

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., October 28, 1927.

THE STRONG MAN'S CODE.

To love the Truth and to fight for it
No matter what fate betide,
To toil through the day and night for it
And never to turn aside;
To hold his honor dear to him
As long as the game shall last,
To follow the course that's clear to him
To the End of the World—and past.

To help the weak and the faltering,
The weary among the throng,
Yet keep, with a Will unaltering,
His place with the Stern and Strong;
To bear the ills that are bearable
With a courage that will not tire,
Being slow to wrath, but terrible
When roused to a righteous ire.

To stand by his comrades loyally
Through stormy weather or fair;
To spend his substance royally
Whenever the need is there;
To face his Fate and to be bold to her
Whenever she blocks the road;
To love One Woman and hold to her—
That is the Strong Man's Code!

—N. E. A. Bulletin.

STARR STERLING'S PROBLEM.

I'm telling you Peters, Northway has lost his nerve. I knocked him cold with a wild ball two weeks ago and he's been no good since," Chip Bascombe, captain of the Beamsville team was holding a guarded conversation with Demon Peters the new Cedarvale twirler. It was taking place in the empty dressing room of the Cedarvale Athletic Club.

Still scheming Bascombe had come over to witness the game between Cedarvale and Riverview the following day. He was now attempting to clinch what he considered a sure win for the Cedarvale team.

"You've just about got the game packed away in the ice-house," he continued, "but to make it a dead sure thing get Northway's nerve and get it early in the game."

The new Cedarvale pitcher regarded Chip with a derisive smile.

"Say, Bascombe, maybe you don't know my record. I ain't advertisin' it around. But I got a record of two years in the International to my baseball account, and four more in the fastest little team the Pacific Coast ever saw. Boozie knocked me cold in both leagues, but I don't have to send nobody to the hospital to win this little game tomorrow. Those birds won't see the old pill after it leaves my fist. 'Speed?' he continued boastfully. "Why say Bo! they used to call me 'forked lightning'."

Bascombe shook his head. "Don't get the idea, Peters, that you're running into any cinch. Sterling and Northway are just as good a battery as anything I've seen outside the big leagues. If Northway could give him the right kind of support you'd eat dirt tomorrow. Listen to me—you tap him once with that ball and his nerve's gone for the game. He's dropped the last two for the same reason."

"Now, you listen to me Bascombe," broke in Peters. "I'm going to win tomorrow's game without gettin' anybody ready for no funeral—Everyone of those birds is goin' to wave his stick through the ozone without hittin' nothin'. That's goin' to be the kind of game you're going to see. Demon Peters was hurt. With a contemptuous snort, he turned and left Bascombe standing there.

Harry Northway lay on his bed in the Mansion House tossing restlessly. For Northway was haunted—the ghost returned again and again. It was the ghost of fear.

"You're afraid," it mocked him. You'll be afraid the next time you stand at the plate—afraid you'll be knocked out again."

For two weeks this fear had haunted him, he couldn't escape it. Suddenly he sat upright in bed. He hadn't locked his door. Slipping quickly out of bed he hurried to the door and bolted it.

In another room Sterling lay gazing into the blackness. He was worried—worried about Northway. Two games had been lost by Harry in the last two weeks. Once he deliberately left a high foul that would have retired Long Point hit the ground. On another occasion he had refused to stand up to the plate and had been called out on strikes. He had coaxed, threatened, done everything to bring Northway back to his old self but he had failed. And now the game with Cedarvale. The Riverviews would be in the cellar if they lost any more.

Then Sterling dozed, drifted into a sleep filled with disturbing dreams. He was struggling through billows of smoke coughing, spluttering plunging on and on. It seemed as if he would never escape. Then he awakened, sat bolt upright. Something was burning. He ran to the door and pulled it open. A cloud of smoke enveloped him. The place was afire. Slipping on clothes he ran into the corridor.

Now from below came the noise of shouting—the sound of running feet. The rest of the fellows—where were they? Running along the hall he flung each door open, shouting as he ran.

In a moment the passage was alive with confused voices.

"Down the stair!" yelled Sterling, "Fire."

"Down the stair!"
"Pell mell they stumbled down the stairway. Starr checked them off as they passed. They were all there. No! Northway was missing. Northway's room was the last on the passage. He had missed it."

Back Starr sprang to Harry's room flinging himself upon the door. It did not give. Northway had locked himself in. Furiously Sterling beat upon it. There was no answer. Had Harry been overcome with smoke? No? Northway had heard him. He was coming to the door.

