

VACCINATION DATES FOR CENTRE COUNTY.

Dr. J. L. Seibert, county medical director, has been notified by the State Secretary of Health, Dr. Charles H. Miner, that the following county physicians have been appointed as official deputies to re-vaccinate, free of charge, school children who have undergone two or more unsuccessful attempts at vaccination against small-pox:

- Dr. George H. Woods, Pine Grove Mills.
Dr. G. S. Frank, Millheim.
Dr. H. S. Braucht, Spring Mills.
Dr. E. H. Harris, Snow Shoe.
Dr. L. E. Kidder, State College.
Dr. W. J. Kurtz, Howard.
Dr. David Dale, Bellefonte.
Dr. Robert Jackson, Osceola Mills.

School children living in the rural districts who have been twice unsuccessfully vaccinated, or those who had been admitted to school last term on an official temporary certificate must be re-vaccinated by the county medical director, or one of these official deputies, who will grant a temporary certificate which will admit them to school for the current school year. In cities, boroughs, or townships of the first class having organized boards of health, this official re-vaccination must be performed by the board of health physician.

Teachers or school principals are not allowed to admit children to school unless they present, or have already filed a certificate of successful vaccination, or in the case of unsuccessful results the official temporary certificate, which must have been issued after July 1st, of the present year, on which date temporary certificates issued during the previous school term became void.

The county medical director has pointed out the fact that school teachers must be careful in demanding proper vaccination certificates. A certificate stating that a child has been vaccinated is not sufficient. The vaccination physician must certify that an examination of the child made not less than eight days after vaccination disclosed a vaccination scar, or cicatrix indicating a successful vaccination. If this vaccination cicatrix is not in evidence, the physician cannot legally certify, and the child must be re-vaccinated.

LANDSCAPE GARDENER ON COLLEGE STAFF.

Centre county rural folks are to have the benefit of the services of a "home beautification" specialist who has been added to the agricultural extension staff of The Pennsylvania State College, according to an announcement by county agent R. C. Blaney.

The College extension specialist service has received so many requests from farm communities, Granges, Women's clubs, Parent Teacher associations and individual farmers for advice on making the home, school and picnic grounds more attractive, that it has been found advisable to engage a landscape gardener to meet the demand.

John R. Bracken, who was graduated from the landscape gardening course at State College in 1914, and who has been actively engaged in work for the past ten years in Philadelphia and vicinity, has been appointed to the position and has started his activities. He will come to Centre county to aid with home and grounds beautification projects when legitimate requests for his services are taken to the office of the county agent R. C. Blaney, at Bellefonte. As is the case with all State College agricultural extension service, the advice and consultation from Mr. Bracken will be free.

The landscape gardening service of the college is not commercial service in any sense. Mr. Bracken will be traveling over the State helping farm people and rural communities with their grounds decorating problems. He will soon start a number of demonstrations that will show farmers that they can improve the appearance of their homes at a low expense and within the means of the average farmer. The aim of the service will be to assist in the improvement for the appearance of farm homes throughout Pennsylvania, a step that will not only give visitors a better impression, but will add much to the value of the farm properties which are improved.

Teachers Learn to Note Disease Symptoms.

The beginning of a movement to lessen the spread of diseases among public school children of Pennsylvania may be said to be centered in a group of about 75 young women school teachers receiving special hygiene and first aid instruction at the summer session of The Pennsylvania State College.

Early symptoms of communicable diseases are stressed in lectures given to the teachers by Dr. J. P. Ritenour, the college physician. The teachers are learning to know the type of illness that should be barred from the class room until the school nurse or physician can be reached. These diseases include scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, chicken pox and the like. The signs and symptoms of diseases of childhood are also of prime importance in the instruction, particularly of malnutrition, rickets, tuberculosis tonsillar and adenoid diseases.

