

ENOUGH SURE WAS ENOUGH

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"HAS your friend done as well as you and your partner?" asked a passenger, nodding toward a third miner, a little, sallow man who seemed anxious to conceal himself behind his baggage.

"Him?" enviously. "S'pose you ask him an' see. All I know is that we met him on the steamer comin' down an' after considerable persuadin' Poke Gill opened his mouth an' said he was from Nome an' that he was on his way home to Breshtown, Ga., an' that he'd made his pile an' had enough an' wa'n't returning no more. All of which goes to indicate that he's done considerable better'n me an' my partner, who've got only forty or fifty thousand in the express car, an' who are goin' back after more soon's we've had our little rest. Poke Gill don't trust his pile to a weak express car."

The little, sallow man looked about with a pleased deprecatory grin.

"I low I have," he acknowledged graciously, "done made it in three months. Now I'm goin' home to have a plumb good time an' live like a lord."

"Good for you," approved a drummer. "But how'd you do it—find a pocket?"

Poke's grin was still broad. He shook his head.

"Done it by straight hard work," he declared proudly. "Down-home folks say none o' my name ever work. They low we's too shiftless. Now I reckon when we all buy the Hunter place where my pap worked all his life an' I set up to be a gen'lman, they'll be s'prised. Yis-sir." He threw his head back, his eyes dropped, as he added apologetically. "Then I'll get married."

"What?" "Really?" from various parts of the car. Two ladies turned and looked at him with friendly interest. Poke blushed with embarrassment at such marked attention, but his eyes flashed straight into those of his audience. "Yis-sir, I'm a-goin' to get married," he repeated. "Marigold an' me have been s'ca on it for ten years, but I always lowed that when we married Marigold should live like a lady an' me like a lord. That's what roused me to go a gold-huntin'. Now we'll buy the Hunter place an' build a new house with four rooms—four rooms," lowering his voice a little and looking about the car.

"Our folks never had but two, an' my brother Peke married an' went into a shack that had but one. The Hunter house itself ain't but three, an' it's fallin' down at one end with age. We'll have four," dwelling on the four with contemplative ecstasy. "An' I low on gettin' a cow an' some pigs an' hens—an' yes, a kerridge, a mule an' a kerridge."

But that will take only a very small part of your money," suggested the drummer. "What will you do with the rest?"

"Put it aside," promptly. "None o' my family ever had any money put aside. I reckon it'll be enough for all of us. None o' my family will ever need any more."

All this time two white-fingered passengers were interested watchers and listeners. They had also studied the other two miners, who were strong, keen-eyed, resolute-looking men. The little fellow from Breshtown, however, seemed simple and unsophisticated—and in possession of his baggage. Presently one of them crossed to the seat behind Poke.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked of the other white-fingered passenger.

"No, seh," removing a heavy valise to the floor. "Going far?"

"To Georgia—Breshtown."

"Really?" with an appearance of surprise. "Why, I'm going there myself."

The miner in front turned eagerly, his mouth open and his eyes bulging.

"Doggone it, stranger, that's my place," he blurted. "Who mount ye be?"

"Smith and Robinson. My name is Bill."

"Poke's face beamed with pleased recognition."

"Why, I know heaps o' Smiths an' Robinsons," he cried, reaching over and shaking hands with first one and then the other. "I reckon you all are some o' the families who went West when boys. There was Tom an' Seth an' Ike, an'—"

"My friend here is named Ike," blandly.

"Ye don't say," delightedly. "Then me an' him was old friends when we was boys. He's changed, though," looking the man over curiously. "But then, folks do when they grow up. Well, well, I'm plumb glad."

There was no reserve. Poke talked freely, and was met with a cordiality that delighted his simple heart. He spoke of his long journey and made frequent awestruck allusions to his pile, and they listened and looked at each other and rubbed their long, white fingers together, and every moment grew more cordial and familiar.

At length they brought out cards and asked him to take a hand, and when he drew back offered to teach him the game. At this he laughed uproariously and declared he'd known how to play high-low-jack before he was old enough to wear breeches, only he had promised Marigold when he went out to the wicked West that he

would never, never play cards and he wa'n't going to. They coaxed him and laughed at him and dared him, but he held to his promise.

And so it went on, and the train rushed into another night and another day, and still they besieged and stormed the fort they found implacable. And then at length one afternoon, as the shadows were beginning to gather in the car, the train slowed up at a small, unpainted building which a brakeman introduced to the passengers as Breshtown.

They helped Poke off with his baggage and piloted him to a real automobile which they had telegraphed ahead to have in readiness. He lived six miles from the station he had told them, and had frankly added that the way led through a wild forest. They had assured him it would be unnecessary for him to order a conveyance, as theirs would be large large enough for all three, including his baggage, and they were going directly his way to their old home. One of them would drive, they said.

Poke was hilariously exuberant. He laughed and sang and cracked jokes, and they sang and laughed with him until they came to a lonely place in the woods, and then the car was turned into the bushes and Poke felt the cold muzzle of a revolver against his head.

