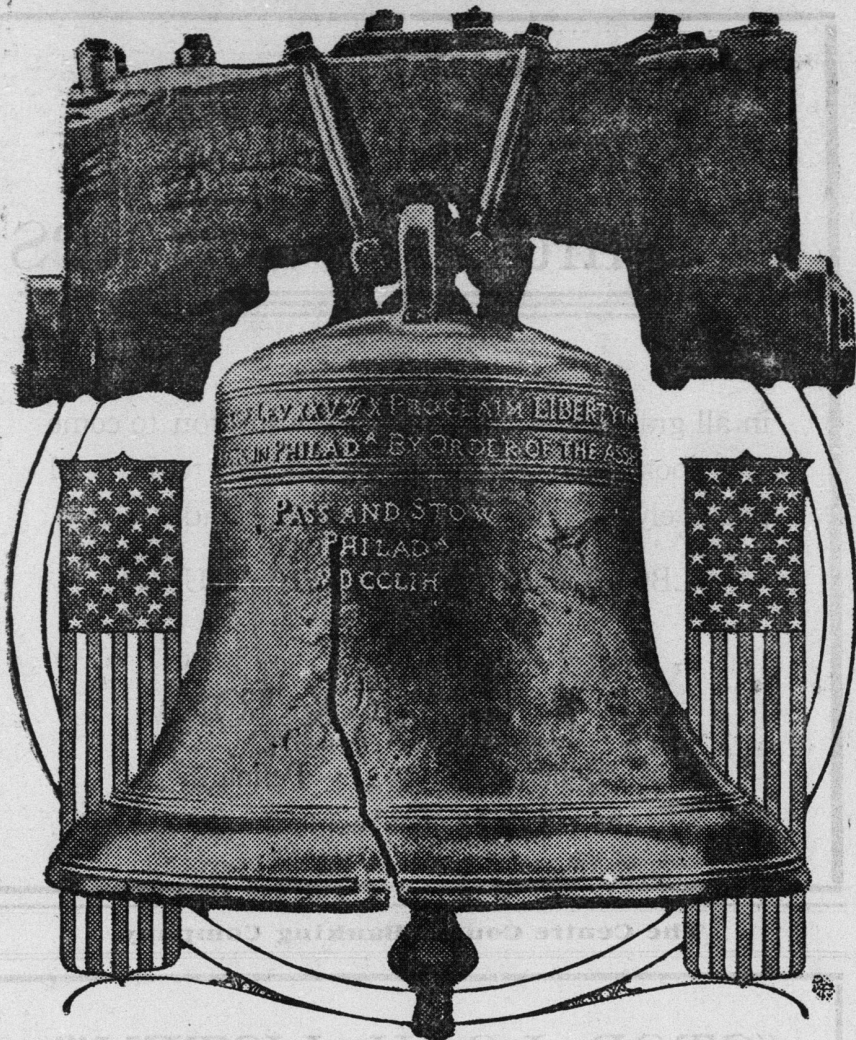


FAMOUS OLD LIBERTY BELL



FINAL TONE OF LIBERTY BELL?

What Is Believed to Be Its Last Ringing Is Said to Have Recently Taken Place at Philadelphia.

What may prove to be the last ringing of the historic Liberty bell took place in Independence hall at Philadelphia recently.

It was decided to transmit the tones of the bell across the country to San Francisco over the recently completed transcontinental telephone line, partly fulfilling in a literal sense the prophetic words cast on the bell, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." The bell was struck three times with mallets at intervals of five seconds. By an arrangement of three very sensitive transmitters, which were suspended beneath it on rubber bands, so as to exclude all foreign vibration, the tones were caught and clearly heard over the telephone wires on the Pacific coast. At the same time a phonographic record was made of the notes so as to preserve them for posterity.

This is the first time that the great bell has been sounded since it was cracked in 1835 while tolling the death of John Marshall, the first chief justice of the United States Supreme court. The reason that it may never again be rung is that a new crack, more serious than the old one, has developed in it.