The deserted hall was filling rapidly with smoke.

Sterling's eyes were smarting. He was beginning to cough.

At that moment the door opened and Harry bewildered and still half asleep staggered out.

"Fire! The place is afire," cried Sterling. "Grab some clothes and follow me."

Down the passage through the smoky fog plunged the boys. They had reached the stairs. There a sheet of flame swept up the stairway, burst through the gray fog, and drove them back.

White faced Northway turned to Sterling. "Starr," he coughingly gasped, "we're trapped." Sterling did not answer.

Grasping Harry by the arm he hurried him to the stairway leading to the third floor.

"Up," he tersely commanded, "the roof." Two steps at a time the boys raced to the next landing.

On several occasions that summer while playing the boys had stayed at the Mansion House, and Starr was somewhat familiar with the place. On the top was a large store room. Here Sterling hoped to find rope. He was not disappointed. A large coil lay on the floor. Seizing it he ran to the window and looked out.

Three stories below a crowd of people had gathered. As they saw Sterling, a great shout went up. Several were signalling to him. For a moment he did not grasp the meaning of their signals. Then he knew. The fire had started in the front of the house. Already the flames like a host of ravenous serpents were coiling upward licking their way to the third story.

Quickly Sterling and Northway ran through the hall to the back of the hotel. A door blocked their passage. It was locked. Again and again they threw themselves upon it. It did not budge an inch.

"Out of the front window to the roof," cried Sterling. "Our only chance."

Back into the lumber room they raced. It was then that Sterling thought of Northway. Had Harry the nerve?

"Harry," he said, we've got to get out of this mess and apparently there is only one way. That's through the window to the roof. I'll go first. When I drop the rope, you follow."

With the rope wound about him, up to the sill sprang Sterling—through the crackling roar he could hear the voices from below. Ten feet above stretched the flat roof of the building, which offered a way to safety.

Cautiously he drew himself up. A misstep would send him hurtling through space into the crowd below. Now he had reached the upper part of the framework. How his fingers dug into each welcome crevice of the claspboard building. Now they reached the edge of the roof. Slowly he drew himself up. Into those few seconds he crowded every ounce of energy and determination he possessed. It was the greatest struggle for life that he had ever experienced. Now he had breasted the roof. Now one leg was over. Then with a superhuman heave he flung himself over and lay panting there.

He lay for a moment only. The next he was on his feet. Quickly he uncoiled the rope about his waist and leaned over the edge. Ten feet below amid the curling smoke he could see the white face of Northway. "Fasten it around you," he shouted, as he dropped at least twenty feet of rope. Then Northway, with outstretched arms, drew it in.

The waiting seemed hours. Great tongues of flame were licking the face of the building. Would Northway never come?

"Harry, he shouted.

There was no reply—slowly he pulled the rope in. Then it grew taut, and Starr felt the dead weight of Harry's body at the other end. Northway had either fainted or had been overcome with smoke.

Running back, Starr flung the rope about the chimney. In a flash he had knotted it securely. Now he was back at the edge. Seizing the rope and twisting his legs around it as quickly as he dared he let himself down.

The smoke was shifting. Great jagged flames were beginning to shoot through the dense fog that was rolling upward, as Sterling's feet touched the sill. The hot breath of one of these fiery tongues scorched his clothing.

A jump and Starr was inside. Through the smoke he could see Harry struggling to his feet. "The smoke," he choked, "almost finished me."

"Out Harry quick," shouted Sterling, rousing Northway to action. Throwing one arm about Northway he hurried him to the window.

He terrified the boys eyes rested on their rope. It was in flames. Above them for an instant it writhed like some fiery serpent, then the blazing end fell through the window and a sheet of flame drove them back. They were trapped in the burning building. Both boys were stunned with the thought of the peril that faced them.

Then a miracle occurred. The ghost of fear that had haunted Harry for two weeks suddenly left him. He was facing a greater danger than he had ever faced. Yet at that moment he became calm and collected.

Throwing the rope from beneath his arms, he caught Starr by the shoulder.

