

# Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 13, 1925.

## THE BRIAR-ROSE.

By Helen Elizabeth Wilson.

The Briar-rose bloomed in the meadow  
Where a brook sang on its way;  
And often the sunbeams lolled there  
From dawn till close of day.  
And often the wandering south-wind  
Lingered to whisper and woo,  
Till Briar-rose blushed and hung her head,  
For she thought him a lover true.  
"Have a care, have a care, little flower!"  
The meadow brook sang on its way,  
"The sun shines clear but he's fickle, dear,  
The south wind bides but a day."  
But Briar-rose mocked, and tossed her head,  
The sun and the wind laughed long;  
The little brook fled away to the sea,  
With a minor in its song.  
The south-wind found a violet bank,  
The sun wooed each flower that blows;  
The brook mourned low—'till bore to the sea  
The faded leaves of a rose.

## WILL GETS A RAISE.

"When I hear a married woman say that she and her husband never have any words," said Dulcie firmly, "I know it's one of two things: Either she's lying or she doesn't know when she's stepped on."  
Rosemary Merton and I laughed. Dulcie is always so firm about everything like that.  
"Why, take the money question alone," Dulcie went on. "Do you think for an instant it's possible for a man and woman to agree on the way every penny of a hundred and fifty dollars a month is spent? Why, when I've been walking from Dennie's way up to Walker's to get melons three for a quarter instead of straight ten apiece, and have put imitation fillet, that my soul simply revolts at, on a blouse in order to save thirty-five cents, and then to have Roger Lane come walking in with a book he's bought! Why, any woman, on earth would ask him what the town has a public library for!"  
I didn't say much, but I couldn't help feeling a little superior as I laughed. Will and I, though we had been married only a little over a year, had the whole money question so perfectly arranged. Our budget box worked perfectly; so much to save each month, so much for doctor and dentist—which we hadn't even touched—so much for clothes, and so on. And then our luxury part, that gave us each a dollar a week that the other wasn't even to ask what we spent it for—well, really, I couldn't see why people had so much trouble planning out their money. It seemed to me that all any couple needed was a little common sense.  
Of course that isn't saying that our budget was as large as we'd like. It worked like a well-oiled machine, but Will used to worry a lot because he never got a raise. This was on account of his working for his father, of course.  
When you're working in the bank, the way Roger Lane is, or, in fact, anywhere outside your own family, it is taken for granted that you get a five-dollar-a-month raise every year, or at least a bigger salary some time, whether you need it or not. But when you're working for your own father, all is different. He figures that the whole business will be yours some time and, so long as your rent isn't raised or you don't have sickness or anything, a hundred dollars a month is just as much this year as it was last.  
Will don't like to come right out and ask for more salary, on account of Father Horton having given us our flivver, so we just keep along on the hundred, saving the per cent. The budget book said you ought to save, and getting along all right, but feeling as any young couple would feel when their next-door neighbor, who had started work at the same time, was getting a hundred and five. It might have gone along like that for years and years, if it hadn't been for Mr. MacAllister's moving out to California.  
Mr. MacAllister had taken a great fancy to Will ever since Will worked his head off on the hospital drive, and so, when he was getting ready to move, he said he wanted Will to take charge of the MacAllister Building, and the drug-store block and the bungalows he owns out on Grand Street, collecting the rent, seeing about repairs and so on. This business would naturally go to the Horton Real Estate Company; but Mr. MacAllister told Father Horton he'd like to have Will have it for himself, and Father said, well, he guessed Will had earned it and, all right, he could handle it on the side.  
I was pleased, thinking we would be getting a hundred and five a month too, and could go into the city once in a while to the theatre, which we really couldn't afford on our budget and only went when Father or Father Horton would take us. But I knew something was up when Will came home for dinner the day Mr. MacAllister left. Will always shows everything in his looks, like an open-face watch. It's just like the joke Father heard, that eating onions is the secret of curing a cold but it's awful hard to keep it a secret. I was broiling the steak and trying the potatoes to be sure they were done and making cream sauce for the cauliflower, all at once, as Will came in the door. And in spite of being as preoccupied as any woman—I don't care how good a cook she is—at a time like that, I knew something had happened.  
"Well," said Will, "I closed up the deal with Mr. MacAllister this morning."  
"And you're going to get the five a month, just for yourself?" I asked, briskly stirring the flour and water into the milk.  
Will leaned against the kitchen table and crossed his arms and legs.  
"What is it, Will?" I asked sharply. When Will acts as casual as that, it always means something important.  
"Five a month, did you say?" he asked carelessly.

