

**A BARGAIN.**

I sold my conscience to the world;  
The price I thought was good,  
The conscience—'twas a useless thing;  
I needed clothes and food.

But when 'twas gone my joy went, too,  
And peace had flown away,  
The things the world gave in their place  
Were broken in a day.

And then the way grew steep and dark,  
My feet began to slide,  
I did not know which way to go,  
For I had lost my guide.

I bought my conscience back again—  
My conscience worn and old!  
The world demanded thrice the price  
Since I to him had sold.

Just all I had to pay for it,  
And took the poor thing back,  
And turned me to my empty home,  
Yet did not feel a lack.

It nestled in my heart again,  
And held my life as true,  
And showed me right and wrong as clear  
As if it had been new.

I have my conscience back again,  
The world may keep its gold,  
For peace and joy have flown back, too,  
And never shall be sold!

**THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN OLD CRANK FROM GREENSVALEY.**

By Levi A. Miller.

"Thirteen studies for a girl thirteen years old is an outrage," exclaimed the old crank, as he removed his eyeglasses with a jerk and crumpled the paper up, and threw it into Noll Bros. spittoon.

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" calmly asked school director Freeman Heyl.

"I have, and so has everybody else who has been paying any attention to school affairs of late. It is outrageous, and if we don't want the female portion of our community to grow up physical and mental invalids, we must stop it. I had to set my foot down on the slate they had arranged for my boys; and because I would not let them take all the studies laid down in the course, I was told that I might take them away and educate them myself. I didn't take them away, and they are not worrying their heads off with a dozen studies either."

"But don't you suppose the school teacher knows more about what children ought to study than you do?" interrupted Heyl.

"He ought to, but he does not," replied old Crank gruffly. "He is a smart fellow, no doubt, and can work sums from addition to aligation, and further, too, I suppose, but has no more idea of the capacity of a child's training than a hungry pig has of the size of its own stomach. He can explain vulgar fractions and read off yards of grammar, but he can't tell you what particular branches a child has a fondness for, nor how many studies it can handle."

"What did you study that made you such a good scholar?" asked Heyl half derisively.

"I'll just give you a little sketch of my career as a scholar," said Crank, as he settled himself comfortably on a nail keg and laid his feet on the spittoon. "My first day was an epoch in my life. The school Ma'am, or Mistress, as we called her, was one of the first lady teachers in our section. She was a handsome woman, and a good teacher. My primer was so badly torn that my father pasted the leaves containing the alphabet onto a paddle made of a shingle. This was a common custom then, because books were expensive. Besides the paddle came in handy when a pupil needed correction."

"There is no lingering over this part of the story. We little folks were allowed to sleep, go out and play and enjoy ourselves generally as long as we did not annoy the larger scholars. It was a year or two before I got to reading in school, although I could read pretty well at home."

"At school we had to spell, not only in the book but out of it, and until a scholar could knock off all the words in the United States speller, from acorn to abecedarian, he wasn't allowed to begin reading from a regular reader. There were couplets between the lessons, such as:

"My son do no ill,  
Bad men go to the pit."

"There were also selections from proverbs scattered among the first spelling lessons. Following there were moral selections at the heads of the pages; and after finishing the three long columns of three syllable words, beginning with 'ambiquity,' the half of each page was taken up with selections from Poor Richard's Almanac; the first one began:

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."  
Then followed a department commonly known as 'towns' names,' beginning with Acre—a seaport town in Turkey; then came those two immortal poems, dear to every one who studied the United States speller. The first began thus:

"The dog will come when he is called,  
The cat will walk away,  
The monkey's cheeks are very bald,  
The goat is fond of play."

"This poem continued in this style until it exhausted the animal kingdom, or at least as much of it as school children are likely to know anything about. The next one, although not a great poetical work, still lives, and probably will for a long time, if only for the benefit of the parodist. I almost forgot it, but this couplet is a sample of the whole:

"Who ran to catch me when I fell?  
And kissed the place to make it well?  
My Mother."

Heyl, growing impatient, said: "That's rot of the very worst kind."

"There is just where you are off," replied old Crank; reaching for a copy of a reading book now used in our

schools, he selected the following as a fair specimen:

"I have two hands,  
That can spin a new top.  
And climb a tall tree  
To make the nuts drop."

"This is the most sensible thing in this most pretentious poem in the book; and it is not sensible when compared with the quotations I gave you from our speller, and this is a reader. The only quotation in it, and that without credit, is a portion of the Sunday school song entitled 'Little Grains of Sand.' The meanest thing, however, in the book is the attempt to steal a little poem from McGuffey's First Reader, which ranked next in popularity to Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. Just listen to the mess the chief made of it:

"I will not hurt my little dog,  
But stroke him on the head,  
I like to see him wag his tail,  
I like to see him fed."