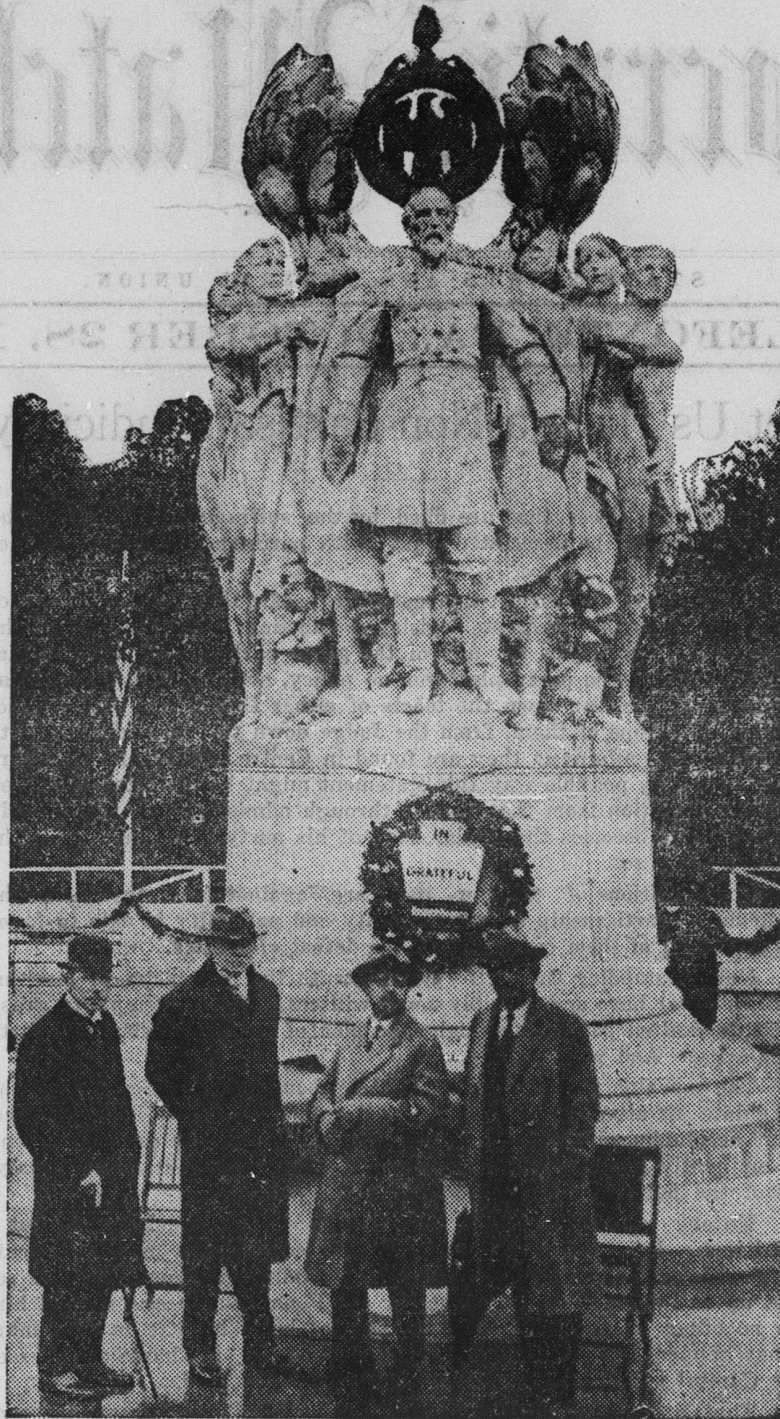
Come Sterling, we've got to find another way out and find it fast.

"Look," he cried, "where does that door lead to?"

Sterling looked in the direction toward which Northway had pointed. When in the room on a previous occasion the door he saw had been blocked by old furniture. Otherwise Harry was already there. The door was locked. But two crashing blows with an axe Northway had picked up smashed the lower panels. In an instant they were through.

It was a narrow hallway in which

VICTOR OF GETTYSBURG IN MARBLE



Front view of the sculptured allegorical group in the center of the General George Gordon Meade Memorial in Washington just presented by the State of Pennsylvania to the Federal Government. In the foreground, left to right, are Edward P. Simon and Grant M. Simon, of Philadelphia, architects of the memorial; Nicola d'Ascenzo, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Art Commission, and Cettulo Piccirilli, of New York, who executed the design of the memorial.

they found themselves, a sharp turn led to the rear of the house, here breathing was easier.

