

THE CONSCIENCE

I sold my conscience to the world
The price I thought was good;
The conscience—'twas a useless thing;
I needed clothes and food.

Unknown

OLD FOLKS' X-MAS.

Tom and Grace Carter sat in their living-room on Christmas Eve, some- times talking, sometimes pretending to read and all the time thinking things they didn't want to think.

I won't call them Grace and Junior any more, though that is the way they had been christened. Junior had changed his name to Ted and Grace was now Caroline, and thus they insisted on being addressed, even by their parents.

Other university freshmen who lived here had returned on the twenty-first, the day when the vacation was supposed to begin. Ted had telegraphed that he would be three days late owing to a special examination which, if he passed it, would lighten the terrific burden of the next term.

Grace and Tom had attempted, with fair success, to conceal their disappointment over this delayed home-coming and had continued with their preparations for Christmas that would thrill their children and consequently themselves.

Behind the closed door of the music-room was the elaborately decked tree. The piano and piano bench and the floor around the tree were covered with ribboned packages of all sizes, shapes and weights, one of them addressed to Tom, another to Grace, a few to the servants and the rest to Ted and Caroline.

Grace always had preferred opals to any other stone, but now that she could afford them, some inhibition prevented her from buying them for herself; she could enjoy them much more adorning her pretty daughter.

Every year for sixteen years, since Ted was three and Caroline one, it had been the Christmas Eve custom of the Carters to hang up their children's stockings and fill them with inexpensive toys.

But it seemed they couldn't promise to make it so terribly early. They both had long-standing dates in town. Caroline was going to dinner and a play with Beatrice Murdock and Bea-

trice's nineteen-year-old brother Paul. The latter would call for her in his car at half past six. Ted had accepted an invitation to see the hockey match with Bernard King.

Ted and Caroline had taken naps in the afternoon and gone off together in Paul Murdock's stylish roadster, giving their word that they would be back by midnight or a little later and that tomorrow night they would stay home.

And now their mother and father were sitting up for them, because the stockings could not be filled and hung till they were safely in bed, and also because trying to go to sleep is a painful and hopeless business when you are kind of jumpy.

"What time is it?" asked Grace, looking up from the third page of a book that she had begun to "read" soon after dinner.

"Half past two," said her husband. (He had answered the same question every fifteen or twenty minutes since midnight.)

"You don't suppose anything could have happened?" said Grace.

"We'd have heard if there had," said Tom.

"It isn't likely, of course," said Grace, "but they might have had an accident some place where nobody was there to report it or telephone or anything. We don't know what kind of a driver the Murdock boy is.

"He's Ted's age. Boys that age may be inclined to drive too fast, but they drive pretty well."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I've watched some of them drive."

"Yes, but not all of them."

"I doubt whether anybody in the world has seen every nineteen-year-old boy drive."

"Boys these days seem so kind of irresponsible."

"Oh, don't worry! They probably met some of their young friends and stopped for a bite to eat or something."

"It's a pretty night," he said. "You can see every star in the sky."

But he wasn't looking at the stars. He was looking down the road for headlights. There were none in sight and after a few moments he returned to his chair.

"What time is it?" asked Grace.

"Twenty-two of," he said.

"Of what?"

"Of three."

"Your watch must have stopped. Nearly an hour ago you told me it was half past two."

"My watch is all right. You probably dozed off."

"I haven't closed my eyes."

"Well, it's time you did. Why don't you go to bed?"

"Why don't you?"

"I'm not sleepy."

"Neither am I. But honestly, Tom, it's silly for you to stay up. I'm just doing it so I can fix the stockings, and because I feel so wakeful. But there's no use of you losing your sleep."

"I couldn't sleep a wink till they're home."

"That's foolishness! There's nothing to worry about. They're just having a good time. You were young once yourself," said Grace.

"That's just it! When I was young, I was young." He picked up his paper and tried to get interested in the shipping news.

"What time is it?" asked Grace.

"Five minutes of three."

"Maybe they're staying at the Murdock's all night, Tom."

"They'd have let us know."

"They were afraid to wake us up, telephoning."

"At three-twenty a car stopped at the front gate."

"There they are!"

"I told you there was nothing to worry about."

Tom went to the window. He could just discern the outlines of the Murdock boy's roadster, whose lighting system seemed to have broken down.

