

Winchester and London.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Coffelt D. D.

Undoubtedly the most ancient city in England is Winchester and on the top of Twyford Down, behind St. Catherine, the vestiges discover themselves of the great Roman road from Porta Magna to Vinta Blagrum or Winchester. As near as possible we followed this high road through the meadows that stretch away from the Ithen and over the Downs of St. Catherine to the Cathedral City. The ride carries us through some of the most engaging scenery and productive land in Great Britain. Here and there delicate and tempting vales open up their vistas of exquisite green. Single or in pairs are scattered cottages which bespeak a love of beauty unknown among us. If indeed it be true, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage or a bird cage at the casement, you may feel sure that the inmates are better and wiser than their neighbors, then the English peasantry are the best in the world, for nothing impressed me so much in this short journey as the cottages, hidden away amid vines and flowers, like bird-nests in the tree-boughs. All architectural barrenness was covered down by the craft of Nature, the jasmine here, the rose there, and the Virginia creeper everywhere clustered over lattice and threshold and oft running over and clothing with green the whole bracken wall, gave humble but emphatic tokens of attention to something beyond absorption in the mere servile labors of life. From peer to peasant, in England, the love of flowers seems to be deeply rooted. Indeed, traveling everywhere in England, there is the impression that the Englishman's reverence for nature is very strong and he does not hesitate to sacrifice to it the instinct of utility. Much of his fair idle could be put to more productive use than parks and preserves for a gentleman's enjoyment. The fields would grow more corn if the great spreading oaks were cut down, and the purse of the owner would be fuller, but Nature would be robbed of half her loveliness. It is harvest time and the fields are aflame with harvest colors. The men and women and children, with bright colored clothes, are all in the field a-haying. It seems like a gala scene. Familiar with the discomfort of hay-harvest on a Pennsylvania farm, the broiling heat, the flying seeds, the sweat, the intolerable closeness of the mows in the great barn, this scene in the English meadows, with the workers so delightfully cool, the women in their white aprons, was a revelation. Reading Thompson Seaton, in our boyhood, we used to think it an outrageous poetic license that could turn haymaking into a pleasant idyl; but hence forward we could pardon it. If English workmen receive less reward they certainly toil in the fields under less hot and exhausting conditions. The life of an outdoor laborer in England we should think much more endurable than a like condition in America. The sun is an almost unknown quantity in the farmer's calculation and was so coy and distant that year, that they were reduced to the extremity of praying for him to shine once more in mid-summer.

Thus through the beautiful lands we rolled on toward the village of St. Cross and by St. Catherine's Hill, the northern slope of which was covered by the boys of the Winchester College. On the hill, where we lingered to take in a final view of the beauty of the scene, Cromwell stood and from its summit battered the castle of Winchester and forced it to surrender. Over against it, to the northwest, Winchester lifted itself like a battlement against the sky with its vast length of cathedral, the fine tower of its college and the mass of that portion of Charles II palace which still remained. Once the capital and stronghold of southwestern England, Winchester, now derives its chief importance from the ancient and splendid ecclesiastical establishments of which it is the seat, the Bishop of Winchester ranking permanently in dignity next after those of London and Durham. The cathedral, as it now stands, is a nearly complete record of the successive stages of architecture from its rise up to the 16th century. We can credit, without difficulty, the historical tradition that King Lucius, becoming a convert to Christianity, erected here A. D. 164, the first Christian church, on the site of the pagan temple. In the old stones we can read the struggles of the first Roman settlers, the fierce resistance of the Saxons, demolition by the Danes and reparation by the great Alfred. What tragic histories were enacted around about that majestic central tower! How oft did the waves of successive conquest threaten to topple it down but forever it stood, defiantly firm. Not its dedication to the Trinity nor to the apostles, Peter and Paul, saved it, but the honest mason who plumed it true. Portions of the transept and nave, too, are not a day younger than one thousand years and the Norman architecture sketches its rise and fall in the whole exterior. The building is, as usual, in the form of a cross and is one of the largest English cathedrals, being 545 feet long. While the exterior may disappoint by its plainness, the interior amply makes up for the deficiency of outward display. The vast length of the vista made by the nave and the choir with the splendid ceiling overhead, the lines of columns and arches on each hand and the large and beautiful window behind the choir, terminating the view, all contribute to provide an impression of grand solemnity and magnificence. Richness of ornamentation discovers itself in every object examined in detail. Ancient chambers and tombs exhibit some of the finest effects of Gothic sculpture in the world. The chantries of William Wykeham, Bishop Fox, Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Way-