"Well, aren't you?"

"Well-I-I." Will whirled his hat around on his forefinger. "Well-I-I, I didn't set any price, just asked him what he thought it would be worth to him."

"What did he say?"

Will just couldn't keep up the bluff of being casual and indifferent, his grin broke through like a delighted sheepish smile through the clouds.  
"He said that he figured it ought to be worth," said Will, and then paused dramatically, "twenty-five dollars a month."

I stopped everything I was doing with a suddenness that nearly wrecked our dinner. And no wonder. Twenty-five dollars a month! Five dollars a month more is a raise, twenty-five more is a change of fortune.

"We'll be having," I said in an awed tone, as Will drew out my chair at the table—Will is never going to overlook those little courtesies when we're forty years old and have eight children; it's awful how Father never pulls out Mother's chair except when we have company, and then she slides in it apprehensively, somebody having pulled a chair out from under her once when she was a child and she never having recovered her confidence—"we'll be having an income of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month!"  
"M-hmm," said Will, putting a strain on all his blood vessels, trying to act casual about it.

But it was something that was pretty hard to be casual about. There are men in Montrose of fifty who don't make a hundred and twenty-five dollars; in fact, I don't think any of them do except those who are in business for themselves, and even then, as Father says, they generally aren't in the minting business. Roger Lane makes the most of any of our young crowd and he's been getting one hundred and five dollars only three months. Most of the young fellows make about a hundred. A hundred and twenty-five jumps right up into an entirely different matter.

"There's one thing we must be careful about, Will," I said seriously. "We mustn't let it make us a bit different in our manners with our friends. Just because we'll be able to live differently in some ways, we must be awfully careful not to even appear snobbish."

"Oh, sure," said Will. Goodness knows, it was unnecessary to caution him about being snobbish. If he suddenly became a millionaire he'd still let old Petey Jensen, who is the town's handy man and doesn't own a suit of clothes but overalls, call him "Bill." And he got to talking about Ireland once to the night watchman at the Harvester Company and brought him right along home to supper. If anything, Will could stand being a little more snobbish. Still I think even he realized that a family which has an income of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month is in a little different social class from one which has only a hundred.

In Montrose, though, it is never exactly easy to tell just what class we do belong in. Not in the class with the Burris and the Scoggins and Judge Gordon, of course. Mr. Burris is president of Roger Lane's bank and the Scoggins own almost all of Water Street, and Judge Gordon once ran for Congress. Still, Jean Gordon married Howard Merton's cousin and does her own washing, and Mr. Burris is Father's regular partner in the Men's Whist Club.

Then there is the new Harvester Company crowd, which moved here from Chicago when the Harvester factory was built. They keep maids, which even the Scoggins don't do, and have dinner at night regularly, and everything sporty like that. But Dulcie and Rosemary and I belonged to their bridge club for a while, and Mrs. Curtis's brother is crazy about Madge Edwards, one of our crowd. That's the way Montrose society is, though, all mixed up. Old Petey Jensen mows the Scoggins' lawn, but he saved up his money and sent a little daughter to the university; and if she didn't run against Margery Scoggins for class secretary and beat her!

"Let's stick to our old budget," said Will, "just the same, and use the extra twenty-five a month partly to save more and partly to do a few things we've been wanting to do and could not."

