

YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy. A corner for you to fill; And it wants today along life's way.

A POETICAL PEN PICTURE OF A CENTRE COUNTY VILLAGE.

PINE GROVE MILLS, June 30th. Here in this favorite spot, where nature in her happiest combination of hill, vale, wood and water has done her utmost to delight the eye, rises this beautiful village, Pine Grove Mills, at the base of Tussey mountain.

Spring time is here, old earth is putting on her warm, green dress and preparing to leave her children out under the sun and blue sky. The trees are donning all sorts of wonderful colors.

This village is a panacea, a rest for the weary old bones, and a relaxation to strained nerves. Here one can enjoy the delightful rambles and walks.

Oh! delectable entrancing spring, it fills our old hearts with cheer, gorgeous queen of the season, how the sweep of thy magic wand brings back from the sleeping years of the dreamy past the gaudy visions of life's spring-time.

We think we hear heavens looms propped by aerial beings as they weave the fabric of thy robes. We almost imagine we see celestial artists floating on steady wing producing specimens of the taste and genius of the skies, painting on thy royal attire a galaxy of heaven's fine art for the wondering admiration of us mortals on earth.

ploughing, to be followed by spring planting, is in progress. Back of the team waits the shaper of destiny, man. He seeing to it that earth shall yield her toll to the lord of creation as she has yielded it since time began and shall continue it, — or else man shall pass away.

The above is a pen portrait of the health, wealth, happiness and prosperity and intelligence of this good village and its citizens. In this village we have four churches, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist and Reformed. Three mercantile stores, one hostelry, St. Elmo hotel. It is a home in every sense of the word.

J. MILES GEPHART. A New Highway Map.

HARRISBURG, June 23.—The State Highway Department has just issued a sectional highway map of the southwestern part of Pennsylvania on which State highways and State-aid highways, as well as county and township roads are shown.

This is the second sectional map of the State issued by the State Highway Department, the southeastern part having been put out last November. The northeastern and northwestern sectional maps are now in course of preparation.

These maps are of value to automobilists and to others using the highways of the State. A limited number have been prepared.

The counties included in the map are Greene, Washington, Beaver, Butler, Allegheny, Fayette, Huntingdon, Westmoreland, Armstrong, Indiana, Somerset, Bedford, Cambria, Fulton, part of Franklin, part of Perry, part of Juniata, part of Mifflin, part of Centre, part of Clearfield, part of Jefferson, part of Clarion and part of Lawrence.

What Makes Honey Bees Black? A bee-keeper in York county wrote to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, asking, "Are you able to tell me the dates of honey bees turning black after they become working bees, and the well bees carry out those that turn black?"

This inquiry was written by a practical and observing bee-keeper, and the reply which he received is likewise based upon actual experience, and is as follows: "Honey bees become black after they have been field workers for a while due to their activity in crawling around and rubbing against each other, and against flowers and weeds, and rubbing off the hairs of their bodies."

Young bees look gray and velvety because of the soft hairs with which they are covered. As they become older they become darker, more shiny, and apparently smaller. A great many persons see these small, black, shiny bees and think they are other kinds of bees or robbers from other hives. They remain active until they injure their wings, and become unfit for flight and gather nectar. Then the younger and stronger bees carry them out and throw them away, or drive them from the hives, as they do all bees that are injured and no longer useful to the colony.

As the period of usefulness of a bee depends entirely upon the length of time that it can use its wings, it is to be seen that the bee-keepers suffer a direct economic loss by letting grass and weeds grow before the hive, so that the bees must fly through them in coming and going. In so doing they wear out their wings much sooner, and thus have a much shorter period to devote to the practical work of storing honey.

These and other things are discussed in the Bee Bulletin written by the State Zoologist as the result of his practical experience in his own bee yards. Copies are yet available for those who want them. It is published from this Bureau of the Department of Agriculture.

Chinese Locks. The earliest locks known to man were of Chinese make. Although it is impossible to tell the exact date of those still extant, they are wonderfully well made, and as strong as any manufactured in Europe up to the middle of the eighteenth century.

THE FLAG ADOPTED.

Let the sons of the patriots glow in the pride That is theirs by the right of succession— I sing of the allens born far and wide Who of love for the flag made confession.

We are brothers and sisters by rule from above. We're all of us lovers of freedom. Our daddies ne' fought for the flag that you love— But their sons are right here when you need 'em!

—Grit Alexander.

The SANE FOURTH AT DASHVILLE BY MASON RAY

"A sane Fourth's the thing," observed the portly mayor. He glanced across the table at his wife, then let his wandering gaze come to rest on his pretty daughter June.

