Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., October 26, 1928.

"BELLE FONTE."

A copious fount of beauty rare, So gurgled, gurgled up, Within a shady valley, where "Twas so inclosed, that nature there Seemed formed in one huge cup.

'Twas thus a wand'rer first had seen It gurgling brightly up; And nothing in proportions, mean,-He saw its glories had not been, As down he knelt to sup.

When quenched his thirst, he 'rose to gaze Upon this cool retreat: Shut in by hills, the woods, a maze It seemed as if no end of days Could make 'it a village seat.

For thus it was, his thoughts would take A quite ambitious stand; "A spot so grand, oh! who'd forsake, Although it all his genius wake To clear and till the land!"

But thwarted not by such a doubt, He first began to think, "I'll workmen bring, this pool scoop out, And put a wall of stone about. And put a cup to drink.'

"And soon the world will learn its fame, And some will come and stay; And by degrees 'twill get a name When nature wild turns nature tame, And then, a town, we'll say."

"The iron rail will pierce yon hill, And science find us out, Where deep the vale, there'll be a will To bridge it so that trade may still, Come in, and stir us 'bout.'

"Thus, I forsee a town will rise, Around this lovely spot, And, it will grow to wondrous size, And when this generation dies, This scene there's naught can blot."

Thus queried be; the dream seemed wild It grew to be a taunt; He acted as the dream had styled, And proved at last 'twas very mild, He called that town Bellefonte.

-From the Watchman of August 1900. -Written by Rev. W. A. C.

THE UNHAPPY STORY OF MARY TODD, THE WOMAN LINCOLN LOVED.

Mary Todd, daughter of Robert Todd, President of the First National Bank of Lexington, Kentucky! We al Bank of Lexington, Kentucky! We come upon her at an embarrassing moment, perhaps. She is fourteen years old and determined to attend inty to do this in Lexington. Mary's tied, at the unkempt black hair. worn dear mother died and a step-1 "You are not a gentleman," she the Derby Day races, in spite of the fact that her Presbyterian father and still more Presbyterian mother have forbidden her to do so and have locked her in her room.

Mary is not as much cast down as stant friction that ended one day, might be supposed. She stands by the window, wearing one of her mother's furiously packing her trunk and furi- than you do." best frocks—a deep rose silk, with a ously departing for Springfield, Illi-skimpily gathered skirt cut six inches nois. from the ground, a high Byron collar, enormous puff sleeves and a huge

for Mary to lose her temper in French hat, then came back to say, "You coln went on huskily, "I am the most so completely that the preceptress warn Mary that Abe Lincoln as a miserable man living. If what I feel took an hour to bring her to a proper friend is delightful but as a suitor he state of contrition.

Mary was a sensitive, ardent child. Dutifully, Elizabeth issued the It was difficult not to excite her to warning the first time she was alone too great repentance. That night with her sister. Mary tossed her Mary set a punishment upon herself curls with a laugh. for impertinence to the preceptress.

"The man I'm going to marry, dear could not prevent a dimple from lizabeth, will one day be President appearing at the corner of her mouth She appeared the next morning in the astronomy class wearing a dread-ful-looking frock of linsey-woolsey, dyed with walnut juice. When the preceptress demanded an explanation, Many replied that as love of althese. In the two wors that followed

Mary replied that as love of clothes In the two years that followed was one of her besetting sins, she had their meeting Mary Todd and Abra-decided to remove the object of sin. ham Lincoln grew to know each other Therefore she had exchanged her sum will Lincoln grew to know each other Therefore she had exchanged her own well. Lincoln saw many unhappy ex-wardrob for that of Tessie Grey, a hibitions of her hasty tongue. Somepoor white who lived in a cabin out on times he himself was the victim. On he Frankfort turnpike. the other hand, she represented to She threw the class into convul- him all that he lacked in family backsions of merriment as she mimicked ground, in culture, in refinement of Tessie's agony of joy over the trans- mind and manner. More than that, action. Standing with arms akimbo, she was utterly lovable and she crept her body slack, her little feet in Tes- into his heart as a brilliant child sie's huge brogans, Mary drawled might have crept.