That sounded like a good idea to me, and to celebrate we went up to the city for dinner and to the theatre the first week. When we were taking our seats who should come into the very row ahead of us but Mr. and Mrs. Bartell. They are in the Harvester crowd, not the big bugs, of course, but still in that crowd, and they looked like a million dollars. They seemed awfully glad to see us, though, and made us stop in the Maryland and while we were waiting for the eleven-fifty-nine train, and have some fruit salad.

Mrs. Bartell and I sat together on the train going home and got very well acquainted. She is only three or four years older than I am, and didn't seem snobbish at all. She invited Will and me for dinner the next Friday night, and asked me to bring my sewing and come early in the afternoon. It was a lovely September afternoon and we sat out on her porch and sewed and talked and got acquainted in the sudden, surprising way you do once in a while. Betty Bartell is the kind you get acquainted with quick. She told me more inside stuff about the Harvester crowd. How Mrs. Curtis, the president's wife, is so stingy that she keeps her soap in the attic till it gets dry, and goes further; how Mr. Stevens is Mr. Grabo's assistant and does all the work that Mr. Grabo gets the credit for, and a lot of other things. But the amazing thing she told me, that simply knocked me cold, was just before Will and Mr. Bartell got there for dinner. She had become very confidential and she told me her husband's income.

It was eighteen hundred dollars a year, fifteen hundred salary and three hundred bonus.

"Why, isn't that funny?" I exclaimed. "That's the same salary my husband gets."

It was perfectly true, because the bonus wasn't part of Harry Bartell's. It came at New Year's and was a present from the company, and not-

ing to be counted on. Of course, Mr. Bartell had got it for five years, now and probably always would, but still, his actual salary was just the same as Will's.

After she had told me that, I just sat, pie-eyed, and looked around Betty Bartell's porch, at the wicker chaise-lounge and the smart wicker bird cage with a fernery, all made in one. I looked through the French door into her living-room, which has a Chinese rug and is simply rich-looking, and on into the dining-room, which has a refectory table. Their maid, in a black dress with a white apron, was setting the table, and the whole atmosphere was simply oozing with luxury. In that one brief glimpse I realized the magnitude of the jump that Will and I had made. This was the social class we had soared into.

At first it was almost dazzling to have so much to spend for luxuries. Of course the things we got might not seem luxurious to millionaires and such people, but they certainly did to us.

"Gosh," said Will, coming home with a stop-light for our flivver, "but I'm glad to get this. You need it if you're going to use your car after supper in the fall or winter."

As a matter of fact, the light cost only two dollars and a quarter, but till Will got his raise we had never seemed to be able to get it out of our budget any one week, and had kept putting it off. It had been just the same about salad forks. Our silver is plated and six salad forks only cost five-forty, and yet till Will got his raise I had never seemed able to squeeze out enough to get them. As I told Will it did seem marvelous luck that our financial situation should have changed just when I began getting intimate with Betty Bartell, because I simply couldn't have faced having them for dinner without salad forks.

Then Will subscribed to a golf magazine. That was pure, unadulterated extravagance. He doesn't play golf, himself; he's always repeating a joke he heard once, that he wouldn't even know how to hold a caddy, but for some unknown reason he'd been just hankering to take that magazine. It seemed a positively feeble-minded thing to do, to me, but I couldn't say anything against it because Will was so nice about my getting a satin bedspread, which he thinks is all folderol, and which, I admit, myself, isn't awfully practical.

And the comfort we both got out of being able to subscribe to Mrs. Scoggins' charity! She's crazy about cats, and this charity is to take care of homeless cats. As Will said, there are philanthropies closer to his heart, but it was nice to be in a position to send out five dollars when it pleases anybody as much as that pleased Mrs. Scoggins. She took us home in her limousine and, by the grace of heaven, Betty Bartell and Mrs. Stevens happened to be passing just as we were getting out. Betty joked me about being right in with "the old guard"—even the Harvester bunch respect the Scoggins and Judge Gordon and the Burris, and I could see she and Mrs. Stevens thought more of me for it, so I didn't say anything about the cats.

