

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.

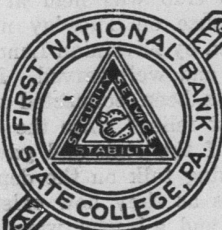
Thus banks are an indispensable part in the machinery of modern business.

A dollar alone is of small account.

Multiplied many times it becomes a potent force.

First National Bank

Bellefonte, Pa.



*Good Management
And Vigorous Growth*

Thrif means good management and vigorous growth. It is a great help in the building of character. An account with the First National Bank affords the right incentive to become thrifty and prosperous. Start it today.

3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

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

New Clothes for Spring

THIS SPRING ARE HERE



Words Wont 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 13, 1925.

THE BELLEFONTE BAR GENERATIONS AGO.

During the February term of court two judges from entirely different sections of the State sat upon the bench of Centre county, not because of the lack of judicial timber in Bellefonte but because of the fact that the recent appointment of Judge Dale rendered it legally necessary to get an outside judge to hear the cases.

This fact, however, is only preliminary to a comparison of the Centre county bar of today to what it was forty, fifty and seventy-five years ago. And we say this without any intention of detracting one iota from the legal ability of the present members. But a half century ago the Centre county bar was reputed one of the best in the State. Its members were not only big in stature but giants in intellect and legal acumen. There were probably twice as many lawyers in active practice then as now, most of whom were quick in repartee and caustic in their remarks.

As evidence of what strangers thought of the Centre county bar in the olden days we publish the following letter written for the Jersey Shore Republican about seventy or more years ago. The names contained therein are all familiar ones in the history of Centre county and will be recalled by every member of the present bar of Centre county:

I had often heard of the Bellefonte bar as one of the best, if not the very best bar in our State, and I felt anxious to see its distinguished members. It was late in the afternoon of Friday that the old stage coach from Lewistown rolled into the romantic town nestled among the hills, and famous as the childhood home of many of our great men. The court was in session and after supper I determined to have a sight of stern Justice "seated on her lofty seat." I was a total stranger, but thanks to the kindness of a friend whom I chanced to meet, I was enabled to know and fix in my mind, many of the most distinguished personages then in the bar. On entering the hall I was struck with the beauty and grandeur of everything around me. The room was most elegantly frescoed. Back of the Judge and directly over his head was the great seal of the State, (if I remember) on his left was Justice with her scales, and on his right stood the beautiful Goddess of Liberty. It is the most elegantly furnished room I ever saw. The gas burners were lighted, and threw their soft and lambent light over the scene. Judge Burnside was upon the bench. I believe he is a son of the distinguished Mr. Burnside who was Supreme Judge at one time, and now for many years dead. Judge Burnside is a large, fine looking man; his iron grey hair stands up round his face, which wears a stern, but withal, a kind humored look. His cold grey eye scans the witness with almost a fierce expression, as his rapid pen takes down every word as it falls from his lips. I should judge he was about fifty years of age, and undoubtedly a man of the very first order of judicial talent.

The jury is paneled and sworn and a large heavy set man rises to speak. His face is bland and mild, his voice low and mellow, and as he turns his eye this way, there is a latent flush in it, and the yellow color of the ball reminds you of an eagle's eye. That is the Hon. Jas. T. Hale. I take him to be about fifty-six years of age. But who is that gentleman with the dark eyes, and black, luxuriant hair, sweeping back from his broad and lofty forehead? He sits directly in front of Mr. Hale and gazes up into his face with an earnest and inquiring look, as if he would devour every word that falls from the orator's lips. That is Col. W. W. Brown, the talented editor of the Centre Democrat. He is a fine looking man and I reckon not more than thirty years old. Directly behind and a little to the left of Col. Brown, sits a tall, bony man, with sandy hair. The thin, compressed lips and hard features speak determination in every lineament. The very expression of his face seems to say, "I never give up." The fierce grey eye rolls from side to side taking in at a glance every thing and every body. He is about fifty and I should take him to be a very dangerous man to meet in forensic contest. That is H. N. McAllister, the great "farmer lawyer."

Who is that little heavy set man with the brown eyes and bullet head seated to the left of Mr. Hale reading a newspaper, and ever and anon looking up from his paper to interrupt the speaker. That is Ira C. Mitchell, the opponent of Mr. Hale in the cause now trying. The green baize doors at the further end of the room silently open, and a little man with a well known green bag on his arm, walks up the aisle, with a slow, shuffling gait, into the bar. There is nothing intellectual looking about his face. He is dressed in a plain black, seedy coat, and looks more like a farmer than a lawyer. Nevertheless, that is Samuel Linn, the Solon of the bar, and one of the soundest law expounders in the State. Who is that tall noble looking man, leaning on the railing of the bar? His commanding form, and intellectual face with hair curling over the high, white brow, would point him out any place as a distinguished man, and he would attract attention in any crowd. That is Hon. A. G. Curtin, the Demosthenes of the bar, and one of the most eloquent men in the Keystone State. That spare man with the thin visage and piercing black eyes, who has his heels cocked up on the table and is reading the evening paper, is Col. Wm. H. Blair, a shrewd lawyer and politician. That tall gentleman with the military air and Roman features, is Mr. Wm. P. McManus, a young attorney at the bar, and that hale, hearty good-humored old gentleman at his side is his father, Hon. James McManus. That good looking

young man to the left is James Beaver, a youth of no ordinary talents and great future promise. Who is that fresh, hearty-looking gentleman with the grey eyes and brown hair, talking so earnestly to the large portly man at his elbow? That is James S. Brisbin, distinguished for his eloquence as a writer; and the large man at his elbow is John H. Stover, a young lawyer of considerable ability. Those two very large, and fine looking men to the left are Mr. Durham and Mr. Bush, both good lawyers. That tall, nervous looking gentleman to the right, reading a newspaper, is James H. Rankin; I should take him to be about thirty-five. Those gentlemen behind Mr. Rankin, sitting round the table, laughing, talking and writing notes on slips of paper, are the law students, they are a fine, intellectual looking set of young men.