Lincoln's uncouthness irritated Mary, "I ain't goin's to give these hyer but she had not known him a month cambric pants up, Miss Mary, now before her capacity for keen esti-you say they're mine, not if the Al- mates of human beings told her that mighty says He wants to wear 'em the stuff of Lincoln's brain was as much above that of Douglas's as The preceptress, who had caught herself joining with the children in their avid following of Mary's inimit-able description of the details of her theore around on the deck and sent whose some of human series of her

How could one punish a child like ed with hers, as she ruefully admit-Mary Todd so as to teach her self- ted to herself. Lincoln's never.

control? Certainly the preceptress did not know how. Nor her parents. She was of a type that could love greatly only where she admired great-Her father said she'd outgrow her ly. It was not six months after this bad temper, quite obvious to the fact meeting that Lincoln held Mary that he'd never outgrown the habit Todd's heart in his calloused palm. that he'd never outgrown the habit fodd's heart in his calloused pain. of letting go when he wanted to let But she fended him off for a long go. Her mother hoped that her good time. She knew that poverty and blood would tell. For Mary was not only of distinguished stock on her and she wanted to play a little longer. father's side, with a grandfather who It was, of course, her own 'hasty succeeded Daniel Boone as Chief Mili- tongue that finally betrayed her.

tary Commander of the State, but her He was careless and absent-minded mother's people were of the best in about his engagements with her. He mother's people were of the best in about his engagements with her. He the Union. Her maternal grandfath-er was General Andrew Porter of Revolutionary fame, one uncle was to find Mary standing before the Governor of Michigan, another of Benneylynnia and still enother was correct aves snapping. He recor-Pennsylvania, and still another was scarlet, eyes snapping. He recog-to be Secretary of State under Tyler. nized the danger signals and threw

to be Secretary of State under Tyler. But even if her good blood did not teach her self-control, it, combined with her mother's training, made of her that good old-fashioned thing, a lady. Mary was accustomed from birth to a home where guests were frequent and were beautifully enter-tained. By the time Mary was through school, she was fitted to car-ry on the family's social traditions. bt to be Secretary of State under Tyler. Inized the danger signals and threw up both hands. "Jings, Miss Todd, I forgot all about the cotillion! I got into an argument down at the office about— Well, come along! I won't waste any more time." Mary looked at the unpolished bots pulled up over the faded jean pantaloons, at the threadbare, spotted roundabout coat, lacking all but one

ry on the family's social traditions. roundabout coat, lacking all but one safed to marriage-complete mental button, at the rusty black stock, half companionship with the man she had

mother came to the house on Short said in a low voice of fury, "or you Street. Elizabeth married and went neither would forget an engagement to live in Illinois. Small stepbrothers with a lady nor come into her pres-ence looking like a horse drover." appeared. The new Mrs. Todd had

little patience with what she called Mary's saucy tongue. There was coner a gentleman or a lady's man. And when Mary was nineteen, in Mary's I don't like that knowledge any better

