

The Centre Democrat

BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

A. C. DEER, Editor
PAUL M. DUBBS, Associate Editor
CECIL A. WALKER, Business Manager

Issued weekly, every Thursday morning. Entered in the postoffice at Bellefonte, Pa., as second class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
\$1.50 per year, if paid in advance
\$2.00 per year, if not paid in advance

The date your subscription expires is plainly printed on the label bearing your name. All credits are given by a change on the date of label the first issue of each month.

Matters for publication, whether news or advertising, must reach the Centre Democrat office not later than Tuesday noon to insure publication that week.

All reading notices marked (*) are advertisements. Legal notices and all real estate advertisements 10 cents per line each issue.

Subscribers changing postoffice address, and not notifying us, are liable for same. All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise directed.

CIRCULATION OVER 7,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

INVESTIGATING JURY VERDICTS.

Those who recall the outcome of the Behmer murder case tried in the Centre County courts some time ago, will applaud the action being taken by Philadelphia in investigating the recent verdict which freed Mary K. O'Connor in the killing of five-year-old Nancy Glenn.

The Philadelphia case differs from the Behmer case in Centre county only in the weight of evidence against the defendant. During the O'Connor trial it developed that the defendant had wilfully struck the child, but denied intending to kill her.

A review of the Behmer case, however, will reveal that a woman deliberately walked into a man's place of business, drew a revolver and killed him—plain case of premeditated murder—yet a jury freed her. Apparently less justification for acquittal than the Philadelphia case.

The only reason for mentioning these cases at this time is to provide encouragement to the wide-spread hope that some day a revised method of our jury system will prevent such gross miscarriage of justice.

THE STORK DERBY, INCORPORATED.

Centre Democrat readers who have been following in the daily papers the progress of the stork derby contest in Canada, cannot help but be convinced that it has reached a farcial stage.

Fighting for a chance to share the \$500,000 baby marathon prize, to be awarded to Toronto mothers registering the largest number of births in ten years, the number of entrants has been reduced to four. Hearings are now being held before the Ontario Supreme Court to determine who has been the most prolific baby-producer.

The extent to which some of the mothers had gone to win the coveted prize is shown by one of the entrants who was ruled out because some of her children had been still-born. The verdict so infuriated the candidate that she started punching her husband and throwing things at others in the court room. She was finally ejected, but not before she had hurled a verbal missile at the Bench, "To hell with the judge."

Another entrant in the derby was shown to have been separated from her husband five years ago. She had five children at the time and became the mother of five more since then. When questioned as to the legitimacy of her claim she told of having made an agreement with another man to become the father of her children, and in the event of winning the prize would share it with her male partner. The Stork Derby seems to be great sport in Toronto, and is enjoyed by everyone except the judges.

FARMING GROUP OPPOSES PINCHOT

The Pennsylvania Threshermen and Farmers' Protective Association, in the last issue of its monthly publication, The Right-of-Way, opposed Gifford Pinchot, who is seeking Republican gubernatorial nomination for a third term.

Pointing out that the association supported Pinchot in his two previous campaigns for governor, the Right-of-Way said editorially:

"While Mr. Pinchot placed the common good and public interest foremost, we supported him and were proud to do it. When he abandoned his ideals and sacrificed the peoples' interests in an effort to advance his own, we parted company. We have no reason to believe that he has returned to the ideals he once abandoned; or that, if he has, he would not again abandon them when election is over."

"The Pinchot who was governor from 1923 to 1927 thrilled the common people because he had their viewpoint and followed it. . . . It was the Pinchot of 1923-27 that the common people voted for in 1930, but the Pinchot they got was a different one—a man mad with political ambition who stooped to the worst method of political gangsters to try to further his purposes and did not stop at treasury raiding to finance his campaign organization. . . ."

"We believe this two-time governor is not entitled to another chance to continue two-timing the people." The association reviewed thoroughly Pinchot's record of "broken promises, payroll padding and party jumping."

THE ANTI-LYNCHING BILL

After something like six weeks of constant filibustering in the Senate, where Senators from the Southern States fought passage of the so-called anti-lynching bill, the measure was laid aside last week by a vote of 53 to 22 in order that other business could be considered.

That the long debate was unfortunate in that it tended to revive sectionalism, without complete assurance of effectiveness in preventing lynchings, is reasonably plain. The lynching evil has been attacked by the leaders of the South and the record demonstrates that the crime is gradually disappearing. Only eight such outrages occurred last year, and while this is bad enough there are those who believe that passage of a Federal anti-lynching bill would weaken the fight against lynching in the South.

