

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., August 29, 1924.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children
come!
It's this way and that way the circle and
file—
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way and after awhile
They will march straight into this heart
of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and the
beat of that drum!
Come on, little people, from cot and from
hall
This heart it has welcome and roof for
you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you
with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms in-
tertwine:
It will rock you away to the dreamland
above—
Oh, a jolly old heart is this old heart of
mine,
And jollier still it is bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat
that red drum!
So come; though I see not his dear little
face
And hear not his voice in this jubilant
place,
I know he was happy to bid me enshrine
His memory deep in my heart with your
play—
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than
mine
Holdeth my boy in its keeping today!
And my heart it is lonely—so, little folk
come,
March and make merry with trumpet
and drum!

—Eugene Field.

JOHN JACKSON'S ARCADE.

The first letter, crumpled into an emotional ball, lay at his elbow, and it did not matter faintly now what this second letter contained. For a long time after he had stripped off the envelope, he still gazed up at the oil painting of slain grouse over the sideboard, just as though he had not faced it every morning at breakfast for the past twelve years. Finally he lowered his eyes and began to read:

"Dear Mr. Jackson: This is just a reminder that you have consented to speak at our annual meeting Thursday. We don't want to dictate your choice of a topic, but it has occurred to me that it would be interesting to hear from you on What Have I Got Out of Life. Coming from you this should be an inspiration to every one."

"We are delighted to have you anyhow, and we appreciate the honor that you confer on us by coming at all."

"Most cordially yours,

"ANTHONY RORERBACK,
Sec. Civic Welfare League."

"What have I got out of life?" repeated John Jackson aloud, raising up his head.

He wanted no more breakfast, so he picked up both letters and went out on his wide front porch to smoke a cigar and lie about for a lazy half hour before he went down town. He had done this each morning for ten years—ever since his wife ran off one windy night and gave him back the custody of his leisure hours. He loved to rest on this porch in the fresh warm mornings and through a port-hole in the green vines watch the automobiles pass along the street, the widest, shadiest, pleasantest street in town.

"What have I got out of life?" he said again, sitting down on a creaking wicker chair; and then, after a long pause, he whispered, "Nothing."

he word frightened him. In all his forty-five years he had never said such a thing before. His greatest tragedies had not embittered him, only made him sad. But here beside the warm friendly rain that tumbled from his eaves into the faming lawn, he knew at last that life had stripped him clean of all happiness and all illusion.

He knew this because of the crumpled ball which closed out his hope in his only son. It told him what a hundred hints and indications had told him before; that his son was weak and vicious, and the language in which it was conveyed was no less emphatic for being polite. The letter was from the dean of the college at New Haven, a gentleman who said exactly what he meant in every word:

"Dear Mr. Jackson: It is with much regret that I write to tell you that your son, Ellery Hamilton Jackson, has been requested to withdraw from the university. Last year largely, I am afraid, out of personal feeling toward you, I yielded your request that he be allowed another chance. I see now that this was a mistake, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not tell you that he is not the sort of boy we want here. His conduct at the sophomore dance was such that several undergraduates took it upon themselves to administer violent correction."

"It grieves me to write you this, but I see no advantage in presenting the case otherwise than as it is. I have requested that he leave New Haven by the day after tomorrow. I am, sir,

"Yours very sincerely,
"AUSTIN SCHEMMERHORN,
Dean of the College."

What particularly disgraceful thing his son had done John Jackson did not care to imagine. He knew without any question that what the dean said was true. Why, there were houses already in this town where his son, John Jackson's son, was no longer welcome! For a while Ellery had been forgiven because of his father, and he had been more than forgiven at home, because John Jackson was one of those rare men who can forgive even their own families. But he would never be forgiven any more. Sitting on his porch this morning beside the gentle April rain, something had happened in his father's heart.

"What have I had out of life?" John Jackson shook his head from side to side with quiet, tired despair. "Nothing!"

He picked up the second letter, the

civic-welfare letter, and read it over; and then helplessly, dazed laughter shook him physically until he trembled in his chair. On Wednesday, at the hour when his delinquent boy would arrive at the motherless home, John Jackson would be standing on a platform down town, delivering one hundred resounding platitudes of inspiration and cheer. "Members of the association"—their faces, eager, optimistic, impressed, would look up at him like hollow moons—"I have been requested to try to tell you in a few words what I have had from life—"

Many people would be there to hear, for the clever young secretary had hit upon a topic with the personal note—what John Jackson, successful, able and popular, had found for himself in the tumultuous grab bag. They would listen with wistful attention, hoping that he would disclose some secret formula that would make their lives as popular and successful and happy as his own. They believed in rules; and the young men in the city believed in hard-and-fast rules, and many of them clipped coupons and sent away for little booklets that promised them the riches and good fortune they desired.

