

Woman Bemoans Fact of Lack of Chivalry

Chivalry once flourished in this land of ours, but alas, now it is as dead as an Egyptian mummy. It is a lost art—so lost, indeed, that there was a man to be observed practicing its rites in this age his friends would tap their foreheads significantly and sadly remark that "poor John is evidently not quite as he should be."

See the crowd dashing after the early morning trains and cars, enjoints a woman writer in London Answers. Do the present-day men stand on one side and help the women on? Oh, dear no! The scene is more like a football match or a free fight, from which the distressed damsel emerges with her hat over one eye, half her hairpins lost and a couple of ribs broken in her umbrella.

The modern "lord of creation" differs considerably from the knights of old.

On arriving at the office, when his typist apologizes for being five minutes late owing to some calamity in the house circle, does he sweetly say "Oh, don't mention it!"

No, he snaps out. "There's no excuse for you, Miss Smith, you're not a victim of the morning after the night before."

He reaches home in the evening and when his wife desires to unburden herself on the subject of her household worries he insists on taking the floor and holding forth on the lack of appreciation of his great business abilities shown by the managing director.

When the baby cries in the small cold hours of the morning, does he hop out of bed and gently soothe him back to slumber again? Oh, no! He sleepily grunts "What's a woman good for if she can't keep one small kid quiet?"

As a lover, too, the modern young man is sadly lacking. His ancestor of a few generations ago would have fought a duel to death to win a smile from his adored one; but the sultor of today becomes a sulky bear if his lady-love keeps him waiting for five minutes, although he knows only too well gold medals have never been awarded to the fair sex for punctuality.

No; the age of chivalry is dead; but we Twentieth century women have slaughtered it ourselves, so its no use groaning. Through reaching out for votes and equal rights with men we have toppled off those pedestals on which we used to be enthroned.

No longer can we shroud ourselves in a veil of romance and mystery—we've torn it to bits on the golf course and the football field.

Yet sometimes—bend your head and let one modern woman whisper a secret—I'd like to creep back to my deserted pedestal.

Willing to Oblige

One of the best stories of mistress and maid is reputed to come from Miss Margaret Bonfield, the prominent labor member of the British parliament. A new maid, raw and fresh from a country village, caused her mistress much worry because she did not know how to answer when spoken to, and never addressed people in the right way. At last, having endured the girl's awkwardness as long as possible, the mistress said to her one day: "Oh, Mary, I do wish you would call me 'mum.'"

Mary looked astonished. For a long time she turned the request over in her slow-working mind; then at length she spoke: "I couldn't do that," she said, "I really couldn't."

"Why not?" asked her mistress patiently. "Why can't you call me 'mum'?"

"Well, you see," hesitated Mary, "that's what I call my mother. But—with a sudden flash of joy—"I'll call you 'auntie' if you like."

Ponce de Leon's Search

The story of Ponce de Leon, the Spanish explorer, who came to Florida 400 years ago and roamed the new continent in search of the "Fountain of Youth," and finally perished in the wilderness, is familiar to every high school student.

Now comes Col. L. M. Maus of the United States medical corps, who in an address declared that the place for which De Leon was searching was the Hot Springs of Arkansas. That it was tales of the "healing waters" of these springs brought to the seacoast by adventuring explorers of which history has no record, which came to the ears of the Spanish explorer and sent him into the interior in search for the "Fountain." De Leon's expedition, according to Colonel Maus, was not so fantastic as the school books make it appear.

Life Devoted to Chess

Romance centered round the life of John Henry Blackburne, the noted chess player, who died recently in England at the age of eighty-two. In his youth he was employed in a hosiery store, but was discharged because he overstayed his leave while chess playing in London. He then devoted himself to his favorite game, and when he toured the country his brilliance soon found reward, for he was hailed as a chess genius. While in his prime Blackburne met all wizards of the board. Two years ago, when eighty years old, he played 20 games simultaneously in London, winning nine, drawing ten, and being beaten in one by a woman.

DECLARED MOSQUITO THEIR WORST ENEMY

Report of Lewis and Clark Astonished President.

President Jefferson was astonished at the report made to him by Captains Lewis and Clark.

He had sent them 120 years ago to lead an exploring party up the Missouri river and across the Rocky mountains to the Pacific.

What amazed the President was the thing which they reported as the most formidable foe met in that thrilling survey, says Girard in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Lewis and Clark with their wild west hunters and guides traversed a thousand miles where no whites had gone before. They met hostile Sioux, swarms of deadly rattlesnakes and were the first white men to meet grizzly bears, which the Indians feared very much.

The explorers also faced hunger, steep and high mountains, treacherous river rapids, extreme cold—and Stefansson says Montana is colder than the North pole.

But almost the smallest thing these typturous men encountered was the worst—the mosquito. This tiniest foe was hardest to combat and gave trouble more dreaded than Indians, rattlers and grizzlies.

