

**One of the Stories as to How Baseball Originated.**

It is said that more than eight million boys play baseball each year in the United States. Add to this several thousand who play it in Canada and England, and many thousands who play the game in Japan, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico, and we have, outside of professional players, about nine million boys who annually enjoy one of the oldest games known to man.

Base ball is supposed to have had its origin in England and then to have been passed to the United States, but the game was long ago known to the American Indians, and before they played it, the sport was common in China and India. As the research of man into how ancient peoples lived and played progresses, we begin to feel with the prophet that "there is nothing new under the sun."

For with our own Cherokee Indians, residents of this continent long before any white man ever saw the land, base ball was a popular game. It was played with goals and bases, and called for great skill in the handling of the ball. So popular was the vigorous use of the ball (one of the best exercises any one can enjoy) with the Cherokees, they had a legend about it.

The Cherokee story-tellers claimed that the moon is a ball which was thrown against the sky in a game a long time ago. They say two ball teams were playing against each other. One of the teams had the best runners and had almost won the game, when the captain of the other team picked up the ball with his hand and tried to throw it to a goal. But it struck against the solid sky vault and was fastened there as a warning to all future players never to try to cheat.

Why a warning? The rules of base ball in the days of the beginning of the game forbade the ball ever being touched with the hand. This made the game more difficult than it is today. It was cheating ever to touch the ball with anything but the bat, the primitive bat much resembling a modern tennis stick. The Cherokees say, when the moon grows pale and small, as it does after the full period, that it is because of sorrow for those on earth who indulge in cheating.

The Chinese and East Indians played base ball all of a thousand years before the Christian era began. They used net bats, and the ball could not be touched with the hand. One day, as the legend runs, a favorite of a Chinese emperor was playing the game before his master and was very anxious to win. He was so anxious to be victor he grasped the ball in his hand when his opponent was not looking, and threw it toward the coveted goal.

But the ball, so the legend says, was so angry at being used to cheat that it bounded back and struck the unfortunate favorite. He was struck so hard he was driven off the earth and became a lone star in the heavens. He gives forth light every night to warn others who are tempted to cheat, of their possible fate.

The interesting feature of these legends—one from our own land and one from distant China is the lesson they convey out of the early days of man; cheating in sport, or anything else is dishonorable and brings its own bitter punishment.

Base ball is a delightful game. The game quickens the wits, hardens the body. But it is not worth the while, any more than any other sport, if foul play and cheating are permitted to enter into it. Honesty in sport is like honesty in work; it carries with it the consciousness that you have done your best and if victory does not perch on your banner, you have fairly lost and can sincerely congratulate the winner.—Ex.

**Universal Training the Only Way.**

Would you trust an important message to a telegraph operator who first touched his finger to a key only the week before? Would you choose to operate on your limb or body a medical student in his Freshmen year? Would you want to ride on a railroad train behind an engineer who had previously been only a chauffeur? Or do your banking with a popcorn wagon? Not one of these possibilities is a bit more illogical or absurd than to expect raw, untrained troops, in whatever numbers, either to safeguard us against threatened invasion or defend us when one is made. These very words will be read by more than one man who at some time was a victim on stagecoach or passenger train where a single bandit, armed only with a mask and revolver, held up and robbed the entire party, and simply because they were unprepared.

It is not surprising that our people hesitated when universal military training was proposed. It seemed to savor too much of Prussianism to the Simor-pure American; and to the son born here of foreign parents it appeared as one of the chief reasons why his parents left their fatherland and crossed an ocean to find liberty. However, an unpleasant duty has rarely been fully met by volunteers—suppose only volunteers paid taxes, for instance! To rely on volunteers puts a penalty on patriotism and rewards the unpatriotic; there is nothing fair or just in it. We are not a warlike people; we have no desire to add to our territory unless by friendly purchase; and it is hardly believable that any Congress would declare war with an overwhelming majority of the people set against the undertaking. The training of our future armies should begin in the High school and continue until we have at all times at least 2,000,000 men ready for active service.

I have no patience with the weaklings who cry "disgrace to be drafted." Is there any disgrace, or only honor, when the family threatened by a madman, the father calls all his sons who are fit to come to his assistance in its defense? When Uncle Sam calls, all the boys should respond.—Mechanics Magazine.

**PRESENTATION OF FLAG.**

The "Watchman" cheerfully publishes the following account of the presentation of a flag to the West Virginia soldiers by a former Bellefonte lady and her daughter as taken from a recent issue of a Roncovevete, W. Va., paper:

Despite the cold and disagreeable weather of Sunday afternoon probably a thousand people, many of them from a distance, assembled at the camp of Co. E, of the West Virginia National Guard, to witness the presentation and raising of a beautiful flag presented to the company by Mrs. George T. Brew in memory of her brother, Lieut. George L. Jackson, of Pennsylvania, who lost his life during the Spanish-American war. After the presentation address, delivered in a pleasing way by Col. J. H. Crosier, the national emblem was raised to the top of the flag pole by Miss Janet Brew, the daughter of the donor, amidst the bugle call and firing of the salute.