Being in a position to go into the city to the theatre once in a while, we were always running onto other people who were going. One night we met the Burris in the Montrose station, and they insisted on taking us to dinner at the MacWelton hotel first. I accidentally saw the dinner check and nearly dropped dead. Of course the Burris are old enough to be our parents and didn't expect us to do anything in return, but we were both glad Will was making that MacAllister money. It was very gratifying two weeks later to tell Mrs. Burris that we had four tickets for "The Scarlet Mask," and would like to have her and her husband for our guests.

It is strange, though, but in the midst of all such gaiety and prosperity there were times when I would feel worried. It was a vague worry—I couldn't just put my finger on what was troubling me—and I decided that it was mainly because, being naturally a systematic person, it bothered me that we were letting our budget slip. But it would have been very hard to keep it straight. Extras were so mixed up with our old running expenses. For instance, the budget allowed for having little Ella Crowninshield come once a month to wait on table and do the dishes when we had company for dinner. But now that I could afford her much oftener I didn't know whether to take her fifty cents a time out of "Labor and Service" or set it down to extras.

Almost every branch got mixed up. Will got stuck for a ten-dollar subscription to the basket ball team. Van Courtney, who just put my finger on what about the MacAllister job, and Will said he didn't have the time to give just two dollars, the way he did last fall. He said he was making nearly as much as Van now and he felt that if Van gave ten, he ought to, too. But while he had got the two last year half out of the "amusement" and half the "improvement" division, Will said he was blamed if ten dollars was either amusing or improving.  
So, in one way and another, our old budget got so mixed up that it didn't seem worth while to try to use it at all. I knew it was silly to worry over this when we had a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month coming in, but it made me feel kind of guilty whenever I thought of it.

(Concluded next week).

## Brevity.

Tom Callahan got a job on the section working for a railroad. The superintendent told him to go along the line looking for washouts.

"And don't be as long winded in your next report," said the superintendent. "Just report the condition of the road. Write a business letter, and not a love letter."

Tom proceeded on his tour of inspection, and when he reached the river, he wrote this report to the superintendent: "Sir: Where the railroad was, the river is."

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

## PLEASANT GAP PHILOSOPHY.

By Levi A. Miller.

In the general satisfaction at the settling of the coal strike, few will be inclined to question how it was settled, or to ask why it was not settled weeks ago. The country has been saved from a grave peril. The miners' union has been saved from the public indignation which certainly would have been directed against it, if the coal shortage had been allowed to go much farther. The settlement apparently satisfies everybody. The only wonder is that it wasn't effected weeks ago.

If you feel that you are going behind, and that you cannot support your apparent standing in society, drop your hangers-on, for that's what they will do with you presently; as rats desert a sinking ship. You need not care about their feelings, what we consider as other people's feelings, are more our own feelings, and this step will likely be a greater punishment to your pride than it would be to their feelings, and you have possibly mistaken the one for the other.

It is a fact, whether people want to admit it or not, that children are not as welcome as they used to be. Too many parents haven't the time to care for them. You can recall families of your acquaintance where the parents haven't time to raise their children properly. They look after them during their infancy, as a matter of necessity, clothe them as a matter of decency, and let them run whithersoever they will as a matter of convenience. It may be too much to say that every one can recall such cases; but almost every one can who is ordinarily observant.

In olden times it was a parent's pride to raise children in such a way as to make them a credit to their name, and a valuable acquisition to society. The father who left behind an honorable and industrious son, left more to the world than he who built a church or endowed a college. The mother who trained and educated a daughter in all that pertains to a true woman, gave to society and civilization far more than a Mrs. Siddons or a Patti.

