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Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 30, 1928

TAD LINCOLN'S SPY.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6)

ought to suffer for bringing this war on the south."

Rose screamed her reply to this into her mother's face. "He didn't! He didn't! He wouldn't kill a worm. I won't tell any more. I love him and I love Tad's mother and I love Tad. I'm going up there and play and not listen to nothing, never."

"Hush! Hush! You'll feel better when you've had your dinner, dear!"

"I won't, Mother! I'll never feel better. Anyhow, if they catch old Jeff Davis—"

"Rose! Mr. Jefferson Davis!"

"Yes, him. If they catch him, Tad's father'll give him to Tad and to me, and we'll let him go, so there! I don't need to tell any more, do I, Mother?"

"Oh, Rose! Rose! I'm afraid you'll have to! This is our task, our God-sent duty. I loathe it, but I must make you obey me in this."

Rose stamped her foot. "I won't! I can't!" she cried and ran from the room.

But the guard refused to let her run after Tad. In fact, he refused to allow her to go out of the prison at all.

Tad was unable to get into his father's office that evening for his good-night romp because Colonel Baker, the police detective, was locked in the room. He wandered into his own room and hung out the window gazing at the stars and guessing which might be the one on which Willie now lived with God. By and by he put himself to bed.

At the end of the gloomy breakfast the next morning, his mother said very gently, "Tad, your little friend Rose will not be here to play any more."

"I didn't know he' motha' was a spy till the gaa'd told me yestaday," he explained anxiously. "Anyhow, Wose is nice."

"Wose is not safe, however nice she may be." His mother's voice was firm.

His father groaned. "Must you tell him, Mary?"

Her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears but she said, "I must Abr'am, so that he'll understand once and for all that he must not bring strange children into this house. I feel horribly culpable myself, but I've had my lesson and although no one can blame blessed little Taddie, he must learn too. But you have enough trouble. Don't you listen. If you're through eating, just go along."

"You're the best wife a man ever had," said Tad's father. He kissed them both and left.

Very carefully and clearly his mother explained to the little boy what it was believed Mrs. Greenhow had got from Rose's visits to the White House.

Tad grew as pale as his little white linen roundabout. "What will they do to Wose?" he gasped.

"She is not to be punished, for she was helpless in her mother's hands. Her mother—well, you run up to your lessons, Taddie."

"But what will they do to he' motha'?" he insisted.

"That remains to be seen." Then with sudden anger, "They should shoot her! Come, Tad, come!"

He obeyed, clinging to his mother's hand as to one of the few trustable facts in a reeling world.

But he did not at all settle to his studies. When they reached the sitting-room Rose was standing by the center table. Her black skirts were torn, her hair was wild, she was trembling visibly. Still it was Rose.

"How did you get here?" demanded Tad's mother sharply.

"While Mother was asleep, I crept out the window and dropped into a little horse-chestnut tree," replied Rose. "I had to come! I had to come to tell Tad's father that I didn't know—drawing a long quivering breath.

"You must have known," insisted Tad's mother sternly. She was keeping Tad close beside her as she stood before the door.

"I mean I didn't know what he was like or how it would make him feel. I went home yesterday morning and told her I wouldn't do it any more. And now—" Rose clutched her bright hair, the most pitiful sight in the world, a child beyond tears.

It must have seemed so to Tad's mother, for she dropped Tad's hand and swept across the room in her many-ruffled muslin and sinking to the ottoman swept Rose into her arms.

"Tad, you go fetch your father."

Tad burst into the President's office and seized his father's hand.

"Wose is hea'. Mother says come quick!"

"What! That child?" ejaculated his father. "I'll be back shortly, Nicolay. Get the message off to McClellan."

A moment later, Rose still quivering so terribly in Tad's mother's lap, was making her little apology to him. Tad's father, walking slowly up and down the room, shook his head, his cheeks twitching. Tad tried to keep step with him and the hound dogs followed, up and down, up and down the rich old Brussels carpet with its design of upset baskets of roses.

When Rose had finished, Tad cried, "Papa day, don't let them shoot Wose's motha'. They didn't shoot aanty or Miss L. B. B."

His father looked down at him. "Jings, Tad! Even you should see there's a difference between a drib of quinine and the lives of thousands of men—Union and Rebel both, poor fellows."

"Quick, Abr'am help me!" exclaimed Tad's mother.

Rose had fainted in her arms.

Tad's father carried the little girl to a sofa, the yellow hair tangling on his snuff-colored sleeve. Then he fanned her with a crocheted tidy he jerked from the back of a chair while Tad's mother rushed to her room and came back with a green bottle of smelling-salts, and Tad fetched water in his pink tooth-brush mug.

As they ministered to Rose, Tad's mother said: "You could relieve Mrs. Greenhow, somehow, couldn't you,

Abr'am, and still be safe from her? Won't you see her?"

