

## First National Bank

Bellefonte, Pa.

Banks gather the scattered money of a community and make it available for use.

If each one of our depositors carried his balance in his pocket it would be of little use in any enterprises requiring large capital.

Thus banks are an indispensable part in the machinery of modern business.

A dollar alone is of small account.

Multipled many times it becomes a potent force.

## First National Bank

Bellefonte, Pa.



### To Save Time

AND CARFARE it is advisable to pay by check—then you are paying the safe way and will get a receipt. Your Checking Account, whether of large or moderate size, is cordially invited.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
STATE COLLEGE, PA.  
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

## New Clothes for Spring

THIS SPRING ARE HERE



**Words Won't Do**--They simply can't do justice to the wonderful assortment—the extra value clothes—that are ready now for inspection.

So we are doing the next best thing—inviting you to make a personal visit to our store and see for yourself the Greatest Showing of New Spring Clothes you have ever seen in Bellefonte.

Ready Now---Let us Show You  
Buy When you are Ready---But See Them NOW!

**A. FAUBLE**

## Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 6, 1925.

### THURLOW WEED.

The Great Leader of the New York Press.

By Levi A. Miller.

Thurlow Weed the eminent politician and statesman has won the confidence and admiration of all parties, literary, social and political, and he is held in grateful esteem for the invaluable service he has rendered to mankind, to society and the nation. Politically speaking, he has decrowned and decapitated more men than any Roman Emperor ever did and it was in comfortable places of profit and honor. His frequent appearance on the platform at public meetings, his brilliant and pathetic sketches of associates and acquaintances who have dropped in the harness in the workaday and footworn path of human accomplishment.

How he was pursued by the inquisitive interviewers, who considered his opinion authority on many of the great questions of the day. How brilliant and pathetic his sketches of associates and acquaintances who have dropped in the harness in the workaday and footworn path of human accomplishment.

How liberal his donations to various institutions and to the poor and needy! In the meridian splendor of his power as a politician—shall I not say statesman? he manipulated wires that touched town, county, State and national affairs. He was, with rare exceptions, the match of the strongest and most skillful men who ventured to measure swords—or rather pens; mightier than swords—with him in the arena of discussion. His advice, which was usually wise and discreet, was sought by the servants of the State. His support was considered the equivalent of success, and his opposition the shadow that goes before defeat.

His marvelous influence was due, not alone to his almost prophetic vision and foresight, but in part to his apparent unselfishness and his generous magnanimity. His happy combination of fact and talent enabled him to demolish in a paragraph a long editorial leader from the pen of the gifted Crosswell, his accomplished Democratic opponent. The grape-shot of the Journal killed more men than the forty pounders of the Argus. A broadside from Crosswell's mortar was terrible; a discharge from Weed's mitrailleuse swept squares from the front. When the Argus made the most noise—in other words, the most thunder—the Journal flashed out the most vivid and destructive lightning.

Weed wrote leaders and paragraphs that throbbed in type. In the language of another, his sentences seemed so full of vitality that if you had lanced them they would have bled. These two distinguished editors fought many paper battles; but they remained personal friends, and were never so silly as to cut each other in the street because they thrashed and slashed each other in the newspapers. The only sticks they used in their warfare were sticks of type.

Not so with Horace Greely. He had a grievance; he considered himself badly treated by Mr. Weed and by Mr. Seward, his political twin and partner; and the wound was deep, sore, and incurable. Friends endeavored in vain to bring about a reconciliation. Even the sun has spots, and Mr. Weed's neglect of Horace Greely seems to have been indefensible.

When the great editor and founder of the Tribune needed assistance and Mr. Weed could have given it without cost to himself, he did not help his gifted co-laborer and brother of the pen!

There may be another side to this question, but the writer has never heard of it. There were undoubtedly other causes of estrangement arising out of differences of opinion in relation to public measures and public men. Greely was eloquently in earnest, outspoken and too lofty of purpose to stoop to the tricks of policy and party maneuvering. Weed was a shrewd, trained and skillful manipulator of men and of parties.

The distinguished subject of this sketch was born in Cairo, Greene county, N. Y., November 15, 1797. The loss of his parents when he was young threw him at an early age on his own resources, and he entered as a cabin-boy in a sloop. He afterwards became an apprentice in a printing office at Catskill, from which place he went to Herkimer to set type in the service of Colonel Stone—subsequently the famous editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser employed him.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, young Weed enlisted as a drummer in the United States army, but was soon promoted to the position of quartermaster sergeant. He served at Sackett's Harbor, and elsewhere on the frontier. On leaving the army he returned, after a short stay in New York, to the village of Herkimer, where he was married. His next move was to satrt a paper in Onondago county. Not succeeding in his enterprise he tried his fortune with a paper in Norwich, Chenandoga county. His paper was not a pecuniary success and he went to work at the case in Albany.

