

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 4th, 1927.

RICH IN CONTENT.

The earth is fair and beautiful,
And there's enough of light
To chase the shadows all away
And leave our faces bright;
We'll count our blessings every day
And rich in sweet content
We'll scatter sunshine everywhere
Till all our wealth is spent.

No use to grovel in the depths—
No use to grieve and sigh.
Our times are in our Father's hands
And He still rules on high!
Although some joys that others know
To us have been denied—
Hope has not failed. Its generous fund
A rich content supplied.

No use to corner sunshine up
When there's enough for all—
We'll share the blessings of content
Wherever shadows fall.
Our songs shall bear to troubled heart
A message from our own,
A true philosophy of hope
And blessings we have known.

The earth is fair and beautiful,
With joy enough to spare,
Then if we cultivate content
We're sure to get our share;
And when adversity shall come
And clouds shall threaten rain,
Still be content—the storm will pass—
The sun will shine again.

Exchange.

Peasant Life in France.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Collett D. D.

We have often paused at the market places in French cities to note the strange modes of the peasant population. A brawny, muscular hoarse-voiced race it is and a worthy offspring of those peasants who, in the Revolution, helped to storm Versailles and for mere pastime as they passed thither, tore a horse into a hundred fragments, devouring him raw as a sweet morsel. Their faces are coarse and lack intelligence. In their broad, well-knit frames, however, are revealed strong capacities for toil and endurance. They are, in general, comfortably clothed in velveteen or blue coats, and invariably about the neck of each is bound a parti colored handkerchief. He is as brightly attired in his economical dress as any nobleman and as content apparently with himself. As an illustration of peasant life, they are models for the world. Fashion affects them not. On them the political tornadoes, upturning so much of France, have left but slight impression. They talk in the same patois, move in the same narrow scenes of action and enjoyment as did their grandparents, content to accumulate a little gold and hide it away. They come to the city in the same awkward two-wheeled vehicles and they bargain with their customers in the same grimaces and shrugs which have characterized the French for ages.

Attracted by the appearance of these country folk, we decided to seek them in their actual, everyday life and take a ramble afoot through the farm lands of Normandy, the richest and most fertile agricultural region in France. Accordingly, after railroading some 15 miles from the city of Havre, we alighted and went upon a ten mile tramp in the pure country. We entered upon a smiling valley, sprinkled with villages and characterized by remarkable fertility. It offered that graceful blending of pastoral life with arable land, farming with gardening, which is always so agreeable to the eye. The only stilted and ungraceful element in this rural scene, as indeed of all France, was forest trees which line the roads and which are not suffered to grow as they will but are denuded of their limbs for utility sake but surely not for beauty. And yet the trees, so bare of branches, permitted more vivid view of the beautiful green, beneath and beyond. The French will not allow even their trees to be melancholy but compel Nature to assume a bright, jaunty air. Through the valley there flowed a stream, turned off from its bed and put to work in turning the wheels of industry. Almost every bank or hillside had its flowing rivulet, the waters of which from their percolation through the chalk formation, were singularly transparent. Villages and flouring mills on the banks of the stream, at frequent intervals, rustic bridges thrown across the bed leading to delightful little summer houses, and cattle lowing on the brink continually serve to make up a rural picture very cool and comfortable even on a hot August day.

Thus we walk on, amid shade and singing birds and streams, leaping and laughing to their own music, until we emerge on the broad plains of Normandy, much like the Illinois prairies, great far-stretching downs covered with generous harvests and far-stretching carpets of clover, odoriferous thyme and wild flowers that could not be trodden on without delight to more senses than one. Among the chief features of Norman scenery we would remark above all, the orchards and gardens. France is par excellence the land of fruits and vegetables and flowers and we saw, in ten miles of our tramp, more of these than in all our travels combined. True, the only fruits natural and indigenous to France are the fig, apple, pear and plum. But patience and industry have naturalized hundreds besides. The cherry tree brought by Lucullus from Asia, as well as the vine first planted in France by the Romans, now surpasses in her soil the world besides. The Greek colonists on the coast of the Mediterranean transported thither the olive and the raspberry bush. From the discovery of the new world, France obtained the acrivola of Peru, the lycopersicon of Mexico, and the potato of Virginia. The humble padeley was brought from Sardinia, the cardoon from Barbary, the orange and