That Senator Borah, of Idaho, should have joined in opposing the measure and that Senator Norris, of Nebraska, should, at last minute, declare his opposition is significant. Like Mr. Borah, Senator Norris recalled the South's "tragic era" of Reconstruction, "carpet-bagger control" of government and "the misery and ruin in homes already destroyed by war." He agreed that the bill would have a tendency to "stop the progress being made" in the fight against lynchings, declaring that the South has "made a record of which it has a right to be proud."

Requested Poems

Contributed by Readers

A Good Wife—Heaven's Gift to Man

EVANGELIST JOHN MOSES BAKER, Baltimore, Maryland.

The following poem, written by Rev. John Moses Baker, Baltimore, Md., well known and noted evangelist, is published by request by reason of its popular reception at the time of its broadcast over the radio in Pennsylvania. Rev. Mr. Baker, the author, has been writing gospel songs for many years. Many requests have been received for copies of the poem, "A Good Wife—Heaven's Gift to Man."

There is nothing on earth that we cherish, And nothing a husband loves more, Than the wife that was given to help him, And save in temptations so sore.

When trials and conflict surround him, She then is his comfort and stay, And when the dark clouds gather o'er him, Her smile quickly drives them away.

In sorrow and anguish what comfort, Comes from her watching and care, No battle so fierce or no danger To keep her away from him there.

She will stand by when all others forsake him, And keep brave and true till the last, And in life's darkest hour will comfort, Until every temptation is past.

She will always be sweetheart and dearest, Of any on earth he holds dear, Her voice will always be sweetest Of any he ever will hear.

At last when life's journey is ended, By her side he will lie down to rest, And in Heaven she will be with him, Forever and even the blest.

The Beautiful Snow

This poem, which has been pronounced one of the finest ever written, has a sad history. During the early part of the Civil War, one dark Saturday night in midwinter, there died in the Commercial Hospital in Cincinnati a young woman, over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty and had been, as she herself says, "flattered and sought for the charm of her face," but alas, upon her fair brow was written that terrible word, "prostitute." Once the pride of respectable parents, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been only the life history of thousands. Highly educated, and with accomplished manners, she might have shone in the best society; but the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door of childhood, and having spent a young life of disgrace and shame, the poor, friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found in manuscript, "The Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos H. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of that paper, on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was so taken with its stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place. Such are the plain facts concerning her, whose "Beautiful Snow" shall long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature.

O the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below, Over the housetops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet, Dancing, flirting, skipping along, Beautiful snow, it can do no wrong.

Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak, Beautiful snow from the heavens above, Pure as an angel and gentle as love, O, the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!

Whirling about in their maddening fun, It plays in its glee with everyone, Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye; And playful dogs with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around.

The town is alive, and its heart is aglow, To welcome the coming of beautiful snow, How wildly the crowd goes swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song! How the gay sleds like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!

Ring, swinging, dashing they go, Over the crust of the beautiful snow; Snow so pure when it falls from the sky As to make one regret to see it lie, To be trampled and tracked by the thousand feet, Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow; but I fell— Fell like the snowflakes, from heaven to hell; Fell to be trampled as filth in the street; Fell to be scoffed; to be spit on and beat; Pleading, cursing, dreading to die; Selling my soul to whoever would buy.

Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread; Hating the living, and fearing the dead. Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet I was once like the beautiful snow, With an eye like a crystal; a heart like its glow.

Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought for the charm of the face, Father, mother, sister, all, God and myself I have lost by my fall. The veriest wretch that goes shivering by, Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh.

For all that is on or about me I know, There's nothing as pure as the beautiful snow. How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it would be ere the night comes again, If the snow and ice struck my desperate brain;

Fainting, freezing, dying alone, Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan To be heard in the streets of the crazy town; Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down. To be and to die in my terrible woe, With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow, Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin, To raise it to life and enjoyment again. Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee, The Crucified hung on the accursed tree; His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear: Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my prayer? O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.