It has been found that the bell is afflicted with the "disease of metal." This is partly responsible for the appearance of the latest fissure and has made it necessary to support its weight on padded props in order to relieve the stress which has gradually been pulling it apart.

The new crack is now plainly visible, while only a short time ago it was microscopic. It begins at the upper part of the original fracture, extending from the letter "P" in the "Philadelphia," diagonally a quarter of the way around the circumference, to the letter "y" in "Liberty," near the top. It is believed that the new crack might not have occurred had the bell been allowed to remain at rest after it was first broken. It has, however, been shipped on different occasions to New Orleans, Chicago, Atlanta, Charleston, Boston and St. Louis. That it is actually suffering from a malady known as the "disease of metal," is the description of its ailment in the technical phraseology of the metallurgist, and is not a popular figure of speech. The reason for this distemper is to be found in the history of the bell's casting.

It was originally made by Thomas Lester at London, in 1752, and shipped to Philadelphia. When it was hung to try the sound it was cracked by the clapper. At first it was intended to return it to England, but subsequently two workmen, Pass and Stow, neither of whom was experienced in the art, undertook the recasting in Philadelphia. Obviously the bronze was too brittle, and in order to toughen it, they added approximately ten per cent of copper to the original metal. When the bell was later rehung it was found that too much copper had been used, and, to the chagrin of everyone, the tone was destroyed. The same men again undertook the work, and this time are supposed to have added tin to restore the tone. The third bell was accepted, but too much tin had been used, and the tones were so highly resonant that it was seldom rung.—Popular Mechanics.

It is very hard to convince a writer who is paid by the word that brevity is the soul of wit.

EVASION CAPTURE BY BRITISH

Quick Wit of American Patriot Saved Himself and Family When in Dire Peril.

There is an incident in the life of George Read worthy of mention in connection with these men who were martyrs to the Declaration. Fortunately Read suffered no real privation at the hands of the British, a fact due, however, solely to his presence of mind. When President McKinley, presiding officer of Delaware commonwealth, was made a prisoner, soon after the battle of Brandywine, it was necessary for George Read to take charge, he then being vice-president of that colony. He was in Philadelphia at the time of the president's capture and to return home entailed considerable danger.

The enemy occupied the west bank of the Delaware river and Mr. Read had to take the New Jersey shore, run the risk of crossing the river and elude, if possible, the vigilance of the enemy's ships, which were strung along the whole distance. The 13th of October, 1777, Mr. Read reached Salem, N. J., where he obtained a boat for the purpose of conveying himself and family across the river.

At the place where he undertook the crossing, the river was about five miles wide. Almost in view of the British ships he had about reached the Delaware coast when he was discovered, for his boat had grounded just too far from shore to make it practicable to land his family. Unable to go on or leave the boat they were forced to wait while a ship's boat came up to them. Mr. Read's wits had not been idle, however, and he devised a plan which he and his wife immediately put into practice. They destroyed all traces of identification of their baggage, a feat made possible by the time required for the other boat's approach.

When the boat came alongside he politely informed them of his plight, and added that he was a country gentleman returning home from a pleasure excursion he had made with his family. The presence of his mother, wife and children added weight to this story. The commander of the English boat was only a coxswain, his companions common sailors. There was nothing suspicious about the party.

So, taking pity upon a family thus stranded but a short distance from their destination, the English boat's crew obligingly assisted them to land, helped to get the baggage on shore and, after receiving thanks for their kind assistance, returned to their ship. Mr. Read continued his journey, the end of which was the colony's governmental headquarters, where he assumed the role of chief executive until the release of the president was secured.

STATUE OF MINUTEMAN



The Intensity of Germany's Hate for England.

In the July American Magazine Edward Lyell Fox, correspondent in Germany for that publication, writes an interesting article entitled "God Punish England" in which he reports the intensity of Germany's hate for England. Following is an extract from the article:

"Gott straf uns—wenn wir England, schonen."
(God punish us—if we spare England.)

