

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., October 9, 1931.

BOY O' DREAMS

Must I leave you in the mountains,
Boy o' Dreams?
Must I leave you where the fountains
Toss the silver of their streams—
Where the trees are clothed in samite
And the little broken moon
Is a symbol and an answer
Like the reading of a rune?

May I take you to the city,
Boy o' Dreams—
Where your heart will break with pity
At the lethargy that seems
Only half alive to living,
Only enemy to mirth,
Where the dusty facts will blind you
To the fancies of the earth?

I must take you, but I'll keep you,
Boy o' Dreams,
Where no alien winds shall sweep you,
In a secret place that gleams
With the light of your own laughter—
Yours the vessel, yours the chart—
And we'll brave the storms together,
You—the captain of my heart!

Helen Whitney in Collier's

THE "TWISTER"

"Mother, I've told you time and again that we've never had a 'twister' in this place," Dan Rushton smiled down on his mother's anxious face.

"But that's not saying that we never shall, Leotie says—"

Her tall son brought his hand down vigorously on the table.

"Leotie!" he exploded, "to hear her talk, one would think we had a tornado out here every week. Can't you see that all she wants is to get you back east to slave yourself to death for those spoiled youngsters of hers?"

After this usual outburst Dan went good-humoredly out to work, leaving his mother still trying to read the significance of the ominous cloud bank forming in the west.

Behind her Dan's young wife sang as she rocked Dan Junior. The baby's grandmother marveled that anyone could be indifferent with such a menace boiling up on the horizon. In the face of such coolness she was constrained to hide her own anxiety.

Mrs. Rushton could not understand herself. It baffled her that she who as a sturdy young widow had battled alone and fearlessly in bringing up her family, should have come here to find herself a prey to unreasoning fears that would not down.

Her first weeks at Midvale Farm had been filled with sheer delight. The modern little home, with Dan and his mild, quiet-voiced wife and one cherub of a baby, had seemed a fair haven after the continual turmoil in her daughter's house. It had been pleasant, for a while, to sit idly watching Rita's deft hands do the work.

But although she was forced to admit that she had never been so happily situated, the idea of forced idleness did not appeal to Mrs. Rushton. The knitting and the tatting she had always longed to do, even the pastime of watching baby begin to pull.

"I never expected to find myself merely sitting around and doing nothing," she protested at last. "I'm not cut out for it."

"Well, you'll have to get used to it," the young people had declared. "You have done more than your share of the work already."

Life at Leotie's, with an expectant brood of six to be waited on, had certainly been strenuous, but when had her life been anything else? Her own babies, scattered now, had scarcely been on her hands before Leotie's had come to assert their claim, and they had been asserting it lustily ever since.

At first the idea of deserting them, of leaving Leotie to manage her own house and family alone, had seemed preposterous. Dan, who had come East on his first visit in years, saw things differently. He stood firm in his purpose to take his mother back with him.

"But you do not know how busy Leotie is with outside things. She is always writing papers for her club or doing settlement work or speaking at some of the guilds," the mother had reasoned. "I know I didn't help much but Leotie certainly needs someone to look after the children when she can't be with them."

"Now mother," Dan had cut in, "you don't want to worry over Leotie's children not getting all that's coming to them." He chuckled at the recollection of clamorous meal-time scenes in his sister's home. "Yes sir, those youngsters will never get left; it isn't in them to permit it. I hope your being away will make Leotie stay home for a change."

So, against her better judgment and to her daughter's consternation, the little grandmother found herself packed up and hustled off to what seemed to her untraveled mind very far west. And it was inevitable that she should have periods of remorseful wondering about the grand-children she had deserted; whether Leotie got them off to school in time, who mended Joe's torn stockings and who saw that thin, petulant little Allie drank the milk she needed. It was but natural that, not recovered in mind and body from the strain of life back there her thoughts should turn to Leotie's final warnings about the cyclone menace.

Leotie knew her mother, the uncompromising New England conscience and it was to these that she made her last appeal.

"I should think mother would be afraid to fly in the face of Providence that way," she would remark in her mother's hearing, "to exchange a safe, comfortable home for a buried existence on a farm in the

cyclone zone. They tell me there are rattlesnakes there, too, and that the summers are one long sizzle."