THE OFFICE CAT

"A Little Nonsense Now and Then, Is Relished by the Wisest Men"

MY COUNTRY 'IS FOR THEE

I simply loathe the taste of booze, All whiskeys make me ill, And as for beer or wine, to me They're simply so much swill. I hate the very smell of Scotch, One sip of Champagne hates me, I cannot stand the sight of Rye And Bourbon nauseates me. A Cocktail or a Highball, A Manhattan or Old-Fashioned, Leaves me a trembling, jittery wreck And lower than a dachshund. I'd never touch Intoxicants Not even on the q. t. Except that I consider it A patriotic duty. It's for the good old flag I drain My gallon jug or pitcher, Because I know the tax will make My Country two bucks richer!

Ours Sounds That Way Sometimes

Mrs. Grady—"I don't like the sound of your radio." Mrs. O'Keefe—"That's no radio; it's our washing machine."

Perfectly Satisfied

Would-be Employer—"Have you any references?" Would-be Employee—"Sure, here's the letter: 'To whom it may concern: John Jones worked for us one week and we're satisfied.'"

What Did She Mean?

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," wailed the young mother. "I had a contract for a new house and the baby swallowed it." "Too bad," sympathized a visitor. "Was it binding?"

Many a bride-to-be is so nervous she doesn't know whether to say, "I do," "I have" or "I will!"

An absent-minded country doctor is one who sets a farmer's tooth and pulls the hired girl's leg.

Snappy Kombat

The manager of a store summoned a shipping clerk and asked him why, when he applied for work, he had not mentioned a term in prison as part of his experience. The ex-con maintained that he had, and, pointing to the application blank, showed that he had written under "last occupation" the word "Cellist."

Our Nursery Rime

Little Boy Blue, Come blow your horn In mama's hankie Your sleeve's all torn.

Naming It Early

A minister was given to publicly announcing his thanks for personal blessings bestowed upon him. It came about that in the same week a bonnet rusted-topped infant and a purse of \$100 came to the parsonage.

There was no little speculation, and if the truth be known a modest wager or two laid, on the matter of which bestowed the minister would mention first in his opening prayer on Sunday morning. But all bets were declared off when the beloved pastor began:

"Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for the ready succor that has come to us the past week!"

Referred To Our "Embarrassing Moments" Editor

Dear Sir—I am a stenographer for the official weather man. Last week he and I were in the observation tower together and were looking over the dials on the instrument boards. So, picture my dismay when, just as his wife walked in the door, I said, "It looks like we're going to have an off Spring, Mr. H—"

Apology

A negro preacher got up one Sunday morning and said, "There is twelve chicken thieves in this congregation this mornin'—including Brother Johnson."

Brother Johnson did not like it much, naturally. After services he called on the preacher and told him he could not bow him out in public that way, he would have to take that back and apologize at the night services. The preacher promised to do it.

At the night services he said: "Brethren, at this mornin's services I said there was twelve chicken thieves in the congregation including Brother Johnson. But I want to take that statement back and apologize to Brother Johnson. I say now that there were eleven chicken thieves in the congregation this mornin', not counting Brother Johnson!"

"A Little Thing Called Love"

Dear Office Cat: If you will allow me a little space I would like to discuss a subject that has never been clearly defined, and one which I believe your readers are interested in. I refer to the Grand and Universal Passion known as Love.

Since that immortal morning when Father Adam awoke from his snooze and found a girder missing from the Lord's first effort in structural engineering, a little four-letter word has plunged the world into a mental and physical chaos of doubt and indecision.

When Adam squinted across the mossy counterpane and beheld Eve blissfully snoring in the other twin bed, he plunged head-first into mathematics. Beginning with one and one making two, he advanced to a mental state where he was able to understand that two and two equalled four—thus there are four letters in the word LOVE. With love the multiplication table developed for the advancement of the human race, and it's been a race ever since to see who could advance the farthest.

From the beginning of time love has been the world's greatest problem. It has been defined by thousands, and few agree as to just what it is. Some contend that it is an itching sensation of the heart that can't be scratched. Others tell us that it is what makes the world go round. Our old hired man claims that it is what caused him to lose a whole summer's wages in one day while in New York. My cousin Lizzie thinks it's the cat's whiskers (with apologies to the Office Cat), and Maggie, the cook, knows it's all the bunk.

As defined by a well known New York literary critic, it is like the devil because it torments us; like heaven because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt because it is relishing; like pepper because it sets one on fire; like sugar because it is sweet; like rope because it is often the death of man; like prison because it makes one miserable, like wine because it makes one happy; and like a man because it is heretoday and gone tomorrow.