"He hasn't any lights," said Tom.

"Maybe I'd better go out and see if I can fix them."

"No don't!" said Grace sharply.

"He can fix them himself. He's just saving them while he stands still."

"Why don't they come in?"

"They're probably making plans."

"They can make them in here. I'll go out and tell them we're still up."

"No, don't!" said Grace as before, and Tom obediently remained at the window.

It was nearly four when the car's lights flashed on and the car drove away. Caroline walked into the house and stared dazedly at her parents.

"Heavens! What are you doing up?"

Tom was about to say something, but Grace forestalled him.

"We were talking over old Christmas-mases," she said. "Is it late?"

"I haven't any idea," said Caroline.

"Where is Ted?"

"Isn't he home? I haven't seen him since we dropped him at the hockey place."

"Well, you go right to bed," said her mother. "You must be worn out."

"I am, kind of. We danced after the play. What time is breakfast?"

"Right o'clock."

"Oh, Mother, can't you make it nine?"

"I guess so. You used to want to get up early on Christmas."

"I know, but—"

"Who brought you home?" asked Tom.

"Why, Paul Murdock—and Beatrice."

"You look rumpled."

"They made me sit in the 'rumple seat.'"

She laughed at her joke, said good night and went upstairs. She had not come even within hand-shaking distance of her father and mother.

"I won't try. We'll have time for that in the morning; I mean, later in the morning."

"I'm not going to bed till you do," said Grace.

"All right, we'll both go. Ted ought not to be long now. I suppose his friends will bring him home. We'll hear him when he comes in."

There was no chance now to hear him when, at ten minutes before six, he came in. He had done his Christmas shopping late and brought home a package.

Grace was downstairs again at half past seven, telling the servants breakfast would be postponed till nine. She nailed the stockings beside the fireplace, went into the music-room to see that nothing had been disturbed and removed Ted's hat and overcoat from where he had carefully hung them on the hall floor.

Tom appeared a little before nine and suggested that the children ought to be awakened.

"I'll wake them," said Grace, and went upstairs. She opened Ted's door, looked, and softly closed it again. She entered her daughter's room and found Caroline semi-conscious.

"Do I have to get up now? Honestly I can't eat anything. If you could just have Molla bring me some coffee. Ted and I are both invited to the Murdock's at half past twelve, and I could sleep for another hour or two."

"But dearie, don't you know we have Christmas dinner at one?"

"It's a shame, Mother, but I thought of course our dinner would be at night."

"Don't you want to see your presents?"

"Certainly I do, but can't they

Caroline. "We'll be terribly late as it is. So can't we see the tree now?"

"I guess so," said Grace, and led the way into the music-room.

The servants were summoned and the tree stared at and admired.

"You must open your presents," said Grace to her daughter.

"I can't open them all now," said Caroline. "Tell me which is special."

"The cover was removed from the huge box and Grace held up the coat. "Oh, Mother!" said Caroline. "A sealskin coat!"

"Put it on," said her father. "Not now. We haven't time."

"Then look at this!" said Grace, and opened the case of jewels.

"Oh, Mother! Opals!" said Caroline.

"They're my favorite stone," said Grace quietly.

"If nobody minds," said Ted. "I'll postpone my personal investigations till we get back. I know I'll like everything you've given me. But if we have no car in working order, I've got to call a taxi and catch a train."

"You can drive in," said his father. "Did you fix the brake?"

"I think it's all right. Come up to the garage and we'll see."

Ted got his hat and coat and kissed his mother good-by. "Mother," he said, "I know you'll forgive me for not having any presents for you and Dad. I was rushed the last three days at school. And I thought I'd have time to shop a little when we got in yesterday, but I was in too much of a hurry to be home. Last night, everything was closed."

"Don't worry," said Grace. "Christmas is for young people. Dad and I have everything we want."

The servants had found their gifts and disappeared, expressing effusive

drive his Gorham at all, maybe you could get them to take it back or make some kind of a deal with the Barnes people."

Tom didn't speak till he was sure of his voice. Then: "All right, son. Take my car and I'll see what can be done about yours."

Caroline, waiting for Ted, remembered something and called to her mother. "Here's what I got for you and Dad," she said. "It's two tickets to 'Jolly Jane,' the play I saw last night. You'll love it!"