Our city sportsmen invade the Canadian north woods every summer. Wolves live there, but nobody fears them. But no fisherman returns without a tale of hardship imposed by myriads of little flies.

Home from his long wandering through Africa, Colonel Roosevelt, as David Livingstone and Henry M. Stanley had found out before, said the deadliest enemy of man was not the lion, not the fierce rhino, not the wild elephant, not the gorilla, but the tsetse fly.

Rarely have lions in Africa made a village move. An army of ants will often do it. We are reminded of these great dangers in small packages when we read Doctor Krusen's vacation warnings.

What does he designate as the deadlipest thing you will meet? Not a locomotive, although grade crossings are bad enough. Not autos, because they are thicker in town than in the country.

Not rattlesnakes, even if our Pennsylvania mountains secrete thousands of them. Upon what, then, does Doctor Krusen hoist the red signal?

A bite so small that 3,000 of them could nestle on the head of a pin. The unseen and unseeable typhoid "bug," which thrives even in apparently the clearest waters, is the enemy you must avoid on a vacation.

Every autumn sees a mild increase in typhoid cases in big cities. Filtered water has practically banished the disease from Philadelphia.

But "vacation typhoid" has become a definite affliction. It comes from two causes: Drinking unfiltered and impregnated water, and as often from swimming in creeks and rivers.

Yes, the "old swimming hole" has become responsible every summer for hundreds of cases of typhoid. The lad who joyfully plunges in doesn't dream he faces more danger than if he had actually invaded a camp of Indians depicted in his favorite thriller.

Altogether Unflattering

Representative Royal Johnson of South Dakota said in the course of a witty speech at a Washington banquet.

"In the Black hills of South Dakota there is a mine with a peculiar name—a name that has a beautiful story attached to it.

"A prospector and his wife were strolling in the hills one day when the woman tripped over a stone. The stone, dislodged by her dainty foot, rolled forward five or six yards. When it stopped the prospector noticed a little thread of yellow running across it. It was gold. A gold mine had been discovered.

"When it came to the naming of the new gold mine, the prospector's wife said: 'Will you name it after me?' 'Yes,' said the prospector, 'I will name it in your honor, my love.' 'And from that day to this, gentlemen, one of the richest gold mines in the West has been known as 'The Terror.'"

Powerful Boilers

Boilers built as strong as cannon, and capable of holding a working steam pressure of 1,200 pounds to the square inch—about five times as much as that used in an ordinary locomotive and three times the amount employed in the average commercial power station—are being installed for an eastern company. The boiler drum is 84 feet long, and the walls, of solid steel, are four inches thick. Smokestacks for the plant will be higher than the Bunker Hill monument, and their interior diameter large enough to permit a street car being lowered from the top to the bottom without touching the sides.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

New View Point

John Dos Passos, the youthful novelist, said at a Greenwich Village dance: "The old were to blame for the war, and they are to blame for all our post-war mess.

WOMAN'S COURAGE FOILS BANDITS

Grapples With Armed Robbers Who Attempt to Hold Up Her Bank.

UNARMED, WINS LONG FIGHT

One Bandit Killed and Other Wounded When Men Come to Rescue—Story Told at National Meeting of Bankers.

When the wave of crime against banks, which has reached unprecedented proportions, was under discussion at the recent meeting of the American Bankers Association at Chicago, and defense measures were up for consideration, the bankers were told how one resolute woman defended herself against two armed desperadoes in her little Western bank. The woman was Mrs. Mary Garlinghouse, cashier of the State Bank of Vera, Oklahoma, which she conducts single-handed. Her own story, as she told it in a report to the protective authorities of the Association, follows:

"While I was posting my ledger, with my back to the door, I heard a commotion. When I turned around there were two men back of the counter, with handkerchiefs over their faces. The larger made a jump for my gun, before I realized what was happening. The robbers each had a gun pointed at me, and one said, 'Lay down or I will shoot you!' I said, 'I will not lay down and you will not shoot me.' This conversation was repeated several times. I told them to cut out their foolishness.

"A man who was in the corridor when the bandits came laid down on the floor, face down. I tried to argue with the robbers and they began to get rough, but something within me seemed to realize that they were getting confused. I kept thinking that some one would come in or see us.

"The larger man got busy with the money, while the smaller one took care of me. He jerked me to my knees and hit me over the head. This jolted my glasses and I lifted my hand, waving it in front of his face and telling him to wait a minute. I took my glasses off and put them on the table. Lifting my hand caused this man to look up and he saw we were observed from across the street. Then he saw Constable Mosby, with his gun, and said to the man who was gathering the money, 'Don, we are seen, we must make our getaway!' He then grabbed me rather roughly and said: 'Come on here! You are coming along!'