This same critic continues to define love as being like a woman because there is no getting rid of it. Like a beacon because it guides us to a wished-for port; like the will-o-the-wisp because it often leads us into a bog; like the bite of a mad dog or the kiss of a pretty woman because they both make a man mad. In a word, it is like a ghost because it is like everything and like nothing—often talked about, never seen, touched or understood.

In ye humble writer's opinion, love is the honey in a bee tree up which a bear climbs and doesn't know what it's all about until the limb breaks and he wakes up with his belly full, a pain in his head, and both eyes swollen shut.

What do you think? OLD-TIMER. That's all, folks. Quite often a gay young woman is nudged by the company she keeps. —SCAT.

Hears Suicidal Shot

After a long-distance talk with Miss Dora Nussell, in Los Angeles, William Richard Tompkins, of Gallatin, Tenn., asked her if she wanted to hear the shot with which he intended to end his life. Immediately thereafter, she heard a shot. Notified by a telephone operator, police rushed to Tompkins' hotel room, rushed him to a hospital where he died five hours later. Dependent because Miss Nussell had refused to marry him and because he was unable to repay a \$400 loan she had made him, Tompkins decided to end it all.

Creditors To Meet

The first meeting of the creditors of Reuben Stone, of Philipsburg, who was adjudicated bankrupt on February 18, will be held in the law offices of Referee John T. Taylor in the Peoples National Bank building, State College, Friday morning, March 4, at 10 o'clock. At that time the creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee and transact other business. Mr. Stone conducted a clothing store at Philipsburg.

The pessimist is the guy who always looks for the "lime" in complication.

Query and Answer Column

PROBLEM—A train leaves New York, traveling 100 miles an hour, bound for Los Angeles, Calif. At the same time a train leaves Los Angeles for New York, traveling 50 miles an hour. When they meet, which train is farthest from New York? (Answer elsewhere in this column.)

H. F.—What causes sun-spots on the Sun? Ans.—Sun-spots, according to authentic astronomers, are swarms of meteors from the rings of Saturn falling into the solar furnace. According to the same authority, there are billions of these meteors that fall into the sun at the speed of four hundred miles a second, and that some of the meteors are nearly a thousand miles in circumference.

W. D.—What is the origin of the word "circus," as applied to road shows exhibiting under a tent? Ans.—In ancient times there was a place in Rome reserved for public games, races and shows. It was one of the most magnificent structures in Rome and was named "Circus," short for Circus Maximus, its founder, and was established during the reign of Augustus Caesar. The word "circus" has survived, as a name for modern shows under a tent.

B. D.—Which is the proper spelling—"Pittsburg" or Pittsburgh? And how did it get its name? Ans.—The proper and official spelling is with the final "h." However, some people drop the "h" for convenience or other reasons. Pittsburgh was named after William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and the name was adopted in 1759.

H. Y.—Can you tell me what the meaning of "Quo Vadis" is? Ans.—Quo Vadis is a Latin term which literally means "Which Way?"

O. R.—Why is there a small hole in the top of the gasoline tank of an automobile? Ans.—The hole is to let the air in as the gasoline is drawn out. If no air could get in, the use of the gasoline would create a partial vacuum and no more gasoline would flow.

B. J.—Was the moon ever a part of the earth? Ans.—This is not known definitely. However, geologists believe that it was pulled out of the earth many billions of years ago when the earth was fluid, probably by the attraction of the sun in such the same way in which the earth and other planets are supposed to have been pulled out of the sun by a passing star.

F. O.—Can dogs and horses think like a human can? Ans.—Scientists are generally agreed that most of the higher animals can think of matters like getting food or escaping from enemies. The difference between them and the human is one of degree, and not of kind. The more gray-matter cells in the brains of the various animals, the more likely they may be able to think. It is agreed that the elephant has more of that gray-matter brain cells than any other known animal.

L. O.—Why are the red race of America called Indians when real Indians belong to India? Ans.—It is not known for sure where the American Indians came from. It is generally agreed among geologists that probably millions of years ago Asia was connected with Alaska by land which has since sunk beneath the sea. But at that time it served as a passage from Asia to America, and they were thought to be Indians from India. Hence American Indians.

E. H.—What reptile squirts blood from its eyes? Ans.—The horned toad when alarmed or excited will shoot blood from its eyesockets to a distance of four or five feet.

L. H.—Are there any blind persons in this Congress? Ans.—Only one, Representative Matthew Dunn of Pennsylvania. He is serving his third term. He lost the sight of one eye when he was 12 years old, and of the other when he was 20.