It is a bother for a business man to look after his children and see that they are surrounded with proper influences. He hasn't time to talk to them or listen to their talk. So he bundles them off to a school somewhere and pays a man to look after them. He finds he has more comfort at home without them. Things are quieter when they are away, for boy is but another name for noise. Such men may make money by sending their boys away, but too often it proves as curseful as ill-gotten gain. They forget that there is as much skill in handling money as in making it. The boys, instead of being taught in the father's practical school, how to make and take care of money, only learn in the boarding school how to spend it.

So many men are ambitious to leave a fortune and a name. The latter they strive to paint high up on the political fence or some of the dead walls of fame, and the former flashes in the eyes of the groundlings from every side. What better name can they leave than that borne by a son, and what better fortune than a thriving business?

Girls are different! Yes, that's so, but there is or at least there used to be, a way of bringing them up so they were profitable to society and the world at large. In other days it was the custom for mothers to teach their daughters the domestic arts and fit them for the active duties of life. There are mothers living now who considered themselves unfitted to marry until they had mastered the art of spinning, sewing, cooking and housekeeping. But times have changed, and greatly, too. Whether for the better or not is another matter, yet none the less important. That was a practical education. People felt it a duty to earn what they got. A man without an occupation useful to society, or a woman who couldn't take a hand in household duties, were regarded as no good.

If one becomes lonely these dreary, changeable evenings, at the Gap, and desires to be livened up, all he has to do is go up to the Noll store. They have a six foot square iron grate in the rear of their elaborate store rooms, the same is connected with the furnace in the basement beneath, making it a most superb retreat for curiosity seekers, more especially on the nights bordering on zero weather conditions. The habitual hangers-on are usually in evidence. Debating is one of their principal amusements, while testing their shins. I am not an habitual loafer, but occasionally call in in order to be enlightened in the news of the day.

On a recent evening while present, a young philosopher propounded the following proposition: "What is the most profitable business to engage in to make a good and quick profit with a limited capital?" It only required about ten minutes, when all agreed, without a dissenting voice, that boot-legging, beyond question, is the ideal business to produce the desired result, since the investment is small and the profits immense. Moreover, it appeals to the suckers. This being disposed of, the next question propounded was: "What is the most disagreeable and objectionable business one can engage in?" After some little debate and skirmishing it was agreed that the boarding house mistress occupies the most undesirable business known to mankind. I rather concurred with the emphatic conclusions.

Think for a moment—what nerve it must require to sit at the head of the table, surrounded by a lot of miffy, sullen boarders; chatter cheerily, smile sweetly, and pour the coffee without a tremor of the hand, while one is turning up her nose at the biscuit, another snarling at the toast, another shoving the butter out of sight as though it offended her olfactory, another whispering hateful things loud enough to be heard, and others finding fault with the meal as a whole. The ordeal is a trying one,

no doubt, especially to those who have been well raised, and are sensitive. The lady who goes into the boarding house business for pleasure as well as profit is liable to be badly lashed, especially on the pleasure.

Yes, the boarding house mistress stands next to the mother-in-law as an object of abuse, and, if her stories are to be credited, she is deserving of great pity. Therefore, it is but a christian act to interpose a word in behalf of this useful factor in the community. It can be seen what a boon the boarding house keeper is to society. She has, as it were, the happiness of countless young men and women, maids and bachelors in her hands. The amount of domestic trouble and misery she thus controls is beyond computation. The boarding house, as an institution, belongs to the more advanced stages of civilization. The boarding house mistress is unknown to the savage, and does not figure to any great extent in the history of the middle ages. In this respect, she is more fortunate than her co-sufferer, the mother-in-law, because she has existed as an object of abuse ever since polygamy was tabooed.