That portly man sitting outside of the bar, with the bald head and grey eyes, is Gen. James Irvin, once a candidate on the Whig ticket for Governor, and lately the noble and generous donor of two hundred acres of land to found the "Farmer's High School" of Pennsylvania. The tall, fine looking gentleman upon his left is Edmund Blanchard, the talented partner of the Hon. A. G. Curtin. The orator goes on with his speech to the jury; gradually the hum of conversation ceases—the newspapers are laid aside and all voluntarily or in spite of themselves, yield him their whole attention. Every head in the audience is inclined closer towards him—every ear turned in the direction of his voice, and a deep and mysterious silence fills the court room, as his solemn voice of deepest pathos rolls and swells upon their ears with mournful significance. His glowing thoughts and fervent periods stir the hearts of those who might enter the lists as his competitors. Mark the varying countenance of McAllister, and the suffused eye of Linn. Curtin's fine eye sparkles and his towering form seems to grow still taller. Brown becomes nervous and excited, and the blood rushes in torrents to Brisbin's glowing face. At length the speech is over; the jury goes out and the court, amid the hum of voices and the tramping of feet, adjourns till morning. Thus my dear "Ledger," have I given you a hasty and imperfect sketch of the Bellefonte bar. I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this sketch to the kindness of my friend, who pointed out to me the gentlemen mentioned in it and told me of their peculiar traits of character. In my next, if I have space, I will tell you some fine anecdotes concerning some of these gentlemen. I would have written to you last week but had not time. I will write you another letter as soon as I get to Cincinnati. With respect to all the readers of the "Ledger," I remain their true friend.

H. H. GASKELL.

DON'T USE SWEET CLOVER FOR CLOVER AND ALFALFA.

If tempted to buy sweet clover instead of red clover, know the facts first.

"On account of the price of red clover seed this spring and due to the publicity given sweet clover by certain agencies, some farmers are tempted to substitute sweet clover for red without first studying the needs and uses of this plant.

"Sweet clover seems to need just about as much lime as alfalfa does and while it will grow on poor land it will not thrive if the soil is sour.

"Careful inoculation of the seed or soil is just as necessary for sweet clover as for alfalfa. Frequently, if one can grow sweet clover he can grow alfalfa just as easily and the alfalfa is much more desirable and longer lived for hay production. Also, sweet clover needs well drained soil just as much as alfalfa does.

"The right use for sweet clover is as a pasture and soil improvement crop. For these purposes it is hard to beat where the proper soil conditions are present for its growth.

"On account of its rapid, coarse growth the second season sweet clover must be cut about June 1 to make satisfactory hay. It is hard to cure such a rank growth of clover so early in the season; and many cases of stock poisoning have been reported from the moulds which often form in sweet clover hay that was considered well dried. Furthermore, the second season crop must be cut six or eight inches high or it will make no second growth and this leaves the ground bare all summer.

"There is a place on many farms for sweet clover but not as a substitute for clover and alfalfa."

Cheap.

The train had finally emerged from the blackness of a long tunnel. The conductor noticed a young couple both of whom were apparently quite flustered and the young woman was nervously rearranging her disheveled hair.

Thinking to put them at ease the conductor remarked pleasantly: "Did you know that the tunnel we just came through cost \$12,000,000?" "Did it?" inquired the girl. Then she added after a pause, "Well, it was worth it."

—When lemons become dry from long standing they may be restored by boiling in water for several minutes. Any lemon will yield more juice if dipped in hot water immediately before use.

—The letter "e" is said to be used more frequently than any other. "i" is said to be second.

Restless Sleep Due to Stomach Gas

Gas pressure in the abdomen causes a restless, nervous feeling and prevents sleep. Adierka removes gas in TEN minutes and brings out surprising amounts of old waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation or stomach trouble. Don't waste time with pills or tablets but get REAL Adierka action! Runkle's Drug Store. 70-11

Lyon & Co. Lyon & Co.

New Spring Coats

Spring Coats for Misses and Women in the new fabrics. Dressy, smart-tailored models. All the new shades—well-lined. All the regular sizes and the stylish stouts—at prices that cannot be matched.

New Silks

Satin, Printed Crepe de Chene—in all colors. Broadcloth—stripes, figured and plain. Pongee, natural and other colors.

Stripes—Dame Fashion has given us stripes—metal effects in a beautiful combination of colors.

Silk Dresses

Just received, another lot of the last word in Silk Dresses. All the high colors as well as the more reserved shades—from the largest house in New York. See them and you will want them. Prices most conservative.

Clearing Away of Winter Coats

All we have must go. Still greater reductions will help sell these now.

Special—One lot of Night Gowns, in Crepe and Nainsook, \$1.50 values—75c. while they last

Lyon & Co. 64-10 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.