lemon came from China, the apricot from Armenia and the peach from Persia. The gardens and orchards are adorned now with the productions of Asia, the white mulberries, the walnuts and melons which, for the depth of the edible part and mellow muskiness are incomparable. Lastly the kidney bean, the white endive and lettuce have passed from the burning climate of India to this temperate land of Western Europe and in her gardens have reached their finest perfection. The gardeners of France, without their equals anywhere, have by their art, preserved the lily of Palestine, the sunflower of Peru, the dahlia of Mexico, the balsamine of India, the reseda of Egypt, angelica of Lapland, the tuberose of Ceylon, the tulip of Turkey and the inodorous raulalis, the only monument of St. Lewis' pious expedition into Syria. All these fruits and flowers and vegetables and many besides in wondrous profusion, did we behold along the highway of Normandy. Never before did we dream that this Mother Earth could be turned into such a paradise or be rendered so fruitful by the hand of man. On all sides, pear trees loaded with fruit, flattened themselves against walls like heavy vines economizing space. From bowers of vines, great round melons shone, covered with glass hemispheres. In beds of various colors, vegetables grew as if no weed ever presumed to disturb their peace of mind while from inconceivable spots and corners started beds of flowers of strange fruit-bearing trees.

The homes of the peasants, neat and tasteful, not so much in themselves architecturally but in the gardenesque touches added to them by their occupants, were grouped together rather than scattered over the land as with us. In the Oriental civilization whose history the Bible relates, they farmed from the city, Babylon was to some degree a walled farm. France, in this respect, betrays her Eastern origin as well as her dread of isolation and loneliness. The French method of farming from the village instead of the lonely farm house is the more human plan. In America, insanity is pre-eminently common among the agricultural classes. In homes separated by wide distances from any other human habitation the farmer and his wife are deprived too much of the social element. It savors of the solitary confinement principle in prison management which has not notoriously proved to end in the same results. The farmer is at his work in the fields the day long. When man and wife do come together, it is in fatigue of body and under conditions of familiarity which prevent any sense of mental or social excitement in each other's presence. The laborious days are lonely to both. And the night! Ah! Can anything be more solemnly silent than an isolated farm house in the evening time, when the cows, relieved of their milk lie down to chew the cud of silence and the chickens have gone to their roost and the birds set mute with folded wings amidst the motionless branches. Scarcely a sound! Nothing but the hoot of the owl or the mournful note of the whip-poor-will in the distant forest. What wonder that many are driven by such a lonesome, gloomy life to brooding, to melancholy, to insanity. The French peasant is wiser in his generation. He lives not alone but with others. He leads two lives, one of labor, the other of society. His partner in life does the same. They keep their wits burnished by association with their fellow creatures and in their loneliest and most despondent moods, can fly to the shelter of a human face and a neighbor's presence.

Watching the laborers at their work we perceived that the most antiquated instruments were still in vogue among them. The ploughing was done by two extra large horses attached to the half front of a wagon and the beam was laid up in the most ridiculous manner on the center of the axle. Why the ploughman did not dispense with the half wagon and utilize the shorter draught we could not tell. Doubtless he had no other reason for his elongated method than the fact that he was content to follow in the furrows of his fathers. Further on we watched the woman of the farm change the pickets of the cows in the clover, beautiful, docile creatures, who circling from the pegs, cropped the herbage as neatly as a scythe and mowed the field without trampling the pasture. In this as in the matter of having no fences, the French farmer shows an economy and a wisdom beyond the American and indicates the cause of the wonderful prosperity which enables them to build canals and subscribe so heavily to the foreign flotations and their own national debt.

On every side the farmers were cutting and gathering the harvest. Not a reaper was to be seen, only men wielding cradles followed for the most part by a single woman binding. A solitary Norman horse, (the Norman horses are famous,) sufficed to haul the grain in a high two-wheeled cart with a bed much similar to that of a bark wagon in the United States. Everything was on the petite principle as indeed are the farms averaging not more than 10 acres and yet the yield is not petite, being 60 bushels per acre for wheat and the variety and amount of the products of these little farms would amaze an American farmer, used to the skimming process of agriculture. We examined the grains of oats and wheat and found the kernels wonderfully plump and fully one-third larger than our own. Whatever the result of the year may have been to other countries, France appeared to be blessed with an abundant harvest and the prospect of full granaries.