While it had seemed hours to Sterling since he had aroused Harry from his sleep, actually not more than ten minutes had passed, and while the fire had made considerable headway in the front portion of the house it had not yet eaten its way to the rear. True ghostly trails of grey were shooting through the corridor and as Starr flung open the window at the end of the hall he could see smoke curling upward from the windows on the lower floors.

Ten feet blow lay the roof of the kitchen. There lay safety but between them and safety lay an alley of at least six feet, the kitchen being separated from the main house and connected by a covered passage further down.

It was Harry who spoke, his voice and nerve were as steady as a rock. "We've got to jump it old man, but we'll have to get rid of this framework first. We can't do much crouching with that in, look out for flying glass. Here goes."

The framework was demolished in a moment.

"Now for the jump—I'll go first," volunteered Harry, springing to the sill. For a second only he hesitated, then Starr saw him spring clear his body streaking through the air on its down flight.

His feet struck near the edge—perilously near. Sterling's hands clenched the woodwork as he saw Northway sway on the edge, then he fell forward on his face. He was up again in a jiffy.

"All right old man," he shouted. "Shoot!"

Starr crouched then launched himself through space. His spring carried him further than Northway. He stumbled, then was on his feet.

Some of the crowd had seen the boys and a ladder was quickly run up. Then Harry and Starr felt the arms of their friends around them.

Never had such a crowd gathered on the Cedarvale Athletic Field. The reputation of Demon Peters had drawn hundreds from the surrounding country.

Through the prompt action of the local fire dept., the greater part of the Mansion House had been saved. Those visitors whose rooms had been destroyed had secured temporary accommodation elsewhere. Fortunately the uniforms of the visiting team had been in the store room.

It was a long hard struggle, eight innings had passed without either team making a run. Both Peters and Sterling were pitching no hit games.

"Demon" Peters was giving the crowd all they had hoped for. Terrific speed combined with faultless placing control kept the crowd gasping.

On the other hand Sterling's twirling had been of the veteran variety. True, there was two stages—once in the third and again in the fifth when it seemed that the Cedarvales had solved his delivery. But the remarkable work of Larkspur at short and Halliday in the right field had saved the Riverviews.

Sterling had been studying Peters. As captain he had endeavored to analyze the Cedarvale twirler and find if possible his weak spot. For he was sure that Demon had his weak

spot otherwise he would have still been working in the big leagues.

Early in the eighth he discovered one of them, Peters had an ungovernable temper—a lack of self control. Such a pitcher is unreliable. A captain can never tell when he'll throw the entire game.

Sterling had changed his batting order somewhat and Gray was heading the list. For the eighth Paul was hit a glancing blow from a swift in-shoot. He took first and Anderson trotted down to the coaching line.

"We're away—We're away," he chirruped. "Peters of the big league is going—going—gone."

Peters shot a malevolent glance in Jim's direction, then burnt the air with a dizzy drop.

Larkspur followed Gray by dumping a slow ball toward short. Hopkins at short made a drive for the ball. Simultaneously Peters left the box and attempted to scoop it up. At Peters' move Hopkins stopped dead. Peters had misjudged the ball and succeeded only in diverting its course. Hopkins cuffed it down. When he recovered, Lark had crossed first and Gray was clinging to the second sack.

Then Demon Peters blazed out. His insulting, cutting words brought the blood to Hopkins face. The short stop opened his mouth to speak but closed it again without retorting, but the red spot burned in either cheek as he returned to his position. In that moment Sterling discovered Peters weakness.

Anderson at first was jubilant. "My, Oh, my, the merry go round has started. Get aboard! Get aboard!"

Peters kicked a pebble out of the box. He was in a savage humor and fast losing that calm assurance that had characterized his playing all through the game.

Sterling selected a bat and stepped to the plate. With two men on base and none out, the grand stand and bleachers grew feverish with excitement. Sterling realized that a golden opportunity lay just within his grasp. A single would fill the sacks, a two bagger bring in a run that might win the game.

Then Peters sent one sizzling over. It was wide. So wide that Jones the Cedarvale backstop had to extend himself to gather it in. Two more of the same variety followed. Would Peters walk Sterling?

With all the speed he could command, the Cedarvale pitcher delivered his fourth ball. Sterling jumped to avoid it. Too late! Starr dropped across the plate as if he had been shot.

But Sterling's jump had saved him. The ball had struck him but glancingly and only with sufficient force to cause him to stand and fall.

Jones helped him to his feet, and waving off a substitute runner he walked slowly down to first. The bases were full.