"When are they for?" asked Grace.

"Tonight," said Caroline.

"But dearie," said her mother, "we don't want to go out tonight, when you promised to stay home."

"We'll keep our promise," said Caroline, "but the Murdock's may drop in and bring some friends and we'll dance and there'll be music. Ted and I thought you'd rather be away so our noise wouldn't disturb you."

"It was sweet of you to do this," said her mother, "but your father and I don't mind noise as long as you're enjoying yourselves."

"It's time anyway that you and Dad had a treat."

"The real treat," said Grace, "would be to spend a quiet evening here with just you two."

"The Murdock's practically invited themselves and I couldn't say no after they'd been so nice to me. And honestly, Mother, you'll love this play!"

"Will you be home for supper?"

"I'm pretty sure we will, but if we're a little late, don't you and Dad wait for us. Take the seven-twenty so you won't miss anything. The first act is really the best. We probably won't be hungry, but have Signe leave something out for us in

They had spent part of the evening at home, and the Murdock's must have brought all their own friends and everybody else's judging from results. The tables and floors were strewn with empty glasses, ashes and cigar stubs. The stockings had been torn off their nails and the wrecked contents were all over the place.

Tom led his wife into the music-room.

"You never took the trouble to open your own present," he said.

"No," said Grace. "They didn't come in here," she added, "so I guess there wasn't much dancing or music."

Tom brought his gift from Grace, a set of diamond studs and cuff buttons for festive wear. Grace's present from him was an opal ring.

"Oh, Tom!" she said.

"We'll have to go out somewhere tomorrow night, so I can break these in."

"Well, if we do that, we'd better get a good night's rest and sleep. I'll beat you upstairs," said Tom—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

NINE TAILORS AWAIT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

"Nine tailors make a man," said the old proverb. Apparently the Prince of Wales has taken it to heart, for he has nine tailors waiting to make his new suits of clothes when he comes back from his African tour.

They are the only tailors in the world who are privileged to display the royal arms with the sign, "Tailors to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." Altogether the royal family has 1,400 tradesmen who, by appointment, display the coveted royal warrant over their shop windows.

How many thousands in addition would like to do the same has never been revealed. It is known, however, that in the past twenty-seven years 6,000 firms have been brought to court for using the royal arms without authority. Many others have tried to use them, but they have hauled down their colors when anyone noticed the irregularity and threatened legal action.

The grant of a royal warrant is jealously guarded by London tradesmen, and woe to any upstart who tries to use it wrongfully! It is not a mere matter of ceremony, but of pounds and shillings and pence. The mere appearance of the royal insignia over a shop is an advertisement which brings in hundreds of pounds a year—especially from American visitors to London who like to buy at the same shop as the King and Queen.

In the list of 1,400 firms supplying the royal family there are a few surprises. King George has a purveyor of angostura bitters in Trinidad, a purveyor of orange curacao in Amsterdam, and until last January he had a purveyor of lamprey pies in Gloucestershire. But the lamprey pie-maker died, and his unique distinction died with him.

King George has a kill-maker in Edinburgh, and tartan manufacturers in various Scottish towns so that he can appear in appropriate clothing during his vacation in Balmoral Castle. He has a golf club maker in a New Brunswick village, a taxidermist, a philatelist and two fireworks makers—although for what purpose nobody knows, a fan-maker, a horse-hair maker, a purveyor of feathers, and even a purveyor of sheep-dip for the royal flock!

Queen Mary, too, has her own list of official "purveyors." Among them are antique dealers, pin makers, hair-pin manufacturers, and even a dealer in shawls in far-away Delhi.

State Opens Two New Buildings.

State College—Two new buildings have been opened on the campus of the Pennsylvania State College. Both are gifts of alumni and friends of the college. A new \$500,000 recreation hall or gymnasium capable of seating over 6000 people is the gift of alumni and former students. The new \$150,000 infirmary or hospital, designed for adequate care of the health of students, is provided by farmer potato growers of the State, alumni, and interested friends.

The staffs of the physical education department and of the college health service moved into their new quarters during the Thanksgiving vacation period. Student lockers were moved to the recreation hall at the same time and gym classes and indoor sports will start there shortly. The health service is completely installed in the new quarters of Dr. J. P. Ritenour, college physician.

