#### LIGHTS OF SHINAGAWA BAY

Physical Phenomena in Japanese Waters Said to Have Been Caused by Countless Animalculi.

of Japan at various places. The burning spring that appears at intervals of several years in one of the land locked bays is a natural phenomenon that has attracted the attention of the scientific world. A new and curious spectacle made its appearance in Shinagawa bay recently, when a myriad waters and attracted thousands of spectators to the shore, East and West

of nature. One college professor likened the exhibition to the innum- immaturity. erable lights off the coast of Chikusen awa bay were pale green.

agriculture in the Tokyo imperial uni- teen are clear about their ethical code, versity collected a quantity of water and who is there who has gathered from the bay. He has declared that some experience, and has not found the light is caused by countless ani- that the possibility of foregoing the malculi. He describes these insects cleanliness of their souls is more unas gymnogyniums, belonging to the pleasant to them than to most of their class Flagellata. Each measures one twelve-hundredth of an inch and has Monthly. an alimentary canal. These insects must have been always present in the waters of that bay, but an excess of vegetable matter in the water so fattened and stimulated the animalculi that they became unusually luminous. The learned professor cites the appearance of the same phenomena at Hamburg in 1830, since which time no record exists of its recurrence until tom of the sea and come to the surface on rare occasions for oxyger.

Obviates Arguments, Harsh Language, Criticisms and Other Features in Ordinary Home Life.

have the breakfast pass off as quietly; to have as little harsh language; to do away with the usual family criticisms -wouldn't it be glorious if we used "company manners" whether there is company present or not?

It would be an awful strain for a while, to be sure. The whole family is under a strain when there's company in the house. But the general effect would justify the strain. There would come a time when it wouldn't be any strain at all; it would become a habit. Table manners would be improved, conversation would be more rational, criticism would be less bitter, dispositions would mature with the sweetness of ripened fruit that has grown in the sunlight.

When Nobel Cut His Finger. The great war-might be traced back

to Nobel's cut finger, E. E. Slosson writes in the New York Independent. Alfred Nobel was a Swedish chemist -and a pacifist. One day while working in the laboratory he cut his finger, as chemists are apt to do, and again as chemists are apt to do, he dissolved some guncotton in ether alcohol and swabbed it on the wound. At this point, however, his conduct diverges from the ordinary, for instead of standing idle, impatiently waving his hand th the air to dry the film as most people, including chemists, are apt to do. he put his mind on it and it occurred to him that this sticky stuff, slowly hardening to an elastic mass, might be just the thing he was hunting as an absorbent and solidifier of nitroglycerin. So instead of throwing away found that it set to a jelly. The "blasting gelatin" thus discovered proved to be so insensitive to shock that it could be safely transported or fired from a cannon. This was the first of the high explosives that have been the chief factor in the great war.

To Remodel Japanese Army.

The return of distinguished Japanese officers who have been in Europe studying the latest military tactics on the battlefronts will be followed by onel in the American army, who, enarmy reorganization, reports the Tokyo Jiji. Under the new system one division will consist of three regiments instead of four, as now, and a force composed of two reorganized divisions will become the fighting unit of the Japanese army. Increase in the number of regiments is not contemplated, but the number of divisions will be necessarily augmented. Whether or not the new formation will be seen in the forthcoming annual maneuvers is unannounced. The military arsenal at Tokyo is preparing to build airplanes for army use, and an appropriation of \$3,750,000 will be asked from the diet. The exact type of airship has not been decided.

#### IDEAS ABOUT AGE ARE WRONG

Writer Complains That World Thinks of All Men As If They Were Young.

