anything outside the house at all." sure that is the way most people get to being unselfish. Surely no sensi-ble person, seeing the way unselfish people get handed things in this

"Wouldn't it make the living-room a little more homelike," I faltered doubtfully, "if you could leave some-thing outdoors?" "Not with this set," Will declared. world, would ever set out deliberately with her eyes open to be unselfish. It

just creeps up on you like some slow, insidious sickness. The first time you ever really think of it at all, you've already got it. I kept making one KYW." He pushed me onto the davenport little sacrifice after another without thinking much about it. And then, one day, I suddenly woke up to the fact that I was making them all! the dials. A bulb lighted and there

There was bridge, for instance. I'm crazy about bridge, but it's Will's idea of just nothing at all. And, little by little, I'd practically given it up, ex-cept to play once in a while in the afternoon with just the girls. worried.

Then there was the matter of my photograph albums. I have four, one for each year since I was sixteen. The first time I got them out to show to somebody after we were married, I had a kind of feeling that Will was Will. His face was simply ecstatic. "The formal call," a woman's voice not in sympathy. And after the people had gone he hemmed and hawed around and finally came out and said he did wish I wouldn't show my almay last as long as an hour and a

bums to people. "Not show them!" I gasped. "Why on earth not?" half."

said Will in an undertone. 'Well-of course they're interesting At first, you see, you're very polite to you to save-and everything-but for other people to look at-I don'tto the performers, almost whispering among yourselves if there's anything you don't like. The fellows in the frat house always used to kid about them-all albums are so much alike-black pages writ-The first evening, of course, we spent working the radio, and I really enjoyed it. We got the Bunny Rabbit ten on with white ink; there's always pictures of the crowd out camping

and a flashlight of the party at some-body's house, and one picture that you have to say, 'Oh, no, that isn't me, that's Helen,' and—"

"My albums are not like anybody tra, and an aria from "Aida," then a else's," I interrupted hotly. "Everyspeech on the Economics of Chain

From that minute I began actually disliking the thing. I would have liked it all right if Will had acted like a sensible person about it. But Will is one of those enthusiastic souls who, if they once get interested in a

thing, are perfect bugs about it. And he was interested in this all right. You couldn't get him to do or think or talk about anything else. He all winter. As I pushed open the gawas forever bringing home new parts rage doors, still shaking so that I and trying new "hook-ups"-whatever could hardly do it, I saw that it had they are!—and talking about "radio frequency." He had always been very handy and willing about doing little jobs around the house, but now I and the house, but now I couldn't get him to so much as put a back of the flivver, got into the front

washer on a kitchen faucet. He'd say he would, but he'd never find the time. It was during these long, lonely evenings that I began to realize I was the one who was making all the sac-rifices. For, despite Will's taking great credit to himself for staying at home every night, the evenings were lonely. He was about as much company as a man in a delirium. And I absolutely gave up trying to get any pleasure out of the radio myself. He'd tune in at Chicago, and maybe a lovely singer's voice would come into the

"Sit down now and I'm going to get from Davenport either. It might be a really interesting speaker, but Will wouldn't let him finish a sentence. without giving me a chance to take Just as soon as he'd get Davenport off my coat, and began fooling with loud and clear, he'd begin working for loud and clear, he'd begin working for St. Louis.

came a strange whimpering, ghostly noise from the set. This lasted for some time, while Will twisted away at the dials and looked more and more on he was worse than ever. He ad-"Thirty-two, forty-six," he kept murmuring. "That's funny, I got them easy, just before you came." A few more walls and then, sudden-a few more walls and then, sudden-the deal an aerial to the set and got to be a regular night-blooming cereus. I'd get discouraged and go to bed; and after it seemed to me I'd be asleep for her ways in the set and got to be a regular night-blooming cereus. I'd get discouraged and go to bed; and after it seemed to me I'd be asleep

ly, a human voice. coming over your for hours I'd hear him come prowling own radio. I felt it myself, though I up the stairs—I suppose there is a doubt it hit me quite as hard as it did time when it's too late even to try to get Los Angeles!

Sometimes he'd bring in queer-looking men in shabby old caps, men I'd never seen. Will said they were was saying, "should not last over fif-teen minutes, though an informal call wonders at tuning. Democratic as he is, he'd never introduce them to me. They'd come in without a word, sit down, strap on the ear 'phones, and sit the whole evening in dead silence, "It seems to be an etiquette talk,"

twisting the knobs and dials. Then they'd put on their shabby old caps, and, like the Arabs, silently steal away.

During my long, lonely evenings I came to realize what a mistake I had made in giving up everything I liked myself in order to make our marriage go smoothly. Self-sacrifice is all right, but it ought to work both ways. Surely a modern marriage ought to be fifty fifty, a husband ought to want body says they're very original, and everybody likes to see them!" I was awfully taken aback. Of course, there was a picture of our I twas really quite interesting. It

jersey dress into my over-night bag. I was through. practically given up bridge. "What other little things?" I in-I came back down-stairs very quiet-

dishes stood on the table. Let them stand there. Perhaps I would never come back to wash them. I was going home.

Will's and my house being on a side hill, the garage was in the basement and warm, so we could use the flivver seat, and stepped on the self-starter. Nothing happened! No reassuring "chuck-chuck!" Not even the sadsounding brrr with which it sometimes starts on a cold night. I stepped on it again. Up-stairs, I heard the men going; evidently the fight was over. There was no time to lose. I stepped on the starter again and again, simply bewildered. The car had never acted like that before. Feverishly, I climb-

ed out and tried to crank it. In vain. I went and looked out the garage doors. The snow was just whirling down by now. I couldn't walk three quarters of a mile through town alone in a storm at midnight. Frantically I climbed back into the car, fairly stood on the self-starter, and in the utter, dead silence, the explanation came to me. Will had taken the batteries out of the car to use in the radio!