lete are particularly superb. Behind the altar is a stone screen of wonderful elaboration and beauty. The altar is ornamented with West's painting of the "Raising of Lazarus from the Dead," one of his most masterful works. Many relics of antiquity are likewise preserved here.

Lingering in Winchester only long enough to visit the College Chapel, with its famous Jesse Window and the school room on whose walls in old Latin phrase, the scholars are admonished thus, "Either learn or depart, or in the third place, be flogged," we took train and left the old capital for the new, which has so far eclipsed the former in size and grandeur.

LONDON.

Nothing impresses the traveler on arriving in London more forcibly than the comparison he must needs make between the English and American newspaper press, distinctly, it must be confessed, to the disadvantage of the latter. The English people, being pre-eminently a sea-faring nation and a large proportion of her people having their path in the mighty waters, as well as surpassing all other nations in the number and wide distribution of her colonies, the press must needs mirror daily, the round earth in their news columns. From the four quarters of the globe the happenings of each day are flashed to London. To read an English newspaper is an education in cosmopolitanism and breadth of view. The editorials are especially noteworthy, being written by men of light and leading in the literary world who recognize that the press has a mission in educating and correcting public sentiment. Since the passing of Waterson, Dana, Greeley and Curtis, the American newspapers have been dignified by no editors of intellectual distinction. There is nothing in the editorial columns that ranks above the commonplace such as any reporter might write, and so colorless are they that they might be omitted without sense of loss by their readers. As for forming and leading public opinion, they are opportunists trailing far in the rear with ears to the ground and never the courage of a mouse in grappling public wrongs and stemming public abuses. As for the news columns, they are limited in the extreme, rarely describing a larger compass than the city of their publication. The news of the world is conspicuous for its absence. Endless columns are taken up by events better fitted for a Police Gazette, and by the inane functions of the newly rich masquerading as high society. It would seem that a prize fighter's bout is more important than the greatest debate in the Senate Chamber upon subjects of national moment and the issue of a lawn tennis game more noteworthy than the events upon which the destiny of nations may turn. The final deposit made upon one's mind by the perusal of a London daily such as the Times, is a painful realization of the utter provincialism of the staple city newspaper published in the United States.

Our first visit in London was to Westminster Abbey and on that day, we beheld a funeral pageant. The great doors were thrown open and the body of Arthur Penhyn Stanley was being borne to its last receptacle within the walls. No worthier name has ever been added to the Abbey's scroll of distinguished dead. A preacher of Christianity by life as well as word, he was loved and venerated by multitudes who had little veneration for the clergy in general. An ardent defender of the Church of England, he was yet a link between the various sects who, in the violence of their denominationalism, would rend each other and the Church of God in pieces. An enthusiast for humanity, men of all nations met around him and found him, though an Englishman, a real brother. His catholicity of feeling attracted not only all classes of men but the best and highest culture of his time. The thinkers of all climes and all religious parties were irresistibly drawn to the man who appeared behind the books bearing the name of Dean Stanley. His "Jewish Church" will live as a work of genius, but above the genius of his works has always been the eloquence of his personality. If we in America and brethren in the most distant colonies felt this attraction to the man, it was not strange that his death called forth an outburst of grief never before exhibited for any English clergyman. Not only the lesson of Catholicity but of patience and hope to those who think themselves permanently equipped for high uses and grand results might well be drawn from the career of this great man. Arthur Stanley had a poor natural equipment. His was veritably a "vile body" or more truly indeed, a body of humiliation. His voice was not sweet nor magnetic yet his thought was so wholesome and noble men were compelled to listen when he opened his lips. He never could distinguish colors nor see any landscape vividly, yet borrowing the eyes of others he described with as fine a delicacy and power as if his own eye had penetrated every nook and cranny of nature. His taste was defective and but for the watchful care of his friends he would have forgotten to eat, yet he was the most convivial of men apparently and an unrivalled host. With a nature of the most untoward character, he yet conquered every difficulty and was most effective in the aspect of life in which he was equipped the least. What wonder the great Abbey would not hold the mass of humanity who sought to pay his body the last reverence. An unusual hush of grief filled the place as the burial service was chanted and the lesson read by Canon Prothero, assisted by Rev. Dr. Farrar. Then the organ played the "Dead March" in Saul. This is the time when Westminster Abbey is most sublime! The solemn notes of the great organ peal forth.