"My lord rides through his palace gate
My lady sweeps along in state
The sage thinks long on many a thing
The maiden muses on marrying
The minstrel harpeth merrily
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea.
The hunter kills the good red deer
The soldier wars withouten fear.
But fall what'er befall
The farmer he must feed them all."

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

Farmers to Get Electric Light and Power.

Harrisburg.—Farmers in Pennsylvania now have the best opportunity ever made available to them for securing electric light and power, according to leading officials of farm organizations and of the Pennsylvania Electric Association, who base their statement on Order 28 issued by the Public Service Commission.

This Order specifies that electric companies shall extend their city rates to farmers and other consumers getting service from rural extension lines. It provides a plan whereby farmers and the electric companies can cooperate in constructing the electric lines to the advantage and benefit of both parties. It makes it possible for farmers to get their electric current through one meter for both light and power.

The procedure for the farmer who wants electric service is to confer with or write to the electric company which supplies electricity in or nearest to his community, and make a request for service extension. The company will then send a man to canvass the entire situation and to make a proposition to the farmer covering the revenue which the farmer must guarantee to the company before the extension can be made. The Order requires that the electric company must pay the cost of the extension with the understanding that the consumers will pay a monthly minimum charge which will be a fixed percentage of the cost of the line extension.

The consumers, however, have the opportunity to reduce the original cost and the amount of the monthly payments which they must guarantee by contributing labor or material or both. The larger the number of consumers on an extension the lower this minimum can be made, thus giving an incentive to get the whole community lined up.

This new Order applies to all areas in the State not yet being served. It is the result of months of effort on the part of committees of the State Council of Agricultural Extension and of the Pennsylvania Electric Association which represents the electric companies of the State. The effective application of the Order will be facilitated by the continuance of a committee representing both interests whose job it is to see that farmers get electric service in accordance with the order.

Authorities on electrification report that in order to build line extension to connect 80 per cent. of the farms in the arable area in Pennsylvania the electric companies will have to spend approximately eighty million dollars and construct many hundreds of miles of pole lines. They, therefore, call attention to the fact that this electric service cannot be extended to a majority of the farms all at once, but rather extension of lines will start at the source of power and continually branch out into the more sparsely settled area in the State.

It is estimated that at least ten years will be required to bring to completion an electrification program of such large proportions, and it will be necessary to practice patience on the part of prospective electric users who are so unfortunately situated geographically as to be remote from the source.

The Order becomes effective April 1 and requires that all electric companies in the State must file rates with the Public Service Commission on or before March 1.

Copies of Order 28 can be secured by writing to the Public Service Commission at Harrisburg.

Not an Easy Matter to Tell Deer's Age.

It is impossible, says the United States biological survey, to tell the age of the deer tribe by the number of points on the antlers. There is a popular notion that every time a deer sheds its horns—which is once a year—the horn grows out with an extra point. In a general way this is true. But the growth of the antlers is dependent on a number of circumstances, notably the general physical condition of the animal and its virility. As a rule the horns begin as single points and increase in size and number of points up to whatever may be the maximum, but the increase in size in several years may not be strictly progressive. As the animal becomes old there is a tendency for the horns to be smaller with fewer points. A point is an individual tine or snag of the antlers. A deer with one point on each side is called a two-point deer; one with two points on each side, a four-point deer, and so on. The reindeer differs from all other deer in that the females of this species also have horns.

Airplane Salvage.

One of the busiest and more important departments of the army air service at McCook field, at Dayton, Ohio, is the salvage department. When an airplane becomes unsafe for flying or is damaged in an accident to an extent that makes it unsafe, it goes to the salvage department. Every part, every piece of material that holds the slightest promise of future service is taken from the ship, inspected and either used again or sold. The discarded ship is stripped of everything that is valuable and only a husk remains. Those mechanical and other parts that are believed to be of further service undergo the same inspection as new parts, and if they pass, are put back in stock. The miscellaneous metal scraps are sold as junk.

Stings of 300 Bees Cure Rheumatic Cripple.