That is the German pledge. It is the oath of a nation—one nation against another. It is a sincere oath—appallingly sincere.

"They have made for this hate a ritual. About it they have written their stories and poems and songs. I have read them, by Thoma, Emanuel, and Scher. Their clever illustrators have drawn it into their pictures. I have seen them, by Schulz, Heine, and Thon. Their singers their actors, their preachers, have spread it through the nation. I have heard them, Berna, Bonn, and Schmidt. It is a wonderful hate, almost beautiful in its simple sincerity. They say they have one foe and one alone—England.

"Since England declared war this hate has been curdling. It has become now to Germany as a sacred thing. They are calling on the Almighty to punish England. They are praying that He strike them if England they spare—Gott Strafe England."

"A translation of that is, God punish England. But that is merely translating the words. Their implication is vast. They imply far more than mere punishment. They curdle every German breast. They produce a red prayer: God tear our unholy foe to tatters! Oh God, give us strength to rend the British Empire as we would rend an old coat, and cast it away!"

The Woman's Gift.

It is as natural for the normal woman to talk as for the bird to sing. It is the spontaneous expression and giving of herself. It is this naturalness which gives to her talkativeness its perennial charm as well as its incalculable value in the scheme of things. The woman in the human group is much like the monarch in Pierre Milie's delightful tales of that name. "Why do people call me the monarch?" "Why am I loved? Why always happy? Because," he explains, "I always have time to talk. Without me the people around here would be bored to death. I go and come, laugh and sing. It costs nothing but a glass of wine, and a bit of supper. What do I give? I give myself." The woman gives herself.—Woman's Home Companion.

St. Louis the Fur Center.

Three-fourths of all furs trapped on the North American continent are shipped to St. Louis houses to be sold.

Never Can Be Wasted.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.



Mr. Husband, Help Your Wife in the Kitchen!

No, not peeling the potatoes, washing the dishes and the other familiar kitchen duties, but help her by buying a cook stove that will make her work easier and more comfortable. You're not the one that stands over a red-hot stove preparing meals and you're not always around when coal is needed or there's wood to be split or ashes to be taken up.

What's more to the point, you don't have to be if you buy a

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

And your wife won't have to stew herself to a frazzle in a hot kitchen getting breakfast, dinner and supper ready. Now, be fair to your wife and relieve her of a lot of the drudgery of the kitchen with a New Perfection. Think how easy it is for her to simply scratch a match and have a stove ready for instant use—no poking and raking and waiting for it to "burn up." Save money? Why, of course! There's no fuel being consumed when the stove is not in use. And think of the time and labor saved, too. With the separate oven and fireless cooker the New Perfection has the utility of other stoves. Your wife can bake, roast, fry, broil and boil. Can heat water for wash day and irons for ironing day.

Don't put it off any longer. Go now to your dealer and examine the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove with the perfected oil reservoir, the regulated flame control, the combination chimneys that prevent smoke and smell and the improved wick that outlasts the ordinary kind. Give your wife a square deal and investigate today this safe, sane, saving and satisfying cook stove.

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Finest Florida Grape Fruit, Bananas, Cranberries, Oranges of finest quality in all sizes at 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c and 60c per dozen. All fancy stock.

Late Caught fancy Blueback Mackerel—messed and boneless.

Fancy smoked Bloaters. Asparagus Tips, the Elite brand, fancy at 25c. Also a can of fine tips at 10c. Something new and a good value.

Burnham & Merrill's Maine Baked Beans, with or without tomato sauce—We find them just a bit ahead of all other best brands.

Snappy Relish, new, just out, more appetizing than mustard, 10c.

Dill and Sour Pickles, 15c per dozen. Dill Olives, the true Dill flavor, try them, 25c per pint.

Floriday Cane Syrup, very fine goods for all kinds of cooking and baking purposes at 10c per can.

Hams—medium and small sizes, sweet and juicy.

Fancy Jersey Sweet Potatoes. Ferry's and Briggs' Garden and Flower Seeds.

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