"The door is closed, but soft and deep Around the awful arches sweep Such airs as soothe a Hermit's sleep. From each carved nook and fretted bend Cornice and gallery seem to send Tones that with seraph hymns might blend."

While the instrument still is play-

ing the cortege moves around the chancel headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, step by step they follow the body under grey, time-worn arches, past tombs long forgotten though they hold royal dust, past antique statues and dusky painted windows to the broad steps behind the altar leading to Henry VII chapel. The steps are lined with choristers. In a niche in the southern corner, behind the Duke de Montpensier, Dean Stanley was placed. The stalls of the Knights of the Bath were filled with weeping ladies and the whole chapel with the representatives of all that is grandest and best in England. Amidst the chanting of the choristers and solemn words of his venerable colleagues and of regretful friends of every class and party and land, Dean Stanley's body is laid in its last resting place against the Day of Resurrection.

Westminster Abbey is pre-eminently as the sepulcher of the philosophers, heroes and Kings of England. As a work of men's hands, the Abbey is indeed one of the most exquisite ideas ever transmuted into stone. It is marked with the impress of antiquity, solemn with religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of ecclesiastical profusion, with dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, splendid arches and dark ceilings. But these impressions are greatly enhanced by the scene of Death's enormous and awful labors, to which Westminster Abbey introduces the beholder. Well may one reverence the power of death, as from the midst of this temple, he casts his eyes around on walls filled with the statues, the inscriptions, the monuments of the illustrious dead. Here you may walk over Kings, who trampled down thousands in their day. They lived like gods in their time but they died like men and now their ashes are but the equal of the less fortunate who repose by their side. Here is the Coronation Chair, in which the Kings and the Queens, from the days of William the Conqueror, A. D. 1066, have sat to be crowned but humble as I am I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest prince of them all. There in yonder south transept are the remains of poets, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Southey, Thompson, who swept with masterly hand all the chords of the human heart; hard by repose the great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens, who delineated with such rare powers the life of their contemporaries in all its varied aspects; next are the inscriptions of the historians, Macaulay, Thirlwall, Grote, who told so eloquently the story of the race's vicissitudes; scientists, too, beginning at the great name of Newton and including many a seer who looked with piercing and successful eyes into the great Arcana of Nature's secrets, doctrinaires, South, Butler, Paley, the Wesley Brothers and many others who moulded the religious convictions of their time; statesmen, such as Lord Catham, Peel; Pitt, Fox, Channing, Palmerston, who guided the nation through great crises very skillfully; musicians, who charmed their fellow men and actors, who diverted them. How many glorious names there are in this Campe Santo of the illustrious dead! What mighty hopes of the human heart were crushed out forever as the stones were laid over them! How has pride attended these puny children of the dust even to the tomb! Could aught signify more profoundly the vanity of human life! They toiled their brief span to gain a transient immortality and all at length retired to the narrow house with no attendant but the worm, no flattery but an epitaph!

"Too frequent dreams of the great busy world Come over me and I pine and strive for fame Widely my life boat's sails are all unfurled And I forget where bound and whence I come. Yet here I pause and pray I may remember Where leads my path and why I sojourn here."