"Now turn over your money," one of them ordered savagely. "and be quick about it."

Poke looked at them in dazed wonder to see if they were in earnest. "I won't," he cried, when he understood "It's for the Hunter place an' to get married."

"Oh well, just as you like," said one of the men indifferently. "We'll kill you and then take the money. It's all the same to us. You can't help yourself."

Poke turned white and looked appealingly from one to the other. They were calm, smiling, but implacable. Slowly he unbuckled a belt from his waist and offered it.

The man showed his teeth a little, but, nevertheless, opened it and counted the contents. "Eight hundred and seventy-five," he said. Then he rolled the belt and money into a ball and hurled them contemptuously into the bushes. "Now we'll get right down to business. Give us your money!"

"I have," wailed poor Poke, almost hysterically, "every blamed cent."

"Once more, give us your money," the man hissed. "It is the last time we ask. Killing comes next. Open your bundles!"

"But there's no money in them," eagerly. "See." He cut the string from one of the packages and disclosed an assortment of bright dress goods and ribbons and laces. "I bought 'em for Marigold. An' this—cutting more string—"is full o' bead stuff an' injin' fixin's. I lowed Marigold would like 'em. An' these other bundles—"cutting strings from one after another as rapidly as possible—"is full o' pretty rocks an' shells an' things. That's why they weigh, so heavy. Long's I had all the money I wanted I lowed Marigold would like 'em better'n more gold."

"And do you mean to say," speaking the words slowly and menacingly, "that you brought all this rubbish from Alaska when you might have gold?"

"Why, of co'se," wonderingly. "I didn't need any more gold. The old Hunter place can be had for \$200 an' a plain four-room house here in the woods be raised for \$200 more an' a kerridge an' mule an' cow an' all the rest bought for 'bout \$150. That would leave \$300 to put aside. Plenty enough, land knows. More'n any o' my family ever had afore."

The rumble of a wagon could be heard coming through the woods, and a baffled, vindictive gleam came to the men's eyes. For a moment they glanced at Poke as though debating a quick and signal revenge. Then the rumble grew louder and they suddenly sprang to the ground and disappeared in the woods. When a wagon came noisily round a bend in the road Poke was just emerging from the bushes with his money belt and money. The money he slipped into his pocket. The belt he rebuckled round his waist.

"Howdy, Peke," he called cheerily as he recognized the driver. "How's all?"

"Hey! That you, Poke," in mild surprise from the wagon. "When'd you come? Oh, I'm toler'ble, an' the folkses air all well."

"An' Marigold?"

"She's well, too," Peke grinned. "Ast 'bout you t'other day."

Poke looked dubiously at the car when he shook his head. Couldn't risk it now.

"See ye ag'in, Peke," he called. "No time now."

Then he hurried on, half-running, half-loping. Soon nothing could be heard but the pattering of his feet in one direction, and the impatient softening cracks of a whip in the other.

His Wasted Effort

The architect's design for the building had been accepted. The same afternoon an interviewer tracked him down.

"To what do you attribute your success?"

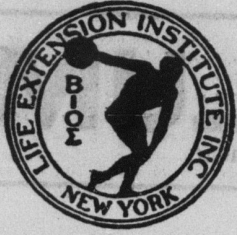
"Hard work," replied the designer.

"Ah, the dominating factor of your life, eh?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "In fact, hard work and the dominating factor are, in effect, totally opposed."

"Well," explained the architect, "hard work makes the money, but the other—" (he shrugged his shoulders despairingly) "she simply spends it!"

Your Health, The First Concern.



Milk One of Greatest Foods in Human Diet

In recent experiments performed by Dr. McCollum, of Johns Hopkins University, in an orphan asylum containing 213 children ranging in ages from babyhood to 12 years, unusual results were obtained by Dr. D. R. Hodgdon by addition of milk to the diet of those children who were suffering from malnutrition.

Milk, unquestionably, is one of the greatest foods for the diet of human beings and especially for the diet of children. Milk and leafy vegetables may be said to stand on a pedestal by themselves as the protective foods in the diet of humanity.

In the institution where Dr. McCollum performed his experiment eighty-four children were selected between the ages of 4 to 10 years. The diet of the children in this institution prior to this experiment consisted of cereals, tubers such as potatoes, fleshy roots, such as beets and turnips, muscle meat and a large amount of bread. The only thing which prevented scurvy among these children was the fact that each child was fed a slice of lemon. In general, probably no poorer diet could have been furnished than this combination of foods that was given these children. The lemon appears to be the only fresh fruit these poor mites had.

Of the eighty-four children selected for experiment, two groups were made as nearly equal as possible in regard to size and age and general conditions. One group was fed milk as a supplement to the regular diet. The other group was given the institutional diet, unsupplemented.

A remarkable contrast was shown in the results. After the first four or six weeks, it was noticed that the children without the milk did not gain in weight to any appreciable extent in fact, as months went on, some of these children lost weight. On the other hand, in the group whose diet had been supplemented with milk, there was a wonderful gain in growth. The report states that one child of 5 years who weighed but twenty-eight pounds in the beginning had gained 70 percent, in weight because of the milk diet at the end of eight months and 90 percent at the end of the first year. This child finally reached a weight in excess of the standard requirement. In general there was a tremendous improvement in the physical condition of the child.

