Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 30, 1920.

MURDER MADE EASY MATTER

With Formula Possessed by English Chemist, Slayer Might Laugh at Human Law.

The lunch-time conversation of the scientists at the national physical laboratory, Teddington, shifts daily to all sorts of interesting subjects, and it was inevitable that the topic of murder should have been suggested by the "wave crime" in Great Britain (an epidemic that amounts to less than one homicide a week).

It was agreed that all the murders reported in the daily papers were commonplace, dull, sordid affairs, showing no ingenuity and deliberation. "If I had a murder to commit, how should I go about it?" became the theme.

The metallurgists, electricians, radiologists, physicists and other scientists had many astounding murder methods, but with a common weak point, writes an English correspondent. None of them disposed of the body so that detection would be not only improbable, but impossible.

It remained for a chemist to solve the problem. "I would not be so clever as you in the assassination itself," he said. "Any quick way of silent dispatch would do. But I could swiftly dissolve a body, bones and all, so that it could be poured as a liquid into a sewer and be thoroughy done away with. No; I mustn't give the formula." He was the victor in the discussion.

MADE THEIR OWN OIL WELL

How Two Small Boys Reaped Rich Reward for the Exercise of a Little Ingenuity.

Two barefoot boys, respectively eleven and twelve years of age, earned forty-five hundred dollars in one week, according to the Oil Weekly of Dallas, Texas, by combining thrift and ingenuity in a telling manner. Much oil was going to waste in the Northwest Burkburnett oil field because the pipe lines were inadequate, when the boys, who are brothers, saw crude oil from a broken pipe running down a small ravine. Hitching a donkey to a rattletrap spring wagon, they began to haul dirt to dam the ravine and succeeded after much hard work in collecting a great quantity of oil.

The owner appeared on the scene about that time, and he admired the pluck of the youngsters. He did not claim the oil outright, although it had been his, but offered the youngsters one dollar and a half a barrel salvage for it. The youngsters accepted his offer and, perching themselves on their new dam with stubs of pencils, checked out the oil as it was hauled away. It tallied exactly three thousand barrels, and the boys got their money.

Fewer Figs Reach Market.

The fig yield of the vilayet of Aiden has arisen from approximately 9,000 tons raised on 10,000 acres of land about thirty years ago to about 23,000 tons raised on 25,000 acres. However, this advance in supply has not kept pace with the demand, and prices of figs have steadily risen. The big producing areas are, under normal conditions, exclusively tapped by the Ottoman (Aiden) Railway company's system. The orchards, located mainly in the Meander valley, are owned chiefly by Turks. The best figs are produced in the Inovassi and Ortaxe districts. The product is marketed in Smyrna, where the figs are packed in accordance with the demand of the region to which the figs are exported. Blight, neglected fertilization and lack of communication have cut down this season's export output to about 10,000 tons. Exports went to the United States (about 4,000 tons) the United Kingdom (5,500 tons), and European entente countries (about 1,000 tons).

Is It Still Coffee?

Two young man walking along Chestnut street the other evening met two girls, recent acquaintances, dressed in height of fashion—fur coats and hats, expensive looking shoes, and invited them to go to a high-class restaurant.

The girls agreed and after they had finished eating, they were asked if they would enjoy a demi-tasse.

They looked at each other.

"Is it some sort of sundae?" inquired one as though there might be some hidden joke in the invitation.

"I don't think it would go good after a hearty meal," said the other.

The young fellows gave it up.

"Would you like some coffee?" asked one of them.

"Sure," replied the girls in chorus, "that's what we was waiting for youse guys to ask us."—Philadelphia Record.

Reproductivity of Pearls.

There is nothing new under the sun, and the idea of placing pearls in a bag with a little rice, and finding after many years that their numbers have increased, a very ancient practice, is claiming attention in the English press. That the rice has the appearance of being "pecked" adds a further touch of the familiar, and people are asking what kind of rice pearls like best. In the time of Boetius de Boot, the reproductivity not only of pearls but of diamonds was a common belief. The explanation that the pearls now occupying attention are vegetable pearls from the Malay states would not have satisfied Boetius.