Elizabeth had married Ninan Edtiful gray eyes pierced through her her. She regularly read anger. She gasped as she realized German poetry and philo It was in the Edwards' home Mary anger. Ble gasped as had said and springing forward, she seized one of his great rough hands in hers and bowed her head upon it. "Oh, my dear! my dear!" she groan-ed. "I am not worthy to tie your shoe latchet!" The Euclid dropped to the floor and Mary was lifted into his mighty embrace and folded to the breast that through life and through death was to be her home. Mary's various relatives did not like the engagement and did not hesitate to say so. It should have been a quick marriage-let the world go hang! But Lincoln was heavily in debt and was only beginning to build his law practice. He dared not undertake the duties of a husband and father until he was better established. So it was a long and stormy engagement. Lincoln was neglectful of the small attentions and amenities that make an engagement beautiful, careless in keeping his appointments. Indeed, sometimes it seemed to Mary that he forgot for days that he was engaged. This mortified her and she would reprove him bitterly and go off with one die of her other admirers to the dance Lincoln had forgotten. What Mary had not then come to understand in some ways was Lincoln was abnormally sensitive. Gradually, himself telling her about his night as the months slipped by, he began to study of Euclid. Mary knew Euclid think that however much he loved a and engaged him to come the follow- woman, he was by neture unfitted to ing evening to see her, bringing his make her happy. He grew depress-book along. He discovered at the mo- ed, spent long hours in his office staring into space, would listen to Mary's stormy reproaches and repentances with tear-dimmed eyes. And after nearly a year, on the first of January, ty with all her erudition, so pretty ! nearly a year, on the first of January, He kept his engagement the next 1841, he said to her with a heavy sight he walked out of the house and out sliding in the matter of spending ev-Everyone knows that his broken engagement made Lincoln suffer the torments of the damned. But what the world has ignored is that Mary Todd suffered as much. Not only was she utterly humilisted not only sickly baby a peppy wife at times. She felt that the hove ought to see was she utterly humiliated, not only sickly baby, a peppy wife at times did she know that her own lack of take the savor out of the most orderself-control was partially to blame ly home. for the situation, but she loved Lin- Mary w coin passionately and unwaveringly. didn't like Herndon. With her un-No other man ever could or ever did canny skill at sizing up men, she had enter her life. She became ill with her suffering as did Lincoln. He fin-drank too much, used drugs, was lax ally went to recuperate with his with women. He had a strong hold friend Speed in Louisville but Mary on her husband's affection and admiremained in Springfield. She gave ration. She had right to worry. And away her trousseau. In the fall of 1842 Lincoln return- coln stayed away from home. ed to Springfield and settled down to work, dejectedly enough. One ev-ening he went to call at the home of Simeon Francis, editor of the Sang-French was spoken. At fourteen Abe's grimances. One doesn't do amon Journal, who was a great friend Mary was the best of an accomplish- that with a man one loves." men were talking in the parlor when In the middle of January, 1850, he "Mary does. Mary would poke fun inen were taking in the parlor when in the induce of January, 1950, he clasped each other in a long embrace. "And wash their feet afterward vith tears !" said Elizabeth. In the unred to go, but Lincoln divide the induce of January, 1950, he clasped each other in a long embrace. The White House was in a badly ious, but his deep affection for the run-down condition when the Lincolns when the Lincolns anxious and he moved into it. Mary had no idea how that her schoolmates were able to with tears !" said Elizabeth. ing of Latin on the subject of the at-"Yes, but that doesn't do away with that does ing of Latin on the subject of the at-tempted runaway and an indecent ex-posure of cambric pantaloons, as the latest leg coverings were called. It was still more of an accomplishment worse." He sighed and picked up his

were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth." She looked up into the gray eyes

that were so inexpressibly dear to her and although her lips quivered she

s she said, "Misery loves company." But for once Lincoln would not smile. "I've reached the point where I realize I'll never be anything but a husk of a man without you. I don't see how you could mourn for a fellow like me, but Francis says you have." Mary threw her pride to the winds. tor!" "I shall go widowed all my life, Bu Abr'am, without you!" could

Lincoln turned her face up to his. "Then we're going to be married before your friends or your relatives know what's happening. I reckon I've learned my lesson." A few days later, Lincoln met Nin-

ian Edwards on the street and in-formed him that he and Mary were going to be married that evening in the Enisconel aburd Episcopal church.

Edwards, who was over six feet tall, drew himself up to utter a re-tort that should once and for all put the quietus on Lincoln. But the look he caught in the gaunt face above his own caused a sudden change in his words. What came forth, though

be married from my house."

Thus on the rainy evening of No-vember 4, 1842, in the parlor of the Edwardses' home, Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were married. There were no attendants. There were not more than thirty people present. And Mary, who had all her life looked forward to the magnificence of her wedding dress and outfit, was married in a muslin dress with neither veil nor flowers.