Dan had never supposed for a minute that his mother had taken Leotie's words seriously. His sister's knowledge of the country he had come to call home was so vague as to be amusing. Nevertheless, there was never a day when the transplanted New England grandmother didn't think of Leotie's warning.

It was not until spring was on its way, with its sunshine and perfumed breezes, and also with occasional high winds and sudden violent rainstorms that Leotie's words came back to trouble mother. Every black mass of clouds recalled the former's vague forebodings concerning the dire penalties visited on those who forsook the plain path of duty.

Back in the sheltered New England village where rain fell in gentle drizzles and the force of every wind was blotted by various obstructions, they had never known storms such as were so common in this vast, open country.

The sky which appeared nearer and more immense here, was awesome enough when it smiled on the farmhouse and its puny occupants. Its frown completely destroyed the good woman's morale. So it came about that her guilty fears culminated in one secret dread of that mysterious air monster, the tornado. The time came when she never went to bed without a careful scanning of the heavens, nor slept a night without getting up to peer apprehensively out of her western window.

She began to see the hand of pursuing Nemesis in every squall that threatened. When a burst of thunder shook the skies or great drops of rain or hail began to bombard the windows, she shrank in the most sheltered corner with a prayer on her lips.

Had she dared to acknowledge her terror she would have insisted on taking everyone to the cellar as the safest place to meet the peril she dreaded. She succumbed at the unconcern of the others, who sat casually on the porch or otherwise exposed themselves. Afterwards when the destruction failed to materialize, she was fervently thankful that she had been able to keep from betraying the full extent of her weakness.

In time she picked up considerable information about the dreaded cyclone. When she heard a conversation begin, "When we had the cyclone down in"—she invariably drew nearer. She learned the hours of the day when wind storms were most likely to arrive. She tried to picture the funnel-shaped cloud that marked them.

She searched the papers for accounts of tornadoes elsewhere, and when she found one drank in the meager details with an almost morbid thirst. Later she located the exact places on the map. So each cyclone carried that summer had an unknown but sympathetic mourner in the grandmother at Midvale Farm.

What comfort was it to her to be told that the genuine death-breathing tornado is rare, its swathe comparatively narrow, and the district in which they lived considered immune from its ravages. Her fears would not be reasoned away. If, as Leotie seemed to predict, there was a judgment in store for her, what could reasoning avail?

Dan began to fear that his mother was homesick. "As soon as the roads dry up we'll get the car out and give you a real look at this country," he promised. But keenly as she looked forward to these excursions, the edge of her enjoyment could be dulled by the least threat of bad weather. If she must die she preferred to die indoors.

Gradually, as the long, bright summer days stole on, she began, almost unconsciously, to recover her poise. The weather became more settled. Although she did not trust them, the broad blue heavens were not so constantly menacing. She never tired of watching the changes in the rolling fields. The regularity of the long rows of machine-planted corn fascinated her and she marveled at the rapid growth of the slender shoots into quivering green blades.

Perhaps the stimulus of a well-ordered household, together with the long hours on shady porch, were doing their part to foster an inner sense of calm and security. At any rate, Mrs. Rushton began to believe that her prayers for an increase of faith were being answered.

She might even have succeeded in throwing off the ever-present burden of Leotie's family cares if she had been permitted to help ever so little in Dan's home. But Dan was firm; he was convinced that garden work was too heavy for her, although she did contrive on the slip to pull a few weeds now and then. She longed to help in the shining kitchen, but there was allowed only "sitting down jobs," as she termed them scornfully. Even the baby was too well trained to need much care. When his grandmother was allowed to hold him, as a special concession, she knew that it was at the risk of spoiling the boy. Once, when he was recovering after a quite serious illness, she guiltily welcomed the chance to keep the fretful little fellow on her lap while his mother caught up with her work.

"I wonder why it is," she said to Dan that day at dinner time, "that this baby seems sweeter than any of Leotie's ever were? Yet, I was fond enough of them, too."

"I guess maybe it's because you have more time to enjoy this little fellow," Dan reached down to tweak a bare, pink toe. "I never saw you still long enough to enjoy anything at Leotie's." Dan could not think of his mother's life at his sister's without a hot wave of indignation sweeping over him. It gave him increasing satisfaction to see her getting the rest she deserved.

