

PHILOSOPHY AND TACKS.

By Levi A. Miller.

My memory is growing a little treacherous; a few days ago my housekeeper asked me to bring some butter from the store when I went after my 2 p. m. mail. I forgot it. At 10 p. m. she asked me if I didn't forget something. "How about the butter?" I was shocked and went forthwith to the store. On arriving there I found only three of the principals of the store in sight. The loungers and hangers-on had retired to their homes, possibly on account of the excessive hot weather. I listened to what occurred to me to be a most interesting conversation. I concluded a little write-up of the same might interest the readers of the "Watchman" (the Democratic Bible), so here I embark.

"What is home without a box of tacks," murmured Sammy, as he adjusted some bits of sticking plaster to his stiff and swollen fingers.

"That's the first purely philosophical utterance I ever heard from you," observed William H. Jr., extending his hand for a shake.

"No you don't, I'll take your word for it until my hammered fingers get well," said Sammy.

"Well, really, my boy, I am sorry for your fingers, but indeed I admire your philosophy," continued Wm. Jr. "How did you happen to strike the vein?"

"It was this way," said Sammy sadly. "I had seated myself on the bread box in lieu of a stepladder, (our neighbor having loaned his to the other fellow), and I was in the act of tacking up that touching motto, 'What is home without a mother,' when I discovered I had no tacks; then it was that I warbled 'what is home without a box of tacks?' Yes, sir, I actually sang it gleefully and would have danced if it had not been for the uncertainty of my standing."

"Inductive philosophy; you will get there if you only keep it up," exclaimed Wm. H. Jr., encouragingly.

"But I don't want to keep it up," roared Sammy. "To the dogs with your inductive philosophy. Look at me! Do I look like a philosopher? Gaze upon these swollen fingers and think of two more carpets to tack. See that branded knee; and it isn't the trousers only that are abraded. Your philosophy may be deducted or inducted, or whatever you please; I want none of it, if it comes through such tribulations as these. However, what is home without a box of tacks?"

"You have changed your tune recently," suggested Abner. "Only a few days ago you were blowing about having bought a hatchet and saw, and a whole outfit of tools with which you were going to beat the carpenters, plumbers, and all sorts of jobbers."

"So I did, and that smashed finger is proof positive that I have a hatchet; this ragged slash across my thumb settles the saw question; that hole in the heart of my hand establishes the fact that I have a brad-awl, and that tip end of my left finger, which I picked out of the saw-dust and ashes, and is now held in place by sundry strips of plaster, ought to satisfy any one that I possess a chisel; a paring chisel."

"Good, good!" interrupted Wm. H. Jr.

"What's good?" roared Sammy. "Your philosophy," replied Wm. H. Jr., cheerfully. "You prove every point as you go along."

"Oh, yes! I seal every one of them with my heart's blood. Yes, indeed, I clinch everything, leave nothing lying around loose; my wife Ruth will testify to this last item. Why, my dear Wm. H. Jr., I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of these things. I thought, and thought, and thought, and at last went to sleep thinking."

"That's right, my boy, that's right. That is the way to become a philosopher. Don't you see already that you are better informed on every day topics than you were? You now realize that there is another side even to carpet-laying. Before, you only saw the side that men usually see, and you could not grasp the version of it given by your wife. That's what it is to be a philosopher. There is always another aspect to a thing or event."

"So I find," said Sammy mournfully. "I had been taught that there was no harm in cheating the plumber. While getting tools I got a few in his line, consisting mainly of a pair of pinchers and a soldering iron. My father-in-law has been at me ever since I got married to get one of these. He says no man can be a christian without a soldering iron, especially in winter when pipes are given to bursting. I thought I could buy one now cheaper, but the man said it is an article that is never out of season."

"What do you do with it," asked Abner.

"Have fun with it," answered Wm. H. Jr. "That is about right," said Sammy. "I had a picnic with mine today. It hapened to notice a little moisture on one of the lead water pipes, which aroused suspicion in my mind that there was a leak somewhere. A little investigation confirmed the suspicion. Ruth said it wasn't worth bothering with, but I silenced her with the 'stitch in time' argument, and at it I went. In about two minutes I had all the solder off the joint and water was fizzing out at a dozen places and I was as wet as if I had a hose turned on me. The women folks had tubs and kettles and pans and buckets, and gum coats and oilcloth strewn around promiscuously, and holding their dresses as high as most of our girls now wear their every day frocks, as if the water were a foot deep."