"Members of the association, to begin with, let me say that there is so much in life that we don't find it, it is not the fault of life, but of ourselves." The ring of the stale, dull words mingled with the patter of the rain went on and on endlessly, but John Jackson knew that he would never make that speech, or any speeches ever again. He had dreamed his last dream too long, but he was awake at last.

"I shall not go on flattering a world that I have found unkind," he whispered to the rain. "Instead, I shall go out of this house and out of this town and somewhere find again the happiness that I possessed when I was young."

Nodding his head, he tore both letters into small fragments and dropped them on the table beside him. For half an hour longer he sat there, rocking a little and smoking his cigar slowly and blowing the blue smoke out into the rain.

II

Down at his office, his chief clerk, Mr. Fowler, approached him with his morning smile.

"Looking fine, Mr. Jackson. Nice day if it hadn't rained."

"Yeah," agreed John Jackson cheerfully. "Clear up in an hour. Anybody outside?"

"A lady named Mrs. Ralston."

Mr. Fowler raised his grizzled eyebrows in facetious mournfulness.

"Tell her I can't see her," said Jackson, rather to his clerk's surprise.

"And let me have a pencil memorandum of the money I've given away through her these twenty years."

"Why, yes, sir."

Mr. Fowler had always urged John Jackson to look more closely into his promiscuous charities; but now, after these two decades, it rather alarmed him.

When the list arrived—its preparation took an hour of burrowing through old ledgers and check stubs—John Jackson studied it for a long time in silence.

"That woman's got more money than you have," grumbled Fowler at his elbow. "Every time she comes in she's wearing a new hat. I bet she never hands out a cent herself—just goes around asking other people."

John Jackson did not answer. He was thinking that Mrs. Ralston had been one of the first women in town to bar Ellery Jackson from her house. She did quite right, of course; and yet perhaps back there when Ellery was sixteen, if he had cared for some nice girl—

Thomas J. MacDowell's outside. Do you want to see him? I said I didn't think you were in, because on second thoughts, Mr. Jackson, you look tired this morning—

"I'll see him," interrupted John Jackson.

He watched Fowler's retreating figure with an unfamiliar expression in his eyes. All that cordial diffuseness of Fowler's—he wondered what it covered in the man's heart. Several times, without Fowler's knowledge, Jackson had seen him giving imitations of the boss for the benefit of the other employees; imitations with a touch of malice in them that John Jackson had smiled at then, but that now crept insidiously into his mind.

"Doubtless he considers me a good deal of a fool," murmured John Jackson thoughtfully, "because I've kept him long after usefulness was over. It's a way men have, I suppose, to despise any one they can impose on."

Thomas J. MacDowell, a big barn door of a man with huge white hands, came boisterously into the office. If John Jackson had gone in for enemies he must have started with Tom MacDowell. For twenty years they had fought over every question of municipal affairs, and back in 1908 they had once stood facing each other with clenched hands on a public platform, because Jackson had said in print what every one knew—that MacDowell was the worst political influence that the town had ever known. That was forgotten now; all that was remembered of it went into a peculiar flash of the eye that passed between them when they met.

"Hello Mr. Jackson," said MacDowell with full, elaborate cordiality. "We need your help and we need your money."

"How so?"

"Tomorrow morning, in the Eagle, you'll see the plan for the new Union Station. The only thing that'll stand in the way is the question of location. We want your land."

"My land?"

"The railroad wants to build on the twenty acres just this side of the river, where your warehouse stands. If you'll let them have it cheap we get our station; if not, we can just whistle into the air."

MacDowell nodded.

"I see."

"What price?" asked MacDowell mildly.

"No price."

His visitor's mouth dropped open in surprise.

"That from you?" he demanded.

John Jackson got to his feet.

"I've decided not to be the local goat any more," he announced steadily. "You threw out the only fair, de-

cent plan because it interfered with some private reservations of your own. And now that there's a snag, you'd like the punishment to fall on me. I tear down my warehouse and hand over some of the best property in the city for a song because you made a little 'mistake' last year!"