"I believe you are beginning to pick up some now, mother," he said, pulling his chair to the table. It did not occur to him that his mother might be in a bondage of spirit, a bondage more confining than that from which he had freed her.

"I believe I'll drive over to Molville this afternoon," Dan pushed back his chair and went to the door. "It looks as if this fine weather might break before long. Anybody want to go?"

"When I get baby to sleep I'm going to take a nap myself," said his wife. "I've hardly closed my eyes for three nights. Maybe if you'd put him in his coach, mother, and wheel him around the yard a little he'd drop off."

After Rita had gone into her room and closed the door, the grandmother stood doubtfully gazing at the grey carriage standing a little distance from the house, in the cool shade of a great pine tree. It seems so lonesome out there for him. Of course he's safe enough. Nothing can get into him and he can't get out of the coach. His mother said she could hear him from the window.

She finally decided to throw herself down in the hammock on the porch, meaning to keep the precious sleeper in sight. But the day was breathlessly hot, and her nights, too, had been disturbed. The song of the wren in the pine trees, the contented chirping from the chicken coops, and the droning of the insects, soon became a jumble of confused sound, and without meaning to, she fell asleep.

She awoke to find a sharp breeze stirring the vines above her head. And the sky, so cloudless a few minutes before—or was it hours—had grown dark and threatening.

More from habit than from any conscious plan, she went through the house to the west window, black curtain, with ragged edges, was slowly closing over that part of the horizon within her range. The branches of the tall trees behind the house had begun to lash one another violently. The tasseled corn-cobs in the near-by field swayed like creamy surf on a cast, green sea. Suddenly a few big drops broke against the screen and splashed on the sill. Then she remembered the baby. Was he still outside alone?

A vivid flash startled her, followed by a succession of sharp peals that rattled the windows. Ordinarily such conditions would have deprived the old lady of all power of motion, but now she slammed back the window and made for the door. She had not a shadow of doubt that the long expected tornado had come, and here she was facing it alone. It would take time to wake Rita. Heedless of the blinding fury about her, she rushed out and straight across to the big pine tree. Snatching the drowsy baby from his warm nest, she stumbled back.

Her daughter-in-law, who had sprung up with a paralyzing remembrance of the baby, met her as, drenched and panting, she reached the door. As it slammed after her, a new, rushing noise above the din, and a formidable jar shook the house. The gloom had increased. The windows, blurred with wavy rivulets, failed to admit what light there was. Rita, completely unnerved for once, drew her mother-in-law down beside her and held out her hand mechanically for the baby. Mrs. Rushton shook her head.

"What can we do? Shall we go down to the basement? We can't stay here!" moaned the younger woman, in the first shock of terror.

Mrs. Rushton, with amazing calmness, alternately soothed mother and baby. "There, there!" she comforted both. "I have an idea the worst will soon be over."

The uproar had quieted, though it had not altogether ceased, when Dan, dripping and breathless, burst into the kitchen. His wife clutched his soggy sleeve.

"O Dan," she half sobbed, "where were you?"

He looked round at them all. When he spoke, his voice held an awed note. "I stopped down the road, here, in Patton's barn," he said. Looks like a little cyclone had gone through here. I see the corn-cob and garage are both down, and the big pine out there has—"

Rita interrupted with a frightened gasp.

"Did you know the boy's carriage was left out under that tree? It's crushed as flat as—He took a stride toward the baby and buried his face in the folds of the child's dress. 'I tell you it took something out of me to go over there and look in it,' he said hoarsely, as he raised his head."

He stood up, wiping his forehead. "Were you frightened?" he asked. He turned with surprise from the white and shaken Rita, to his mother, beginning to prepare the baby's food. "Were you frightened, mother?" he questioned again.

Mrs. Rushton turned from the stove, the baby deftly turned under her left arm. There was a tranquil light, a sort of ecstasy on her face.

"Frightened?" she repeated almost absently. "A little," she answered. "Rita was some upset, too. It took her so sudden, you see. But I was all right when I knew baby was safe."

