Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 5, 1923.

KEEP WATCH FOR GREEN RAY

Majority of People of the British Isles on the Keen Lookout for Phenomenon.

The fad of the moment in England is watching for the green ray from the sun which is shot out for a second or two just as the rim disappears below the horizon. You may also see the sun's rim turn green or bluish-green; but it is the flash you should watch for. The Scots in the western Highlands know the green flash. They cherish a belief that any person who has seen it not only knows his or her own heart, but can see clearly into the hearts of others.

Tourists over the British isles are looking for the green ray and parties are seen seeking positions of vantage where they can get the best look at the parting orb. Observations are exchanged later and those who claim to have seen it are closely questioned by others. The green ray is not exactly a new discovery, but there is a great revival of interest in the alleged phenomenon. Doctor Molder, a Dutch scientist, has just written an elaborate book on the green ray, and says he saw it at Ilfracombe in July, 1907. The late Lord Kelvin and Sir Henry Miers, of Manchester, are other witnesses.

In 1832 Jules Verne published a remarkable novel on this rare phenomenon. The heroine was a young Scottish girl, who was determined to see the ray. She saw it at last, from one of the caves of Staffa. Having seen it, she saw into her heart and the heart of her lover.

WORKED OUT AS HE PLANNED

Shrewd Mining Promoter Knew Just How Long Women Would Keep Secret He Imparted.

The psychology of selling was probably never applied better than in the disposal of the Weismann Mining company during the copper boom of 1906 and 1907. Mr. Weismann, who owned all the stock, gave a lawn party in the western city where he lived at the time. To this affair he invited all the men in the town who had any money worth his while, as well as their wives.

Taking aside the ladies one at a time, he confided to them over a glass of lemonade the following:

"I would like to see you make a little pin money without any risk, if I could trust you not to betray my confidence by taking your husband into my plans. I don't mind you buying 100 shares of Weismann Mining stock, on which you will make 1,000 per cent, but if you should divulge this to your husband he might buy several thousand shares and interfere with my plans in the market."

Of course, every lady gave her sacred promise, and broke it before she went to bed.

Weismann Mining, which was listed on an eastern market, was sold to the last share before noon the next day. —Wall Street Journal.

Sipping in Saskatoon.

Recently in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, there was a home-brew contest for women only.

And all of these women were married women.

There is a law in Saskatchewan which permits the making of home brew only, and the women are given licenses to allow them to indulge in this industry. There is keen competition among the ladies.

What of the women who are not married? Would it not be worth the time of any ambitious and thirsty young man to seek these out so they could be married ladies and home-brew makers?

Doubtless it would—but the only unmarried ladies the tourist could find were in short skirts because of youth and not fashion!—Exchange.

Make Much of Sneezing.

Many savage and semi-civilized races of the Orient have some curious customs regarding the sneeze. When the sultan of Monomotopa sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from the palace by a certain signal. Instantly every subject within hearing sets up a shout, the cry is taken up by others, and so extends until it rolls throughout the confines of the empire.

When the sultan of Senaar sneezes, on the contrary, every woman in his harem or within hearing turns her back upon him, and makes a sign of contempt, by smiting her lips with her hands—disgusted that so mighty a personage should have to sneeze like an ordinary mortal.

Wasp's Bill Like Pair of Pincers.

A wasp's mandibles—a big, strong beak, which, after you have looked at it a while, seems as formidable as that of an eagle—do not open with an up-and-down motion, like the bill of a bird. His is a bill the two halves of which open out to right and left. And instead of one-half moving while the other remains stationary, both move. It works like a pair of pincers. This long and strong cutting tool hangs downwards, though not in the sense that it is bent to reach in that direction.

A wasp has a long head, like a horse, and the mandibles, being set straight on this, naturally reach downward, writes Charles D. Stewart in the Atlantic Monthly.

DIDN'T FOOL THE CONDUCTOR

Train Official Seldom Deceived by Travelers Who Imagined They Appeared Used to Luxuries.