Lincoln had prepared no home for Mary. They went to live in the Globe Tavern, kept by the Widow Beck. Their room and board cost them four dollars a week. But they did not stay in the tavern long after Bobbie was born in the summer of 1843. Mary induced her husband to make the plunge and they bought a storyand-a-half frame house with a barn and well fenced yard in a good neigh-

Temperamentally, Mary was a sybarite. She could not have endured without breaking the labor and the deprivations of those early years of marriage had she not finally achiev-ed the finest luxury that can be vouchmarried.

They both cherished that companionship. After his marriage, Lincoln spent less and less time sitting round the sawdust spittoons in the stores of Springfield, arguing and swapping "No," replied Lincoln gently, "I yarns. Mary was educating him. He reckon I never was meant to be eithspent more and more time in study and in general reading. However scantily the larder might be supplied, Mary saw to it that in the parlor She was staring up at him, a new there were always good books and she insult forming on her lips, when the made her husband read these books tragic humility and pride in his beaualoud to her and diccuss them with German poetry and philosophy and a remained the same. French journal to him, translating as she read in her vivid, eager voice; no one could read or tell a story more expressively.

until midnight one evening, talking atheism with Herndon. About the time he started for home, a little moan from Eddie startled Mary, read-ing heride him. The child was in a ing beside him. The child was in a violent convulsion and before she

could apply a single remedy he was dead. Lincoln heard her shriek as he en-tered the back door. He made the stairs in a leap and rushed into the

bedroom "Eddie! Look! Look!"-holding the little body toward him. "Dead! My baby! My little son!"

But Mary knew. It was death. She could not let Lincoln go. "Don't leave me alone again! I shall go mad." Lincoln gave a great groan. "You were alone with him while I fooled with Herndon! If I had been here

to get the doctor-" But Mary would not blame him now. "If I'd not been a shrew," she wept, "you'd have been here!"

"God has punished us both!" Great tears ran down Lincoln's cheeks, and clasped in each other's arms, Eddie's father and mother mingled bitter tears of loss and of regret.

Long after the little fellow's death, they grieved for Eddie with the extravagance inherent in their peculiar penance, rapped on the desk and sent whose sense of humor exceeded her grudingly, was. Mary home. Unit of the desk and sent whose sense of humor exceeded her grudingly, was. Wary home. Unit of the desk and sent whose sense of humor exceeded her grudingly, was. Wary home. Unit of the desk and sent whose sense of humor exceeded her grudingly, was. Durpose in the tragedy, the Lincolns found themselves working together in the bar working together in a harmony they never before had achieved. Their love deepened to a complete understanding.

More and more Mary gave the force of her tremendous personality to moving Lincoln forward on his career. She entertained more and more. People who went to the Lincoln home said that the two were utterly unique: Lincoln with his perpetual fund of stories and his wife with her witty tongue that sometimes hurt but was always funny, and with her kindness of heart that permitted no guest, however humble, to feel that he was not one of the important personages present.

In December, 1850, another William Wallace, was born, and in April, 1853, a fourth son, Thomas, whom his father called Tadpole. Just before Willie's birth, a crisis came in Lincoln's career. He came home one day and said that he'd been offered the job of territorial Governor of Oregon and wanted to accept.

To his astonishment, Mary shook her head vehemently. "No! They are merely trying to hide you on the Pa-cific Coast, Abr'am, because they fear you on the Atlantic."

the wonderful new country. I think we'd do well. Perhaps we could get out of debt." "You are meant for better things,

Abr'am. The Almighty had a reason for giving you your wonderful brain and your unassailable balance. Some day He'll show you that reason unmistakably, and you must be free to follow."

allow." Mercersburg and thence to McCon-nellsburg, where they would continue of politicians waited on her urging along the main southern line. of politicians waited on her urging French and her to change her decision, Mary The terrible question of slavery was

House about a week when Mary, splendid in a purple grenadine, swept into young Stoddard's office. Stod-dard was the third of Lincoln's secretaries and among other duties he was to help Mary with the social work of the Administration.