She could not expect these others to understand her new freedom. They could not know that it was now plain to her why she had been mysteriously led to leave Leotie and come here; that an all-wise Providence had known all along that someone else's baby would have need of her. The dreaded Nemesis had come—and spared her. She would never fear it again.

She laid her grandson in his crib and began to busy herself about supper. Rita came silently to help, her eyes following her mother-in-law with a wondering respect. —Exchange.

PENNSYLVANIA CENSUS ANALYZED IN BULLETIN.

Census Report on 9,631,350 Population Indicates 95.4 Per Cent are White. 16.9 Per Cent of Women Work.

There are more than 9,000,000 persons in Pennsylvania, by the last census.

What kind of people are they? How many of them were born here, and how many came from foreign lands? Are they miners or clerks, or professional men, or what? Are many women working, and is the number of children in families increasing or not? How about cities and rural districts?

One's natural curiosity about such matters is satisfied by the bulletin, "Composition and Characteristics of Population," just issued by the Bureau of the Census.

For instance: Out of the 9,631,350 living in the State, 95.4 per cent are white, among them 12.8 per cent who were not born in this country. That makes the State 82.6 per cent native white. More than two-thirds of these were born of native parents. Naturalization has made citizens out of 62 per cent of the foreign-born white, whose number in the State is 1,223,051.

As to learning, if literacy may be so called: Illiteracy is decreasing. The percentage of those of 10 years of age and over who cannot read has lessened since 1920, the last census time, from 4.6 to 3.1.

Concerning working women: In the State, 806,755 of the 4,785,833 females were working women. In other words, 16.9 per cent of the females have a gainful occupation.

Among males, 60.2 per cent of the 4,845,517 in the State have jobs, or at least some occupation by which they get money. It must be remembered that the other 40 per cent, approximately, does not indicate that much unemployment, by any means, for boys under working age, men too old to work and a number of other classes are included in the total number of males.

The number of babies (under 1 year of age) decreased 14.5 per cent since the last census. The entire group of children under 5 years of age showed a decrease of 10.9 per cent.

The city versus the farm: The percentage of the population living in cities is now 67.8. (The Census Bureau, as a general rule, counts as urban population those living in cities of 2,500 or more population.) A new rule has added a number of townships to what is called the urban group, but this urban population represents an increase of 6.3 per cent over the number of city dwellers in 1920. Some 3,097,839 persons live outside of the cities, while 6,533,511 are classified as city people.

The population of the State as a whole increased 911,333, or 10 per cent, between 1920 and 1930.

Now as to the worker and how they are employed. They are indicated as follows:

Agriculture	251,443
Mining	327,476
Manufacturing	1,469,468
Transportation	359,695
Trade	562,940
Domestic	322,245
Professional	247,293

Parentally, it might be said that among the miners, 296,694, are in the coal division, and that manufacturing is composed mostly of building, iron, steel, clothing and textile industries in this State.

OPEN SEASON ON DOE NAMED FOR ENTIRE STATE

An open season for the killing of female deer in Pennsylvania this year concurrent with the regular open season on male deer from December 1 to December 15, was declared in a resolution by the state board of game commissioners.

In taking this action the board of game commissioners used the power given by the recent Legislature which amended the game code by permitting the commissioners to declare open seasons on female deer in the entire State or in a portion of the State concurrent with the regular season for male deer and with the same bag limits.

During the coming deer season each hunter will be permitted to kill one deer, male or female, and each camp will be limited to six deer, regardless of sex. The resolution also provides that no antlerless deer shall be killed which weighs less than 40 pounds with the entrails removed.

The last open season in Pennsylvania for the killing of female deer was in 1928, although last year there was a three-day special open season on does prior to the regular deer season in certain counties.

DRIVE ON ILLEGAL SIGNS NETS 36,907

State highways and adjoining landscape were swept clear of illegal advertising by maintenance forces of the Pennsylvania Department of Highways, who pulled down 36,907 tattered legends in a thirty-day campaign. Secretary of Highways, Samuel S. Lewis announced. The 1931 drive netted nearly 5,000 more signs than had been pulled down in the 1930 drive, Lewis said.