"DAD" ROYALE'S LUCKY DAY

Old Man Had Reason to Be Thankful That His Pig Developed Quality of Enterprise.

One of the most important applications of geological science is the pointing out of places likely to yield stores of mineral wealth. And yet, where copper is concerned, the really great discoveries in this country have been made by pure luck.

It was Old Man Royale's pig that located, according to the story, the richest copper mine in the world—the famous Calumet lode.

Old Man Royale was not interested in mining; he kept a boarding house. But his pig was gifted with the valuable quality of enterprise. Grubbing in the back yard, it "snooted up" a prehistoric Indian cache.

The cache contained a large quantity of copper, a fortune in itself. But examination of the rock beneath disclosed veins of the metal, and mining operations thereupon undertaken developed the Calumet lode, which has since paid $145,000,000 in dividends and $500,000,000 in wages.

"Native" copper was used to a considerable extent by the Indians in pre-Columbian days, for ornamental purposes chiefly. Ancient aboriginal skeletons have been dug up wearing copper masks. In Michigan they got copper out of rocks by building fires against them; and huge nuggets of "mass" copper weighing hundreds of pounds have been found in the Lake Superior region which showed signs of unsuccessful attack. The Indians had no tools with which to cut up such great lumps, and they could not carry them away bodily.

Copper is the American metal par excellence, and of all the metals is the most useful to mankind, iron alone excepted.

Plan to Irrigate Egypt.

For many years projects have been under consideration for obtaining such a complete control of the waters of the upper Nile as will enable Egypt to develop its agricultural resources to the utmost and to secure the country against the dangers of excessive floods, while permitting the Sudan also to develop to some extent its own vast resources.

The works contemplated will extend over a generation and involve the expenditure of tens of millions of dollars, affecting the entire future of irrigation throughout the Nile basin.

The commission, it is reported, will consist of three members: An irrigation engineer nominated by the government of India as president and a British pyhsicist nominated by the University of Cambridge, while to draw on the wide experience available in America on questions of irrigation and water supply, and still further to strengthen the independence of the commission, an irrigation engineer nominated by the government of the United States will constitute the third member.

Aerial Game Laws.

Modern inventions beget new manners and new laws to govern the changed customs. The man who nets fish wholesale seems about to be outclassed by the airplane operator who gathers in wild birds by means of a net. So, apparently, think the sportsmen in one locality of Canada. As a consequence, an association of them are sponsoring a request to the government to prohibit the flights of airplanes over marsh lands, and the use of flying machines in pursuit, shooting, or netting of wild fowl. When warned of anything approaching these birds do not seek cover, but rise immediately into the air and obviously become open at once to the ingenious contrivances of airplanists. Rapid-firing guns, and nettings attached beneath the body of the machines, would seem to be an easy means of possible extermination of the birds, and this it is sought to avoid.

Had to Look the Part.

A perpetually unshaven fellow who runs a news stand near the winter garden was haled into court the other day for some trival charge. He pleaded his own case and was dismissed. The magstrate was interested in his excellent address and his knowledge of the law. He explained that he had been admitted to the bar and was a graduate of a big eastern college. "I could only make $1,000 a year with my law," he said, "and I make about $12,000 a year selling newspapers. It may surprise you to see how unkempt I am, but it is business psychology. If I dressed in good clothes people would not purchase from me."—New York Times.

Taking the Sting Out.

"It seems to me," said the old-fashioned man, "that $75 is a lot of money to pay for a readymade suit of clothes."

"Perhaps it is," replied the purchaser, "but the salesman made the transaction as painless for me as possible."

"How so?"

"He told me the same suit would probably cost $100 next year."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Sense of Delicacy.

"Are you not aware," said the heartless friend, "that a presidential boom will not be of the slightest practical service to you?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then why do you insist on cultivating one?"

"As a matter of courtesy. I don't want to seem to be trying to court publicity by being different from everybody else."

MANY USING SKIS

Ancient and Exhilarating Sport Grows in Favor.

Enthusiastic Devotees Are Hailing It as King of Winter Sports—Has Long Figured in History and Legend.