The experiment proved beyond a doubt it seems to me that milk is the necessary supplemental food in the diet of all children. It has its own place also a valuable place in combination with cereals and vegetable diets. There is no question about it and the larger use of milk in child life produces a greater vitality, a greater capability of endurance, a higher physical state and a consequent better mental condition.

Milk, to summarize its content, is a proper and legitimate substitute. Although it is not entirely a perfect food in itself—because there probably does not exist any one single food that is perfect—it is as near perfect as any individual food can be in the diet of human beings.

Milk, to summarize its content, is high in calcium and has an excellent protein and a fine quality of fat. It is the great supplemental food necessary for children. It is vital for adults and it is even essential in old age.

Colds and Cleanliness

How many colds are you going to catch this Winter? And after you have caught one, how generous are you going to be in passing it on to others? These are current questions at this season of the year.

The answer may be found to a large extent, declares Dr. W. W. Peter, internationally known health educator, in the careful observance or neglect of proper sanitary and cleanliness standards. Dr. Peter, who is noted for his graphic presentation of health problems, issues a warning against the "walking transmitters" who broadcast this common infection in a recent bulletin published by the Cleanliness Institute.

"What is a cold?" he asks. "The very word is a misnomer. We use it because it was handed down to us, and not because it is caused by cold temperature, just as coughing and sneezing may have led the Chinese to say they have caught the wind."

"Colds are communicable from person to person, just as are typhoid fever, diphtheria and a host of other diseases. Most persons indulge in from one to three colds a year. The number of victims totals ten to fifteen percent of the general population at one time."

One of the first rules of cold prevention, Dr. Peter points out, is to avoid infection, through the most scrupulous cleanliness. If you must shake hands with those suffering from colds, be sure to wash your own hands afterwards. Keep away from common drinking cups, dirty dishes, roller towels, pipes, pencils and other objects contaminated with fresh secretions. Maintain as high an internal resistance against infectious agents as you can by daily attention to bodily cleanliness, exercise, rest and diet.

But if you get a cold, despite all precautions don't become a walking transmitter of disease germs by mingling in crowds or appearing in public places, particularly in the sneezing and coughing stages of the infection, Dr. Peter warns. Be your own policeman.

Why Tax the Dead?

An increasing number of American citizens are feeling that the laws of the state and nation which impose a tax upon the estates of decedents are unjust. This is especially true where small estates are involved.

An American citizen who owns property pays taxes to the city, the county and the State during his lifetime. Indirectly he pays federal tax. He must keep himself squared and up to date in this respect. Justice seems to indicate that an estate upon which its owner paid all sorts of taxes during his lifetime should not be reduced by a special tax after his death.

This practice is especially burdensome where small estates are involved. For the state intervenes also and by the time the demands of state and nation are satisfied the heirs are often seriously embarrassed. While it is a very convenient way of adding to state and federal receipts, this form of taxation is frequently a serious imposition upon the living.

If the government at Harrisburg is not willing to free all estates from tax-

ation, common justice demands that this tax should be imposed only upon the larger estates. The dead do not mind the situation, of course, but the living often do, because it imposes hardships upon them.—Altoona Mirror.

A Buchanan Monument

At last Lancaster is going to get a worthy monument to its greatest citizen, President James Buchanan. The monument is made possible through the generosity of the late D. F. Buchmiller. The most fitting place for the memorial is Buchanan Park, not only because it is the largest open space within the precincts of the city and is at the same time on the highest elevation in the city.

Ground is being broken for the foundation of the shaft, and before long we shall have a life-sized bronze memorial of the only citizen of the State of Pennsylvania who ever was fortunate enough to occupy the White House.

There have been other sons of Pennsylvania who were candidates for the

Presidency, notably James G. Blaine, and Winfield Scott Hancock, but the only Pennsylvanian to occupy the White House was a Lancaster citizen. The whole community will rejoice in the fact that President Buchanan will be thus honored in his home-town.

Now that the good work is started the citizens of Lancaster ought not to rest content until Robert Fulton and Thaddeus Stevens are like-wise recognized by some memorial for their last-mentioned contribution to the Nation.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

Because a hen is pure bred it does not mean that she possesses the vigor and quality which are needed in the poultry yard during the hatching season.

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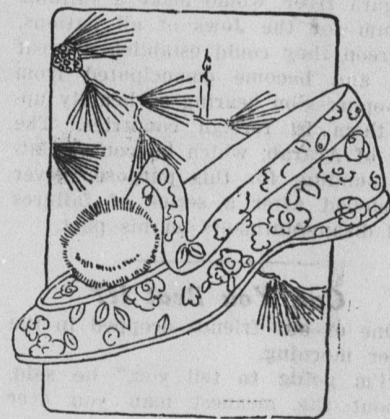
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