F. S.—What country elects a President each year? Ans.—In Switzerland, each year the National Assembly elects a member of the Federal Council to serve as President. He is ineligible for a consecutive term.

J. E. B.—How often does the United States Navy engage in gun practice? Ans.—The fleet is training for gunnery continuously insofar as other demands on its time and weather permit.

C. L.—What city in the United States has the largest number of single family homes? Ans.—Philadelphia leads in the number of single family homes with 364,457 at the last census.

E. J.—When did Buffalo Bill start his Wild West show? Ans.—He organized the show in 1883.

W. F. M.—Where is the Conrad Weiser Memorial? Ans.—Conrad Weiser Memorial Park is a beautiful shrine located along the William Penn Highway, just east of Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pennsylvania. It contains the heart of the pioneer homestead-farm of Col. Conrad Weiser, pioneer hero, churchman, diplomat, Indian agent, interpreter, soldier and judge. The original Weiser mansion, 200 years old, is restored and suitably furnished with antique furniture. There is a museum of rare Weiser records and colonial records.

E. R.—Is it possible to create a perfect vacuum? Ans.—This is at present a mere intellectual concept. No physical or chemical method has been devised for effecting the absolute removal of every trace of matter from any portion of space having finite measurements. By the use of a good modern air-pump a degree of exhaustion can be obtained which is so perfect that no residual matter can be detected except by the most delicate testing. The Sprengel pump invented about 1865 is able to produce a vacuum so nearly perfect that the residual pressure probably does not exceed the 400,000,000th part of an atmosphere.

W. H. J.—Please describe the new all glass train which was made in England? Ans.—With the exception of the roof, the exterior of the train is all glass and more than 120,000 pieces of a special type were used to construct it. On the interior are glass floors and walls, a glass bathroom, and pictures made of glass. The train was constructed by a Lancashire, England, firm of glassmakers to advertise its products.

Answer to Problem: The trains, of course, when they met, would be exactly the same distance from New York.

Modern Etiquette

- 1. When speaking to friends, should a wife refer to her husband as "Mr. Gibson"?
2. Is it all right to hold a sandwich in the fingers while eating it?
3. When an employer introduces his secretary to a business visitor, should the secretary rise?
4. Is it proper to use two envelopes for wedding invitations?
5. When a girl and her escort enter a public dining room, is it the girl's privilege to select the table?
6. At what age does a girl no longer require a chaperon?
7. What is the correct way to eat strawberries when they are served with the hull on?
8. If a person makes an unkind remark about one's friend, wouldn't it be better to tell this friend?
9. Is the following phrase correct for a formal introduction? "Mrs. Martin, may I present Mr. Wilson?"
10. What should you do if a friend asks to borrow your toothbrush?
11. When a bachelor is giving a supper party in honor of a certain woman guest, where should he seat her?
12. When a girl is invited to house party, and for some reason is unable to accept, should she give the reason to her hostess?

Answers to Modern Etiquette

- 1. No. In social conversation she should say "my husband" or "Charles." When speaking to a servant, or employee, she should say, "Please tell Mr. Gibson that I have gone."
2. Yes. Of course a large chicken sandwich or club sandwich requires a fork and oftentimes a knife.
3. If the secretary is a man, yes; if a girl, no.
4. Yes, this is customary. The inner envelope contains the invitation and cards, and is merely addressed, Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Jones, without the address.
5. No; she should allow her escort to do so.
6. Probably at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six.
7. Each berry should be picked up by the hull, with the fingers, and dipped into sugar.
8. No; the best plan would be to ignore the remark. However, do not form a friendship with a person who makes unkind remarks about one's friends.
9. Yes.
10. While it is difficult to imagine such a request, rather than show resentment it might be best to let the "friend" have the toothbrush, then at the very first opportunity purchase a new one for yourself.
11. He should escort this honor guest to the table and seat her at his right.
12. Yes.
Meteorist's Hard Luck
Joseph Ungar, of Brooklyn, driving a car borrowed from a friend, and stuck in an icy stretch of highway skidded on the same spot and again skidded into a ditch. As he Ungar's now battered car was pulled out, a second car skidded and drove Ungar's car back into the ditch. No sooner had he regained the highway than a third car struck an icy stretch of highway skidded on the same spot and again skidded into a ditch. As he Ungar's now battered car was pulled out, a second car skidded and drove Ungar's car back into the ditch.