"How that grates upon the ears of us old fellows who yet proudly recall the days when we climbed tremblingly on to the up-turned coal box and belched forth in stentorian, yet quivering voice, with arms rising and falling, out of tune like so many pump handles:

"I like to see a little dog,  
And pat him on the head,  
So prettily he wags his tail  
Whenever he is fed."

"I wouldn't trust my dog in the company of the fellow who mutilated that good old poem."

"Oh, you're a crank," sighed a boy who had just exhausted his second cigarette. "I don't see nothing in none of 'em."

"You can't. You're a fool," returned old Crank; evidently pleased that he had been offered such a good chance to express his opinion of a cigarette fiend.

"But that is neither here nor there," continued the Crank. "What I want to say is that our old school books were better adapted to the business in hand than the books now in use. From the first page to the last of each one of them, beginning at the John Rogers' primer, there was fact, or suggestion, that, when once fixed in the youthful mind could not help but bring forth good fruit. They inculcated pure morals, taught manners, suggested easy topics for investigation in history, mechanics, arts, science, animal and vegetable life. The modern book is a batch of trash, with not enough information in it to raise a child above the level of a Hottentot. But why waste time talking about it."

"Just what I was thinking," sighed school director Heyl.

**JACKSONVILLE.**

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. in the Reformed church.

Mrs. William Weaver was an over Sunday guest with friends near Zion.

Eggs are 25 cents a dozen and poultry 20 to 25 cents per pound, in this vicinity.

Miss Elnora Weight left on Monday to attend the State Normal school at Lock Haven.

The Reformed church has been improved by adding a new porch and concrete steps, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Bartley and daughter Rebecca were over Sunday guests at the Lester Bartley home at Bellefonte.

Messrs. Mervin and Willard Hoy visited in Bellefonte on Sunday, and also made a short stop at the new aviation field.

Miss Mary Weight, who is in training at the Lock Haven hospital for a nurse, made a short visit to her home here on Saturday.

Mrs. Alice Brett and daughter Marjorie, of near Pittsburgh, are spending a six week's vacation among friends in Centre county.

Word has been received here that Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisher and family, of near Pittsburgh, will make a tour through Centre county some time next month, and will stop in our vicinity for a few days at the Harry Hoy and Luther Fisher homes.

The cow sale held by Mr. Ricker, Monday afternoon, was well attended. The prices were \$67.50; \$100.00; \$127.50; \$96.00; \$115.00; \$95.00; \$55.00; \$47.50; \$75.00; \$51.00; \$72.50; \$85.00; \$80.00; \$121.00; \$67.00; \$40.00; \$88.00; \$55.00; \$39.00; \$46.00. Wise and Hubler were the auctioneers.

The Ladies' Aid society met at the home of Mrs. Robert Bennisson, on Thursday, for an all-day sewing bee. A large amount of sewing was completed. Those present were Mrs. W. E. Weight, Miss Elnora Weight, Mrs. Joseph Neff, Mrs. Nevin Yearick and daughter Norma, Mrs. William Dixon, Mrs. Martha Yearick, Mrs. John Condo, Mrs. James Bartley, Mrs. Elmer Swope, Mrs. Mary Bartley and sons Arthur and Roy, Mrs. Gertrude Harter and son Charles, Mrs. Ray Allison and daughters Madge and Lois, Mrs. Mary Loder, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bennisson and Virginia, Max and Nellie Bennisson, and Clarence Weight. The society held another bee at the home of Mrs. George Ertley, yesterday.

Privilege and Duty to be Member of Legion.

Congressman Hamilton Fish Jr., of New York, in a recent statement commenting on membership in the American Legion, said:

"Every veteran of the world war should belong to the American Legion. It is a badge of honor and a privilege limited to those who served in the armed forces of the United States during the war and received an honorable discharge. The Legion should count its membership by millions, not by hundreds of thousands. It is not only the privilege, but the duty of every qualified veteran to apply for membership and the same applies to those women eligible to membership in the auxiliary. There are tens of thousands of young men who are not qualified who would give their eyeteeth to belong to the American Legion."

**"FIGHTING BOB" LaFOLLETTE IS DEAD.**

Wisconsin's Radical Senator, a Sufferer for Years Passed Away With Words of Love for His Fellows on His Lips.

In Washington, last Thursday, death brought to an end the daring and stormy political career of Robert M. LaFollette.

Peacefully, the Wisconsin Senator, last year an independent candidate for President, passed away at his home in that place, a victim of heart attacks, from which he had been a sufferer for a decade, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

To the last, Mr. LaFollette sought to ward off death's thrust as he had done on several occasions in recent years, but when he realized that the fight was a losing one, he called his son, Robert, to his bedside, and in an almost inaudible voice gave this last message to the public:

"I am at peace with all the world, but there is a lot of work I could still do. I don't know how the people feel toward me, but I shall take to the grave my love for them which has sustained me through life."

