

SAFETY TRAINING

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Atop of a Pole, Stricken Signalman Rescued by Skilled Comrades.

The following items of news, of interest to Watchman readers in Bellefonte and vicinity, appeared in the last issue of the Pennsylvania News, the official organ of the Pennsylvania Railroad company:

Seized suddenly with an attack of acute indigestion while at work atop a forty-foot pole in Bellefonte yard, lapsing almost at once into unconsciousness and hanging limply across a cross arm, supported only by his climbers and safety belt, was the perilous position of Signalman C. W. Lilly recently.

Acting with the trained Safety First Aid instinct, so characteristic of Tyrore Division employees, Harshbarger, who was working on this pole with Lilly, at once supported him by holding his safety belt. The four others of the gang who were on the ground immediately sent up a rope, taking the end of it over the cross arm, then tying it around the body and under the arms and the end through the ring of the body belt. Then a man went carefully up the pole, so as to prevent breaking the hold of Lilly's climbers on the pole.

The three men on the ground held the rope and proceeded to lower carefully the limp form of Lilly; Harshbarger first removing Lilly's safety belt and climbers, clearing the body through the wires, and swinging it clear of the pole, so that the lowering might be made more easily and readily.

The whole operation consumed less than ten minutes, Lilly remembering nothing of the occurrence until after being safely landed. He was then taken to the freight station nearby, where First Aid was rendered until the arrival of a doctor.

This speaks well for Bill Black's gang. It shows that a probably serious accident was prevented; first, because Lilly had taken proper precautionary measures in doing his work; second, because each man in the gang knew just what to do in an extreme emergency; and lastly, it shows vividly the value of workmen trained in Safety First and First Aid and their applications.

MORE PERFECT FILES.

With a record of thirteen consecutive perfect marks in the semi-annual inspections of freight tariff files on the Tyrore Division, W. T. Kelly, freight agent at Bellefonte, holds a record for perfection.

Others whom the inspectors found to have consecutive perfect files and who are also worthy of honorable mention, are: Clearfield freight, J. F. Fletcher, agent, 11. Blue Ball passenger and freight, 10; Osceola Mills freight, 10; Phillipsburg freight, 8; Woodland passenger and freight and Howard passenger and freight, 5 each and Sandy Ridge passenger and freight, 4.

Both Bellefonte and Clearfield, heading the list, are two of Tyrore Division's busiest freight houses, and a total of 24 consecutive perfect marks is something to mention with pride.

JAMES SNYDER RETIRES.

Following a faithful and conscientious service extending over forty-six years as telegraph operator and agent, James H. Snyder on March 1st took his place on the Roll of Honor with the best wishes of all Tyrore divisioners.

Had not Mr. Snyder's ill health forced him to retire before the prescribed age of 70, he would have rounded out a service of half a century, a fact which is regrettable to say the least.

Mr. Snyder entered the service in January, 1883, as a telegraph operator, serving in that capacity until November 10, 1907, when he was made an agent, performing that duty until retirement last Friday. With the exception of five months, he has given his entire service at Snow Shoe intersection.

Man Awaiting Electrocuting Made Daring Jail Delivery.

Furnished with a gun and cartridges by a woman sympathizer Alvarez Miquel, under sentence of death and scheduled to be electrocuted at Rockview penitentiary on March 25th, made a daring escape from the Pottsville jail just before daylight, Saturday morning, but was recaptured inside of twelve hours and is back in jail awaiting his fate.

The woman in the case was Mrs. Margaret Fessler, 26 years old, married and the mother of two children. She is a school teacher and a social and religious worker. She smuggled the gun and cartridges into the jail and gave them to Miquel. The latter shot one guard in the thigh then compelled him to unlock the jail door. When surrounded ten hours later Miquel also shot a State policeman in the head. On being returned to jail and searched there was found sewed in the lining of his coat a master key that would unlock any cell door in the jail. How he got the key is a mystery.

The woman in the case is now occupying a cell in the same jail with Miquel.