Then Halliday who followed Sterling struck out. With one out Anderson walked to the plate. Three pitched balls sent him back to the bench. The bases were still full but two men were out.

Peters apparently had settled back into his old time form and Harry Northway had absolute control of his pitching.

For a moment as Harry faced Peters he felt nervous. The fear threatened to return. Something seemed to whisper in his ear—You can't do it.

Peters will knock you cold if you don't step back. He was trembling slightly now. The fate of the game lay in his hands.

Then Peters delivered the ball—delivered it straight at Northway it seemed and with the speed of a bullet. And Harry drew back—but drew back to lamb the old pill for a ride that sent it sizzling into centre field.

Brown, the star gardner of the Silver River league, saw it coming, then turned his back on the ball, and ran. Suddenly he flung up his arm into his glove and stuck there,—but only for a moment. As his feet touched the ground he stumbled and the ball bounded from him.

With the first crack of the bat—Gray and Larkspur and Sterling were off like a bunch of frightened whippersnappers. It was hit and run, with a deep throated roar that shook the grandstand every man was on his feet. Brown had lost the ball.

When the ball was returned to the diamond three tallies were chalked up for Riverview—and Harry was hugging third.

Price, who followed, struck out, but Price didn't count. Northway's three bagger had won the game.

"Harry old man," said Sterling affectionately as he flung one arm over Northway's shoulder. "You've won two games today. One with Cedarvale and the other a greater victory still—the one over yourself."

—From the Reformatory Record.

Dogs Readily Detect Unreality of "Movies"

Cats, birds and snakes respond to motion pictures as if they were real, but dogs cannot be fooled, according to tests made by a German scientist. The dogs paid no attention even when pictures of other dogs were shown. The only exception was when a little dachshund ran up to the screen, sniffed at the people shown on it and then suddenly lost interest, apparently satisfied that the figures were not real, relates Popular Mechanics Magazine. Cats bristled defiance when a large dog appeared on the screen, domestic fowl showed fright at the sight of a hawk hovering over a field, and wild birds showed different degrees of interest. An excitable rooster flew repeatedly at an imaginary enemy on the screen. When pictures of flies and worms were shown in their natural size on a white screen, various reptiles snapped at them and evidenced astonishment when they caught nothing.

Saving Search

The kind woman noticed an old man, whose right leg was gone, standing on a street corner with a perplexed look on his face.

"My poor man," she said, "are you lost?"

"No, ma'am," he replied. "I'm looking for a feller that got his left leg shot off in battle."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know that," was the reply, "but he wears a number ten shoe."

"For heaven's sake, if you don't know who he is, how do you know he wears a number ten shoe?"

"I ain't sure he does, but it stands to reason that if he don't, one or t'other of us is going to have trouble with his bunions. Lady, I'm looking for a right-legged feller to go partners with on a new pair of shoes."

In the Hands of Love

To know that Love alone was the beginning of nature and creature, that nothing but Love encompasses the whole universe of things, that the governing Hand that overrules all, the watchful eye that sees through all, is nothing but omnipotent and omniscient Love, using an infinity of wisdom, to save every misguided creature from the miserable works of its own hands, and make happiness and glory the perpetual inheritance of all the creation, is a reflection that must be quite ravishing to every intelligent creature that is sensible of it, writes William Law, the English mystic of the Eighteenth century.

Field of Peterloo

The Field of Peterloo is a name popularly given in England to the scene of an attack by the yeoman cavalry upon a political meeting held in St. Peter's field, Manchester, on August 16, 1819. The meeting was attended by 60,000 persons, and in the clash with the cavalry eight persons were killed and many wounded. The word Peterloo was formed from the name of the field in burlesque imitation of Waterloo, the scene of Wellington's famous victory over Napoleon, won four years and two months before the clash at St. Peter's field, Manchester.

Effort Alone Gets Results

Character is the individual's peculiar way of dealing with life. Character is to life what efficiency is to working. Indolence plays a persistent hand in human nature. Effort is the sole reality from which any definite result can be expected. If failure comes, in spite of added knowledge, nothing remains but further effort. We have only to renew effort in the light of still better knowledge.—Psychology Magazine.

She Paid the Postage

A woman bought a birthday gift in one of Cincinnati's department stores. She asked the saleslady to have it mailed out from the store to Berkeley, Calif.

"We will be glad to do so," said the obliging young clerk, "but if that place is over 200 miles away, you will have to pay the postage."