Leicester, England.—Almost crippled for many years by rheumatism, Jack Holt, of Leicester, has been cured by being stung by 300 bees. After spending thousands of dollars on treatment at spas, Holt decided to try the old-fashioned "cure" of being stung on the hands by three-hundred bees. The bees were held against his skin in tweezers.

Treasures Placed on Altar of Friendship

A Washington man who spent some months in a rooming house in New York brought home a small yarn to a woman who tabbed them down:

"In the house where I put up I was in a room that had just been vacated by an old Englishman, who had lived in it for years. His income was so small that after settling for his rent and laundry he had 20 cents a day for food.

"Nobody guessed it, because he was so dignified and proper. One day he brought home another old gentleman and they shared the 20 cents between them until the adopted one was taken ill. Illness calls for doctors, so the old Englishman brought to the room a man who came in a car, and when he went away carried some books for which he had paid \$4000.

"When the excited landlady wanted to know why, for goodness sake, he hadn't sold the books before, the old gentleman told her that he would have suffered any personal privation rather than part with his hand-down treasures, but with a sick friend it was different.

"And when you figure it out that his friend was just a poor old fellow he had picked off a park bench because he had no better home, you can understand how proud I was to inherit his room."—Washington Star.

Rites Severe Strain on Physical Strength

When Hindu pilgrims visit a sacred place they go around the spot by continuous series of prostrations.

They carry a stone in their hands and when they drop on the ground they stretch their arms out as far as possible and leave the stone on the ground so as to measure their length.

Then they arise, walk the six or seven feet to the stone, and pick it up. Again they prostrate themselves, leave the stone, arise, and so on until they have returned to the starting point.

Many of the circuits are more than three miles in length, and it requires an entire day to make the whole trip.

Each mile usually requires one thousand prostrations, and when a devotee has dropped three thousand times he is so nearly dead that he rolls over in the dirt to the side of the road and rests there until the next day.

Napoleon Rude to Women

Seeing that the emperor was inclined to be talkative (1815, after the return from Elba), I told him that in general women did not like him because he did not bother to be agreeable to them, although they influenced the minds of men far more than he perhaps realized.

Napoleon laughed and said: "Do you think the empire ought to fall into the hands of the women? When I compliment them on their appearance or tell them they are not becomingly gowned, what more can I say? I have other things to think about. They have changed beyond recognition since I have been away. Now they all talk politics, whereas before they talked about clothes."—From the Memoirs of Queen Hortense, in Revue des Deux Mondes, Paris (Translated for the Kansas City Star).

Tame Monkeys Outcasts

After monkeys have lived with human beings for a time they are looked upon as outcasts by their wild relatives. And should one of them escape and return to the forest, as they sometimes do, and try to rejoin its tribe, it is attacked by the others and driven away or put to death.

On several occasions I have seen wild monkeys chasing pets, and once I witnessed an execution. It was a terrible thing, for the monkeys are savage fighters and utterly relentless when excited and angry. I have known them to wait patiently day after day near a village for an opportunity to kill a captive relative.

Hatred, jealousy and suspicion are as highly developed in the monkey family as in the human race.—Della J. Akley in the Saturday Evening Post.

He Is a Fighter

The American badger's habitat varies from pine forests or dry tropical lowlands to the northern plains, wherever there is to be found an abundance of mice, gophers, ground squirrels, prairie dogs or other small mammals. It is a powerful digging machine and can capture any of them at will, says Nature Magazine. Although a member of the weasel family, the badger is not nearly so agile as its relatives, so must make up by strength and courage what it lacks in quickness. It is short-legged and squat, so slow-footed that a man may overtake it, but when brought to bay it fights viciously.

Fared to Tell Mother

Mrs. W. E. K. as a child lived in a small western town during a terrible epidemic of smallpox. She was sitting on the curb in front of her home, with the little boy next door, when along came the "pest wagon" and stopped. Two men in long rubber coats and hats jumped out. "I wonder who they are after?" she asked the boy. "They have come for me," he said. She writes: "My young legs carried me away from that place and I hid under an old culvert for hours. It was many weeks before my mother found out what ailed her child—every time the doorbell rang."—Capper's Weekly.

Life's End Sometimes Welcomed as Friend

I went in where he sat groaning beside his fire on a warm spring day, and I said, "What makes you do that grandfather?"