She tossed a letter before him. "How can I have the author of that arrested ?" she cried.

Lincoln stared, horrified. "It can't work because you have been a servant be! It's just a fit! I'll get the doc- yourself. Both you and your husband Stoddard read-"You do your own are known to have nigger blood in your veins. You had better not insult the Southern arisocracy of Washing-ton by making any advances toward them."

Young Stoddard flushed. "It's annoymous. You'll receive many such, Madam President. Don't read them!" mous. He threw the letter in the grate.

Mary set her lips firmly and went on with her task of inspecting the contents of the White House.

(Continued until next week.)

Two Bus Lines Planned by Pennsylvania Road.

The Pennsylvania General Transit Company, the bus subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Railroad and R. K. Stackhouse, of Philadelphia, a director of the transit company made application to the Public Service Commission to operate the first interstate bus service across the entire State.

Two routes are proposed in the pe-tition as presented. The bus company would operate through the central part of Pennsylvania, while the route described in the Stackhouse application is along the southern tier counties. Six busses capable of carrying 29 passengers each would be placed in operation.

The transit company's service would begin in Philadelphia and ex-tend to the Ohio State line at a point near East Palestine. The cities and towns along the proposed route are Paoli, Downingtown, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Lewistown, Hollidaysburg, Ebensburg, Blairsville, Pittsburgh and Beaver Falls and other intermediate points. Some of the busses would deviate from this route at Huntingdon and go to Tyrone and Altoona and thence back to the main route at

was not included in the charter re-Nonsense!" protested Lincoln. "I've cently granted by Gov. Fisher perno more reputation than a yellow dog mitting the bus subsidiary to operate in the East. I'd like to go out into in 55 counties, originates in Philadelin 55 counties, originates in Philadel-phia also. It follows the other route to Lancaster, where it branches off to York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, Greensburg, Pittsburgh and

Beaver Falls and thence to the Ohio boundary line. Other busses would go to towns south of Gettysburg, visiting Emmitsburg, Waynesboro, Green Castle,

hat with a rose-colored plume stand-ing a foot above the crown.

She is decidedly pretty. The hat cannot conceal the mass of chestnut curls over her shoulders. Her eyes are beautiful, a deep blue, large and set well apart. She has a round little face and a pink-and-white skin. She puts one foot out of the window, follows it with its pantaletted fellow, scuttles across the porch roof, goes monkey fashion down the clematis vine and for the moment we lose her.

It was a long time ago—in 1832, Stpehen D to be exact. But still the story of ter dancin that escapade of Mary's persists. It with her. was early afternoon and the street, Lincoln on which stood the Todds' house, was almost deserted. Almost! As Mary ran under the shade v of the syringa hedges, her father appeared from no-

Mary got her lifelong love of fin-ery from her father. He wore a bellshaped blue broadcloth coat and white linen trousers strapped under his boots, and a bell-shaped hat, and a chokingly high stock, and he halted his daughter by obtruding a gold- finicky about people's dress. Yet as mounted cane across her path. His temper flared.

"What are you doing here and in your mother's dress? Go home to bed, Miss."

A temper like his own crackled in Mary's blue eyes. "I won't! I'm go-ing to the races with the Thurstons." After the quadrille Lincoln found

Robert Todd did not propose to give public exhibition of either his own or his daughter's peppery tongue. The neighboring windows were open. He took her by the arm, whirled her about and in five minutes Mary was relocked in her room. There she tore off her mother's dress, thrust it in the grate and set fire to it. Then she burst into tears, shrieked "Fire! Fire!" until the entire family had crowded into the room, and in an agony of contribution, forced into her mother's hands her savings for four years. Then she offered to take a whipping!