In accepting the flag on behalf of the company, Captain White made a brief and graceful response, thanking the donor for her remembrance of the soldiers, and paid the citizens a deserved compliment for the manner in which the had been received since their arrival in camp. We give below Col. Crosier's remarks:

Capt. White and members of the company you command, a little less than twenty years ago, a brave and gallant young man of the State of Pennsylvania, by the name of George L. Jackson, heeded the call of his country and as a first lieutenant of a Pennsylvania company entered the Spanish-American war in which he lost his noble life. A sister and a niece, Mrs. George T. Brew and her daughter, Miss Janet Brew, now reside in this city. These ladies, in memory of that deceased brother and uncle, and in honor of your company, have commissioned me to present to you a beautiful banner, bearing the stars and stripes, symbolizing not only the grand fundamentals of civil and political life of American citizens, but the high esteem in which American can soldier boys are held by these fair donors. I am proud to be the medium through which this gem of military merit is placed in such trustworthy hands. It is a gift which means something more than formal compliment. It means more than similar emblems of all other countries combined. It means an incentive to that honorable ambition which should ever characterize an American citizen soldier.

I know full well that yourself and the soldier boys you command will receive this souvenir in the spirit in which it is given, and that it will never be tarnished while in your custody, except by the hand of time. Happy is the country whose citizens are good soldiers, and whose soldiers are good citizens! Such a country is impregnable! Even though all the trans-Atlantic monarchies were banded together against it, it would laugh a siege to scorn.

Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the "Star Spangled Banner" will again peacefully wave over our fair country. We have been called a "nation of natural fighters," but whatever may be our fighting capacities, thank God, we are neither quarrelsome nor blood-thirsty. Though jealous of the honor of our country, both as soldiers and citizens, we all know and feel that it is far better for the "Stars and Stripes" to wave over us in the sunshine of peace, than in the smoke of battle. I sincerely hope that it may never be necessary for you to unfurl this banner in the smoke of battle, but I have no doubt that you do will wave it in the thickest of the fight. I now commit it to your keeping, and please accept it with the warm felicitations of all concerned in its presentation.

**Chemical Wealth in Lake Waters.**

The most noted example of an inland sea in the United States is the one in Utah. This lake contains practically the same salts as occur in the waters of the ocean, only at a much higher degree of concentration.

Further west in the States of Oregon and California, there are a number of lakes of various sizes, containing waters in some cases heavily charged with valuable salts readily recoverable. Especially noticeable among these are the Searles Lake, in the lower part of California; Owens Lake and Mono Lake, in the eastern part of California. These lake waters contain considerable quantities of sodium carbonate, which is used in the households, as well as industries. The borax content of these waters is also considerable and offers a readily available source for this salt. Some potash is recovered, and a great quantity of common table salt is also obtainable from these lake waters.

The origin of these salts is in many cases hard to trace. In some cases they are undoubtedly due to an arm of the ocean becoming land-locked and the water gradually evaporating, producing concentrated salt solutions, but since in some there are present salts which do not occur in the ocean waters, it has to be assumed that these salts have been leached out from the surroundings, in most cases high mountain ranges.

The war, with its accompanying high prices for chemicals, has brought these lake waters to the attention of the American Chemical society, and plants are already established and are being established on the edges of these lakes where, through solar evaporation, as well as artificially, various salts are separated from each other and obtained in marketable condition.

A remarkable incident with these waters is the fact that they seem to be continuously fed from subterranean sources, since they maintain practically a uniform concentration of salt solutions. The natural evaporation, which takes place from the surface of the lakes during the hot, dry season, does not seem to materially vary the salt percentage in the lake waters.

The waters of these lakes belong to the people of the United States, and whoever places a pipe line to the edge of the water and pumps the water out of them has the right to the salt contents of the same, without any further cost.

**Airmen's Sensations in Battle.**

"The most striking thing to me about being under gun fire in an aeroplane is the unreality of it," said a British aviator who has been flying inlanders since the outbreak of war. "The roar of your own engine drowns the sound of the guns on the earth, and even the detonations of the shells which do not burst very close at hand are rarely heard. Shrapnel bullets fly in a broad cone straight ahead—that is, in the same direction as that in which the shell itself is moving—so that practically the only shell that ever does any harm to you is the one which bursts directly beneath your machine, and which, therefore, you do not see explode. The little puff balls of smoke which blossom out around you are perfectly harmless. At the worst a few of their spent bullets may shower back upon you, sometimes so gently that you can see, and even reach a hand and catch them. A shell bursting even immediately over you is not dangerous in itself, but rather ominous as indicating the fact that the 'Archies' have you well ranged. The back kick from the shell-casing might stun you if it hit you on the head, but the chance of that is almost negligible.