The Woman had never been in a compartment on a train before. She must confess this bit of luxurious ignorance. She was seated comfortably, reading and looking out of the window alternately, and greatly enjoying the privacy when she heard a buzzing sound. Again and again it sounded. Doubtless the people in the next compartment ringing for the porter.

And then came a knock at the door.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," the conductor said as he asked for the Woman's ticket.

"Oh, no, I was just sitting here reading and admiring the scenery."

"Oh," the conductor said, "I wonder if the bell doesn't ring."

"The bell?" Then the Woman understood that that had been the buzzing she had heard.

"I'm afraid I'm very ignorant," she admitted. "I've never been in a compartmenet before, and I didn't know you rang to come in."

But the conductor was not horrified at the smallness of her knowledge.

"I'm glad to hear you admit it, lady," he said. "There's lots who have never been in a compartment, but they wouldn't admit it for worlds. We know when they're not used to 'em. They can't fool us, but you're the first I've met who hasn't foolish pride."—Chicago Journal.

PROSAIC REASON FOR SERVICE

Could It Be Possible the Preacher Was Giving the Deacon a Delicate Hint?

The Midville church had a new preacher, and Deacon Sturgeon was entertaining him at Sunday dinner. At least that was the way the Weekly Blade would report the occasion, but, as a matter of fact, the deacon was feeding the preacher at Sunday dinner, while as for entertainment, the preacher was entertaining the deacon.

"And so you saw service in the great European war?" the deacon asked.

"Yes, I served nearly two years as chaplain," the preacher replied.

"Get across?"

"Oh, yes. I was in France nearly a year."

"Well, I don't believe in war," the deacon declared. "But I suppose you heard the call of duty and couldn't hold back."

"Well, I can't say that was it altogether," the preacher answered. "There were several other things to be considered."

"For instance?" demanded the deacon, who did not shy at questioning.

"Well," and the preacher smiled quietly, "I went into the army for one thing, because I got my pay regularly!"

Mary Anderson Lauds Booth.

A portrait of Edwin Booth, by many considered America's greatest tragedian, was presented lately to the Memorial Art gallery in the Shakespeare memorial at Stratford-on-Avon by an American friend of the drama and his colleagues.

The most striking feature of the ceremony was the voice of Mme. de Navarro, once the idol of American dramatic audiences as Mary Anderson, says the New York Sun. Her personal reminiscences of Edwin Booth reached their climax in her recitation of an apostrophe in verse to the great actor.

A voice from out the past, indeed, and its magical effect upon the audience gathered at Stratford is ample testimony to the truth that the great backgrounds in art and human life are not blotted out by the intense preoccupation in things of the present which seem to fill the picture.

New Motion Picture Idea.

A motion picture projector which can be used by anybody, anywhere, making possible the projection of moving pictures under all conditions, is in use in France. The lantern and film reels of the projector are supported above an upright triangular frame, at right angles to which is a second triangular frame supporting a seat and a large pulley driven by pedals. Behind the large pulley is a dynamo which supplies current for a high-powered incandescent lamp. By means of belts the pedaled pulley operates the dynamo, the projector and the film reels all simultaneously.—Popular Science Magazine.

His Viewpoint.

"Father!"

The weeping girl pleaded piteously.

"Father! Why don't you let me marry George, and take him into the firm? Why, O why?"

The business man raised her head tenderly.

"I feel for you, darling," he said. "I do need George in my business—I could use him, and will, if he says the word, but daughter, I think I can hire him cheaper than I can support him."

And with a gesture of pitiless finality, he dropped the subject.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"Shocking."

"Waiter! Waiter!" shouted a young fellow, who for the last half hour had been wrestling with a steak, but failed to get his knife through it.

"Yes, sir!" said the waiter, coming forward.

"How do you cook your food in this place?" asked the young man.

"Well, sir, all our food is cooked by electricity," answered the waiter.

"Then—here," said the young man, "take this back and give it another 'shock.'"