"Of course we'll have a picnic," planned the mayor's better half. "The tables can be set under the trees in that grove by the station. We'll get some carpenters to contribute work on them and a speaker's stand."

"The sooner I talk it over with the business men the better," decided Mayor Munshaw. "I'll talk 'em into prohibiting the sale of fireworks. We'll keep 'em for evening and have 'em set off under the auspices of the village. Our councilmen will officiate."

"Dinner ready," trumpeted Dan Hughes of the megaphone voice. "Everybody set up! And those what can't set 'I'll have to stand!"

Instantly the shifting crowd coalesced like magic about the long table with Reverend Fanning in a central position to say grace, and the mayor stationed at his right. A profound silence settled over the multitude during this invocation, then a buzz of laughter burst forth with redoubled gamely.

"Superintendent Eldridge will now read the corner stone of American liberty," announced Mayor Munshaw at the close of the song. He beamed out over the perspiring throng. The celebration was a great success. Not a firecracker in the hands of little boys had disturbed the peace. His patriotic beard hung straight down over his white vest. He was a dignified and imposing figure. As if actuated by an automatic device the superintendent of Dashville high school rose to his feet as the mayor sat heavily down. His carefully-thought-out preliminary remarks lengthened almost to a lecture while his patient audience stared at him stonily.

Above domed a sky of brass that loaned a sulphurous hue to the furnace-hot atmosphere. Fans slowly waved. Parboiled countenances were turned toward the speaker. He began, at last, to read: "When, in the course of human events," he intoned sonorously, "it becomes necessary for one people to separate themselves from another, they ought to declare themselves as free and independent states."

"Sp-t-t! Bing! Bang! Sp-t-t!" sounded the staccato notes of something that drowned the reader's full tones. "Bing! Bang! Roar! Sp-t-t! Fuff!" rolled out accumulated noise—a noise that smote the heavens with projectiles. Projectiles darted like mad in every direction while the choir fled wildly from the place and the councilmen grappled with discharging fireworks.

"Someone musta throw a match!" "That's the work of a cigarette fiend!" "Bet-chu some boy did that a purpose," were some of the shouted comments. Meanwhile the frantic efforts of the town council released dormant rockets, pin-wheels, set pieces. The startled audience scattered right and left in confusion! Never since 1776 had the Declaration of Independence been so fittingly-introduced and forcibly presented. Order was finally restored. People resettled themselves on the benches. Red countenances again

confronted the reader and again Superintendent Eldridge intoned the rounded phrases of our charter of liberty.

"... a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to do so."

"Look!" shouted Dan Hughes of the megaphone voice. "The depot's on fire!" "The oil tanks! The oil tanks!" shouted a dozen voices. "The tank cars 'll explode!"

They did. At least flames shot upward and seemed to greedily lick the sky. With a dull, prolonged roar ascending fire tongued the heavens while every man, woman and child of Dashville deserted the picnic grounds and raced for the spot. Even Mayor Munshaw managed to join a hastily formed fire brigade and assist in passing water to men on the depot roof. In the thick of fire and smoke he worked valiantly. And when he emerged from the ruins before the final collapse no one would have recognized the mayor of Dashville. His luxuriant beard was no more. Fire had ruthlessly moved it to his chin. His patriarchal dignity had departed.

The bucket brigade stood back and viewed the roaring conflagration. "Looks like all hell had broke loose," commented one of the village council.

"Musta been a blazing rocket stick," declared another.

"Or a cigar stub," guessed a third. Straggling at the rear of the last babe-laden woman were June and Tom Norris. June was frightened. She wanted someone to remain at her side and look closely after her welfare. So Tom accepted the office. They turned their backs on the fire and slowly sauntered toward the depopulated town. Never had Tom seen June more charming. Her gown was like a bit of mid-summer sky trimmed with fleecy cloud. Her blue eyes were luminous with love. Her cherry red lips were tempting sweet but when he would have begged a kiss timidly intervened. Instead he looked at the sky and saw, instead of ruby lips, a funnel-shaped cloud of copper hue that approached at meteor speed.