"But last year's over now," protested MacDowell. "Whatever happened then doesn't change the situation now. The city needs the station, and so—there was a faint touch of irony in his voice—"and so naturally I come to its leading citizen, counting on his well-known public spirit."

"Go out of my office, MacDowell," said John Jackson suddenly. "I'm tired."

MacDowell scrutinized him severely. "What's come over you today?" Jackson closed his eyes.

"I don't want to argue," he said after a while.

"This is a funny attitude from you," he remarked. "You better think it over."

"Good-by."

Perceiving to his astonishment, that John Jackson meant what he said, MacDowell took his monstrous body to the door.

"Well, well," he said, turning and shaking his finger at Jackson as if he were a bad boy, who'd have thought it from you after all!"

When he had gone Jackson rang again for his clerk.

"I'm going away," he remarked casually. "I may be gone for some time—perhaps a week, perhaps longer. I want you to cancel every engagement I have and pay off my servants at home and close up my house."

Mr. Fowler could hardly believe his ears. "Close up your house?" Jackson nodded.

"But why—why is it?" demanded Fowler in amazement.

Jackson looked out the high window upon the gray little city drenched now by slanting, slapping rain—his city, he had felt sometimes, in those rare moments when life had lent him time to be happy. That flash of green trees running up the main boulevard—he had made that possible, and Children's Park, and the white dripping buildings around Courthouse Square over the way.

"I don't know," he answered, "but I think I ought to get a breath of spring."

When Fowler had gone he put on his hat and raincoat, and to avoid any one who might be waiting, went through an unused filing room that gave access to the elevator. The filing room was actively inhabited this morning, however; and, rather to his surprise, by a young boy about nine years old, who was laboriously writing his initials in chalk on the steel files.

"Hello!" exclaimed John Jackson. "He was accused of stealing children in a tone of interested equality."

"I didn't know this office was occupied this morning."

"My name's John Jackson Fowler," he announced.

"What?"

"My name's John Jackson Fowler."

"Oh, I see. You're Mr. Fowler's son?"

"Yeah, he's my father."

"I see," John Jackson's eyes narrowed a little. "Well, I bid you good morning."

He passed on out of the door, wondering cynically what particular ax Fowler hoped to grind by this unwarranted compliment. John Jackson Fowler! It was one of his few sources of relief that his son did not bear his name.

A few minutes later he was writing on a yellow blank in the telegraph office below:

"Ellery Jackson,
Chapel Street,
"New Haven,
"Connecticut."

"There is not the slightest reason for coming home, because you have no home to come to any more. The Mammoth Trust Company, of New York will pay you fifty dollars a month for the rest of your life, or for as long as you can keep yourself out of jail."

"JOHN JACKSON."

"That's—that's a long message, sir," gasped the dispatcher, startled.

"Do you want it to go straight?"

"Straight," said John Jackson, nodding.

III

He rode seventy miles that afternoon, while the rain dried up into rills of dust on the windows of the train and the country became green with vivid spring. When the sun was growing definitely crimson in the west he disembarked at a little lost town named Florence, just over the border of the next State. John Jackson had been born in this town; he had not been back here for twenty years.

The taxi driver, whom he recognized, silently, as a certain George Stirling, playmate of his youth, drove him to a battered hotel, where to the surprise of the delighted landlord, he entered a room. Leaving his raincoat on the sagging bed, he strolled out through a deserted lobby into the street.

It was a bright, warm afternoon, and the silver of a moon riding already in the east promised a clear, brilliant night. John Jackson walked along a somnolent Main street, where every shop and hitching post and horse fountain made some strange thing happen inside him, because he had known these things for more than inanimate objects as a little boy. At one shop, catching a glimpse of a familiar face through the glass, he hesitated; but changing his mind, continued along the street, turning off at a wide road at the corner. The road was lined sparsely by a row of battered houses, some of them repainted a pale unwholesome blue and all of them set far back in large plots of shaggy and unkempt land.

He walked along the road for a sunny half mile—a half mile shrunk up now into a short green aisle crowded with memories. Here, for example, a careless mule had stamped permanently on his thigh the mark of an iron shoe. In that cottage had lived two gentle old maids, who gave brown raisin cakes every Thursday to John Jackson and his little brother—the brother who had died as a child.

As he neared the end of his pilgrim-

age his breath came faster and the house where he was born seemed to run up to him on living feet. It was a collapsed house, a retired house, set far back from the road and sunned and washed to the dull color of old wood.