It is the fashion nowadays to speak of a youth of eighteen as if he were a child, and of a man of thirty-five as if he were yet growing. The ancients had no such ideas, and it has taken the lack of seriousness of the past three or four generations to spread Strange lights hover over the waters them as they are. I often remember with pleasure a reference of Guy Patin-the charming literary physician of the seventeenth century-to a M. Lenglet, a man of twenty-six, professor of rhetoric at the College d'Harcourt, rector of the Paris university. Guy Patin says a man of twenty-six, as he might have said a man of fortyof pale green lights shone in the placid | six: there is not the least intention of contrasting this man's years with his high position. William Pitt was not supposed either, to be a crude youth, The savants of Japan are giving and the French revolutionists-most much attention to this curious freak of them men between twenty-five and thirty-five-were never taxed with

We think of all men who are not and Chikugo in Kyushu. The latter elderly as if they were young men, lights, however, are of a yellow-red, liable to the mistakes of young men, orange color, whereas those in Shinag- and this not infrequently leads them to act as if they really were very Doctor Kishigami of the college of young men. But most lads of sevenseniors?—Ernest Dimmet, in Atlantic

#### JUST PART OF DAILY GRIND

Wounds and Death Mere Incidents to American Soldiers When Duty Sounds Its Call.

There were four of them, and their

mission was to transport a machine lately. The insects live at the bot- gun to a wooded hilltop commanding the enemy lines. It was not very far to look at. But they had to crawl the entire distance under fire. All night ong they crawled, except when they GOOD OF COMPANY MANNERS troze into stillness under the light of the star shells. Before they were halfway there, two of them were wounded and had to work their way back to the lines over the same perilous ground. The other two kept on. The danger There isn't any trouble in the home increased as they approached the top when there is company in the house. of the hill. Both of them were bleed-Everything runs smoothly, as a rule, ing from flesh wounds. Both were avers the Columbus Dispatch. The spent with the exertion of the long aschildren are better behaved, regard- cent dragging their gun. But their less of what mother says about it; only thought was to do what they had father is more patient. There is no come to do. Just at dawn they roundquarreling among the children—when ed the top of the hill. The first thing ed build the business up to its presthere is company. Everything is clean- they saw were two German officers er, and more orderly, and voices are standing with binoculars sweeping the lowered, and correct language is used. American lines. Quick as thought, ed a large estate and supplied one Which is to say, wouldn't it be a blessed good thing to have "company manners" in the home all the time? To guns woke up. The two boys made cover with their gun and answered the orist and ultra-system man, got the fire. Before the day had fairly broken, idea in his head that he could come they had "cleaned out" the nest of in here and double up profits in a enemy guns and had their own gun year." advantageously placed.

This is just an ordinary episode of daily life at the front.-From a Red

Cross Scrap Book.

Aerial Postal Service. Negotiations for aerial postal service have been completed between the British and Dutch governments, and Holland is very busy making final ar- cede Purcell. My brother-in-law is rangements. The journey from Am- now in charge of the mechanical desterdam to London would take but one and one-half or two hours. The Dutch military airmen, who have been in training since the beginning of the war, are to act as pilots and the ministry of war is lending full co-operation to the scheme. On the same lines an air service between Amsterdam and Groigen is also being arranged. Ground for large airdromes is being prepared hear the Dutch metropolis.—Scientific American.

Austrian Child-Slaves.

The report of a parliamentary committee appointed to investigate conditions surrounding child labor in Austria discovered a most deplorable condition, according to the Arbeiter Zeitung of Vienna. More than one-third gineer." of all schoolchildren are engaged in some kind of work. In some districts all the children of school age are working. Out of every 100 schoolchildren between six and eight years, 18 are at work; between nine and ten, 35; between eleven and twelve, 50, and between thirteen and fourteen, 52. Twohe mixed it with nitroglycerin and fifths of these children have been working from the time they were five or six years old.

Accurate Shooting.

In France a German plane, swooping around a farmhouse, was startled and soon driven away by very accurate rifle fire. At least the firing was accurate enough to convince Fritz that

he was in no safe neighborhood. But he didn't know that the rifle was being handled by a lieutenant colraged at the audacity of the hostile birdman, grabbed the weapon and soon had the "supremacy of the air" in that particular locality well under control.

One Way Out.

Two bluejackets were in the washroom washing clothes, preparatory to the weekly inspection. They were both regulars and had enlisted for four years. One of them had been in the service one year, and was rather tired of being on the station so long, and expressed his sentiments to that effect. The other, looking up at his discontented "buddie," said, "Well, if you don't like it, give three years' notice and quit the navy."