No one could resist Mary in a repentant mood and she was forgiven. But still, her mother was troubled. Mary's love of dress, Mary's fiery temper were elements of character her mother could not reconcile with the fact that Mary had a scholar's mind. At fourteen, Mary led all the girls of her school. And this was no backwoods school. Lexington, in 1832, had earned the name "Athens of the West." It was the center of a very real culture. It had a university and many private schools where some of the newest European theories of education were being tried

sister, Elizabeth, were attending the through the Virginia reel. And she Mantelli school, where nothing but can tell a story with every one of ed group of young linguists. At least, seems like an accomplishment at the twelve Apostles.' that her schoolmates were able to

home that she met the young intellectual elite of the town, among others Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. Immediately after Mary's arrival in

wards, Attorney Genera

the Frankfort turnpike.

through her nose:

in Heaven."

Springfield, the young men organized a cotillion party for her and thus gave her instant opportunity to take her place as a belle of the town. Which she did. She waltzed divinely. Stpehen Douglas told Lincoln so, after dancing three times in succession

Lincoln was near the refreshment table, telling a story to a large group of young men. He paused, looked down from his enormous height at the dwarfish Douglas in his impeccable black broadcloth and ambled over to Miss Todd. He asked her to his partner in the next square dance.

Mary looked up at this careless giant in shabby, snuff colored clothes and heavy shoes. She was much too she felt her lips curl in scorn, she caught the look of his eyes and told herself that she never had seen such beautiful eyes in a man-gray eyes of an unfathomable sadness and tenderness. She rose and took Lincoln's

book along. He discovered at the mo-ment that Mary knew French and German and her stock with him took another bound. And she was so dainnight and for many nights. Mary had a gift for friendship with

men of the mental type, a gift few women possess. She had not been in Springfield a year before she had established several such friendships. of her life for many months. The most solid of these were with Douglas and with Lincoln. Long fore they knew it she recognized that

both were in love with her. Her brother-in-law, Ninian Edwards, and her sister, Elizabeth. watched with not unanxious interest Mary was a flirt but one never could tell ! Douglas, whose brilliant future was obvious, was entirely eligible as a suitor. Lincoln, no ! A likeable fellow but socially an outsider. When Edwards protested against Lincoln's constant presence, Elizabeth insisted that Mary's sense of humor and her social ambitions would protect her.

out. The wealthy families of Lex-ington, like the Todds, gave their children a solid education. At this time Mary and her older vulsions showing how he led her

"Mary does. Mary would poke fun

One marvels at her energy. She did all her own sewing and housework. She kept everlastingly at Lincoln about his bad manners. She saw that he was dressed properlyat least he ceased to wear jeans in court and top-boots to dinner parties. Their home was beautifully ordered and in spite of poverty they began to build a reputation for hospitality. Bobbie was almost three years old

when their second son was born and named after their close friend, Edward D. Baker. Bob was a precocious youngster whom Lincoln spoiled outrageously. Lincoln's incapac-ity as a father was rapidly becoming a real anxiety to Mary. There were days when Bob was so naughty and his father so lackadaisical that Mary's nerves flew to pieces and Lincoln fled the house, leaving Mary to wrestle alone with the child he had spoiled, with the wretched kitchen stove, the empty larder, the teething little Ed-

Lincoln often mourned to his friends that he was not a "good provider." Poor Mary at first was constantly dogging him to split the kin-dling, to attend to the winter's supply of wood, to lay in the stock of winter vegetables. But finally she saw that, herein, she could not change him and ceased to demand anything of him in the house, but concentrated entirely on pushing him forward in his pro-fession and in politics. Both of them having such pro-

nounced characteristics it took a long time for them to make the marriage adjustment. But they climbed enings at home. He was running for Congress and that gave him an ex-

Mary was hurt and worried. She the more she fussed, the more Linlight

Eddie was the very darling of Mary's heart. He was the quaintest baby in the world. At four he was a long, lean, brown little chap with pathetic gray eyes and a humorous, full mouth, the image of his father.

now tearing at the vitals of the na tion. Mary studied the question with Lincoln, read omnivorously, handing on to him epitomes of what he had no time to read himself. She took notes on his speeches whenever she could leave the babies, criticized them and made suggestions. When his friends suggested that he debate the slavery question with Stephen A. Douglas, Mary was enthusiastic. Money? She'd find it somehow. The children? She'd manage somehow. And she did.

