

HAD CLEAR VISION OF RAD

Imaginative Canadian Writer Looks into the Future With Sight That Was Prophetic.

A remarkable imaginative prediction of wireless telephony was made by Grant Balfour (J. M. Grant) of Toronto in a triologue which appeared in an English magazine in 1889, and was afterward reproduced in a pamphlet entitled "Bahrak-Kohl," two Hebrew words, meaning the voice of the lightning.

"The prophet now took from his girdle," says the narrative, "a small instrument resembling a trumpet for the deaf. Coming down to Mohammed, he asked him to turn his right side toward the south and to put the broad end of the instrument to his right ear. The prophet then inquired where his home was.

"My home," replied Mohammed, "is in the extreme south of Arabia, 1,400 miles away."

"Listen now," said the prophet; "dost thou hear the sound of waves?" "I do," replied the sheik. "Where may they be?"

"These waves," answered the prophet, "are the waves of the Indian ocean breaking upon the Arabian shore."

Further describing the instrument, the prophet said: "The thing before thee is but a rude pattern in part of the coming needed device of man. No such device is required by a prophet of the Lord to entrust the lightning with a message. The prophet speaks, may, he needs but to will, and it is done."—Toronto Globe.

GREEK ART LONG IN MAKING

Mistaken Idea Too Long Held That It Was a Thing of Spontaneous Growth.

Every now and then some extreme modernist comes forward with the statement that the Greek inspiration has no place in the art of our time. Yet, from a broad modern standpoint, "classic art" has so greatly enlarged its scope and widened its horizon that it seems in no danger of dying out of the present-day world. What used to be called "the classic traditions" have long since died out and given place to new conceptions of the origins of Greek art, and the tendency of modern criticism is also to revise old ideas of late classic styles. Any and all periods of Hellenic development are accepted—in their relation to our own time, rather than as absolute, conservative ideals of beauty.

Archeology has, in our day, become one of the most vividly interesting and thoroughly alive of pursuits, continually opening up new avenues of inquiry, and giving light and inspiration to the whole field of art. Archeological discoveries of the last 50 years have shown that the golden age of Greek art was more than 2,000 years in the making. It is strange enough to think that previously it was regarded as a spontaneous growth, with origins veiled in impenetrable mystery. Now, the adventurer into the great regions of knowledge, where the story of Greek civilization unfolds itself, may become possessed of at least the main facts of prehistoric epochs long before Greek art became Greek.—"The Field of Art," in Scribner's.

Job Led Israel Out of Egypt.

A northern visitor was playing golf on one of the Florida winter resort courses this spring, where the caddies were largely colored boys. Most of the boys he found to be deeply religious. It is open to question whether they read the Bible themselves or absorbed most of their knowledge through their elders.

The northerner and his caddy were walking down the fairways. "You know considerable about the Bible, Henry," the player said, "I suppose you know that when Jonah led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt it took them almost a lifetime to get to the promised land."

"No, sir," the colored boy replied, "that wasn't Jonah what led the Israelites. Jonah never done that. It was Job."

Not If He Can Help It.

Ed Tom was a colored janitor. He really was not old, but his slow shuffle at all times had caused the nickname. A few days ago he was leaning his chin on a broom handle listening to music from a phonograph.

After a few moments he started slowly up the stairs, dragging one foot after the other as though he was almost exhausted.

"Tom," inquired his employer, "are you tired?" "Never," he replied, with a drawl, "and I ain't never going to get that way."—Indianapolis News.

Leads in Farm Telephones.

The bureau of the census counted the telephones on the farms in the United States on January 1, 1920, and found 2,508,002 of them. In other countries, except Canada, a telephone on a farm is a curiosity. There are half a dozen or more agricultural states in this country in which there are more telephones on the farms than there are in the whole territory of Italy, including the great cities of Rome, Milan and Naples.

MANY AND VARIED TASTES

Wide Variety of Things Considered Desirable Good for Import and Export Business.

"What a good thing it is," remarked Anne, "that we do not all have the same tastes. It would be a frightfully uninteresting world if we all had the same tastes and thought the same things, and all wanted to do just exactly what our neighbor did at the same time she was doing it."

Mother laughed. "That is very true," she said, "but your experience is with the little part of the world about you. It is this difference in taste all the world over that makes for the import and export business. Trade depends upon such differences for its success. Indeed, I think the world would have stopped going round long ago if we all thought and did and liked the same things."

"The other day I read an article on 'How Folks Differ.' Here are some of the things it said: 'We chew gum, the Hindoo takes to lime, the Patagonian finds contentment in a bit of guano. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa like rock salt. A Frenchman considers fried frogs a rare delicacy, while an Eskimo Indian thinks there is nothing more delicious than a stewed candle. But the South Sea Islander differs from them all; his fancy dish is a fresh boiled missionary, with the green cotton umbrella added for spice.'—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THREE 'GOOD MEN AND TRUE'

Lawyer's Characterization of Town Officials Really a Masterpiece of Summing Up.