Just here a hint may be dropped for the benefit of the mother-in-law. The polygamous husband, who has half a dozen or more wives, each blessed with a mother, is the meekest man in the world. He might be bold and abuse his wife, if there were only one mother-in-law to face, but when half a dozen or more loom up before his mental vision, he concludes that meekness is more profitable than mastery. The modern "hash sifter" is a positive necessity of the times. Without the comforts of home, it is true there might be many more homes than there are, yet thousands of young men, and old ones, too, would be driven to the cold confines of bachelor quarters. Women who have no homes of their own, would be compelled to quarter themselves on some relative or friend, whether it was agreeable to do so or not. This would have a tendency to drive them into the marriage fold merely for the sake of getting a home, which is a calamity.

She is not happy. Why? Because she is not appreciated. Those who are indebted to her and ought to be her friends and defenders, are often her traducers. They find fault, not only with her table, but with her style; criticize the color of her hair as well as the tinge of the butter; complain of the order in which she serves meats, as well as the order she maintains in the house. She surely has my sympathy.

## SENSIBLE CLOTHES FOR MEN.

Whatever may be said of the oddity, the daring, or what not of the extreme fashions affected by the women nowadays, it is generally admitted that their clothes are more sensible in the matter of affording freedom of motion and immunity from those ills which resulted from the tight corsets and trailing skirts of the earlier generation. And now that so much has been accomplished toward improving the health of the women a man arises to demand that his sex adopt sensible habiliments also.

Dr. Thomas Darlington, former Commissioner of Health of New York, insists that the health of men is being seriously endangered by their present style in dressing. He inveighs particularly against tight and uncomfortable collars, belts that interfere with the digestive tract and other organs in the abdominal cavity and demand the habit of swathing the body in too many layers of clothing. He would abolish the vest altogether, as an outworn relic of past ages, and if he could have his way he would put all his brethren in one-piece suits. The trousers would be much as they are now, but from the waist up there would be complete reform. The coat, shirt and vest of modern man would blend into one garment, a loose, blousy thing.

So far the good doctor is reasonable enough, but he goes a little too far in some of his designs for office and evening wear. He even recommends gay colors which would make the rush to the office in the morning, or to the opera at night, look like a New Year's shooters' parade.

It might be possible to lead a revolt of male humanity against tight and uncomfortable clothing, but it will be difficult, indeed, to make men do some of the gaudy trappings this earnest reformer recommends. Yet there is much sense in Dr. Darlington's observations, particularly his recommendations for hot-weather clothing. The summer would be the best time to try out his ideas, and if he is quite as much in earnest as he seems he would be doing his fellows a real service by blossoming out in the new fashions himself.

## MUSIC WEEK URGED

### IN PROCLAMATIONS.

Various State and City Executives Assist National Celebration.

A series of official proclamations, both State and municipal, and possibly resulting eventually in a national proclamation, is promised on behalf of the National Music Week, May 3 to 9. For the first national observance, last May, proclamations were issued by the Governors of Massachusetts, Ohio, Arkansas and Hawaii, and by the mayors of a large number of cities. This action was taken before the movement had assumed the proportions represented by the nearly 800 cities which participated last May. It is therefore expected by the National Music week committee that a great many more States and cities will be represented by proclamations for next May. Already, the Governors of Illinois and Mississippi have agreed to issue a proclamation. The texts of last year's proclamations are reproduced in the "History of National Music Week," issued by the National Music Week committee at its headquarters, 45 West 45th street, New York City.

—America has 50 per cent. of the world's lumber production—also an absolute corner on accidents.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

### DAILY THOUGHT

A good laugh and a long sleep, the best cures in the doctor book.—Proverbs of Ireland.

Don't wear high-heeled shoes for house work.

Get measured for each new pair of shoes. Every make of shoe is not alike as to size.

If your shoe allowance is small, don't be persuaded into buying unusual shades of shoes that require expensive stockings to match them.

Consider your ankles before you buy nude and other light-colored stockings to wear with light shoes. Remember if they are inclined to be thick they will look their thickness in this setting.