"I never want to lay eyes on the woman," replied Tad's father. "Baker and Stanton are frothing at the mouth over this, and I don't blame them."

"Nor do I," agreed Tad's mother sadly, "but perhaps she wasn't the only spy on that job, and our spies are working down among the Rebels—and we were all so careless in this case, so criminally careless. . . . Tad, you ring for James to bring some hot oatmeal porridge and a glass of milk. There, there, dear, you're feeling better!" as Rose opened her eyes.

Nothing was said while Rose swallowed the food Tad's mother fed to her. Tad paced the floor with his father, not daring to speak as he looked at the close-pressed lips.

When Rose was standing again on less uncertain slender legs in their wrinkled pantalettes, Tad's father paused and lifted her chin so that her eyes looked straight into his.

"Rose," he said, "I'm going to give you a message for your mother. Tell her she's to give me her promise in proper form to spy no more. She's then to be sent down to Richmond with you and she's to promise not to leave there till this war shall end. Tell her I'm doing it simply because, God knows, there are already too many orphans that she and Jeff Davis and I have helped to make and that I can't bring myself to add this new one to the list. Repeat this to me till you know it, Rose."

When she was letter-perfect, he stooped and kissed her, then turned to his wife. "Mary, you'd better have James take this little rareripe back to the old Capitol in the carriage."

Rose stared at Tad's father, then at his mother, then at Tad. She did not speak. She was still trembling visibly when James led her from the room.

Tad's father suddenly heaved a great sigh and grinned down at him. "Let's go out and treat ourselves to ginger pop, eh, Taddie darling?"

Tad with the feeling that a terrible lump had suddenly left his throat and that all the red-birds in the world were singing in the garden, gave an ecstatic skip and took his father's hand. At the door he looked back to say, "We'll bring you some, Motha'."

"You needn't bother," returned his mother with a little smile, "I've had my treat."

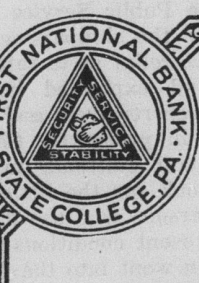
—By Honore Willsie Morrow in The Cosmopolitan.

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of the church toward divorced couples.

His talk precipitated keen discussion on the matter. With ministers present representing a majority of the denominations in Clearfield, as well as representatives from Grampian, Lumber City, Curwensville, and Woodland, a verbal report of the denominational attitude toward the divorce evil was produced by the discussion.

It was the unanimous opinion of the ministers that a strict observance of the biblical injunction on marriage of divorced couples is necessary to discourage hasty marriages and equally hasty remarriages, with their consequent destructive effects on the nation's home life.

While no definite action was taken on the matter and no resolution voted upon, all the ministers entered into a verbal agreement to refuse the marriage vows to any who do not come within the limits prescribed by their "book of rules"—the Bible.—Clearfield Republican.

Clearfield County Ministers to Refuse to Marry Divorced Persons.

Ministers of the central part of Clearfield county will hereafter perform no marriage ceremonies for divorced parties, except where the applicant is the innocent party to a divorce granted on the only grounds recognized by biblical authority—adultery.

This was the unanimous determination expressed by members of the Clearfield Ministerial Association. Discussion followed an address by Dr. E. C. Reeve, pastor of the Presbyterian church, on "Relation of the Church and Divorce." Dr. Reeve gave a thorough dispassionate exposition of his subject, bringing to light a great variety of information on the attitude

of the church toward divorced couples.

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Christmas Tree Trade to Work Under Plan of Expert Foresters.

Supplying Denver and vicinity with Christmas trees during the last holiday season assumed immense proportions. According to the district forester at that place, 35,000 trees were cut and sold, while 2,500 more were cut but unused. Fifty-six retail dealers were licensed by the city, one fourth of whom sold their entire stock.

The Pike National Forest region furnished the greater part of the trees. The cutting was carefully supervised by trained foresters, resulting in much needed thinning of overcrowded stands in the vicinity of Jarre Canyon.

A general movement has been instituted by the government forestry department and the Denver Chamber of Commerce to thin out thousands of evergreen trees not only on government lands, but on private lands as well. Many private owners are giving their co-operation.

Swat the First Fly.


Last season was a poor one for the housefly. The weather had much to do with this. Very likely the popular game of "swat the fly" deserves much credit also.

Those who study the fly, claim that one female can produce millions of eggs with their resultant quick-growing baby flies, in a space of time that makes the prolific rabbit blush for shame.

So swat the first female fly you see this spring. If you are not an authority on fly sex, swat any fly, anywhere—the harder and earlier the better. Heavy swatting early in the season, by an enthusiastic army of swatters, will keep the fly population down wonderfully—and this means that some of our unpopular summer ills will also be reduced.

So, swat the first fly.

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