# "Too Old"

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

"You see the big entrance to the factory. Beyond, a great broad stairway leading to the offices. After that the draughting rooms. Then building after building, pattern lofts, machine rooms, molding floors. Well, thirty years, boy and man, I've gone up those stairs, kept going till I mounted higher and higher, and became superintendent, then-follow me a bit, and I'll show you the other side of the pic-

Thus Gabriel Purcell, sturdy old disciplinarian of fifty. He did not look it, he did not feel it. His voice was clear as a clarion note, his eye was full of fire and power. Just a wee stoop of the shoulders threw the stalwart figure out of direct plumb line, and the silvering hair was touched with the first frost of time and win-

He carried a magnificent gold-headed cane under his arm, disdaining its use as a support and only taking it with him for company because it was the cherished gift of some cheap shovel men in the factory, who loved him and his just, helpful way as if he had been an own father to them. Gabriel Purcell led his companion, an old-time friend, making a brief visit to the town, around the great stone wall inclosing the plant, and then swung his cane to where a long steep chute ran from the upper floor of the tin specialty shops to the barren rear yard. Down it was now pouring the

scraps, refuse, waste of the factory. "The dump head-see it, Farleigh?" questioned the old man bitterly. "That's me-in at the front, rushed through, worked out and thrown on the dump head!"

At that same hour Thomas Wynne, head of the great Wynne company, sat facing his attorney in his private of-

"The fact is, Wynne, isn't it that Purcell is Oslerized," submitted the

"Don't use the word jauntily, Randall," returned the founder, "but that about covers it. You don't know how it jars on me to face the merest imputation of injustice regarding Purcell. He has been my right hand since I started in here with a little twenty by forty shed of a shop, and has helpent up-to-date proportions. You know how fifteen years ago my wife inherit-

"But what interest has he in the

business?" "None, except through the courtesy of my wife and some relatives who are also stockholders. Of course I can't gainsay her. Her estate owns considerable of the company stock. She helped build me up. I can't afford to quibble with her. I had to superpartments. Younger men, stricter rules, more business, higher profits, his aim. We shall see how it works out." Mr. Wynne sighed.

"We shall, indeed," muttered the

lawyer cynically. "Yes, that isn't all, Randall," resumed the manufacturer. "I am approaching a delicate subject. You know that Purcell has a son who is the pride of his soul and the apple of his eye, Arnold Purcell."

"Yes," nodded the lawyer, and it was palpably apparent that the mention aroused pleasant sentiments. "A fine young man, an exceptional one, they Capable, ambitious, high grade. I hear that he has won quite some eminence as an advanced sanitary en-

"Very well, by some strange freak of destiny he and my daughter, Elsinore, met at a social function in the Plainly, they are in love with each other. I am no aristocrat, I sprung from nothing, as did Gabriel Purcell. My wife, however, as you know, draws the line at social disfinctions, or rather those of wealth. She has flatly told young Purcell that Elsinore must never marry a man who has not as large a fortune as her

"And Arnold Purcell?" "Asks time to make good the condi-

"Great for him! He'll make it." declared the lawyer with confidence. "The young man has not advised his father or others of his love affairs," said Wynne. "He and Elsinore seem to have settled down to sensible, dignified patience and mutual fidelity. He does not intrude himself upon her company. He is pursuing the even tener of his way, and she is content. It is the father I worry about. I want you to go and see him, and here is the memoranda of what I want to

do for him." Mr. Randall departed with his instructions. He found Purcell at his home. The latter had been a widower for many years and lived in a comfortable, but small house at the edge of the town. It overlooked a deep pit nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, to which a spur of the railroad ran. For ten years a soft limestone quarry had been mined here to supply slag mixture for the big blast

furnaces. The entire property belonged to Purcell, but was of little apparent value. He greeted Mr. Randall civilly.