FARM NOTES.

—The best temperature for keeping apples is 30 to 32 degrees Fahrenheit, and the nearer this temperature can be maintained the longer the apples will keep.

—Feed Ram Some Grain.—To insure a good, vigorous lamb crop see that the ram is kept in active breeding condition. This is possible by feeding him some oats and bran.

—Do not Pick too Soon.—See that Golden Delicious apples hang on the trees as long as possible before picking. This will permit them to ripen naturally. They will then keep better in storage.

—Water is the cheapest dairy feed. Milk is about 87 per cent. water so cows need large amounts of this feed daily. Drinking cups are practical and large profits can be expected from this kind of an investment where they can be used, say dairy specialists at State College.

—Keep Flock Healthy.—If the growing flocks of pullets had coccidiosis during the summer, or if they are infested with worms, the walls of the intestines are greatly thickened. This condition is often called Enteritis. The following mixture helps a great deal in relieving this condition: 8 ounces powdered catechu, 2 ounces powdered sodium phenolsulphonate, 2 ounces powdered calcium phenolsulphonate, 4 ounces powdered sulphate of zinc. Use one heaping teaspoonful of this formula to each gallon of drinking water for one week, followed by one dose of epsom salts at the rate of one pound of salts per 400 pounds of chicken.

When a farmer's teeth begin to keep him awake nights he usually goes to a dentist to find out what is wrong and to have the offending members repaired or removed. When a horse's teeth go bad, as they sometimes do, about the only thing the horse has to do is "grin and bear it" until such time as the owner happens to discover the cause of the apparent inability of the horse to carry a full load. Bad teeth keep horses from eating full rations; this in turn causes a loss of weight beyond what is considered to be reasonably good working flesh. If there are any animals that are too thin, considering the feed offered and the work done, it is a good thing to have the teeth of such animals examined. In many cases bad teeth will be found as the major cause of the excessive loss of weight.

—That the veterinary science of the State of Illinois has conquered that dread disease of horses, known as glanders, is evident from a comparison of indemnity funds paid for animals condemned as victims of that incurable disease, as administered through the division of animal industry, Illinois department of agriculture.

During the biennium that ended June 30, there was not a single case recorded wherein any horse in Illinois was condemned and put to death on account of this contagious disease.

During the biennium that closed June 30, 1925, the State paid out for horses that died of glanders, \$5,882.50. During the two-year period ending June 30, 1923, the cost to the State for glanders indemnity was \$7,475.

—A survey of successful swine breeders fails to reveal one that has used anything other than high-class boars, says W. C. Skelley, assistant animal husbandman at the New Jersey State College of Agriculture. A good boar, he points out, will do more toward developing a fast-growing, vigorous, profitable herd than any other single factor.

For herds of five or six sows an eight or nine-month-old boar is commonly used with satisfactory results. On larger herds older boars are favored by the best breeders.

Herd owners in the market for boars need not go outside New Jersey, in the opinion of Professor Skelley. Some outstanding animals are obtainable from Berkshire and Duroc-Jersey breeders in this State. County agricultural agents make it a point to bring buyers and sellers together when requested. In this way the general quality of the swine in New Jersey is being improved.

—Recent experiments at the Iowa State college have shown that "mass treatment" of ten or twenty hogs at a time for worms, is just as effective as individual treatment, and vastly easier. The method was as follows:

The pigs were starved for one whole day, receiving nothing but water. In the evening they received the dose of worm medicine, pre-santonin, mixed with a thin slop. The amount of santonin is small, but this is easily mixed uniformly in the slop by shaking up in a bottle with milk or water and pouring along the trough.

All night the pigs received no water, but the next morning they were given a drink of epsom salts solution as a purge, about a quarter of a pound to two gallons of water. Gauder salts would do as well. In another hour they were given a regular morning feed.

Results showed a great many worms. As far as could be told, the pigs receiving the mass treatment lost as many worms as other lots adjoining which received the individual treatment. In order to be certain, however, the experimenters waited 21 days, long enough for any worm eggs to incubate, and then gave another treatment, extra strong. Not a worm or a sign of one was found, either from the individual treatment or the mass treatment.

Scale of dosage was based on two grains of pure santonin for a 25-pound pig, and one grain additional for each additional 25 pounds. Thus a 50-pound pig received three grains, a 75-pound pig four grains. Mass treatment cannot be given with any drug except santonin.