A great deal of the usual spread of diseases among school children could be avoided if teachers in charge are able to identify the earlier stages in time to get those afflicted out of contact with other pupils, according to Dr. Ritenour.

The young women teachers enrolled in Dr. Ritenour's first aid class are rapidly developing expertness in preparing all sorts of bandages and other measures necessary for relief to possible school boy or girl injuries. Prevention of accidents and first aid with poison and drowning cases are also emphasized.

Subscribe for the "Watchman."

LONG LIVE THE DEAR OLD PRUNE

By H. IRVING KING

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It is said that whoever throws a penny into the Fountain of Trevi will return again to Rome; that whoever drinks of the waters of the Chagres will again visit Panama. To this should be added that whoever eats prunes for breakfast will again visit New York. John Martin had eaten of the famous breakfast prune of Manhattan, and therefore, after an absence of fifteen years, Little Old New York saw him again. He had left the city vowing that never again would he look upon the piers of Brooklyn bridge or the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world. For New York had taken his money, his youth and his reputation, and in the city of the skyscrapers the one girl in all the world had refused to marry him.

He had been thirty when he left New York; he was forty-five now. Time and experience had given him more sense than he had ever possessed in those days when, as a young man, he "knew it all"; and hard work—and luck—as a mining engineer in South Africa had given him a fortune equal, at least, to the one he had so recklessly squandered. When he "cleaned up" and left Cape Town to return to "God's own country," he remembered his vow never again to read the streets of New York, and thought of London as a pleasant place for a wealthy bachelor to live. Life tried London. But the breakfast prune had cast its spell upon him, and here he was, back again, hunting for familiar resorts and finding most of them gone out of business.

Looking back on it now, John could see that Clara Thompson had been quite right in refusing him. He had walked the primrose path at a rapid pace; his name had, more than once, been in the papers in connection with rather disreputable affairs and one shady stock transaction into which he had been lured by evil companions. A chorus girl—merely as an advertisement for herself—had sued him for breach of promise.

Yes, Clara had been quite right, he thought, and yet—she might have taken the chance. She would have taken it if she had really loved him. Meditating over his after-dinner coffee one evening he heard the old familiar sounds of the city; the old familiar smells of the streets came in at the open window—for it was July when the spell of the breakfast prune had finally brought him back. A man who had just finished his dinner and was going out glanced at the meditative man, paused, looked again, and came up, saying, "Well, well, John Martin, eh? Haven't seen you for a long time. Been out of town?"

"Been away fifteen years," said John. "Sit down, Mervyn, and tell me all the news." Mervyn said there was not much news going, but John threw questions at him in a perfect fusillade. One thing which immediately struck John was that his "dead past" had apparently "buried its dead." Mervyn appeared to have entirely forgotten the details of that meteoric career which had culminated in John's departure from the city in disgrace.

"Whatever became of Clara Thompson?" asked John at last. It had been the first question he had wanted to ask, but he had hesitated, eager for and yet dreading the answer.

"Clara Thompson?" replied Mervyn. "Old Silas Thompson's daughter? Oh, she—let me see. Oh, I remember, she married a man named Smythe and went West years ago."

John heaved a sigh, deep and long. "What?" cried Mervyn. "Were you smitten in that quarter?" And to think that the whole town had talked of Clara's refusal of John only fifteen years ago! "Now I come to think of it," went on Mervyn, "didn't old Thompson have two daughters? Come to think of it, it was the other one, Maud, who married the Smythe fellow. What became of Clara I don't know. Haven't heard of her for years. I'll ask my wife. She'll know. Come up to dinner tomorrow night."

"You nunny," said Mrs. Mervyn, when her husband told her of his meeting with John Martin and of his asking after Clara Thompson. "Don't you remember that they were engaged once and for some reason—I have forgotten what—the engagement was called off? Clara abandoned society and went in for settlement work soon after. Was that fifteen years ago? Dear me, how time does fly. I'll try and get Clara up to dinner tomorrow night to meet her old flame. Is he married?"