It was fully fifteen minutes later that I came back up-stairs with my over-night bag. It was the most awful anti-climax, but what else could I do?

The house seemed very still. It was a little cold, too. Will had evidently aired out the smoke, and had just closed the windows. I slipped out of my big coat silently and slid my ovennight bag into the coat closet. I didn't know whether Will had gone up stairs or not, but wherever he was I was going to tell him that I was going home the first thing in the morning. And I'd tell him just what I thought about the radio, and tea with dinner,

and my albums. I looked into the living-room and there sat Will all alone, still at the ra-dio, turning the knobs and dials, try-ing to get Honolulu or Tchio. I sup-pose. He looked up as I came in, just smiled at me without saying a word. I didn't say a word for a moment, either. I had enough words to ray, but I hadn't decided which to say first, and for a moment I stood silent.

Into that silent moment suddenly came distant music, so faint and far away it was fairylike. Will's face lighted up and he fell to turning the knobs and dials as carefully as though his life depended on it. But he could not make the sound any louder. It was clear and sweet, but so faint, just music floating through the air from

sisted; and when he didn't want to tell hear him say to Dud Farrell, in the most complacent, indulgent tone: It the ly, though I needn't have taken any precautions. One glance into the liv- And I finally got all sorts of funny, ing-room door, blue with smoke, blar- | dinky little things out of him, how it ing and noisy, and I rushed through the empty dining-room. The party lite and respectful when my father lite and respectful when my father says that the Verblen land we're buying will never be worth the taxes-as though Will, being right in the real estate business, wouldn't have some judgment of his own!-and how he likes steak rarer than I cook it, and

how he is bored almost to death by the Sparrows, that I'm always inviting to dinner. And so on. The same sort of dinky, irritating little things that I'd thought I had all of.

And then I told him how I was getting simply to hate the radio because he runs it into the ground so, and how mad I was tonight, and even about the brown dress.

Well, before I finished, the whole thing began to seem like a joke. Both of us thinking we were making all the sacrifices-Will had really thought he was, too. And both of us taking everything the other one did for granted and-well, we got to laughing till we got simply hysterical there in our cold living-room at one o'clock in the morning!

We decided on a lot of compromises we can make, too. Will isn't going to play with the radio all the time, and I'm going to make him go fishing or hunting at least once a month. And I'll take the steak out rare and then cut off my piece and put it back to

cook longer, and— But it isn't just because we figur-ed out a lot of silly problems that I'll always remember that night. It's because of those sweet, ghostly, awe-some minutes when the mysterious voice sang Grandma's song, and Will and I held fast together against the cold and the chancy future, and both knew—as you only stop to think in

rare, awesome moments-that being young and having the person you love best in all the world love you best, too, isn't anything to be taken for granted.—By Fannie Kilbourne, in The American Magazine.

Making Insulation.

Old rope and the refuse of oil refineries are used to make the insulation that covers the thousands of miles of underground cables in city streets.

From the old rope is made a heavy manila paper. With the paper is combined petrolatum, the refuse remaining after crude oil is refined, and the two furnish an excellent insulation that is subsequently covered with molten lead.

Saving Money.

"Jim, lend me a five spot for a moment-only for a moment." "Quite sure you only want it for a

noment? "Quite sure—only for a moment." "All right. Wait a moment and then you won't want it."-The Progressive Grocer.

Concerning Gossip

The right sort of gossip is a charming and stimulating thing. Men are generally understood to be less given to this amusement than women, and the most ardent lover of her sex must own that no ordinary husband would go home and tell his wife that he had met Brown wearing a fourth new suit since Christmas. The more restricted interests of the vast majority of women do oblige them to seek distraction where they can find it, which is very often next door or down the street; but nobody can see a man devouring the evening paper without suspecting that this taste in him has only found a different outlet, because every newspaper is interesting to the ordinary reader in proportion as it is salted with gossip.—From "What I Have Gathered," by J. E. Buckrose.

Unexpected Casualties

Phosphorus bombs and grenades ased in practice by the army at the proving grounds at Aberdeen, Md., caused heavy mortality in an unexpected source. After the tests large numbers of dead ducks were found in the neighboring waters of Chesapeake bay. Examination showed that the ducks had eaten fragments of unconsumed phosphorus which had fallen in the water of their feeding grounds. Now they are using devices to frighten the birds away before the tests are made, and the bombs are being exploded either over the land or over water so deep that the ducks do not feed in it. Casualties so far are estimated at 500, and it is feared they may be much greater before all the poison is dissipated.

Formed Ages Ago

On view at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, are three blocks of limestone from the slopes of Mount Lebanon, near Beirut, Syria. Their age is estimated at a million years. They were taken from limestone which formed the bed of an ocean which once covered that area. They contain the remains of shellfish and other marine organisms which lived at that time, and which were entombed in the mud at the bottom as they died, thus being preserved as the mud hardened into limestone.

Holds Absence Record

Annie Albano, eight years old and a oupil in the East Boston schools, has been absent from school more than 100 sessions since the opening of the school term, which was little more than half over when the record for truancy was announced. Her truancy was not voluntary, however, as she was kept home to care for other children or by illness due to tonsil trouble.