FEW OF ABORIGINES LEFT

Black Men of Australia Passing Away—One of the Lowest of Human Races.

The race of the aboriginal blackfellow of Australia is rapidly disappearing. Numbering about two hundred thousand a hundred years ago, less than one-hundredth of this number are today to be found. And like all passing races the blackfellow for many years has been more and more dropping the festal and war costumes of ancient times.

The blackfellow is an ethnological problem, but the weight of research seems to point to the race having a Caucasian origin. Yet though they are if this be true, the bloodbrothers of the highest civilized races, they are still rated as one of the lowest of human races, unable to comprehend higher than the figure three, and when found by the white men possessed of little more skill in survival than a wild animal.

Yet at the same time they rank in physique as one of the finest of races. The men have been noted in the past for their wonderful tracking abilities. Some, besides having exceptionally keen eyesight, have been found to be possessed with an almost animal keenness of scent.

They also invented the boomerang, a wonderful weapon known to only one other race on earth. In another 20 years this race will in all probability have disappeared off the face of the earth.—Detroit News.

DIFFER IN THEIR MERRIMENT

Boys Snicker, and the Incident Is Closed, but Girls Will Giggle for Days Afterward.

The question often arises, "Do girls giggle more often than boys?" They do, for the reason that boys do not giggle. They snicker. The giggle is of nervous or hysterical origin, a condition largely given over to femininity. The boy sees something that appeals to his reasoning as funny and under circumstances that the hearty laugh is not entirely in place, he snickers. Having snickered, that is the end of it. But the giggle goes on forever, or nearly so. A class of schoolgirls sees something which arouses their risibilities, and for hours or perhaps days afterward, they continue to giggle. The incident itself may have passed into obscurity, but at odd or unexpected moments there will be outbursts of giggling.

The boy's reason snickers at the incident, whereas the girl's instincts giggle at the memory. It must be said, however, in behalf of giggling, that it is an unselfish pastime, for the giggle alone is next to impossible. It takes at least two to make a giggle.—Exchange.

"Mugwump."

In a Boston Transcript's "Notes and Queries" is a definition of the word "Mugwump" that perhaps never got into print during the political period when it was used. The contributor says: "I suppose what your correspondent wants to know is why "Mugwump" was applied to the Independents in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign. It was because the name (originally the head of an Indian tent-group next under the sachem, and pronounced with equal accent on both syllables, like 'barn-door') had come in eastern Connecticut, at least, to mean 'boss' or effective controller of any business. It was as familiar in my boyhood as 'boss' is now. 'Do you want a job in the mill? Go and see Jim Walters—he's the mugwump of the concern.' So the Sun used it jeeringly of the Independents as 'self-constituted bosses' of the Republican party, dictating who should be nominated."

They Were Honeymooners.

She had said something that distressed him and, seeing the look on his face, she exclaimed: "Oh, my darling, I'm afraid I have hurt you."

"No, dearest," he replied, gravely, "the hurt I feel is due to the fact that I know it hurts you to feel that you have hurt me."

"Ah, no!" she said. "Do not let that hurt you for an instant. My hurt is because I know it hurts you to feel that I have hurt myself hurting you."

"No, no, my precious! My hurt is because you are hurt over feeling that I am hurt because you feel that you have hurt me and are therefore hurt yourself and—"

But let us leave them, dear reader. They will get over it in time.—Boston Evening Transcript.

His Greatest Achievement.

At a dinner in honor of President Underwood of the Erie, an exceedingly modest and retiring man, speeches eulogizing him came thick and fast. When they had ended Mr. Underwood, after thanking everyone present for the complimentary expressions, replied: "But, gentlemen, that for which you have given me credit is not all. You forgot to mention that last winter, when I was in control of the harbor, no ice formed and traffic was unimpeded, the first time in many years that such a condition has prevailed." —Wall Street Journal.

Bohemian Pearl Culture.