Day-time collar and cuff sets are done in a variety of linen and cotton materials. According to the New York Times, very showy ones are made of plaid and checked gingham with quite deep over-cuffs to match the collar. The colors are very smart in blue, rose, orange, mauve on white, and many lovely mixtures are shown. Besides the gingham in patterns are the pretty chamois in plain colors.

A new solution to the problem of crowns in women's spring hats has been found, according to radiogram information from Paris. Maria Guy has found it, and it has taken the form of a round, close-fitting crown, at the centre top of which has been placed a smaller circular effect something like the lid of a can. This elongates the crown and gives it an attractive finish.

"When the hat is made of satin," comments The New Millinery bulletin, the official organ of the Retail Millinery Association of America, "this circular ornament is also of satin. On her Riviera sport hats of straw braid Guy makes this smaller circle of grosgrain ribbon in the same tone. She varies the silhouette of the crown sometimes by placing this ornament a bit off the centre-top, slanting toward the back.

How she did laugh at me—the friend whom I ran across at the department store hardware counter. "Buying shears for pruning shrubs and roses!" she cried. "Why, winter is not half over yet." Yet she herself was wearing a smart silk and straw toque, unmistakably a 1925 model, and she was quite peevish when there were no fresh strawberry sundaes to be had at the soda fountain.

All flower lovers, especially those with gardens (large or small) are hoping that Mr. Groundhog will display a sporting disposition to come up to expectations for an early spring. In that case, roses may be pruned in late February. This job should never be delayed after March, regardless of weather. So there will be plenty of work within a few weeks for pruning shears, even though ice and snow still blanket the garden.

Not all types of hardy shrubs should be pruned in spring. The beginner must be very certain that she is right before going ahead. "Fonder before you prune" is a good motto. The whole secret of successful pruning may be summed up as follows:

"Bloom early—prune late. Bloom late—prune early." Spring-flowering shrubs, and these include our greatest favorites, must never be trimmed back until after blooming. After which, if pruning is necessary, the sooner it is done the better. Of course, dead wood should be removed on sight, irrespective of blooming season. The delicate beauty of flowering shrubs is marred if unsightly, naked branches are thrust upward amidst the masses of white or rosy bloom.

The following shrubs (all early-flowering) must never be pruned in spring: Forsythia (golden bell), Pirus Japonica, Judas tree, sweet shrub, lilac, mock orange, dogwood, pink and blue Japanese or French hydrangea, viburnum (snowball), dentzas of all types, weigelia, bridal wreath with all other shrubby spiraea, flowering crab and almond. These bushes flower on wood made last season, consequently to prune off that wood now would be to sacrifice most of this season's crop of bloom.

The funniest sight (if it had not been maddening) in our garden some years ago was the giant lilac bush, which had been pruned in early spring by a strong-armed but green amateur. The towering branches in the centre were too much even for his determined muscles, so in May the ravished lilac flaunted central waving plumes as on a giant's helmet, surrounded by a dense thicket of barren, upright stems.

Prune severely in March such late-flowering shrubs as altheas, which bloom in August, and Hydrangea paniculata, with its huge cones of white bloom, which later turn to pinky-green. These favorites will flower on the new wood to be produced this season, consequently they require early pruning to allow full time to mature their blossoms.

## BOALSBURG.

Mrs. Ralph Rockey and son visited friends in town on Tuesday.

George C. Meyer, of State College, was in town on business on Monday.

William Mulberger, of the Loop, greeted friends in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow and baby, of Sinking Valley, were visitors in town last week.

Edward Isenberg and family, of Milesburg, spent Sunday at the Chas. Isenberg home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Felty, of Altoona, spent the week-end with the Hess and Jacobs families.

Mr. and Mrs. Zeigler, of Shingletown, moved into the Markle residence on Main street, last week.

Elmer Holtz and family moved to Bellefonte this week and Mrs. Higgins and daughter will occupy the Kimport home on west Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Phillips, of State College, were in town last week and while here rented the house vacated by Lester Brouse, and after April 1st, will become residents of Boalsburg.