"A cyclone!" he shouted and caught June up in his arms. There was no

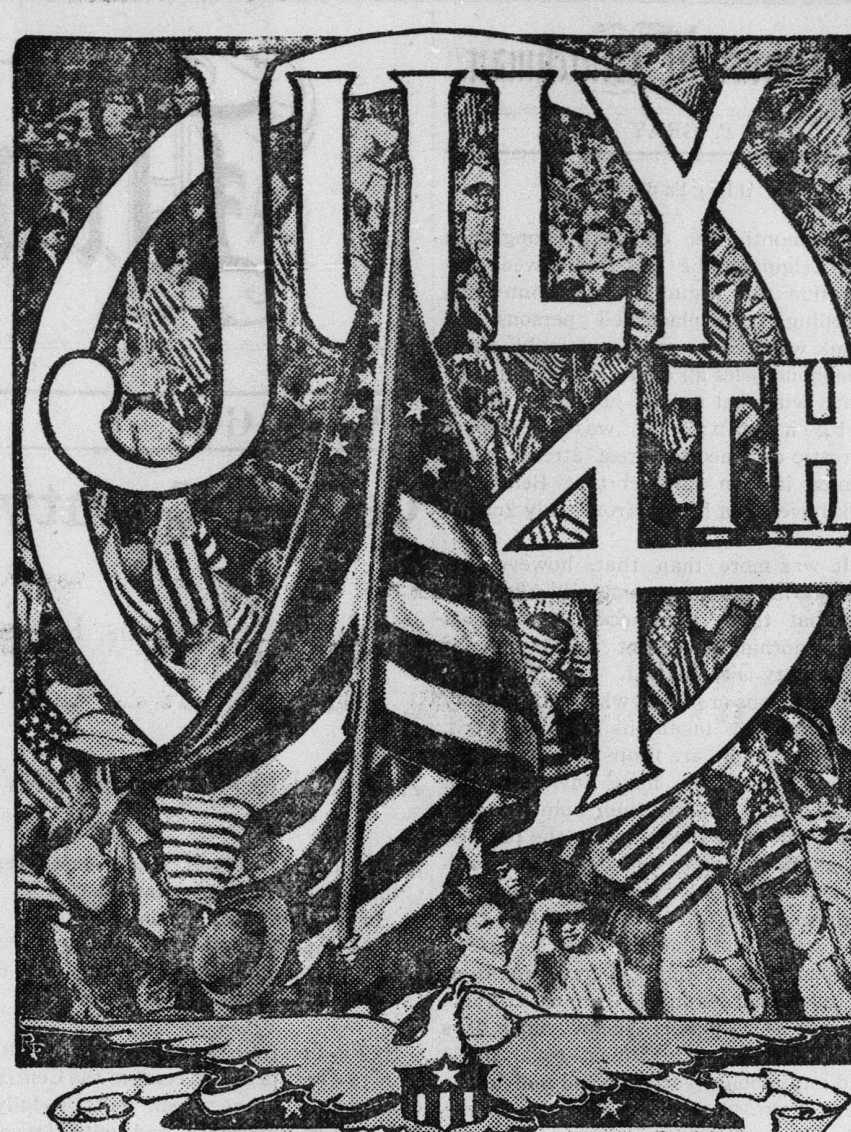
time for delay. Swift danger swept away his temerity. He forgot that he was but a struggling bank clerk and June the daughter of Dashville's wealthy mayor. Like any knight of medieval times he was rescuing his lady fair from impending death, death from a rampant cyclone. And unlike the valorous knight of old who wielded spear in defense of his love, he was forced to the ignominious device of seeking a cellar. It would be the only spot respected by the destroyer. With a vicious lunge he burst in the door of the nearest house that offered basement protection and leaped down the cellar stairs. The next moment there came a grinding roar as if the very universe was being uprooted and flung to the raging winds. Terrified, June clung to her lover while he freely uttered the long delayed words of endearment. In that supreme moment their meeting lips sealed their troth. Then they became aware that the destroying agent had passed, leaving desolation in its wake. The house above them was gone, revealing a lurid sky. About them were strewn the ruins of a razed village. Dashville was mainly kindling wood and scattered stone.

Dust-begrimed, disheveled but absurdly happy the two climbed from the cellar and sought the mayor. The station where Tom Norris owned property was unscathed. It was fortunate at one side of the path of the ruin that included the Munshaw residence and over half the town. He would offer refuge to his future father-in-law and at the same propitious moment ask his daughter's hand in marriage. They met dismayed residents searching among the debris for shattered homes yet thankful for their lives. The Fourth of July picnic had saved them. But for the gathering at the grove many would have been caught in crashing buildings and perished. Finally the mayor, or what was left of him, loomed in view.

"Papa," cried June when she recognized the wreck of her once spic-and-span parent, "Tom saved me! Carried me into a cyclone cellar! But what-ever happened to you?" "Nothing's happened to me," testily declared the foremost citizen of Dash-

ville. "Nothing on earth's happened to me but a condemned sane Fourth that's gone clean looney!" "Why, papa," said June with a happy glance at her lover, "I think this has been a perfectly beautiful Fourth of July!"

Time to Reflect. Reflect with reverence, with swelling pride and utter thankfulness upon the great deeds that have made us a nation of strength and courage, upon the heroes whose lives have given additional luster to the banner of our pride and upon the duty to mankind which it lays upon us as an imperative burden.



REAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN FLAG

Emblem, It Is Declared by Students, May Be Traced Back as Far as the Twelfth Century.

THE American flag is a growth, rather than a creation. Its history can be traced back to the 12th century, or nearly 600 years prior to the first "Flag Day," June 14, 1777. During the first crusade in 1195, Pope Urban II assigned to all of the Christian nations as standards crosses varying in color and design, emblematic of the warfare in which they were engaged. To the Scotch troops was assigned the white saltire, known as the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue field. The British used a yellow cross, but a century and a quarter later they adopted a red cross on a white field, known as the red cross of St. George.

When James VI of Scotland ascended the throne of England as James I, he combined the two flags, and issued a proclamation requiring all ships to carry the new flag at their main masts. At the same time the vessels of south Britain were to carry at their foremasts the red cross of St. George and the ships of north Britain to carry the white cross of St. Andrew. The new flag was known as "Kings Colors," the "Union Colors," or the "Great Union," and later as the "Union Jack," and was the one under which the British made all their permanent settlements in America. It was the flag of Great Britain only by proclamation, however; not until 1707 did parliament pass an act definitely uniting the two countries and their flags. In the same year the government issued regulations requiring the navy to use what was known as the white ensign; the naval reserve, the blue ensign; and the merchant marine, the red ensign. Owing to the fact that the British merchant vessels were everywhere, the colonists in America came to look upon this red ensign as the flag of Great Britain.

The people in the New England colonies were bitterly opposed to the cross in the flag. In 1635 some of the troops in Massachusetts declined to march under this flag and the military commissioners were forced to design other flags for their troops with the cross left out. The design they adopted has not been preserved. In 1652 a mint was established in Boston. Money coined in this mint had the pine tree stamped on one side of it. The pine tree design was also used on New England flags, certainly by 1704 and possibly as early as 1635.

At the outbreak of the Revolution the American colonies had no flag common to all of them. In many cases the merchant marine flag of England was used with the pine tree substituted for the Union Jack. Massachusetts adopted the green pine tree on a white field, with the motto: "An Appeal to Heaven." Some of the southern states had the rattlesnake flag with the motto "Don't Tread on Me" on a white or yellow field. This flag had been used by South Carolina as early as 1764. Benjamin Franklin defended the rattlesnake device on the ground that the rattlesnake is found only in America, and that serpent emblems were considered by ancients to be symbols of wisdom.

In September, 1775, there was displayed in the South what was by many believed to be the first distinctly American flag. It was blue with a white crescent, and matched the dress of the troops, who wore caps inscribed, "Liberty or Death." The colonists desired to adopt a common flag; but they had not yet

declared independence, and were not at first seeking independence. They took the British flag as they knew it, and made a new colonial flag by dividing the red field with white stripes into thirteen alternate red and white stripes. This is known as the Cambridge flag, because it was first unfurled over Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Mass., on January 1, 1776. It complied with the law of 1707 by having the Union Jack on it; it also represented the thirteen colonies by the thirteen stripes.

As the colonists gradually became converted to the idea that independence from the mother country was necessary, they began to modify the flag, first by leaving off the Union Jack and using only the thirteen horizontal stripes. The modified flags were not always red and white, but regularly consisted of combinations of two colors selected from red, white, blue and yellow. The final modification was the replacement of the Union Jack by the white stars on a blue field.

The stars are the only distinctive feature of the American flag. The charming story which credits Betsy Ross with making the first flag of stars and stripes is still accepted by historians. When Washington suggested the six-pointed star, she demonstrated the ease with which a five-pointed star could be made by folding a piece of paper and producing one with a single clip of the scissors. Some writers are of the opinion that both stars and stripes in the flag were derived from the coat of arms of the Washington family, but this theory is not generally held.

The official adoption of our first flag was in 1777. On June 14 of that year the Continental congress passed an act providing that "the flag of the thirteen united states be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The thirteen stars were arranged in a circle to symbolize the perpetuity of the union of the states. Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792. It was felt that these two new states ought to be recognized on the flag, so in 1794 congress passed an act making the flag fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

This remained the flag of the United States throughout the War of 1812, until there were twenty states in the Union. In 1816, an effort was again made to modify the flag so that all the new states would be represented on it. To be continually adding stripes would make the flag very awkward in shape and appearance, so after arguing the matter for two years, congress decided to return to the original thirteen stripes and one star for each state. Congress has never determined the arrangement of the stars nor the shape and proportions of the flag, and there has been great variation, especially in the grouping of the stars. There are still many who believe that the symbolic circular grouping of stars should be restored.

A REAL PATRIOT