"Do what?"
"Groan like that."
"Groan?" he said. "When did I groan?"

"Just now. For that matter, you do it dozens of times a day."

"No!" he said, and he seemed surprised. "Do I? I think you must be mistaken." Then he looked dreamily at his fire for a moment, seeming to forget both me and my question. "Oh ho, ho, ha, hum!" he said.

"There! You did it just then, grandfather. Didn't you know it?"
"I believe I did groan then," he said. "Perhaps you're right. Yes, I suppose you must be."

"Don't you feel well?"
"Well? Yes, I'm not ill."

"Then why do you groan so often?"
"It must be," he answered thoughtfully, "it must be because I'm not dead."

"That startled me. 'Good gracious!' I cried. 'You don't want to die, do you?'"

I might as well have been shocked by a starving man's wanting food. My grandfather was a gentle manly soul; but I think he may have been tempted to call me an idiot.

"Don't I, though?" he said testily. "What do you imagine I want to stay like this for? Eyes almost useless, teeth gone, hearing bad, legs bad, back bent, fingers too warped and shaky to serve me—and all of me useless to any one, to myself most of all. 'Don't want to die!' What on earth do you mean?"—From "The Golden Age" by Booth Tarkington.

Beautiful Bird, but Has Bad Reputation

Mexico has contributed a number of striking species of birds to the lower Rio Grande valley of Texas, but none more handsome, more mischievous or more provocative of interest than the large green, yellow, blue and black member of the crow-jay family, says Nature Magazine. He is nearly a foot in length, his upper parts are a lovely blue-green; the crown of the head and hind-neck, a deep, rich blue. The forehead is almost white and the chin, throat, chest and eye region, black. The shoulders, rump and upper tail are yellowish green, the four middle tail feathers being a darker, brighter green, while the outer ones are yellow.

He is an inveterate robber of the nests of wild birds as well as those of domestic fowls.

Blackened Character

The city of Pueblo, Colo., is on account of its smelting and refining works, one of the smokiest cities in the world. One winter a traveler stepped from a train at Denver, and walking up to a policeman, asked him the way to a certain hotel. The officer cast a scornful eye on the man, who was covered with soot and grime, so that he looked like a chimney sweep, and laconically inquired of the stranger if he were a coal miner.

"No," said the dirty one, "I am not a coal miner nor a charcoal burner. Neither am I in the coal business. More than that, I am not a negro minstrel."

"What are you?" asked the policeman.

"Lean down," said the man, "and I will whisper to you. I am a millionaire in sore distress. I have been through a snowstorm in Pueblo."

Land of Lottery

Lottery tickets are sold in Madrid just the same as newspapers are sold on the streets in the United States. One is never out of range of the lottery ticket seller. Everybody indulges in this dissipation, and there is ample opportunity for there is a state lottery distribution every two weeks. There are official agencies, but these seem to be patronized only by those who buy the tickets to sell again. Ordinarily purchases are made of the persons along the street who call their wares just as the huckster and newsboys do, and as the day for the drawing approaches they grow more and more excited, each one claiming that he is about to sell the lucky ticket.

Hunchbacks are the best salesmen, for there is a superstition that these persons bring or give luck.—Chicago Journal.

Harbors Lacking in Chile

Chile is a land without harbors. Steamers stop in the open sea and boats come alongside. The water is filled with sea lions, and the rowers often have to push them away with their oars.

Antofagasta is a busy town, built upon rock and sand. In order to make a public garden the people had to import earth from other countries, but the small flowering park is a tribute to the people's tenacity.

The chief means of transportation still is the cart to which are hitched horses or oxen.

Vantage Points

A certain motorist, very indignant, indeed, drew up beside a young man on a country road. "See here!" he shouted to the young fellow, "why do you have these humps every where and there on this road?"

"Why," said the young fellow, with a simulated air of surprise, "didn't you notice? They were put there so as to give a fellow's car a start to jump the puddles!"

Mardi Gras Enters Its Second Century.

New Orleans, La.—The famous Mardi Gras carnival at New Orleans, which this year enters its second century, is one of the world's greatest festivals. It was first celebrated in 1827, and since then it has grown in magnitude, beauty and gaiety. Mardi Gras this year is March 1.