One glance told him it was no longer a dwelling. The shutters that remained were closed tight, and from the tangled vines arose, as a single chord, a rich shrill sound of a hundred birds. John Jackson left the road and stalked across the yard knee-deep in abandoned grass. When he came near, something choked up his throat. He paused and sat down on a stone in a patch of welcome shade.

This was his own house, as no other house would ever be; within these plain walls he had been incomparably happy. Here he had known and learned that kindness which he had carried into life. Here he had found the secret of those few simple deencies, so often invoked, so inimitable and so rare, which in the turmoil of competitive industry had made him to coarser men a source of half-scoffing, half-admiring surprise. This was his house, because his honor had been born and nourished here; he had known every hardship of the country poor, but no preventable regret.

And yet another memory, a memory more haunting than any other, and grown stronger at this crisis in his life, had really drawn him back. In this yard, on this battered porch, in the very tree over his head, seemed still to catch the glint of yellow hair and the glow of bright childish eyes that had belonged to his first love, the girl who had lived in the long-vanished house across the way. It was her ghost who was most alive here, after all.

He got up suddenly, stumbling through the shrubbery, and followed an almost obliterated path to the house, starting at the whirling sound of a blackbird which rose out of the grass close by. The front porch sagged dangerously at his step as he pushed open the door. There was no sound inside, except the steady slow throb of silence; but as he stepped in a word came to him, involuntary as his breath, and he uttered it aloud, as if he were calling to some one in the empty house.

"Alice!" he cried; and then louder, "Alice!"

From a room at the left came a short, small, frightened cry. Startled, John Jackson paused in the door, convinced that his own imagination had evoked the reality of the cry.

"Alice!" he called doubtfully.

"Who's there?"

There was no mistake this time. The voice, frightened, strange, and yet familiar, came from what had once been the parlor, and as he listened John Jackson was aware of a nervous step within. Trembling a little, he pushed open the parlor door.

A woman with alarmed bright eyes and reddish gold hair was standing in the center of the bare room. She was of that age that trembles between the enduring youth of a fine, unworried life and the imperative call of forty years, and there was that indefinable loveliness in her face that youth gives sometimes just before it leaves a dwelling. It has possessed for long.

Her figure, lithe and slender, leaned with dignified grace against the old mantel on which her white hand rested, and through a rift in the shutter a shaft of late sunshine fell through upon her gleaming hair.

When John Jackson came in the doorway her large gray eyes closed and then opened again, and she gave another little cry. Then a curious thing happened; they stared at each other for a moment without a word, and then dropped from the mantel and she took a swaying step toward him.

And, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, John Jackson came forward, too, and took her into his arms and kissed her as if she were a little child.

"Alice!" he said huskily.

She drew a long breath and pushed herself away from him.

"I've come back here," he muttered unsteadily, "and find you waiting in this room where we used to sit, just as if I'd never been away."

"I only dropped in for a minute," she said, as if that was the most important thing in the world. "And now, naturally, I'm going to cry."

"Don't cry."

"I've got to cry. You don't think"—she smiled through wet eyes—"you don't think that things like this happen to a person every day?"

John Jackson walked in wild excitement to the window and threw it open to the afternoon.

"What were you doing here?" he cried, turning around. "Did you just come by accident today?"

"I come every week. I bring the children sometimes, but usually I come alone."

"The children!" he exclaimed.

"Have you got children?"

She nodded.

"I've been married for years and years."

They stood there looking at each other for a moment; then they both laughed and glanced away.

"I kissed you," she said.

"Are you sorry?"

"And the last time I kissed you was down by that gate ten thousand years ago."

He took her hand, and they went out and sat side by side on the broken stoop. The sun was painting the west with sweeping bands of peach bloom and pigeon blood and golden yellow.

"You're married," she said. "I saw in the paper—years ago."

He nodded.

"Yes, I've been married," he answered gravely. "My wife went away with some one she cared for many years ago."

"Ah, I'm sorry." And another longer silence—"It's a gorgeous evening, John Jackson."

"It's a long time since I've been so happy."

(Concluded next week.)

Raspberry Pruning.

If the old canes have not been cut out of the raspberries, remove them now and destroy them. Not only are diseases communicated from the old canes to the new, but the presence of the old canes retards the growth of the new.

PAUL REVERE'S OWN STORY.