Calvin A. Fleming, 70 years old, drove his model A Ford touring car from St. Paul, Minn., to his Louisiana plantation, twenty miles south of New Orleans, in four days. He has never had a puncture on the 1,400 mile trip.

ANOTHER GOLD HUNTING TRIP.

By Will Truckenmiller.

Friend Meek:— In another letter I told you of a trip to northern Montana which my friend Berry and I took in quest of gold.

The utter failure of that venture took the gold hunting fever out of Berry for over a year; then, one day just at the end of harvest he came racing over to my place, greatly excited. Thrusting a paper into my face he exclaimed: "Just look at that, will you." I took the paper and soon discovered that it was a crudely drawn map of what purported to be part of the Bear Paw mountains. The railroad and other points I was familiar with seemed correct, but of the mountains in question I knew nothing. Here the map went into detail and showed a trail at the end of which was marked: "Canyon Gold."

Berry then handed me another paper on which was written: "Just get this map from an old Breed. Going out tomorrow. Come on, Gene." "He's my cousin," said Berry, and then called my attention to the date on the note which was three months old. "I am going," said Berry, and asked me whether I would go along. In the end I went.

We got off the train at the point indicated on the map and soon learned that Berry's cousin had been there three months before and to check up further we found that he had purchased provisions on the very date his note had been dated. This reassured us and caused the gold fever to rise exceedingly.

Getting two saddle horses and a pack horse we left for the mountains and about noon the second day located the spot that had been marked "Gold" on the map. It was in a deep canyon, under a great over hanging cliff. About forty rods down the Canyon we found the skeleton of a horse. A picket chain was beside it and a little distance away a rusting frying pan and coffee pot were lying near some rags of blankets.

In the face of the cliff was a hole that water evidently ran out of at times, for its bottom was sand and gravelly. Here we found a few shining bits of gold and becoming greatly excited we hastened to explore the crevice.

Now Berry was a large man. Being much smaller it was decided that I should crawl into the hole while he stood by to assist. Though we were feverish with excitement we did not lose all common sense and considered the possibility that there might be a bear, a wolf or an odorless skunk back in that dark aperture.

So, taking our bulls eye lantern in my left hand, my revolver in my right, I started to creep in on my elbows and knees. Before going far I realized that I might want to retreat rapidly and not being built for rapid backward locomotion I tied one end of a lariat to my ankles and told Berry to pull me out as fast as he could should he hear me yell.

Slowly I worked my way in through the loose sand and pebbles. There was a queer smell in the cavern that I couldn't just identify. It made me a bit nervous. I had wormed in about twenty feet, finding no signs of gold, when a queer rattling sound startled me. Raising the lantern I was frozen almost stiff with horror when its beams revealed, not one, but many rattlesnakes coiled and buzzing just ahead of me. I let out a yell and the next second started backward along that tortuous tunnel.

At the first jerk on the lariat my revolver was discharged. Then I lost my lantern, my face plowed into the sand and something struck my head. The next thing I knew I was out in the sunshine again, dizzy and sick. My eyes were so full of sand I could not see, my nose was bleeding, my face and hands bruised and scratched. I tried to sit up and above my groans came Berry's piercing yell: "Snakes!" Picking me up in his powerful arms he raced down the canyon to our camp.

There I succeeded in relieving my torments a bit and felt better, except for a splitting headache and a jumpy feeling that was something I'd never experienced before. A couple of hours later Gene went up to see if he could recover the lantern. He was gone some time. When he returned he had a queer look on his face. He told me that there were hundreds of rattlers about the cavern I had crawled into and that in the grass near its mouth he had found the skull of a man—his hapless cousin, no doubt.

The skeleton of the horse, the rusting frying pan, the tattered blankets and the human skull were mute reminders of the tragedy that had met the lonely prospector there only three months before.