Director Hugo Bedzek and his physical education staff will have available a playing floor in the new recreation hall 165 feet by 180 feet in size. A concrete gallery seats 2500 people, and movable stands will seat 2800 more. Upwards of 1000 more can be seated on the main floor for convocations. During the winter months the hall will be the scene of intercollegiate basketball, wrestling and boxing matches. During March the intercollegiate boxing championship meet and the Pennsylvania high school basketball championship games will be staged in the new building.

In each of these two buildings only the central or main unit of a complete structure has been erected. The recreation hall will later get wings for a swimming pool and locker rooms, and provision has been made for the addition of wings to the infirmary as the health service needs increase.

To Move Site of Famous Wolf Pack

Dr. E. H. McCleary, owner of the McCleary wolf pack at Kane, the only one in captivity in the world, has purchased 25 acres of land at a point midway between Kane and Mt. Jewett on the Roosevelt Highway and will move the wolves there from Park Avenue, Kane.

It is believed the new location will attract more tourist trade. There are now 41 wolves in the pack. Their removal to the new park will be made early in the Spring if was stated.

Four new wolves were added to the pack the past summer. Two came from Montana, one from Idaho and the other from Mexico.



What could be nicer?

If you have a relative or friend who might be interested in what is going on in Centre county, who has no other means of contact than through the occasional letters you write him or her we are sure they would enjoy having the Watchman. It would tell them so many things that you forget to mention when you finally prod yourself into answering that letter you received weeks ago.

Christmas is coming and the problem of some little remembrance will be to solve before you know it.

Why not accept our suggestion that you send the Watchman for a year to that friend or relative. It will cost only \$1.50 and be fifty letters, teeming with news, that anyone would be glad to receive.

Send us \$1.50 and we will mail the Watchman for a year to any point in the United States. We will also mail a Christmas card to the recipient expressing your good wishes.

What could be nicer?

The Democratic Watchman

A Country Newspaper that is different,

wait?" Grace was about to go to the kitchen to tell the cook that dinner would be at seven instead of one, but she remembered having promised Signe the afternoon and evening off, as a cold light supper would be all anyone wanted after the heavy midday meal.

Tom and Grace breakfasted alone and once more sat in the living-room, talking, thinking and pretending to read.

"You ought to speak to Caroline," said Tom.

"I will, but not today. It's Christmas."

"And I intend to say a few words to Ted," Tom announced.

"Yes, dear, you must. But not today."

"I suppose they'll be out again tonight."

"No, they promised to stay home. We'll have a nice cozy evening."

"Don't bet too much on that," said Tom.

At noon the "children" made their entrance. They responded to their parents' salutations with almost the proper warmth. Ted declined a cup of coffee and he and Caroline apologized for making a "breakfast" date at the Murdock's.

"Sis and I both thought you'd be having dinner at seven, as usual."

"We've always had it at one o'clock on Christmas," said Tom.

"I'd forgotten it was Christmas," said Ted.

"Well, those stockings ought to remind you."

Ted and Caroline looked at the bulging stockings.

"Isn't there a tree?" asked Caroline.

"Of course," said her mother. "But the stockings come first."

"We've only a little time," said

Scandinavian thanks. Caroline and her mother were left alone.

"Mother, where did the coat come from?"

"Lloyd and Henry's."

"They keep all kinds of furs, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind horribly if I exchanged this?"

"Certainly not, dear. You pick out anything you like, and if it's a little more expensive, it won't make any difference. We can go in town tomorrow or next day. But don't you want to wear your opals to the Murdock's?"

"I don't believe so. They might get lost or something. And I'm not well, I'm not so crazy about—"

"I think they can be exchanged, too," said Grace. "You run along now and get ready to start."

Caroline obeyed with alacrity, and Grace spent a welcome moment by herself.

Tom opened the garage door. "Why, you've got two cars!" said Ted.

"The new one isn't mine," said Tom.

"Whose is it?"

"Dad's. It's the new model."

"Dad, that's wonderful! But it looks just like the old one."

"Well, the old one's pretty good. Just the same, yours is better. You'll find that out when you drive it. Hop in and get started. I had her filled with gas."

"I think I'd rather drive the old one."

"Why?"

"Well, what I really wanted, Dad, was a Barnes sport roadster, something like Paul Murdock's, only a different color scheme. And if I don't