There dwelt down East a quaint old character, "Lawyer Hopkins," whose notion of the divine origin and character of justice was certainly modern in its practicality. He occasionally practiced law in a small way and in a manner peculiarly his own.

On one occasion a flock of sheep disappeared and their heads were found in a flour barrel in the barn of a certain man, who was thereupon arrested and tried for sheep stealing. Lawyer Hopkins, in conducting the defense, maintained that the sheep were not stolen, but had strayed away, as was common in the spring.

The prosecuting attorney said: "Yes, I know sheep do stray away this time of year, but they do not usually leave their heads in flour barrels in the haymow."

Hopkins went to a neighboring town to settle the case with the selectmen, but failed and gave this report, characterizing the three town officials:

"Mr. A will do nothing wrong if he knows it; Mr. B will do nothing at all if he knows it and Mr. C will do nothing right if he knows it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Balancing of Trees.

There has been offered a very interesting suggestion concerning the utility of a tree of the irregular arrangement of its branches. Watching a large plane tree during a gale, an observer noted that while one great limb swayed in one direction, another swayed the opposite way, and although all the branches were plunging and bending before the blast, they did not move in unison, or all at once in the same direction. But for the peculiarity in the motion of the branches, it is thought, the tree could not have escaped uprooting; and the investigator suggests that this kind of balancing serves in general to protect large trees, white oaks and beeches, which have their branches unsymmetrically placed, from being overturned by high winds.—Washington Star.

"Gallows Hill."

Formerly in each county in England there were a number of such hills, relics of which still exist in spots. Tyburn, the historic place of execution outside the limits of London, was situated on a hill, nearby which the Marble arch of Hyde park now stands. On the Surrey downs near Hind head and the Devil's Punch-Bowl there is another marked by a gibbet cross, and in 1786 a memorial tablet bearing the following legend was erected there.

"Erected in destestation of a barbarous Murder Committed here on an unknown Sall-r; Sept. 24, 1786, by Edwd. Lonegon, Michl. Casey & Jas. Marshall, Who were all taken the same day, And hung in Chains near this place."—Literary Digest.

Keep the Mind Healthy.

If you would be healthy, look to your thoughts. The health stream, if polluted at all, is polluted at the fountainhead—in the thought, in the ideal. You cannot hold ill-health thoughts, disease thought in mind, without having them pictured in the body. The thought will be expressed in the body somewhere, and its quality will determine the results—sound or unsound, healthful or unhealthful. There cannot be harmony, ease in the body with disease in the mind. Never affirm or repeat or think about your health what you do not wish to be true.—Exchange.

Sufficient Enlightenment.

"What do you understand by the term, 'an enlightened voter?'" "So far as I am concerned," said the chronic office seeker, "an enlightened voter is a constituent who shakes me fervently by the hand and tells me that if his vote will keep me in public life I'll never live to see the prefix 'ex' printed before my name."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

DOG WAS THERE, ALL RIGHT

Train Conductor Quite Mistaken if He Thought Animal Could Not Stand the Pace.

In the early days there was a railroad in Tennessee which allowed its conductors to make their own rules affecting the traveling public. Sometimes one conductor had rules in direct conflict with the other. One of the conductors would permit passengers to take their dogs into the coaches with them. The conductor running opposite would not allow a dog on his train, not even in the baggage car. One day some hunters, returning to the city, met the conductor who would not allow a dog to ride on his train. When the train left the station the dog followed tied to the train, and had no difficulty in keeping up with it. When the conductor saw what was happening he was highly incensed over the disrespect shown to his train. "Watch your old dog when we start down grade," he stormed, "and see what happens to him. You think you are making fun of my train." A little later, when on the down grade, the conductor approached the rear platform and, not seeing the dog, called to the owner: "Now, tell me, please, what has become of your dog?" "Right here," retorted the passenger, pointing to a big hole in the floor of the coach. "See him under there? He just came under the coach to trot along in the shade."—San Francisco Argonaut.

BACK IN PALEOLITHIC TIMES

Custom of Erecting Cairns Above Bodies of Dead Was Common in Those Days.

In Paleolithic times, before the Atlantic burst in at Gibraltar, bands of white men often came down from what is now Russia. They followed the Euxine river, along the present bed of the Aegean sea, skirting the west of a lake that washed the shores of Crete and entered Africa near what is now Tripoli. They were savage men who carried stone axes, stone-tipped lances, and huge maces. Their eyes were blue, they had long beards, and wavy red, copper, or sandy hair. They brought their families with them, whole groups trudging on by wood and glade.

Horses to them meant only animals to be killed and eaten, never to be tamed or ridden. When one of their loved ones died the whole group stopped and together they heaped a cairn of stone and earth above the body. The custom of building funeral tumuli was common in their native Russia. That land is still dotted by innumerable burial kurgans, extending eastward far into Siberia. In Egypt the kurgan grew to be the pyramid.

One Method of Ghost-Baiting.