It is a little late in the day for historians to question the famous ride of Paul Revere. Of late some authorities in eastern cities have precipitated a controversy by producing "newly discovered" facts that the hero of the midnight ride had been captured by the British before he could give the alarm. The authorities—of course they are in the minority—claim that the alarm was spread by an unsung negro named William Davies. Both men, it is related, were sentinels for the Minute Men. Both started out by different routes to inform the colonists of the British march. Revere, it is said, was caught, but Davies got through and awoke the countryside. But most of us would rather accept the story as related in Longfellow's poem.

Anyhow we have Paul Revere's letter to the Massachusetts Historical Society which tells about the disputed ride. It is too long to print in full but here is part of his account of the gallop:

"When I got into town (Charlestown), I met Colonel Conant and several others; they said they had seen our signals. I told them what was acting and went to get a horse. I got a horse of Dr. Larkin. While the horse was preparing, Richard Devons, Esq., who was one of the committee of Safety, came to me and told me that he came down the road from Lexington after sundown that evening; that he met ten British officers, all well mounted and armed, going up the road."

"I set off upon a very good horse; it was then about 11 o'clock and very pleasant. After I had passed Charlestown Neck, and got nearly opposite where Mark was hung in chains, I saw two men on horseback, under a tree. When I got near them I discovered they were British officers. One tried to get ahead of me and the other tried to take me. I turned my horse very quickly and galloped toward Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. The one who chased me, endeavoring to cut me off, got into a clay pond, near where the new tavern is now built. I got clear of him and went through Medford, over the bridge and up to Menotomy. In Medford I woke the captain of the Minute Men; and after that I alarmed almost every house, till I got to Lexington."

"I found Messrs. Hancock and Adams at the Rev. Mr. Clark's. I told them my errand, and inquired for Mr. Davies. They said he had not been there. I related the story of the two officers, and supposed that he must have been stopped, as he ought to have been before me. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Davies came. We refreshed ourselves, and set off for Concord to secure the stores, etc., there. We were overtaken by a young Dr. Prescott, whom we found to be a high son of liberty. I told them of the ten officers that Mr. Devons met and that it was possible that we might be stopped before we got to Concord, for I supposed that after night they divided themselves, and that two of them had fixed themselves in such passages as were likely to stop any intelligence from going to Concord. I likewise mentioned that we had better alarm all the inhabitants till we got to Concord. The young doctor much approved of it, and said he would stop with either of us, for the people between that and Concord knew him, and would give the more credit to what he said."

"We had got nearly half way. Mr. Davies and the doctor stopped to alarm the people of a house. I was about 100 yards ahead, when I saw two men in nearly the same situation as those officers were near Charlestown. I called the doctor and Mr. Davies to come up. In an instant I was surrounded by four. They had placed themselves in a straight road that inclined each way. They had taken down a pair of bars in the north side of the road, and two of them were under a tree in the pasture. The doctor being foremost, he came up and tried to get past them, but they, being armed with pistols and swords, forced us into the pasture. The doctor jumped his horse over a low stone wall and got to Concord."

"I observed a wood at a small distance and made for that. When I got there, out started six officers on horseback and ordered me to dismount. One of them who appeared to have command, examined me, where I came from, and what my name was. I told him. He asked me if I was an express. I answered in the affirmative. He demanded what time I left Boston. I told him, and that I had alarmed the country all the way up. He immediately rode toward those who stopped us, when all five of them came down upon a full gallop; one of them, whom I afterward found to be a Major Mitchell of the Fifth Regiment, clapped his pistol to my head, called me by name, and told me he was going to ask me some questions, and if I did not give him true answers he would blow my brains out."

"We rode until we got near Lexington meeting house, when the militia fired a volley of guns, which appeared to alarm them very much. The Major inquired of me how far it was to Cambridge, and if there was any other road, etc."

"I went across the burying ground and some pastures and came to the Rev. Mr. Clarke's house, where I told Messrs. Hancock and Adams. I told them my treatment, and they concluded to go from that house toward Woburn."—Exchange.

Naturally.

The inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed with cotton and linen.

"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No," replied a faint voice. "I was shot in the foot and the bandage has slipped up."—American Legion Weekly.

Prepare Fruit Storage.

It is a good plan to thoroughly clean and disinfect the storage cellar. Remove the old rotten fruit, apply whitewash or some disinfectant, and give the room a thorough airing.