Here Mr. Weed became deeply interested in politics—especially in the struggle which terminated in the election of John Quincy Adams. His reputation as a wise councillor reached Rochester, where he was called to edit a daily paper. During the excitement caused by the abduction of Morgan, in 1827, he took charge of the Anti-Masonic Inquirer, and was twice elected to the State Legislature by the Anti-Masons. He later became connected with the Albany Evening Journal and became its editor, and conducted its columns in the interest of the Anti-Jackson party.

ful political leader at the capital of New York State, and was at the head of first, the Whig, and then the Republican party. He was honored and beloved, not only as the mentor of the New York Press, but as a wise, sincere and trustworthy patriot, and his quiet philanthropy won the affection of all who knew him best.

What shrewd moves this remarkable man has made on the chess-board of political experience! A word whispered in Albany was at once heard at Washington. Men who considered themselves safe in office and fenced about with good works for their party, and who dreamed of advancement at night, were astonished to find their heads in the basket in the morning. If a letter by mail, or a message by telegraph failed to shorten the stature of an offending office-holder, a personal effort was sure to bring him down. He had the strength of a giant, and he did not hesitate to use it for what he considered the benefit of his party. His magnetic influence over men, and his command of resources enabled him to marshal them to the front to fight, if need be, for his measures. Long-headed and far-seeing, he often made combinations of city and country plans to enable him to carry into effect his own methods to secure success. Mr. Weed will be long remembered for his marvelous skill and tact as a party manager.

Over and over again he was urged to take high and honorable positions under the State and under the national government. He could have been easily elected to a chair in the lower or upper House of the United States Congress. Many times he had been invited to accept a foreign mission, and he had the "pick of the courts," but he would rather be Thurlow Weed than Governor of the State, United States Senator, or Minister to the Court of St. James. Mr. Weed was generally governed by patriotic and disinterested motives—he loved his party much, but loved his country most of all, and sought the influence and power of his party to promote the best interests of his country. He looked like a chief—a real leader of men. Upward of six feet in height and well formed he stands like Saul among the Hebrews—a head and shoulder above the multitude. His face shows the reason why, during the Civil war he adopted the motto of Al-jernon Sidney, "Sub libertate quetam." No peace without Liberty.

### Legends of First Man

#### Common to All Races

Almost every race of people has legends regarding the first man and woman. Among North American Indians myths are common. Traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of the muskrats, who in being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman. One of the strangest stories concerning the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. Insofar as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve had arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boll on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs; but he was commanded by a messenger from heaven to let her play among the grass and flowers until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Barbara, and she became the mother of all races of men.

### Fowl Names

The fat plumber was in a philosophical mood.  
"There is simply no understanding woman," he observed.  
"Whaddye mean?" the thin carpenter asked, just to start the conversation.  
"Well, for instance, a woman does not object to being called a duck."  
"No."  
"And she even smiles if some one happens to refer to her as a chicken."  
"Too true."  
"And most of them will stand for being called squab, broiler or turtle-dove."  
"Yes, yes, but what's the idea?"  
"It's just this," the fat plumber explained, "a woman objects to being called a hen, and a hen is the most useful bird of the whole blooming bunch."—Popular Poultry.

### Ancient College Custom

A person who fails to pass an examination is said to have been "plucked." This meaning of the word has a curious origin. In olden days when degrees were conferred in Oxford two proctors marched solemnly down the hall and back. Tradesmen with grievances—namely, unpaid bills—would sit on the benches and pluck the proctor's gown as he passed. If the bill was big enough and the tradesman proved his case, the undergraduate was refused his degree. Hence the term "plucked," which, now that its origin is forgotten, is used for failing in examinations of any kind. The proctors still march up and down the hall, but of course their gowns are no longer plucked.

### Why the Strife?

We are told that Cineas the philosopher once asked Pyrrhus what he would do when he had conquered Italy.  
"I will conquer Sicily."  
"And after Sicily?"  
"Then Africa."  
"And after you have conquered the world?"  
"I will take my ease and be merry."  
"Then," asked Cineas, "why can you not take your ease and be merry now?"—Sir John Lubbock.

Lyon & Co.

Lyon & Co.

Sunshiny Weather brings your mind to our Sunshiny Bargains in all our New Spring Materials

### New Dress Weaves

in Silk and Cotton—stripes in all the New Colors, with White and Dark Grounds. New Plaided Effects with the Hairline Plaids. English Broadcloth, Silk Brocades—all colors.

### New Spring Coats

Spring Coats in all the New Colorings.

## ...Special...

One lot of this season's styles Silk and Woolen Dresses—values up to \$28.00—Sale price . . . \$13.50

### Winter Coats

50 Winter Coats in Ladies and Misses that must be sold now regardless of cost ---all this season's styles.

Lyon & Co.

Lyon & Co.

Come to the "Watchman" office for High Class Job work.

\$1.75....\$1.75

## Ladies' Guaranteed Silk Hose

These Hose are guaranteed not to develop a "runner" in the leg nor a hole in the heel or toe. If they do this you will be given a new pair free.

We Have them in All Colors

## Yeager's Shoe Store

THE SHOE STORE FOR THE POOR MAN

Bush Arcade Building 58-27 BELLEFONTE, PA.