Instructed by Secretary Lewis, the Department's maintenance crews scouted each section of roadway. Every type of illegal sign was removed and prominent among offenders were numerous imitations of official markings, such as "slow down" and "stop," popular with owners of stands.

Several truckloads of cards, boards, cloth and metal legends were removed from trees and poles along the right-of-way. Employees asked permission of adjacent property owners to remove all signs not covered by leases or on which the leases had expired. Legally erected signs were not disturbed.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.—Scott.

—There are many thrills for the feminine world in the latest ideas of the Paris couturiers, but one thing certain is that they will not make the mistake of trying to foist crinolines, bustles or any of the other sartorial atrocities of the Victorian era on modern women.

Fall fashions usually express themselves in terms of street clothes in the average woman's mind. There is a very definite sense of satisfaction in the wearing of an autumn coat dress or coat, just as spring is synonymous with jaunty, gaily colored tailleur. We already know that the next season's street clothes will show an era in fur trimming more lavish, luxurious and flattering than has ever yet been seen within living memory.

—French fashions for the younger fry seem to fight shy of the romantic Edwardian epoch, bustles, ruffles and what-not, and are all for allowing youth all kinds of freedom for the modern life of to-day.

Some of the French designers are showing some lovely new box-coats of fur with tailored collars and revers, big pockets and wide woolly scarves in bright colors. They'll be extremely smart at the big football games this autumn. Nutria, white caracul and poney furs are used in general.

Coats of diagonal wool or tricot are fitted slightly at the waist and flaring below, having curved crossed scarves of fur or velvet.

Schlaparelli makes a striking youthful ensemble with the coat in rough, ribbed blue woolen with fitted-in waist, crossing at the waistline and closing double-breasted effect. The simple frock which comes under it is in dull white silk jersey with a ribbed weave.

Another suit is of open-striped jersey in loveliest green. The jacket is fitted and has neither collar nor revers. The one-piece dress has a blouse of stripes made by fagoting and the skirt is slightly flared below the hip-line.

Lovely lacey sweater blouses come for wear with youthful jacket costumes. They are short-sleeved and reach to a few inches below the waistline.

A bright red jersey, very heavy, makes a charmingly youthful coat to wear over a dress of black jersey, the lower sleeves being in red.

—To assume more intelligence, education, elegance than one really has is almost always vulgar. And nothing is so easy of detection. To assume more intelligence, education, elegance, than one really has, to pretend to live better than one does, to claim intimate acquaintance with people not as intimate with one as one wishes they were—such falsehoods are soon found out, and the judgment formed of the persons practicing them is never flattering. On the other hand, there is a restraint, a self control to be recommended which holds in check the opposite extreme of too great frankness. One should not force his ideas or opinions upon those who are unlikely to be interested. Too much zeal, undue vehemence, rampant argument, are all out of place in social gatherings. One of the hall marks of good manners is that the possessors of them do not make others uncomfortable and resort to violent discussions or laying down of the law.

—Gradually many tasks of housekeeping have left the home, and in two or three years more of them will be performed by commercial agencies, outside the home, as spinning, knitting, bread baking and dressmaking are today.

In spite of the fact that so many parts of housekeeping have left the home and so many women are employed outside, housekeeping employs more people than other occupations.

It is true that the housekeeper of today does not have nearly so many tasks to perform as her grandmother did. But, as the work has left the home, so have the workers. The aunts, daughters, grandmothers, and even the "hired girls" have abandoned housework. Most of it falls now on "the housewife," who is probably as busy as ever, since her former help is engaged outside the home and demands her services as a background. Housekeeping is still a full-time job—public opinion to the contrary—and the housekeeper is still the biggest figure on the occupational horizon.

—Gingerbread Date Dessert—This is excellent either as a cake or a pudding. If you serve it as a pudding, make a hard sauce for it or serve it with slightly sweetened whipped cream, flavored with a little orange juice.

One-third cup shortening, ¾ cup brown sugar, ½ cup sweetened, strained apple sauce, ¾ cup sour milk or buttermilk, ½ cup molasses, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped dates.

Combine the ingredients in the order given, creaming the sugar well with the shortening before adding the apple sauce, and so on. When you come to the flour, mix it thoroughly with the flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt before combining it with the batter.