Struggles With Robber

"Here is where our struggle began. All the time we fought over his gun. I did not try to take it away from him, but kept moving it from one side to the other, and of course he was determined to point it straight at me. I told him, 'I will not go and I am not afraid of you. You will not shoot me!'

"We fought to the back door of the bank. When we got there, he raised his arm to fire at Mosby. I grabbed him around the neck, and he fired before I could get his hand. I am positive that this man was never hugged so tightly, nor ever will be, as I hugged him, realizing that I must fight for my life. The man tried his level best to kill me. What the other man was doing I do not know. My man was trying to pull me out the back door to their car, which was still running. I was determined he should not.

"R. C. Lapsley, the mayor, or Ed. Mosby shot the man in the arm. There was a jerk and out the door we went. Things were coming my way now. I pulled the robber into the weeds, half on his back and half on his left side.

"The robber finally said, 'I will give up.' I said, 'Give me your gun.' He answered, 'I will not; I know you will shoot me.' So the struggle kept on. We got back on our feet. I meant to have his gun and would fight him until I got it. We fought through the back room behind the counter. He begged me not to take him, and I asked him again for his gun and he said, 'No, I know you will shoot me.' We struggled through the front door and then Constable Mosby said, 'Drop your gun or I will shoot you.' The bandit gave up and the men took charge of him.

One Bandit Killed

"I wondered about the other bandit and started to look for him and found him in the closet in the back of the bank dying. R. C. Lapsley told me afterwards that when the bandit and I lurched through the back door the larger man, with his gun in his right hand and the sack of money in his left, stepped up to the door. They both fired at once. The robber dropped his gun and the money, but they could not see what became of him.

"If all towns had as brave men as we have here, bank robbing would be a thing of the past. You can understand the remarkable marksmanship that was displayed, when I tell you that in our struggle at the back of the bank the men took several shots at the robber, but were very careful not to hit me. The robber got a shot in his right arm and a glancing shot in his left.

"All during the shooting and fighting, I felt confident I would get the best of my man. I felt that the man would not shoot me, and that all Western women did not lose my nerve. Bank robbers as a rule, are cowards and if one shows that he is not afraid of them they will lose their nerve."

Arnold's Wife Shared in Husband's Disgrace

April 8, 1779, Gen. Benedict Arnold and Margaret, better known as Peggy Shippen, were married in Philadelphia. The marriage was the culmination of a wartime romance. The groom, then a trusted subordinate of General Washington, was later to become the most execrated man in American history. Most every one has heard of Arnold's unspeakable treason, and even of his love affair with the charming Peggy.

It was certain that his wife was in absolute ignorance of Arnold's sad adventure. Indeed, as soon as the traitor was sure of his own safety he wrote to General Washington asserting his wife's innocence, and saying: "I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or come to me, as she may choose." Washington, who was a just man, believed in her innocence. He offered to send her with an escort to Philadelphia, or to put her under a flag of truce on the king's ship, Vulture. She chose the former and arrived in Philadelphia about October 1, 1780, says the Detroit News.

But she had not been there a month when the council adopted a resolution ordering her to leave the city and not to return during the war. Five years later she came home again, but was treated with so much coldness and neglect, even by those who had encouraged her marriage, that she left again, never to return. She remained with Arnold during the remainder of his broken and disgraced life. He died in London, an embittered and sad man, without a country.

Had Geologists Puzzled

Fossils of prehistoric animals, which lived during the great ice age are found in certain layers of blue clay in Tennessee. Man, it has been asserted, arrived on the scene thousands of years after these blue clay deposits were made. Recently, however, geologists working near the site of an old Indian earthwork found some of the same sort of blue clay. Underneath this clay were human bones. The discovery was exciting—the geological evidence seemed to place the first Tennesseans back with ice age fossils. Then some kill-jin in the party discovered that the Indians had evidently transported this clay from some distance and packed it down into flat layers resembling geological strata.

Why Don't They!

She is a business woman of Indianapolis and in the spinster class, too. And she resents the pitying way people have of saying "old maid" when they speak of some one in her class. The other evening the man before her was introduced as "the town's most popular bachelor."

Then she arose. "I'm not married either," she said, "but when you speak of me as an old maid I want you to give it the same spicy twist as you do 'bachelor' when you speak of that unmarried man."

Others Had Wondered

Little Margie was unusually silent, her mind deep in the realms of fancy. Finally she turned to her mother, who was seated on the sofa with a rather sad expression on her face, and asked: "Say, mother, how did you come to marry papa?"

Margie's mother looked at her daughter with a wistful smile and replied, "My dear child, is that beginning to astonish you, too?"

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Advertisement for Nature's Remedy laxative, featuring an illustration of the product box and text describing its benefits for constipation and biliousness.

Advertisement for Chichester's Pills, featuring an illustration of the product box and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

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