A thousand years ago, or thereabouts, some thoughtful Norseman found that long, thin strips of wood fastened to his war-boots enabled him to get over the snow-clad plains and mountains of his native land easily and with great speed. Before long all the hardy Norsemen were going around to fight or to wassail on these useful aids to winter travel, which became known as ski, pronounced by the Norsemen as if spelled s-h-e. So popular did skiing become that, according to Norse mythology, even one of the ancient viking gods went in for it. Olaf Trygvasson, best loved and most celebrated of the old Norwegian hero kings, is said to have been an expert skier. Another king, one of the early Haakons, escaped from pursuers with designs on his life, by traveling five hundred miles on ski, over one of the most rugged sections of Norway. Norse soldiers were equipped with skis and at the important battle of Stiklestad ski regiments played an important part. In later times, during a war on Norway conducted by Charles XII, Swedish scouts discovered the location of the Norwegian troops and compelled a band of skiers to guide them through the woods at night. The wily Norwegian skimen led the Swedes to a precipice, threw their burning torches down the mountain side, and then made a quick "getaway." The Swedes, following the lights, were hurled to death on the rocks below. While skiing in the beginning was held in esteem, particularly on account of its practical utility, its possibilites as a sport were also recognized after a time, and today it easily ranks as the king of winter sports. "It has gained followers in a most surprising manner the past twenty-five years," says G. C. Torguson, writing in Outers' Recreation (Chicago). Ski associations have been organized in almost every northern country both in Europe and America, he tells us. Recently clubs have been formed in the Rocky Mountain states of our own country.

Tungsten.

Nearly everybody is familiar with the tungsten filament electric lamp, but few are aware that the filaments which give so effective a light are made from metal without ever having been fused. The melting point of tungsten is about 3,000 degrees C. (5,432 degrees F.), a temperature which has been beyond that attainable in any ordinary metallurgical furnace. A method of actually fusing this refractory metal has now, it is said by a German authority, been devised by a Berlin engineer, which will permit of the metal being cast in any desired form, and of being subsequently worked into any malleable shape, including wire for electric lamps. Incidentally it would appear that tungsten carbide will also become available, and as this carbide is practically as hard as the diamond—the difference being only as 9.8 to 10—it will be used in future for those numerous grinding and cutting operations which can only be effected at present by the diamond.

Boy's Prayer a Gem.

Ex-Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, who has just passed away, was a great lover of horses.

His pet, as a youth, was a colt named Midnight.

When Midnight—still a colt—died, as the result of a tumble, the boy was inconsolable.

He tells in his autobiography, "The Tale of a Plain Man," about the funeral he conducted in solitude over the body of his four-footed friend.

"I had no book, but I knelt down over his body and tried to say a prayer.

"I prayed: 'Oh, Lord, if there is a horse heaven, let Midnight go to it. I hope there is, as I want to see Midnight again. Make we as good boy as Midnight was a colt.'

"I had no audience, but a bluejay and a woodthrush were singing, and I heard a squirred barking a bass chorus."

It Was No Place for It.

The trial of Rollin Bunch, mayor, and Horace Murphy, prosecuting attorney of Muncie, was on in the United States district court at Indianapolis and every day Muncie persons and others who were acquainted with the remarkable case came too late to obtain seats in the courtroom. A Muncie young woman one day rushed impuisively up to a man acquaintance whose business took him inside the courtroom, and finding all the seats were taken she exclaimed, "Oh, can't you squeeze me in there?" "No," he responded gravely, "not in there."

The New Way.

Dick Slowe—Will you go sailing down the stream of life with me?

The Girl—You're too late. Jack Smart made me promise to go aviating through life's air with him.—Boston Transcript.

Logical Finish.

Mr. Pester—More magazine rot? I wonder why every love story has to end in marriage.

His Wife—They run out of material Marriage is where the love ends.

HIS VAST WEALTH A CURSE

Sudden Possession of Immense Riches Too Much for Mental Stability of Mexican Indian.