EARLY AUTUMN IS LIKELY SAYS BRAD

All signs point to an early autumn and a cold winter. Birds are migrating a month earlier than usual, and the bark on porch chairs is growing heavy coat of moss on the north side.

From Berks county, the stamping ground of the Hex doctors, goosebumps prophets and other weather sharp comes disconcerting reports. Abe Hosswasser, the seventh son of a seventh Hex doctor, predicts four inches of ice in the ponds in Berks county by Thanksgiving day.

Reuben Sterer, a well-known goose bone prophet, of Berks county, while swimming in the feeder of the Lehigh canal near Tumberville, Pa., noticed two beavers making a home out of beer-keg of the pre-Volstead vintage. He infers from this that the water in the canal will be frozen to the bottom this winter.

From other sections of Pennsylvania similar conjectures and prognostications are forthcoming. Captain Frank Moore, of Rome, Pa., and Stanley Wool, of Lake Meadows, Pa., both weather prophets of repute, report finding crack ice in the horde of nuts gathered by squirrels. They say it looks as though northern Pennsylvania would be snowed in early—and often. Squirrels are wise little animals and are no doubt going to play "seven come eleven" during the period when snowbound.

This behooves us. Though a ho! spell or two stands between us and the period of the rampant coal dealer an ounce of prevention in the shape of a little more camphor in the tail bag where reposes the woolen underwear and the winter overcoat, will be well attended to.

Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee, the wintry wind blows—

Where's our summer wages? Ah, nobody knows.

The spirit will freeze in a carpenter's level. We'll have a cold winter—as cold as the dickens.—Ex.

ANNUAL HEALTH EXAMINATIONS URGED

An annual examination of all persons of middle age and older is urged by Dr. William C. Miller, Bureau of Public Health Education, so as to extend life to 70 plus.

In the weekly health talk issued by the Department of Health, Dr. Miller sounds the warning to those people who are beginning to show a touch of gray about the temples. It is a warning, says Dr. Miller, that that person has used up more of his life than he has left.

"Men and women," said Dr. Miller, "are somewhat like machines. After a time the parts begin to wear, but if cared for, they can be made to last. Each year in Pennsylvania, thirty-three thousand persons of middle and older middle life die of preventable diseases."

"The diseases responsible for this great death toll may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. They are Bright's disease, cancer, diabetes, heart disease and tuberculosis."

"With the exception of tuberculosis which may occur at any age, they all belong to the gray haired period of life. They are all slow of development; so slow in fact, that a medical examination, which reads this, to call a bill of health in regard to any of these conditions, would mean that the individual would be safe for at least one year."

"The Pennsylvania Department of Health is advocating annual health examinations for persons of middle and after middle life, as a safeguard and a protection. When you receive a letter from a friend and notice on the back sign '70 plus' you will understand that that individual is interested in the growing movement for health examinations."

"An annual health examination will extend your life to '70 plus.' Help the movement by putting the sign '70 plus' on the back of each letter you write and don't forget, as soon as you have finished reading this, to call your family doctor and make a date for a health examination to find out how you stand with yourself."

Huntingdon Has Largest White Oak.

What is believed to be the largest swamp white oak in Pennsylvania has been found near Waterfall, in Clay township, Huntingdon county, not far from the Fulton county line.

At one foot above the ground the tree is 19 feet 10 inches in circumference; at two feet above the ground it is 17 feet 4 inches in girth; and at 4 feet it measures 16 feet 5 inches in circumference.

According to records kept at the office of the Department of Forests and Waters this tree has the largest circumference of any swamp white oak known in Pennsylvania.

The tree is entirely free from branches for 40 feet from the ground, where it is at least 3 feet in diameter. At this point two large limbs leave the main trunk, the one extending northwest and the other westward. Each of the branches is at least 2 feet in diameter. The height of this mighty monarch is estimated at 75 feet and it has a branch spread of 78 feet.

The history of the tree shows it is only by accident that it is still standing. In 1899 Henry Roles purchased the oak with the intention of making it into shingles, and again during the last winter another man bargained for this tree.

Citizens are entertaining the idea that the tree can be preserved as a landmark, that funds may be raised to purchase it and to open a roadway to this matchless monarch.

The tree is still in vigorous condition and shows little signs of decline. Arrangements have been made to have the tree photographed.

—Crop market reports sent out by radio from Washington have in many instances been the means of farmers literally picking dollars out of the air. Also use of the air mail in dispatching crop