"I forgot to ask," confessed Mervyn. The dinner at the Mervyns was a very pleasant affair. Clara and John met like two old friends. After dinner Mrs. Mervyn managed to leave the two alone together for quite a little time, and alone together their hearts spoke.

"So you never got my letter, John?" said Clara at last. "I sent it to the address given me by your lawyer at Cape Town—sent it a week after you had sailed."

"Ah," replied John, "I did not go direct to Cape Town as I had in-

tended. It was nearly two years before I reached the Cape. What was in that letter, Clara?"

"Oh, I offered to take you—with all your faults. I found, John—after you had gone—that you had become a part of my life. Ah, well, that was long ago. We are middle-aged people now and must forget our early dreams. Fate seems to have decided our lots for us."

"Yes," cried John. "Fate has indeed decided. Fate has brought me back to New York; to a city whose streets I had sworn never to tread again. Back to New York and to you, Clara."

"John," said she, "it is too late. It never is too late," replied John. And in this case he was right.

Trout by the Handful in the Yellowstone

That was a wonderful pocket of trout which Mr. Lewis R. Freeman saw in the Yellowstone river just below Yellowstone lake. In his book "Down the Yellowstone" he describes it thus:

At the first rapid—an abrupt fall of from three to six feet formed by a ledge of bedrock that extended all the way across the river—I found countless millions of trout bunched where the obstacles blocked their upward movement to the lake. I had seen salmon jumping falls on many occasions, but had never before seen trout. They seemed to be getting in one another's way a good deal, but even so they were clearing the barrier like a flight of so many grasshoppers. Many made a clean jump of it. Others striking near the top of the fall, still had enough kick left in their tails to drive up through the bottle-green water. But those that struck the middle were carried back.

Immediately under the fall the fish were so thick that thrusting your hand into a pool near the bank was like reaching into the bumper haul of a freshly drawn seine. Closing a fist on the slippery creatures was quite another matter, however; I was all of twenty minutes throwing half a dozen two-pounders and three-pounders out upon the bank.—Youth's Companion.

Tiny Sea Creatures Form Layers of Rock

With respect to the marvelous capacities that even the lowest forms of life possess, a scientist attached to one of the government bureaus has described the wonderful shells that the colonial organisms and their allies make. Each of the animals is a minute speck of colonial compound, or gelatinous slime, without visible structure of any kind, yet each constructs for itself a tiny basket of exquisite beauty. The material that they use is either lime or silica and it is extracted from seawater.

The shells of Polycystina are so tiny that a woman's thumb would hold at least a million of them. They were made long ago in Barbados, where they form the chief part of a layer of rock 1,100 feet thick. Countless billions of similar rock-builders still live in the sea and their shells accumulate in the form of soft, gray mud, or ooze, on the bottom of the ocean. Eventually it becomes rock.

Phonograph Records

Phonograph records are made from shellac, rotten stone, china, clay, carbon black and cotton fiber, mixed and softened to the consistency of dough. This compound is run through a blanking machine and blanked out in sheets. When ready for pressing these blanks are softened on a steam table and the sticky mass is placed in steam-heated molds having the record grooves or negatives on their surface. The whole is then subjected to hydraulic pressure of 100 tons or more and allowed to remain under pressure until it has been chilled and set by cold water running through the mold. It is then removed and sent to an edging machine, then inspected for sweat marks from the hands of the workmen, or blemishes caused by carelessness in softening or chilling.

Damsel

"Damsel," with its obsolete form, "damozel," is familiar to many soldiers who returned from France as the last part of the word frequently used by them, "mademoiselle."

Formerly, however, "mademoiselle" had a specific meaning. It was the title given to the oldest sister of the king of France. Then it was given to all unmarried women, provided they were not of noble origin.

So that it required a good knowledge of family trees, with all their branches, to enable a Frenchman to use the term "mademoiselle" correctly. In English the term "damsel" was applied to young unmarried women indiscriminately.