—Put in envelopes and label the odd keys from trunks and suitcases and other locks about the household, and you will not lose them nor have difficulty in telling which belong to which.

—To preserve and brighten the colors in wash dresses, use in the wash water a tablespoon of salt to each quart of water, and add vinegar in the same proportion to the rinse water.

FARM NOTES.

—Government scientists are experimenting with wheat and oats straw in an endeavor to make use of these farm products in the manufacture of high quality paper.

—By cultivating the garden late in the season some weeds start to grow so late that they are winter-killed before they can go to seed.

—Lime put on the soil in the fall is best for the crops which follow and saves extra labor in the spring.

—Oiled paper wrappers help to prevent storage scale of apples, and shredded oiled paper distributed through the pack is practically as good. Proper maturity and prompt storage at low temperatures also are important.

—By storing vegetables this fall you can cut down the grocery bill next winter. Factors favoring successful storage are a favorable temperature, good ventilation, size of bins, racks, good drainage, cleanliness, ease of access to the storage and the condition of the crops stored.

—In order to lay well a hen must have comfortable quarters. Hens may live and lay some eggs even when kept in a poorly constructed house, but a flock kept in a good house and given proper care is much more likely to be profitable.

—Every dairy farm should have a bull pen. Ease and safety in handling are thus assured and the health and vigor of the bull are benefited.

—Efficient management of me and money contributes to the success of farmers' cooperative organizations, a State College survey revealed. Satisfactory service and high quality products should be emphasized.

The best time to transplant corn is in the fall, according to Pennsylvania nursery.

—Health and vigor of the stock are the foundation of success in the poultry business.

—Bermuda onions grown in Florida this year were equal in quality to those grown on the island of the same name.

—A young queen and young bee in a hive in the fall are good insurance against weak, unproductive colonies next spring.

—The time to sell the unprofitable cow is when she is found to be unprofitable; and she should be sold to the butcher.

—A pure bred large white sow owned in Lincolnshire, England, is giving birth recently to 21 pigs. It completed the raising of 50 pigs in her last three litters.

—Swine need some salt, but not very much. Two-fifths of a pound of salt well mixed with each 14 pounds of grain mixture is enough. The feeding of too much salt to pigs is not accustomed to it will be fatal. Salt may be mixed with wood ashes or with coal slack, about one part to 20. After pigs have been hand-fed this mixture for a time they may be given free access to it. Salt may also be fed with finely ground limestone and steamed bone meal, limestone, 45 part and salt, 10 parts.

—If you are ranging on land that is to be used for a garden next year, be careful about feed screenings or wheat that has been cleaned. Screenings will bring in a remarkable collection of weeds which greatly increase the work of raising a good garden. If screenings are fed to poultry it is probably best to feed the grain troughs and then burn any smut seeds that the chickens will not eat.

—Fertilizing the hay crop with sulphate of ammonia paid on a farm of John Henderson in Belmont county who secured an increase of one and one-half tons of hay from an expenditure of \$3 for the fertilizer applied as a top dressing, according to estimates. Part of the field received no fertilizer and the timothy yielded only 1,500 pounds per acre, while on the fertilized portion the yield was almost two and one-half tons to the acre.—O'Farmer.

—The Washington experiment station has been conducting experiments on the relation of leaf area to fruit. It was found that twenty to thirty leaves per acre are necessary to produce an apple of commercial size under conditions in Washington State, and that for fifty leaves per fruit are needed.

—The maintenance of a vigorous growth of tree by an available amount of organic matter, a sufficient moisture will maintain large leaf area. There have been indications that in the East moisture is most commonly the limiting factor of these three items. It is estimated that 1 average twenty to twenty-five-year old apple tree will carry sixty one hundred thousand leaves, which means that the crop on such a tree should be limited to one thousand five hundred to two thousand, five hundred fruits, if best commercial size and quality as well as annual crops are to be obtained.

—Experiments at the Pennsylvania State college show that it requires considerably more feed to produce gains on lousy hogs than on swine free from lice. Crooked hogs in a small shed sprinkle crude oil or kerosene drainings on them with a sprinkler can or with an old broom dipped in the oil. Leave the pigs in the shed until they have rubbed against each other and their bodies are covered with the oil.