"Why didn't you solder it and stop the deluge?" asked Abner in amazement.

"That's what they were all asking at the time," replied Sammy, apparently annoyed at the interruption.

"Don't mind him," said Wm. H. Jr., tenderly, "there is no originality about him. His questions have all been asked before."

"I then bethought me that I had forgotten to use rosin. There was some about the house, but a state policeman couldn't have found it, so I had to use sealing wax. It has some rosin in it you know. While hunting for this I had the sharp nosed iron down on the floor, as I am in the habit of doing with my hatchet and tack hammer. Presently the scrub woman came down the stairs, four steps at a jump, yelling that the house was on fire. I noticed a smell of strange smoke myself, and hastening to the kitchen, I found that the utensil which had been so highly recommended by the beloved father of my dear wife had burned a hole through her waterproof and laid waste a section of carpet as big as a man's hand, and right in the middle of the pattern, so that it cannot be patched, and on account of the size of figure it will take a whole yard of stuff to make it look decent."

"Too bad," sighed Abner.

"Too bad!" snorted Sammy. "That's nothing. Taking the alleged useful utensil out of the grate, I again tackled the fizzing pipe. The second application induced the lead to leave the brass spigot, and then the water did fly. I threw the aforesaid useful utensil onto the table, grabbed the pipe and gave it a twist to divert the stream from the ceiling. It then struck the grate and sent out a shower of ashes and live coals equal to the best efforts of Vesuvius. Then I tried to play up the torrent with my finger, which sent the water up my sleeve and down my back. By standing in a tub I was able to keep the flood within bounds, and thus checked the wholesale destruction that had been rampant for what seemed an age."

"I don't see how you ever stood it," said Abner. His tones were mellow with sympathy, and his whole visage was mantled with deepest commiseration.

"How I stood it!" Great Scott, I had to stand it; that's how I stood it," roared Sammy, apparently in as much agony as if he were going through the ordeal again.

"Is the fun still going on," queried Wm. H. Jr., who like a true philosopher was more interested in the upshot of the matter than in the details.

"Oh, no!" replied Sammy, in a more cheerful vein. "Just as the second tub was about to flush over, and I was discussing the propriety of climbing into the kitchen sink in order to take advantage of the waste pipe, in getting rid of the water that was going up my sleeve and down my back, Ruth came in with a plumber. He ran down to the cellar and shut it off."

"Why in the name of sense didn't you think of that?" exclaimed Abner in a loud, contemptuous tone.

"That's what I said to Ruth. I do believe she would have let me drown before such a simple idea as that would have gotten through her hair," replied Sammy.

"What are your deductions?" asked Wm. H. Jr.

"Never try to beat the plumber," replied Sammy with emphasis.

"Shake!" exclaimed Wm. H. Jr.

"Excuse me," begged Sammy, "until I can answer the conundrum, 'what is home without a box of tacks?'"

SAD FOURTH FOR WASHINGTON.

On the 4th day of July, 1754, Colonel George Washington surrendered an army. It was only a small army, but a fort went with it. He experienced on this occasion his first defeat in war, at the hands of the French. Although at that time only twenty-two years of age, he had been placed in command of a small body of troops which was marching toward Fort Duquesne. At a point on the Monongahela river less than forty miles from his destination he heard of the approach of a party of French and Indians, sent to intercept him. Accordingly he fell back to the Great Meadows fifty miles from Cumberland, and hastily erected a stockade, which he called Fort Necessity.

With the help of a friendly Indian sachem, Half King, he attacked the French in their camp at night, killing their commander, Jumonville, and taking a number of prisoners. It was the first blood shed in the French and Indian war.

A few days later Fort Necessity was attacked by 1,500 Indians and French under De Villiers, and Washington surrendered on honorable terms. This was on the morning of July 4. He marched out with his little army of 400 men, drums beating and flags flying, and he and his soldiers returned peacefully to their homes.

Pollen of Showy Flowers Rarely Cause Hay-Fever.

Hay-fever season will soon be here. Sneezing, reddening of the eyes, running at the nose, and other symptoms of the well-known summer discomfort will appear.

According to Dr. E. M. Gress, botanist of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, inoculation will go far toward reducing the susceptibility of persons who suffer every summer. He recommended the patients be inoculated with an extract of the substance from pollen which causes the irritation to the nasal passages.