Confined in an asylum for the insane in Mexico is a millionaire who never enjoyed a cent of his fortune, though for a time he had it in his possession in cash. The amazing story of this man to whom wealth proved a curse, is told by G. F. Weeks in the Wide World Magazine.

Juvencio Robles, a full-blooded Mexican Indian, was born in a palm leaf hut in the little town of Panuco, inland from Tampico. From earliest childhood he was forced to work, his wages amounting to less than 50 cents a week. When arrived at manhood he married and from then on turned his earnings over to his wife as banker. For several years he led a colorless existence, scrimping along day by day and saving little. Then one day some friends inveigled him into a card game. Fortune was with him and he won what was a great sum to them, $18. This he invested in a small butcher shop. The market thrived and a few years later he was able to buy some land on which to fatten cattle. When oil was discovered at Tampico his ranch was in the heart of the field. He was offered 1,000,000 pesos and yearly royalties for the oil rights on his land. This he accepted, but demanded payment in gold.

The money was delivered to him as he requested, and from then on his sole interest in life consisted in guarding his treasure. He slept on a box filled with coins and refused to eat for fear his family would poison him. At last his mania reached such a stage that that it was necessary to have him confined.

RAIL LINE CROSSES OCEAN

Remarkable Trip That Is Taken by Travelers on Their Way to Key West, Florida.

Thousands of Americans at the vacation time of the year take the only ocean trip which can be made on a railroad train, writes "Niksah" in the Chicago News. They go to Key West by way of the line which runs through the Atlantic ocean on an embankment built from one to another of those tiny islands known as the Florida keys.

As you ride along this remarkable railroad, you look out the window and down into the clear shallow water and see great schools of fish playing near the surface, and deeper down you can glimpse now and then the shadowy form of a small shark. On either side of you reaches away to the horizon a vast expanse of brilliant blue water, dotted with islands, which vary in size from a fraction of an acre, to perhaps a quarter of a square mile. They are low and flat and covered with low-growing mangroves, and other swamp plants. Here and there a group of coconuts or royal palms lifts a feathery silhouette. Occasionally a little shack is glimpsed, and a few sails are seen in the distance, but for the most part the region is a wilderness of blue water, white sand and low-growing jungle—a wilderness that you would love to explore in a small boat.

Of life you see little. Now and then white flocks of ibises rise from the islands; a tree duck spatters clumsily away from the train, or a great blue heron trails his legs in lonely dignity across the sky. For the most part silence and sunlight own the place.

Chinese Mail Up to Date.

The Chinese mail bag is now a popular institution throughout the whole of the ancient empire. Established 23 years ago, active development of the department only began after the Boxer revolution. In 1918 6,000 miles of overland routes were added to the service. And now a new continuous overland courier route of roughly 3,375 miles, the longest in the world, connects Kalgan by way of Mongolia with Tihwafu, capital of the Sinkiank (Chinese Turkestan) following in part the old trade routes from China to Persia. The townspeople of a flourishing manufacturing district were so enraged recently by the delay of mail that they appealed to the court, and the party responsible was ordered to be decapitated if he offended again. Probably they had missed their copies of the Family Herald!

With the Children.

Gene Stratton Porter, age two ond one-half, daughter of Dr. E. A. Porter, Hartsville, Ind., has difficulty finding proper words to express herself, as most children at that age do. Personal pronouns are particularly difficult.

One of her friends asked Gene to go home with her recently.

"I want to go home with Hazel, mother, can me? I want to go down there with she."

One morning she came downstairs with her shoes on the wrong feet and looking at them with a puzzled expression said: "Mother, me got my shoes on wrong side out."—Indianapolis News.

Vessel Too Big for Docks.

America, it seems, with all her progress in shipbuilding, has no dock on the Atlantic coast suitable for repairing a vessel like the Leviathan or the Imperator, says Shipping. When the Leviathan needed overhauling, she had to be sent to Liverpool to the big Gladstone dock. Even there it was necessary to wait for the new and the full moon to dock and undock her, as the highest tide was required to "boat her over the sill." The dock at Norfolk, Va., it seems, is big enough to float the Leviathan, but the channel leading to it will not permit her passage.