Auto Legislation.

Washington, D. C.—That the automobile still continues to be the favorite form of indoor sport for our favorites is indicated by the fact that approximately five thousand bills legislating for and regulating the automobile will be introduced in the forty-four State Legislatures scheduled to convene this winter.

Thos. P. Henry, President of the A. A. A. at whose instance the survey was made, expressed the opinion that the very progressive and clear-cut program adopted by State automobile and local clubs affiliated with the national motoring body, would prevent the enactments of the most undesirable types of legislation sponsored in some of the Legislatures.

Here are some of the major subjects that will be thrown into the legislative drag-net: The adoption of a uniform motor vehicle law; various gas tax proposals, the majority of them designed to increase the rate of the tax; Compulsory Automobile Liability Insurance; legislation to eliminate speed traps and "gyp" clubs, nationwide reciprocity as to registration and license plates; speed limit legislation; uniform certificates of title laws; drunken drivers' law; legislation dealing with short measures of gasoline and oil.

"While the legislative programs of our motor clubs are by no means uniform but vary according to local conditions, the clubs are on the whole in the vanguard of the battle for sane and necessary legislation," Mr. Henry continued.

"By and large, our survey shows that the great majority of local A. A. A. motoring units throughout the country are either in favor of compulsory automobile insurance or advocate the postponement of the issue until experience in Massachusetts has crystallized into definite knowledge.

—There are a good many folks who need a good kicking after they are down in order to make them realize that they are down and out for good and all.

The Greatest Producer of Silver.

Canada has held the premier place within the Empire as the greatest producer of silver for the past two decades. During the last few years Canada has been the third largest producing country in the world, being outranked only by Mexico and the United States. Last year third place was captured by Peru, whose production exceeded that of Canada by slightly over one and a half million ounces.

The principal producing areas in Canada are, in order of their importance, Ontario, British Columbia, and Yukon. Silver ores have also been found in other parts of the Dominion, but the total productions from these areas has been small. The total recorded production to the end of 1925 is 493 million fine ounces, last year's output being slightly in excess of 20 million ounces. The market price of silver fluctuates from day to day; the highest yearly averages were recorded on the London market in 1853 and 1854 at \$1,348, and in 1920 at \$1,346. The lowest price was in 1915 at \$519. The total market value placed on Canada's production during the years for which records are available (1887 to 1925), based on average market values from year to year was \$318,826,880. In 1925 the production was valued at \$13,815,724.

The mines of Cobalt, South Lorrain, and Gowganda, all in the province of Ontario, are at present Canada's principal silver producers. Ontario's mines have contributed slightly over 363.3 million ounces to the accumulated total of Canada's silver production, of which only 18 million ounces were produced prior to 1903, the year of the discovery of the Cobalt area. The average production in Ontario for each of the past four years was 10.7 million ounces. Dividends paid out to the end of 1925 by silver companies operating in northern Ontario amounted to approximately \$92,000,000.

Silver production in British Columbia and in Yukon is obtained from lead-zinc ores. The present rate of production in British Columbia is about 8,500,000 ounces per annum; Yukon's production last year was about 905,000 ounces. There appears to be every reason to believe that the present rate of production of silver in Canada will be maintained for some years to come. The decline in production in Cobalt has been more than compensated by new discoveries and increased production from South Lorrain and Gowganda, and there has also been an increase in the production from British Columbia.

Man and Wife Graduate at Penn State College.

Impressive ceremonies marked the eighth annual mid-year commencement at the Pennsylvania State College on Tuesday night of this week. Sixty-three bachelor degrees and nine advanced degrees were awarded by president Ralph D. Hetzel. The address was given by the Rev. Moses R. Lovell, of Washington, D. C.

Graduation of a man and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rawl Milo Chase, from the course in education was a feature of the exercises. Mr. Chase is a war veteran completing rehabilitation work at the college and Mrs. Chase was a former high school teacher. Both expect to enter the graduate school immediately to work for advanced degrees and then enter the teaching profession.