**ILL SEVERAL WEEKS.**

Confined to his bed for several weeks by illness which had wrecked his body repeatedly in the last few years but had failed to weaken his fighting spirit, the Senator suffered a heart attack last Thursday morning which brought to his physicians a realization that the end was near. He lapsed into unconsciousness shortly before noon, and died at 1:21 p. m., with his wife and other members of the family at his bedside.

Without ostentation, the body was taken, Friday, to the Senator's home, in Madison, Wisconsin, for burial. No services were held in Washington. But on insistence of those who stood by his side, the Senator was buried in Madison, Wisconsin, he will lie in state in the capitol there Sunday, and funeral services will be held Monday

in that building, where he once presided as Governor.

**Marriage Licenses.**

Edgar J. Grove and Helen M. Stover, Bellefonte.  
Andy Sutika, Curwensville, and Anna Peit, Glen Richey.  
Edward S. Gordon, Bellefonte, and Ruth A. Summers, Milesburg.  
William H. Kline and Thelma S. Hazel, Bellefonte.  
George W. Griffith, Ebensburg, and Gretchen A. Williams, Howard.  
Byron E. Decker, Spring Mills, and Anna W. Bartges, State College.

**MEDICAL.**

**Why Suffer So?**

Get Back Your Health as Other Bellefonte Folks Have Done.

Too many people suffer lame, aching backs, distressing kidney disorders and rheumatic aches and pains. Often this is due to faulty kidney action and there's danger of hardened arteries, dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Don't let weak kidneys wear you out. Use Doan's Pills before it is too late! Doan's are a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Doan's have helped thousands. Here is one of many Bellefonte cases:

Mrs. Mahala Kreps, Phoenix Ave., says: "My kidneys were in a wretched condition and I suffered a lot with dull, nagging backaches. At night the pains were so severe I couldn't rest. My kidneys acted too often and I had dizzy spells and headaches. Doan's Pills helped me from the first and four boxes cured me. I have had no return of the trouble."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Kreps had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

**A restful night on Lake Erie**

Makes a pleasant break in your journey. A good bed in a clean, cool stateroom, a long sound sleep and an appetizing breakfast in the morning.

Steamers "SEANDBEE"—"CITY OF ERIE"—"CITY OF BUFFALO" Daily May 1st to November 15th

Leave Buffalo—9:00 P. M. / Eastern / Leave Cleveland—9:00 P. M.  
Arrive Cleveland—7:00 A. M. / Standard Time / Arrive Buffalo—7:00 A. M.

\*Steamer "CITY OF BUFFALO" arrives 7:30 A. M.

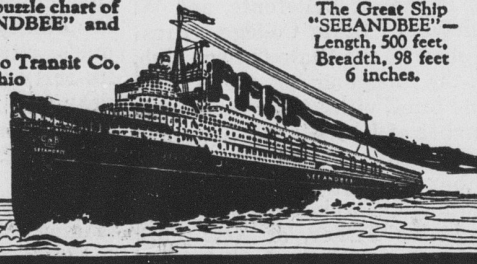
Connections for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and other points. Ask your ticket agent or tourist agency for tickets via C & B Line. New Tourist Automobile Rate—\$7.50.

Send for free sectional puzzle chart of the Great Ship "SEANDBEE" and 32-page booklet.

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Fare, \$5.50

Your Rail Ticket is Good on the Boats



**On Satur. June 27  
We Place on Sale  
43--Mens Suits--43**

---odds and ends taken from our REGULAR STOCK. One and two Suits of a kind. These are regular \$30 and \$35 values. We have priced them FOR THIS DAY ONLY

**\$16.85**

The assortment of sizes is as follows:

2	7	6	7	4	1	2	11	3
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	42	44

**First. Come First. Served  
Be One of the LUCKY ONES**

**A. Fauble**

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**Ready for Vacation Days**

We are prepared to supply Every Vacation Need—whether you go to the Seashore, the Mountains, or stay at home.

A special sale of Silk Dresses—all colors ----- **Sale Price \$13**

A new line of Silk Slips ----- **Sale Price \$2.75**

**Silk Scarfs in All Colors**

**Silk Hose in All Colors Sale Price 95c.**

**Leather Hand Bags in all the shapes—also Beaded Bags----- \$2.50 up**

A complete line of Silk Crepes; also Silk and Cotton Crepes, the new Side-Band Voiles, the English Striped Broadcloth in all colors.

**For the Little Tots**

**Dresses in Voiles and Gingham**

**Play Suits....Socks in Silk and Lisle**

**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**

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