Berry was for clearing out at once. I felt so miserable that he yielded to my desire for a night of rest before breaking camp for the homeward trek. Both of us were very nervous and the night was well nigh over when I fell into a fitful sleep. I dreamed that a freight train was about to run over me. Helpless to move I heard the ponderous train bearing down on me with an awful grinding, crashing sound. Then silence for an instant and I woke up choked with dust and coughing because of an odd sulphur smell. There was no more sleep for me and as I heard the horses snorting at their tether lines I felt that, somehow, the dumb animals had sensed the invisible something that had so shattered my usually calm nerves.

When morning came we saw that the cliff that had stood at the head of the canyon was gone. Buriel under thousands of tons of rock was the hole in which we had hoped to find fortune.

We left the scene as soon as possible, made our way back to the railroad where we sold our outfit and went home. This was the last trip Berry and I took together, and shortly after he sold his farm and returned to his former home in Ohio.

PRESIDENT HOOVER AND HIS CABINET.

There is no object test by which to judge the Hoover cabinet or any other. The question is not as to their individual or collective ability, nor whether they are the choice someone else would have made.

The only question is whether they suit Hoover and can work with him personally in the manner he desires. They are honest—and aside from that the cabinet personnel is not the business of the public but of the President.

That is as it should be under our system of government which makes the cabinet the personal family of the chief executive. They are aides subject to his policy and direction. They are responsible to him, and he is responsible for them to the public.

That is why eminent men have failed sometimes as cabinet officers, while men of modest ability have succeeded. The job is one of teamwork and subordination to a leader.

These considerations apply with added force in the case of presidents such as Roosevelt, Wilson, and Hoover, leaders of dominant personality, strong will and definite ideas.

The ten men in the new cabinet are on the whole able. In the lot there is not one lacking in skill of some sort. They are: Henry L. Stimson of New York, Secretary of State; Andrew W. Mellon of Pittsburgh, Secretary of the Treasury; James W. Good of Chicago, Secretary of War; William D. Mitchell of St. Paul, Army General; Walter F. Brown of Toledo, Postmaster General; Charles F. Adams of Boston, Secretary of the Navy; Ray Lyman Wilbur of California, Secretary of the Interior; Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri, Secretary of Agriculture; Robert P. Lamont of Chicago, Secretary of Commerce; James J. Davis of Pittsburgh, Secretary of Labor.

Stimson, an able lawyer, was a successful secretary of war under Taft and an efficient governor general of the Philippines under Coolidge. He pacified Nicaragua two years ago with an ultimatum, which makes him unpopular with Latin-Americans.

Mellon is popular with Wall Street, which fought Hoover's nomination, and with big and little business men the country over, but is vigorously opposed by the progressive group and others in Congress.

Mitchell is rated high by the Supreme Court, which is about the best possible recommendation.

Good is an astute politician and lawyer, who managed Hoover's western campaign. His real work apparently will be to act as Hoover's liaison officer with Congress, a job necessitated by the President's non-political training and experience. Brown is the party boss of Toledo, but has been independent of the old Ohio organization.

Adams is a successful business man. Wilbur is president of Stanford University. Hyde, a former Governor of Missouri, is an insurance man, who owns several farms. Lamont is a manufacturer, banker and U. S. Chamber of Commerce official. Davis, who succeeds himself after eight years of the Labor Department, is a wealthy business man and lodge organizer, formerly an iron puddler.

Compared with other cabinets, this group is wealthy and representative of business interests rather than of professional politics, which sometimes dominates cabinets. It is conservative, containing no outstanding liberal except Dr. Wilbur.

It is a fair assumption that Hoover has chosen a cabinet which will follow his wishes. From all indications, Hoover is going to be the administration. And that, no doubt, is what the voters had in mind when they elected him.—Pittsburgh Press.

PHEASANTS ARE AID TO STATE FARMERS

Another use has been found for the Chinese ringneck pheasant. The board of game commissioners of Pennsylvania has announced that proof has been found that the ringneck pheasant feeds on Japanese beetles, one of the most serious insect pests found in Eastern United States, says a bulletin of the American Game Protective Association. The stomachs of numerous birds which have been killed have been examined and found to contain hundreds of these destructive insects.

It also has been shown that the starling, an otherwise unpopular introduced alien bird, feeds on the Japanese beetles. The skunk has also been observed eating the same insects.