The Mardi Gras carnival at first was just a procession of maskers. In 1837 a tableau was given for the first time. In 1839 there was a pageant, which had as its dominant figure an immense rooster six feet high, whose stentorian cries and flapping wings caused boisterous merriment among the witnessing throngs.

Eighteen years later, in 1857, the oldest of New Orleans' interesting family Krewe, the mystic Krewe of Comus, came into being. Its parade is the last of the Mardi Gras pageants. The Rex Society, whose king and queen are the rulers of the carnival, was organized in 1872. The Rex parade is one of the big events of Mardi Gras day. The Krewe of Momus was also formed in 1872. Its parade and ball on the last Thursday before Lent mark the opening of the grand climax of the Mardi Gras season. The Krewe of Proteus, founded in 1882, had its parade on the Monday night before Mardi Gras. These are the major organizations, but minor organizations by the hundred contribute their share to the city's gaiety.

Plans for this year's pageant were begun almost as soon as the sounds of last year's revelry had faded. Within thirty days after the close of the 1926 Mardi Gras, artists were at work designing floats and costumes for the pageantry of 1927.

The Mardi Gras season this year was formally opened Jan. 6th by the Twelfth Night Revelers. From then on the revels wax in number and in gaiety day by day. Lavish, sumptuous balls follow each other closer and closer, until the social life of New Orleans becomes one continuous whirl.

The climax begins with the parade and ball of Momus, which took place this year on February 24. Today came the ball of the Mystic Club. Monday afternoon, February 28, Rex enters his realm in state, attended by soldiers, sailors and the lords and dukes of his household, and is given the keys of the city. That night the magnificent parade and ball of Proteus take place.

The next day is Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday in English). From the first flush of dawn the carnival spirit rules the city, and people through the streets, dancing, singing, laughing.

Early in the afternoon comes the glittering parade of Rex, followed at night by the Rex ball, which is open to all, and by the parade and ball of Comus. The revelry continues until midnight, when the bell in the old cathedral tolls the knell of the carnival, and the solemnity of Lent descends upon the city.

Bobbed Hair Seems Doomed, Belief of University Girls.

Boston.—This year may see the swing back to long hair. Indications in that direction are seen throughout New England colleges where once bobbed hair girls are turning to the braid and the hairpin. Reports from Simmons, Radcliffe, Wellesley and Smith, strongholds of feminine independence, show that the bob is on the wane and that the "sophisticated coiffure" may supplant it.

Numerous reasons are given for the change but the most prominent one is that "we are sick of seeing ears, ears, and bristly necks." Many complain of too many trips to the barber shop; others "don't want to look like every girl we meet"; some say that long hair has more individuality, while one intends to let her hair grow because the "boy friend" likes it so.

The consensus among these college girls seems to be that they consider bobbed hair not as good as they first thought. Many were of the opinion that the day of mannish fashions for women had passed, and having had their fling of freedom, are willing to revert to former standards.

Various modes of fixing the hair in the "in between" period are now being employed. This period has produced almost a new sort of coiffure in itself. The "awkward" stage has revealed the real ingenuity of the college girl to meet the change in hair styles, and in this case she has come through successfully.

Though many admit that the very thought of letting the hair grow presents a trying problem, they are willing to pass through the ordeal to regain their crowning glory.

To Amend Marriage Laws.

The legislative fever for the correction of State marriage laws appears to have infected Maryland, and it is about time. A dispatch from Annapolis reports that Henry L. Conway, representing the Fifth Legislative district, has introduced in the House a bill providing that no marriage license shall be issued until 48 hours have elapsed from the time of making application. If this bill becomes a law—and this, of course, is by no means assured—it will mean the complete elimination of that Gretna Green which has become a nuisance. Philadelphia, for several years past, has been supplying most of the foolish young couples whose fees have built up such a profitable business for certain Maryland marrying parsons. Philadelphia, therefore, has a much keener interest in this than in any other legislative measure recently introduced in the Maryland Legislature.

Old German Bible Dates Back to 1580.

What is believed to be the oldest Bible in the State of Pennsylvania was located in Lancaster and is the property of Jacob Shank, 513 South Lime street. The Bible is printed in German and is dated 1580.

The Bible is a very large book and printed in large German type. The date of the book is still plainly printed on the outside of the cover.—The Lititz Record.