"I've come from your best friend," spoke the lawyer. "He wants you to accept a pension, a free and clear town residence, an automobile and-" Gabriel Purcell burst out into a hearty laugh. He held in his hand a letter he had just received from his He was strangely changed from wandering misanthrope of the

early morning. "Stop right there, Mr. Randall," he said heartily. "I understand Mr. Wynne and he understands me. The new experiment is forced on him, and no hard feelings. It won't go through. Remember what I say, that before a year is out I'll be back and the old system resumed. And say," and the old man's eyes glowed, "I'll be able to help him out if he finds he's cramped for

The lawyer eyed Purcell as though he was getting rid of his senses. "Oh, I'm not talking wild," chuckled the old man. He waved the letter in his hand towards the old quarry pit. "I

own that, you know." "That hole in the ground, you

mean?"

"Exactly, and it's going to be a gold mine."

"I can't make out Purcell," reported the lawyer to Mr. Wynne. "He talks millions. He's got some dream of wealth and he seems happy as a lark. He says he'll be back in a year."

"I honestly hope it," grouned Mr. Wynne. "Already some of the modern efficiency tactics of the new superintendent have set the older working gangs by the ears, and they are quitting by the score."

Mr. Wynne put himself out of the way to meet Purcell whenever he could. He was surprised, pleased and gratified to note the glad, sincere welcome of the discarded faithful old fellow worker. Purcell was more than friendly, he was cheerful, loquacious, and referred constantly to his "vacation," and blinked jocularly at the founder and referred to "the good old times coming back all new."

Then came a period of care and trouble for the plant. A good many of the old expert workmen sought new fields of labor. The new superintendent took a large contract at a loss. In rushing a special order they forfeited the trade of one of their oldest and most substantial clients.

Meanwhile, something that puzzled the townspeople was going on at the old quarry. Near the edge of the big pit new tracks were laid, a large weighing scale put in, derricks erected, and scoops, elevating and lowering machinery. Purcell bustled about, the busiest, cheerlest being ever was, and his son Arnold made frequent inspection visits to the old home at the

quarry pit. One day, like a thunderclap, came the news that the big plant was shut down pending a reorganization. The new superintendent had resigned. Some outside stockholders had become 'alarmed at the reports of fast shrinking profits, and had thrown their holdings on the market at a ruinous de-

That very morning a train of 50 gondola dump cars gracefully wound round from the main railroad tracks and half encircled the quarry pit. Each car was weighed, the contents dumped, and the train returned to the city. .Ashes, building debris, all the daily accumulated rubbish and waste of a great city was represented in this first dumping into that useless, valueless. almost fathomless quarry pit.

Thomas Wynne looked up from his desk in the office of the deserted plant as Gabriel Purcell entered. The founder's face was worn and drawn. "Is it as bad as they say?" ques-

tioned Purcell. "Worse. Outside of my wife's capital I have no resources. I must have two hundred thousand dollars to get back where we were before this ghastly experiment was made, or go into bankruptcy."

"Good!" cried Purcell animatedly. "I'll provide the deficit amount for a like amount of stock."

"You?" cried Wynne incredulously. "Myself and my son, yes. You see, old friend, the quarry pit. Arnold is the head expert in recovery and disposal work for the city. We are only 12 miles away, and the nearest available dumping pit. They have been carrying the refuse out into the lake, but the barge rates have become prohibitive. In fact, we have a ten years' contract for disposing of the rubbish at forty cents a cubic yard. Fifty cars a day and all profit, but the weighing. Figure it up, and don't wonder that we are able to anticipate a million in payment any time we want

"And you propose--"

"To go back to my old job and run the plant on the old safe, sensible basis. Old friend," suggested Purcell, with twinkling eyes, "did it happen to occur to you that in Oslerizing the plant you forgot that you were ten years older than myself?"

And then when affairs had been readjusted and Arnold Purcell qualified fully as a meet suitor for pretty, patient Elsinore, and the old cheerful hum of industry cheered the contented workmen at the plant, Thomas Wynne and Gabriel Purcell, again in the right groove, felt as though they had stepped back into the magic enthusiasm of their earlier years.

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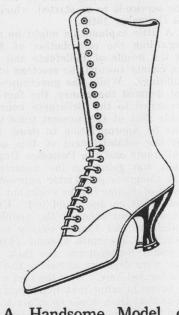
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