The London Daily Express says that the bishop of London may like this, or he may not. Any way, it is true: A correspondent tells me that the other day he was in a part of Kent where there is an interesting thatched cottage reputed to be 600 years old, and haunted. The tenants told him that on the first night of their occupation their dogs showed the greatest reluctance to enter the bedroom. Ultimately one was persuaded to sleep there, and in the middle of the night he awoke and growled furiously. Still growling, he advanced with bristling hackles toward an old Jacobean cupboard in the corner. Obviously there was something uncanny about. "What did you do?" asked my friend at this point. "I stuck the bishop of London's picture on the door," said the mistress of the house, triumphantly. "That did it."

Odd Name for Legislature.

The first legislature of the state of California is known in the political history of that commonwealth as "the Legislature of a Thousand Drinks." There are various theories as to how it earned this sobriquet, the most popular being that it is simply an allusion to the well-known tendency exhibited by the early Californians to find in the goblet everything from a mode of entertaining potential constituents to a balm for the defeated candidate.

But the term probably originated, not from this far-fung custom, but from a man named Green, who conducted a saloon near the state house in San Jose, where the body met. When the legislature adjourned it was his custom to meet the lawmakers at the door and call out, "Come on, boys, let's take a thousand drinks!"

One Good Effect of Sermon.

A southern revival meeting was in progress. The parson was in an ecstatic state of reform. "Bruders and sistahs, I wants to warn you against de heinous crime ob shooting craps and fuddermo' I wants to warn you 'bout de heinous crime ob stealing watermelon." At this juncture a darky in the back of the tent rose up, snapped his fingers, and sat down again. "Wharfo', brudder, does yo' rise up and snap yo' fingahs at my adjurations?" "You jes' reminds me, pahson, whar all I lef' ma jackknife," was the penitent response.

Grammar Vs. Veracity.

The editor poised his pencil. "You say here that Mr. Longbow is lying at death's door. We'll just make that 'laying.'"

"But that's not good English," protested the reporter.

"No," replied the editor, "but it's better to make a grammatical error than to offend Longbow's relatives. His reputation for veracity is notoriously bad."—Boston Transcript.

22,500 Sets of 1923 Auto Tags Sent Out.

Harrisburg, Pa.—The first automobile license tags were shipped from the State Highway Department's automobile division for 1923 last week, 20,000 sets being put in the mail as well as 2500 sets for commercial vehicles.

Shipments will continue daily, arrangements having been made for handling by postal authorities in the automobile division offices, so that they will go to 288 parcel post divisions. The tags go direct to trains from the department building.

One corporation sent in its application accompanied by a check for \$47,655.40, and one telephone company filed applications for 1923 for almost its whole fleet.

How it Happened.

Five villains, with gyves upon their wrists, sat in durance vile. "It is strange," said we, "that you five stalwart scoundrels, after robbing the bank, and maltreating all persons who sought to stay you, should have allowed yourselves to be knocked down

MEDICAL.

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and hog-tied by a lone cripple, equipped with naught but a crabtree cudgel."

"Alas, sir," replied the most lowbrowed of the lot. "Our lack of forethought was our undoing. We expected to encounter only the usual heavy-

ly armed posse, which could not run and capture a lost gosling. Instead, we met the lame lad with a club, who meant business and had no desire to show off. Of course, we did not know how to comport ourselves."—Kansas City Star.



Just lookin' 'round.

THAT sort of a chop is just as welcome here as the man who comes with his mind made up to buy.

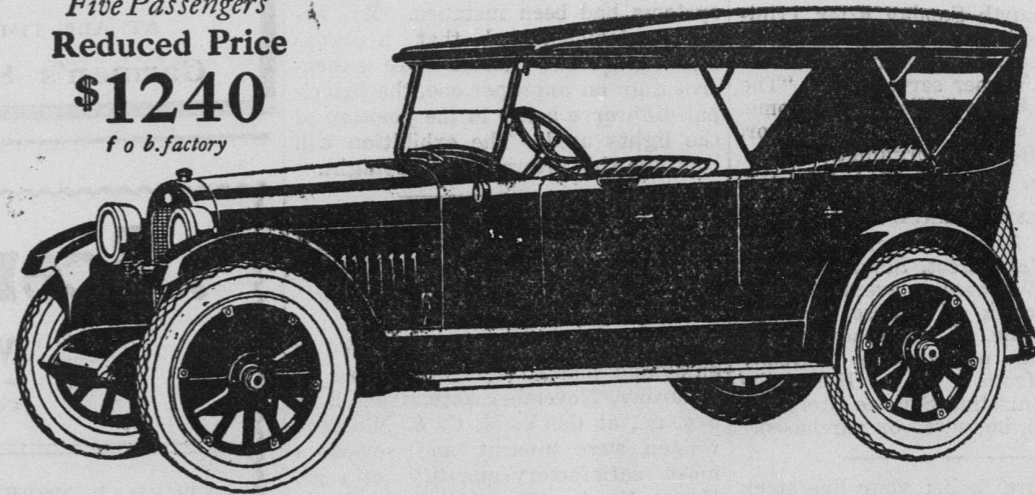
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