

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., November 14, 1930.

U. S. SENATE REPUBLICAN, HOUSE IS DEMOCRATIC

A Senate controlled by Republicans and a House of Representatives ruled by the Democrats emerges as the probable lineup of the Seventy-second Congress.

Tardy returns from outlying precincts in the closely-contested districts showed the following distribution of power:

SENATE
 Republicans, 48; Democrats, 47; Farmer-Labor, 1; Necessary for majority, 49.

HOUSE
 Republicans, 218; Democrats, 216; Farmer-Labor, 1; Necessary for majority, 218.

Because of the closeness of several races, both in the Senate and in the House, this distribution could not be considered as final, however. There seems every likelihood that there will be several contests and recounts which might reverse the result of the unofficial returns before the Congress convenes.

The outcome of the tabulations in the two races which remained doubtful, however, would not change the general political complexion of the new Congress, as judged from the unofficial returns.

Technical control of the Senate belonged to the Republicans, despite their lack of a majority, because it was not possible for the Democrats to emerge with more than forty-seven votes.

The Democratic sweep in the election was greater than shown in the party's gains in the Senate and House of Representatives, J. J. Shouse, chairman of the Democratic national executive committee, said in a statement last week.

"In every section of the country a phenomenon of the campaign was the narrow margin by which the banner bearers of the Republican party held onto their seats," Shouse said. "Take the case of Speaker Longworth, who ordinarily has been sure of a 30,000 majority, he squeezed in this time by a tenth of that number."

"Then there is Tilson, of Connecticut, spokesman for the President and Republican floor leader of the House, whose majorities have run from 10,000 to 30,000. His escape was so narrow that an early report from Connecticut counted him defeated. Will Wood, of Indiana, chairman of the appropriations committee and chairman of the Republican congressional committee, accustomed to 30,000 majorities, is another who barely got by this time. And Hawley of the ways and means committee, who was elected two years ago with a majority of about 60,000 just missed being numbered among the casualties last Tuesday."

GATUM LOCK AT PANAMA NO LONGER THE LARGEST.

The locks of the Panama canal, which have held the laurels as the world's largest—in cubic content—now yield the honor to that of the North Sea canal at Ymuiden. When Queen Wilhelmina of Holland threw the electrical switch that set the latter into operation, she was acting in line with the traditions of her country, for the nation that now boasts the largest lock also claims the honor of having invented this important device.

Although canals date back beyond the beginning of the Christian era—having been used for navigation and communication by the Assyrians, Egyptians, Hindus and Chinese—their usefulness was not realized until the invention of the lock about 500 years ago. The claim of the Dutch to have originated this device by which ships are enabled to sail "up hill" is, however, disputed by the Italians, who assert that the lock was invented by two of their engineers in 1481. The lock in Ymuiden is 1,312 feet long and 164 feet wide. The Gatun lock in Panama is 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide. Lock 8 of the Welland canal is 1,380 feet long and 80 feet wide. The Sault Ste. Marie lock is 1,350 feet long and 80 feet wide. In lock construction greater engineering problems are related to width than to length, for the width determines the size of the gates, the manipulation of whose enormous mass is one of the marvels of engineering.

The greater width of the Ymuiden lock will enable the largest passenger vessels to reach the docks of the Dutch city.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Centre Electric company to West Penn Power company, tract in Howard Twp.; \$1.
 John G. Glenn, et al, to Edward L. Glenn, et ux, tract in College Twp.; \$5,440.
 Ethel I. Noll, et al, to Isabelle Loughner, tract in Centre Hall and Potter Twp.; \$1.
 Paul Mackey, et ux, to Winfield C. Thompson, et ux, tract in Howard; \$2,700.
 Walter L. Hahn, et ux, to Daniel Hahn, tract in Burnside Twp.; \$210.
 August Yonke, et ux, to J. W. Stein, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.
 John H. Detwiler, et al, to Lula S. Winkleblich, et al, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1.
 Art S. Burt, et ux, to John R. Doty, et ux, tract in State College; \$1.
 C. A. Culp to R. O. Stohl, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.
 Mary Jane Harm, et bar, to Von B. Johnson, et ux, tract in Snow Shoe; \$1.
 Poole Hanson, et ux, to Theora DuBree, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.
 Theora DuBree to Poole Rasson, et ux, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.