The malady, said Dr. Gress, is caused by the dust-like pollen grains of certain flowers. They are carried by the wind, and are not carried extensively to hay-fever victims by insects. Usually the damage is done by pollen from the less conspicuous and the more common flowers and weeds. He listed Kentucky blue grass, timothy, red top and rag weed as the principal sources of the pollen that so greatly distresses some unfortunate persons every summer. These plants are common on the average farm, and they grow unchecked in waste places and vacant lots.

Lechner—"What have any of you done to save our timber?"
Voice from rear—"I shot a woodpecker once."

ADOPTING THE DECLARATION.

Although the Fourth is the day that is celebrated by many as that on which the immortal Declaration of Independence was signed, sealed and promulgated, as a matter of fact such is not true. The great document was read to the people on the Fourth after having been approved by Congress, but it was not signed on that day. The facts are these:

On July 2 Jefferson presented for adoption the immortal Declaration after Congress had adopted a resolution presented by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, which had been placed before the body on June 7, 1776. This resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That these united colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.

This resolution was debated for nearly a month, and, owing to the absence of Lee, who had been called home, the defense of it fell on his colleague, Jefferson. It needed defense, for in that Congress were able men who opposed its passage and revolution. Great therefore is America's debt to Jefferson and Lee. On July 2 Lee's resolution was adopted, and Jefferson's draft of the Declaration was adopted on July 4, 1776.

John Hancock, president of Congress, and Charles Thompson, its secretary, immediately signed the document and became thus the first official traitors from an English point of view. It was made public to the citizens by John Nixon, who read it to the citizens of Philadelphia in Independence square. On July 15 it was ordered to be engrossed, and on this being done it was ready for the signers, who appended their names on August 2.

Meanwhile there had been some changes in the personnel of Congress, and many of those who had taken part in the debate against its adoption were displaced, some of them at their own request, and others who had no connection with the historic discussion signed the document. For instance John Dickinson, Edward Biddle, Thomas Willing and Charles Humphreys of Pennsylvania, fought the Declaration, and the Commonwealth sent Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, George Ross and James Wilson to Congress in their places to sign the great paper.

MOTOR CYCLES TO RACE IN ALTOONA BOWL.

Fifty thousand cheering spectators who witnessed the spectacular speed duel at the famous Altoona speedway recently, when Peter DePaolo and Tommy Milton battled for victory in the field of seventeen cars of the automobile classic, on July Fourth will again see one of the supreme contests of the speed world when the leading motor cycle racers of the world meet in the national championship on the big bowl in Altoona.

With a taste of the thrills of extreme speed on the giant mile-and-a-quarter oval, patrons at the track in Altoona from States all over the eastern part of the country have requested tickets for the big Independence day classic of the two-wheel mounts, the first revival of this sensational sport since the old Sheepstead Bay course.

With thousands of motorists already making arrangements to attend, the management reported that they had been requested to make provisions for close to 15,000 motorcycleists alone. These motorcycle clubs from all parts of the United States have made arrangements for going, some of them being forced to ride six days to reach there. Clubs from New Orleans, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines and others equally as far are coming and 300 strong.

Representatives of the big motorcycle factories in Altoona preparing their racing equipment for the big event declare that the sport-loving public will see thrills unknown in the east when the roaring midget motors careen in and out of the steeply pitched turns on the big board track, with the riders hurling them through gaps in the ranks with speed around 120 miles an hour.

A Tribute to a Good Tree.

I do love a good tree. There it stands so strong and sturdy and yet so beautiful, a very type of the best sort of man. How proudly it lifts its bare head to the winter storms and with a full heart it rejoices when the spring has come again! How grand its voice is, too, when it talks with the wind; a thousand aeolian harps cannot equal the beauty of the sighing of the great tree in leaf! All day it points to the sunshine and all night to the stars and thus, passionless, and yet full of life, it endures through the centuries, come storm, come shine, drawing its sustenance from the deep bosom of its mother, Earth, and, as the slow years roll by, learning the great mysteries of growth and decay. And so on and on through the generations, outliving customs, individuals, dynasties—all save the landscape it adorns and human nature—till the appointed day when the wind wins the long battle and rejoices over a reclaimed space, or decay puts the last stroke to his lingering work. Ah, one should always think twice before one cuts down a tree.—H. Rider Haggard.

Be Sure of Binder.

Is the binder in running order? Grain ripens fast when the days are hot and dry, and every kernel lost by cutting over-ripe grain is one less in the bin. It is a pleasure to know that the binder is ready to run from the start to finish of harvest, but repair parts often are slow in coming. Put them on early.