The Japanese beetle, brought to America in some imported Japanese plant, has become established in certain parts of the East and has grown to be a most dangerous pest to agriculturists and horticulturists. Its devastations include orchards, vineyards, gardens, shade trees and all manner of useful plants.

The Comical Country Cousins.

A group of young ladies at Pleasant Gap, who compose Mr. Hoover's Sunday school class in the Methodist church, have made quite a hit in the presentation of the comedy, "The Comical Country Cousins," both at home and abroad. They first presented the playlet at home and it was received so well that last Friday night they gave an entertainment at Port Matilda. On Tuesday night they gave another performance at Pleasant Gap and last night appeared at Axe Mann. On March 22nd they will go to Flemington, March 26th, Hublersburg, and March 29th Milesburg.

The young ladies in the cast include Maude Herman, Marion Gettig, Elizabeth Watkins, Myrtle Magargle, Nettie Gill, Lizzie Gill, Elsie Rimmer, Esther Sampsel, Hazel Cori, Anna Millward, Ida Shirk, Nellie Gettig and Mae Millard. One of the sponsors and acting director is Frank Millward.

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DIETED FISHING WORMS BEST FOR ANGLERS.

Worms placed on a scientific diet before being used as a bait are more attractive to fish than those just taken from the ground, experts of the United States Department of Agriculture report, and the formula for this process known as "scouring" has just been made available by the Bureau of Entomology.

According to W. R. Walton, a distant relative of the famous Izaak Walton, known as the patron saint of fishing, the worms should be placed in a container filled with moistened moss for three or four days prior to being used. Spaghnum moss, found in damp woods throughout the northern States, is preferable, but other varieties may be used.

If the worms are kept for longer than that period the diet should be varied with sweet milk every week, and the moss should be washed every 10 days. At the end of a few days they become pink in color, and for some unexplained reason make the fish bite much quicker. The worms are transparent and the contents of the stomach can be seen through the skin, and the dieting process makes them of an even color which the fish regard as a choice morsel. The "scouring" process is particularly valuable for game fish such as trout, and it makes the worm more lively, tougher and easier to handle, Walton has found.

He has just published the results of a study of methods of preventing the worms from damaging lawns and golf courses, and stresses the fact that he is merely repeating an old formula given by his famous relative in 1653, as a matter of convenience for fishermen.

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.

- March 8—Stamp Act passed, 1760.
March 9—Monitor defeated the Merimac, 1862.
March 10—Mexican treaty ratified, 1848.
March 11—Act to found Navy, 1794.
March 12—U. S. Post Office established, 1789.
March 13—Standard time adopted, 1884.
March 14—Cotton Gin patented, 1765.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

DOGS TO LEAD BLIND.

Three dogs, trained to lead the blind, arrived on the United States liner Leviathan to form the nucleus of a school in Nashville, Tenn., to be called "The Seeing Eye."

The school will raise and train dogs to lead the blind through any sort of traffic. The dogs are the property of Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis, an American who saw them being trained in Switzerland. She started her own kennel abroad and now has 150 dogs at Lausanne. After their "graduation" from this primary school they will be brought here for advanced work at Nashville. By that time Tarat, Gola and Jublant the three that came in, will be "old grads."

Morris Frank, a blind student at Vanderbilt University, went abroad at the invitation of Mrs. Eustis, a year ago and tried out a dog kennel. The success of the dog was such that Frank pleaded with Mrs. Eustis to open the Nashville school, and he won his point. Mrs. Eustis was accompanied by Elliott Humphrey, her chief trainer, who is to be "dean" of the new school.

Mrs. Eustis explained that the dogs are trained to lead, to halt before traffic, to lead through traffic and to give signals by means of a stiff harness through a leash. The school, which is not to be commercial, places the value of the trained animal at \$150, but this figure is subject to change according to the needs of the purchasers. Mrs. Eustis, while in New York, will be the guest of Mrs. William K. Draper, 121 East Thirty-sixth street.

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