UN SOLDAT

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

and how for nine years and a half Windy had lain there expecting the impossible, and would not give up.

"Windy, help me—stand by me. Tell me what to do."
 She thought of their talks in his room, and her voice, and how, when the darkness came and she could no longer see him, still his voice reached to her. "Fear?" he had said once—he who had so much to fear. "Fear of what? Nothing can harm you but yourself."

"But, Windy, you couldn't expect me to stay here in a dark room with—with you—couldn't expect that, could you?"

And again, Windy's voice, vibrant with conviction. "We face the impossible—and presently we have accomplished it."

The hand on the doorknob dropped. The latch slipped back in its place. Jenny reached up and took off her hat.

"But you'll have to stay with me, Windy. Sit on the chair right here by me. Now say it again—"

"It helps. Truly it does. It's so comfortable to sit together like this and your arm about me. Nothing can harm us, Windy. Fear not—I am with thee." She found again the complete security of it. Love and God, were they not the same? "I believe, Windy, they are."

"The old lamp is going. What do we care? It only brings you closer. It isn't so far to the hospital either. The lights are right—there—no, in this direction. They aren't out because we can't see them. Amos will be scudding about, seeing that all is well, his feet making a quiet pushing sound. I've often thought I'd try it. Perhaps you can go faster that way. Dr. Huff will be up, worrying; and the Chief will stick her head in a door where every one is fast asleep and say, from force of habit: 'Order there. This is a physical-and-vocal-silence period.' The boys in Ward 10 won't be sleeping because they hate storms, and he and John will roll them under the covers, and each accuse the other of cheating. Now the light is gone, Windy. Let's talk about the spring. Something tells me it's going to be all right for us in the spring. I couldn't feel this way if it were not true. Talk to me, Windy, talk quickly. I can hear your voice even through the dark."

Windy talked. "Steady there, Jenny. Don't shake so. Steady, hand. Steady, heart. See how well the little shack holds to the wind? I never saw a bark sail better. Let's head her for Europe. Paris—in the spring! I'll take you to a place I know. The gayest spot in all the world."

"What shall I wear?"
 "You'll wear a long, soft, sort of clinging thing all wrapped about you, with a piece that runs slonch-wise, and a high-uppart about your ears that is soft and white."
 "Oh, Windy, ears that is soft and white?"
 "Now you're laughing at me."
 "No—but the wrap was too funny. What shall we do at this gay place?"

"Dance."
 Windy dancing! Easily, lightly, gliding over the floor.
 "I never knew you danced so well, Windy."
 "There's lots you don't know, Jenny." That eager leap of light in Windy's eyes. "I love you, Jenny. I've loved you all the while."
 "You mean—all those months in the hospital?"
 "Yes."
 "And never told me. Why didn't you speak? You let me go away once because I couldn't bear it any longer."
 "I couldn't speak, Jenny. I had nothing to offer."
 A log fell with a faint thud; the ashes sighed. A shadow from the stove door danced along the wall in front of Jenny.

"Windy, are you still here? Let's sing. Sing quickly."
 "My Bonnie lies over the ocean."
 And the walls looked down on Jenny, singing in the dark.
 Who shall say who guarded Jenny through that night? All those boys whose passing Jenny had made easier. A little army of watchers, watching over one whose quick understanding and gentleness had eased their pain; had softened the sting of injustice, and the bitterness of useless sacrifice, and the harshness of farewell. Erney, of the battleship. Philip. Luke. Benjy Fram. The keeping bivouac through the night.

The storm left off as quickly as it had gathered. By eleven o'clock of the morning the reliable bulk of Jake's Invalid Carriage pushed its nose heavily around the bend and into the clearing where stood Dan's shack. They had lost their way a dozen times; they had had to dig the snow from the road, but now at last they were here. Dr. Williams, Dr. Huff, and Jake fell out stamped their numb feet, beat their hands together, and made giant strides toward the house.