In France itself the revolution made the term "mademoiselle" applicable to all unmarried women.—Chicago Journal.

Soul and Body

Armed with an English walnut, the Sunday school teacher explained to her class the mystery of the separation of soul and body at death. After the soul (the kernel) was liberated, she proceeded to inter the body (the shell) in a flower pot. The children nodded their heads and looked intelligently.

The following day one of the wetots ran to her mother holding up a bleeding finger and weeping pitifully. "Oh, mamma! Mamma!" she wailed. "We'll have to bury me. My shell's cracked and my soul is all running out!"—Everybody's Magazine.

EQUIPMENT FOR FOREST CAMPERS.

Clothing, equipment and rations necessary for traveling or camping in the Pennsylvania State forests have been detailed by officials of the department of forests and waters as a guide for persons expecting to visit the forests this summer.

For clothing they advise a suit of khaki, whipcord or overall material; a mackinaw or sweater; medium weight underwear; two pairs of medium or one pair of heavy socks; light or medium weight flannel or khaki shirts; stout easy shoes or leather boots with heavy soles with sneakers or moccasins for camp; canvas or leather leggings if shoes are worn; buckskin gloves and a moderately wide brimmed felt hat.

In the matter of bedding they suggest an eiderdown or wool quilt with an extra covering of denim. They point out if blankets are chosen, that two light ones are warmer than a single heavy one; a seven by seven foot ten ounce canvas can be used as a ground cloth and also to cover camp equipment in an automobile.

The cooking and mess equipment should consist of table and butcher knives; table and meat forks; tea, table and stirring spoons; plates; cups, milk, dishes, frying and stewing pans, canvas water pail, can opener, colander, coffee pot and Dutch oven. Camp equipment should also include a shovel, axe or hatchet, stout knife, assorted nails, rope, flashlight, lantern, folding camp stools and can to carry sugar and other condiments.

As a guide for the rations needed the list by the United States forestry service is given. It includes fresh, cured or canned meat, bread, crackers, flour, baking powder, lard, sugar, syrup, ground coffee, tea, canned milk, butter, dried and canned fruits, rice, beans, potatoes, onions, canned tomatoes, macaroni, cheese, salt and pepper.

An admonition not to forget twine, towels, candles, soap and matches also is given.

When getting lost in the mountains persons are warned to "keep their heads" and fight a panicky feeling. It is pointed out there is little danger of getting lost in the Pennsylvania mountains during the summer, but in case this occurs it was declared, "thirty minutes of calm thought will be worth more than hours spent in aimless rushing."

Campers are also advised they can always reach the settlements by traveling down stream.

A Farmer's Test.

"Men, I have here ten shillings, which I'm going to give to the laziest man."

Seven of the eight men then rose to their feet, yawning and stretching.

One didn't move. The farmer, smiling, handed the ten shillings to the man, who said: "Can't you put it in my pocket for me, sir?"—Daily Sketch.

Advertisement for 'Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.' featuring an image of a man and a box of 'Nature's Remedy'.

Caldwell & Son BELLEFONTE, PA.

Plumbing and Heating By Hot Water Vapor Steam Pipeless Furnaces

Full Line of Pipe and Fittings AND MILL SUPPLIES

ALL SIZES OF Terra Cotta Pipe and Fittings

Estimates Cheerfully and Promptly Furnished.

Fine Job Printing

A SPECIALTY AT THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

There is no style of work from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest

BOOK WORK

that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.

Advertisement for 'CHICHESTER'S PILLS' featuring an image of a woman's face.

Large advertisement for 'Special Friday...Saturday' featuring '48 Mens Suits' and 'A. Fauble'.

Advertisement for 'The Government Should Control Public Money' with text discussing public money and government control.

Advertisement for 'Wedding Gifts' and 'F. P. Blair & Son Jewelers and Optometrists'.