And how did you come to fall in the pond?
I didn't come to fall in—I came to fish.

CHINA'S DANGER POINT.

A new Chinese "civil war" has momentarily diverted interest from the anti-foreign movement centering in Shanghai. But the fighting that has started around Canton is in reality of quite secondary importance as compared with the Communist-agitated strikes and disorders which threaten to dislocate the relations between the Chinese and the foreign element in several of the great trading centers.

The Chinese seem to have lost the ability to settle any issue by means of war. A Chinese "civil war" has little more meaning than a fireworks display. It makes a little difference in the long run which side wins, and the actual fighting is carried on along the lines of an American safety campaign. The art of not getting hurt has been highly developed by both soldiers and commanders.

So long as the Chinese stick to war, the harm they can do is minimal. An anti-foreign movement is much more serious. A Chinese strike can be carried to a point of effectiveness possible in no other part of the world.

The Russian Communists realize this fact and are adapting their tactics accordingly. As an instance, they have promised to indemnify the family of every Chinese killed in striking at Shanghai. The first loyalty of a Chinese is to his family. If by getting himself killed he can bring two or three hundred dollars into the family exchequer, he feels in duty bound to go out and get killed. That more of them have not done so is probably due to doubt about the honesty of the Russian agitators. The Chinese himself is too fundamentally an honest creature not to recognize dishonesty when he sees it.

The little "civil war" at Canton will not settle anything and is not likely to do much harm. A concerted anti-foreign movement might disrupt the life of the nation and involve far-reaching complications. It is in such a movement that real danger lies, and the Russians are making the most of it.

A Free Scholarship in Music.

Any ambitious young man or woman who is a reader of the "Watchman" may secure free instruction in music or elocution.

The Ithaca Conservatory of Music, with the desire to stimulate the study of these arts, offers 100 scholarships valued from \$80 to \$600 each, to deserving applicants from any State in the Union, and which will entitle them to instruction for the term of seven weeks beginning with the opening of the school year, September 22, 1925, in any of the following departments: Voice, violin, piano, composition, elocution, band instruments and public school music. These scholarships are awarded upon competition which is open to any one desiring a musical or literary education. Any one wishing to enter the competition or desiring information should write to Mr. B. L. Johnson, secretary of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y., before September 1, 1925.

Miss Margaret Beezer, of Philipsburg, is a Centre county woman who won a scholarship at Ithaca last year.

Marriage Licenses.

Amos Lee Powell, of East Orange, N. J., and Mary L. Boyd, of State College.

Wilbur T. Gates and Evelyn J. Dolan, Nittany.

John P. Smith and Ethel May Kahlmus, Bellefonte.

Harry Warren Coder, of Williamsport, and Ethel N. Neff, of Howard.

Charles A. Lucas and Rhea M. Lomson, Orviston.

William M. Osman and Catharine P. Chandler, Bellefonte.

Ford Lewis Stump and Thelma I. Wooster, State College.

Emanuel F. Fike, State College, and Adda C. Marshall, Bellefonte.

—Get the Watchman if you want the local news.

BANKING IS Not a Quick-Rich Business Surplus is of slow growth. This Bank was organized in 1863. It now has, after 62 years, an earned surplus of \$250,000.00. This represents earnings, after dividends of a little less than \$4,000 per year. Its present earnings, in large measure, are due to this surplus, slowly accumulated during more than half a century. The First Thought of a Competent Banker is Security--Not Dividends Surplus Gives this Security The First National Bank BELLEFONTE, PA.

Fourth of July Fittingly Observed The Anniversary of this Great Event is always fittingly observed. All who lay claim to patriotism and public-spiritdness unite to laud and magnify the day. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK STATE COLLEGE, PA. MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

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. "SEANDBEE" and "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"—Length, 300 feet. Breadth, 98 feet. 6 inches. The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Co. Cleveland, Ohio. Fare, \$5.50. Your Rail Ticket is Good on the Boats.

Dollar Day Wednesday July 8th It will be a Real Dollar Day at Faubles Mens Dress Shirts \$1.00—reg. \$1.50 value Odds and Ends in Mens Underwear, Union and Two-Piece Suits at . . . \$1.00—values up to \$2.50 Boston Bags . . \$1.00—regular \$1.50 " Boys Bloomers \$1.00—reg. \$1.50 and \$2 " In addition, we will allow a Discount of \$1.00 on every \$5 Purchase made on this day. This includes everything in the store—nothing reserved. It will be a Real Dollar Day at Faubles