Jenny heard them coming. Womanlike, now that the danger was past and the long night by, Jenny was ready to go to pieces. She knew that she would if she spoke and so she stood wordless, her hands clasped in a way that Jenny hid, fighting back the tears.

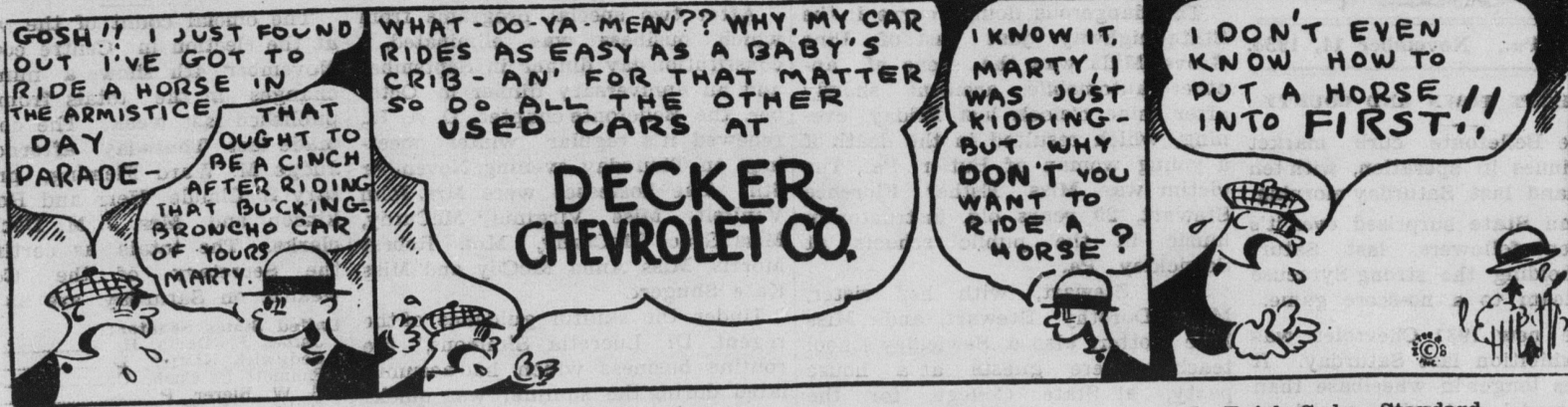
The men flung open the door, pushed anxiously in—stopped. The still form under the sheet. And placed above Dan's head a bright, bright wreath.

Jenny had found scissors and needle and thread. She had taken the red oilcloth of the kitchen table, the blue of an army hat cord, the gold of wound chevrons, the green binding of a closely-written book, bright stripes of service ribbons—with these, in the way a woman can, Jenny had made a wreath of flowers. And words upon it, fashioned from bits of twisted khaki. Words of beauty, of identification, of honor, known the world over—

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olive branch laid upon the records and the marks of service: Un Sold AT.

The three men stood with their hats over their heads, and heads bowed in the presence of death. And something else here in this room—a courage that was deathless.—By Norma Patterson in the Good House Keeper.

WINGATE.

Edward Bavarr has built a new pen for his porkers.

Mrs. John Walker and Jacob McClincy are both on the sick list, the latter suffering an attack of grip.

Mrs. Katherine Fisher suffered a heart attack last Thursday night, but is now able to be up and around.

A freight wreck in front of the Witmer Smith place, near Milesburg, Friday evening, broke off a pole of the West Penn Power company which naturally cut off the circuit up Bald Eagle valley throwing our town into darkness. It was nine

o'clock or later before the service was restored.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis McClellan and small child spent Sunday with Mrs. McClellan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shawley. Mr. Shawley suffered a painful injury, on Friday, while helping his brother-in-law, Fred Fisher, shred corn fodder. He was feeding the shredder when his hand became caught in the fodder and was drawn far enough into the machine to get his fingers nipped. A physician dressed the injured member and he is getting along all right but will not be able to do any work for some time.

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