President and Mrs. Hetzel held a reception for the graduates at their home on the campus on Tuesday afternoon. The second semester's instructional work at the College started on Monday morning.

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Kept Mother in Mind During Swim.

Mrs. Jane Young, widowed mother of 17-year-old George Young, who won the \$25,000 Catalina Channel swim, was chiefly concerned over her son's comfort.

"Poor boy, I should have been there to look after him," she said. "Wasn't it wonderful! He's such a good boy." It was some time after Mrs. Young had received the news before she could collect her thoughts. Then she was full of praise for George and a bit worried lest after his strenuous swim he was not receiving the proper care.

"I hope they put him in a nice, warm bed when he was through," she said.

Mrs. Young proudly showed the last letter she received from her son before the swim.

"Pray for me, I will put my last ounce of strength and grit into the race," George had written, "and won't give up till I reach the shore in front. I will be thinking of you all the time I am swimming."

The mother advised George "to do your best and don't forget your prayers."

Mrs. Young, then recently widowed, brought her son from Scotland fourteen years ago. For a time she worked as a cook and a waitress, but she became disabled two years ago and George left school to take up the burden of finding a livelihood.

When he was six years old George began to swim in a Y. M. C. A. He soon attracted the attention of Johnny Walker, swimmer instructor at the Granite Club and was trained by the latter.

Walker said he belonged to the "I told you so" class.

"I knew he would be a world beater some day," Walker explained. "Just watch his spray from now on."

Hindu Studies American Farming at College.

Coming all the way from India to study American agricultural methods, D. P. Chowhury, a graduate of the University of Calcutta, this week started as a member of the Junior class in the school of Agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College.

Chowhury's father is owner of more than 250,000 acres of land in the province of Bengal in India, and is anxious to learn the operation and mechanism of American farm machinery and crop handling methods so that he can better supervise the family's vast estate.

Although married and a father, young Chowhury expects to spend two years alone at Penn State to accomplish his aim. He received advanced standing through his work at the University of Calcutta and elected to study agriculture in America rather than enter a law school in England.

In order to become thoroughly familiar with all departments of the Pennsylvania State College, Dr. Ralph D. Hetzel, spends the afternoon on an inspection trip to each school and division in company with its respective Dean or administrative officer. He is taking three weeks to make this thorough survey of the service of each branch, planning to complete the work by February 18.

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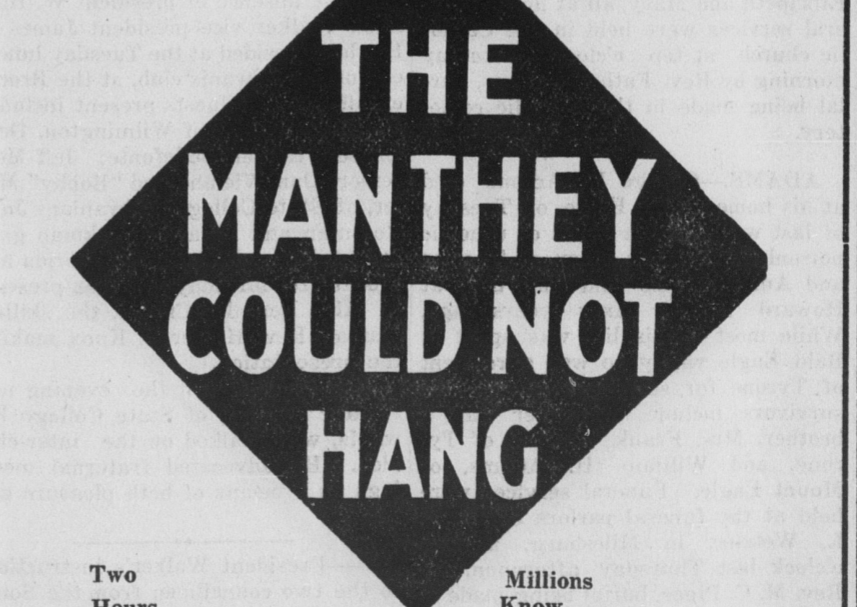
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