"Ordinary heavy artillery is rarely used against air craft, but occasionally one's work takes him into an air zone in which some of the big shells are traveling. This is one of the most remarkable experiences that can fall to the lot of an aviator. In fact, the weirdest sensations of my whole flying experience are connected with the occasion on which I blundered into the road of a passing '42'.

"As you doubtless know, the Germans have used their 17-inch guns for the intermittent bombardment of Dunkirk, and other points 15 or 20 miles behind the lines, right down to the present time. Well, I was at an altitude of about 6,000 feet one day, and climbing higher at an easy angle, when one of these big fellows, almost at the end of its long flight, came plying along in the opposite direction. First a dark little blur appeared in the air ahead, and at an angle of about 35 degrees—a little steeper than the one at which I was climbing—above me. At first it seemed to be coming right at me, and I swerved to the left in an instinctive effort to dodge the threatened blow. Then a sort of droning hum became audible, even above the roar of my engine, and this sound increased during the two or three seconds that elapsed before the big missile came even with and swept by me. It was probably several hundred yards away, at its nearest, but the distance seemed less.

"A few faint stirrings of air began to rock my machine even before the shell went by, but the full force of the 'air wash' was not felt for a fraction

of a second later. Then an almost solid wall of air nearly threw me on my 'beam ends,' and I was really hard put to get the reeling machine back on an 'even keel.' For the next mile or two the air was like the water in the wake of a big side-wheeler—all chopped to pieces—and the machine rocked like a springless motor lorry going over cobbles. The air was disturbed for some seconds after a big roar astern told me the '42' had come to earth."—Lewis R. Freeman, in Popular Mechanics.

**More Than 3,500,000 Motor Cars.**

In 1916 there were 1,067,332 more motor cars registered in the United States than in 1915. This was an increase of 43 per cent. The gross total of registered cars, including commercial cars, was 3,512,996; the number of motorcycles registered was 250,820. The several States collected in registration and license fees, including those of chauffeurs and operators, a total gross revenue of \$25,865,396.75. Of this amount 92 per cent, or \$23,910,811, was applied directly to construction, improvement or maintenance of the public roads in 43 States, according to figures compiled by the office of public roads of the United States Department of Agriculture, in Circular 73, "Automobile Registrations, Licenses and Revenues in the United States, 1916."

The figures for 1916 correspond very closely with the annual percentage increase of motor car registration of the last three years. This yearly increase has averaged 40 per cent. in the number of cars and 50 per cent. in revenues. When viewed over a period of years, the increase in motor car registration and gross revenue has been remarkable. In 1906 the total State registrations were approximately 48,000 cars, on account of which several States collected in fees and licenses a total gross revenue of about \$190,000. Only a small part of this was applied to road work. In 1916 the \$25,865,396.75 collected formed nearly 9 per cent. of the total rural road and bridge revenues of the States.

Recent years have shown an increasing tendency to put the spending of the motor car revenues directly in the hands of the State highway departments. Of the total amount applied to road work in 1916, 70 per cent, or \$16,411,520, was expended more or less directly under the control or supervision of the State highway departments. Only 13 States did not exercise any direct control over the expending of the net automobile revenues.

Several million acres of land in California are shortly to be irrigated at a total cost of \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000.

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**MICHELIN**

**8 Ways to Judge Tires**

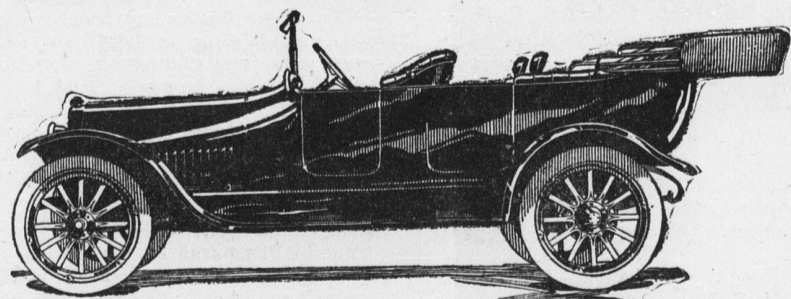
1. How much does the tire weigh? (Michelin's weigh 12 to 15% more.)
2. How thick is the tread? (The Michelin Universal has a double-thick tread.)
3. How large is the traction surface? (In the Michelin Universal three-quarters of the tread bears on the ground.)
4. Does the inner tube fit naturally? (Michelin Tubes do, though other tubes are stretched to fit.)
5. Is the price right? (Michelin Tires, though the best you can buy at any figure, are moderate in price.)
6. Organization behind the tire? (Economical Efficiency is the Michelin watchword.)
7. Experience of the tire-maker? (Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire.)
8. What do users say? (Ask them and you will be convinced.)

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