She wrote her sister while the debates were going on that although she was sitting in the kitchen, one foot on the cradle rocker, one hand stirring the stew pot while the other held the pen, she wished her sister to realize that Mary Todd was married not only to one of the Lord's saints but to a saint who was one of the intellec-tual marveis of the world. "And I know his intellect, for I've helped to stock it with facts!"

He needed a manager for all the externals of life and Mary was that manager during all the years of prep-aration for the "far-off, divine event." The debates with Douglas launched him well on the road to the Presidency. During the summer of 1860 Mary entertained extensively. She acquir-ed a hired girl, used a Chicago caterer when necessary, made herself several party dresses with crinolines as enormous as those of any Broadway belle and kept open house for the well known who came from all parts of the United States.

On Election Day Mary suffered more from nerves than did her husband. He spent the day in his crowd-ed office. There were a good many callers at the Lincoln home in the afternoon, but in the evening the house was deserted. Mary, with the boys, went down-town for a little while and looked in at the hall, where her hus-

She felt that the boys ought to see the acclaim their father was receiving. Her only regret was that Eddie had not lived to witness it. But she could not bear the excitement and shortly she returned with the children to the quiet house. The boys went to bed. Mary sat beside the lamp sewing and thinking. It was nearing dawn when her husband came in. His face was ghastly white in the lamp-

"Mary," he said huskily, "God help us, they have elected me!"

She rose and stood for a moment supporting her weak knees against her chair, a sudden and inexplicable sadness choking her. Lincoln held out his arms and husband and wife

Silence Band In Honor Of Armistice.

To celebrate the tenth anniversary of Armistice Day on Nov. 11 a demonstration of silence at 11 a. m., literally world encircling in its scope, has been arranged.

For this purpose the League of Remembrance, with headquarters in New York, has sent invitations to the: heads of every country within the latitudes of 30 degrees and 45 degrees to cooperate by the suspension of all industrial activity as far as possible, and the cessation of all vehicular traffic during the two solemn minutes at 11 a. m., the hour when the Ar-mistice agreement was signed in 1918 and the great war ceased.

In this way, says the League as the earth revoles around the sun, and the hands of the clock move in unison, every hour of the procession of twenty-four on Armistice Day will be signalized in every longitude by a reverential and prayerful pause.

The League of Remembrance, established on Nov. 11, 1919, to promote world peace, is cooperating with national, State, civic and other agen-cies in the United States and abroad to secure the world wide celebration of Armistice Day by the two minutes silence.

The invitations have been sent out not only to the heads of every government of countries within the latitudes mentioned but also to various groups of peoples in those countries and to their diplomatic representatives in Washington.

This year's work, limited to a belt of countries around the globe is but the preparatory stage to a greater campaign next year to capitalize world sentiment for peace by invit-ing every country in the world to ob-serve the silence at the eleventh hour of the eleventh month of the aleventh of the eleventh month of the eleventh year since the first Armistice Day.

American Men Spend \$750,000,000 Annually In Keeping Good Looks.

Mere man in the United States spends more than \$750,000,000 yearly in 75,000 barber shops trying to make himself beautiful, according to Jo-

seph Byrne of New York. Byrne, secretary of the National Beauty and Barbers Supply Dealers Association, addressing the annual convention in Chicago said there are thousands of men who have their hair marcelled or permanent waved.

"There are more than those who admit it who have their faces massaged and have facial treatment to rub out wrinkles," Byrne declared. "There are many men too who have their faces lifted.

"It used to be an oddity to see a man get a public manicure. Today men give almost as much trade to the manicure shops as do the women.

Minister: "Come, come, my friend, try to lead a better life. Why, you are continually breaking one of the