The scientific culture of pearl-bearing oysters has been carried on for a number of years in the Otava river, in Southern Bohemia. The oysters are opened once in eight years. The last examination of the oysters, which took place this year, resulted in the finding of five white pearls that may be classed as precious, 25 less valuable ones and 200 colored pearls.

MOTOR "GYPSIES" ARE MANY

Traveler in Southern California Impressed by the Number of Tourists on the Road.

Describing a tour through California in Harper's Magazine, Arthur Ruhl writes:

"Everywhere you go, of course, you run into our new motor gypsies. The dusty car, with father and mother, in the same style khaki breeches and O. D. shirt, on the front seat; bareheaded youngsters of all ages in the rear; the family dog squeezed on the running board or into some astonishing corner behind the lamps, and all about, tents, washtubs, and possibly a canoe or two—this is today's prairie schooner.

"Sometimes—as in southern California, for instance, where there has been plenty of building and work for casual masons and carpenters—these motor pilgrimages suggest a considerable shifting of the industrial population. But wherever wild country, and trout, and possibly bear or deer, are within easy motoring distance, nearly everybody falls into the habit of loading up the old bus and starting out for anything from a few days to a few months. Practically every town along the main highways has its municipal camping ground—in Colorado Springs one morning I thought a movie company must be 'on location' in the neighborhood, so exotic seemed the number of young women in riding breeches, sombreros and flannel shirts with bandanna neckerchiefs, but was told by an unimpressed native that they were 'only tourists.'"

BIRD SONGS ON THE PIANO

Interesting Experiments Conducted by Eastern Woman Give Rise to Immense Possibilities.

Bird songs may become basic themes for more music than folk songs. This is the prediction of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, a composer who has been making experiments along this line at Peterborough, N. H. Mrs. Beach's explanation of her theory and her experiments is unique and interesting.

"My studio at Peterborough was surrounded on three sides by beautiful birch trees, the front facing a wide view of the valley and mountains. In the deep woods nearby the hermit thrushes sang all day long, so close to me that I could notate their songs and even amuse myself by imitating them on the piano and having them answer. The songs were so very lovely and so consonant with our scales that I could weave them into piano pieces as easily as I could have used folk songs. It was a labor of love, indeed, and I only hope that I have succeeded in giving at least a slight impression of their exquisite rhythm and melodic beauty."

If bird song can be incorporated successfully into piano music thus, there is an infinite field of beauty and variety from which the themes may be drawn. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Beach and her fellow-artists will go on with their work. Jazz will never entirely rule the musical universe while this sort of delicate artistry is being carried on.—From the Brockton (Mass.) Times.

Die-Cast Wood Horns.

The demand for loud speakers has brought about the development of all kinds of horns, some of metals, others of fiber, and still others of pressed wood. It is the last-mentioned type with which we are momentarily interested. These are made of selected wood which is reduced to its original fiber and cast in steel dies under a pressure of 12 tons and subjected to 800 degrees of heat. This is claimed to form an artificial wood many times denser than natural wood. Its acoustic properties are remarkable. The vibrations received through the phone at the base of the horn are amplified by the rich, resonant vibrations of the material itself. The metallic sound which is so annoying in many types of loud speakers equipped with metal horns is said to be entirely eliminated. —Scientific American.

Had Some Apprehension.

Jokes on St. Peter are pretty stale, and, generally speaking, all of the changes have been rung on the heavenly gates, but Hollywood seems to be an exception to all known rules. St. Peter bade a solemn welcome to three white-robed men as they approached. "Where are you from?" he asked the first. "Chicago," the man replied. "You may go in." "Where are you from," he asked the second. "From New York?" he replied. "You may go in." "And where are you from?" he asked the third. "I'm from Hollywood," said the man. "You may go in, but I'm afraid you won't like it," said the saintly guard.

Canada's Canal Systems.

There are six canal systems under the control of the Dominion government, the most important of which is that between Fort William and Montreal. The other systems are between Montreal and the international boundary near Lake Champlain; Montreal and Ottawa, Ottawa and Kingston, the St. Peter's canal from the Atlantic ocean to the Bras d'Or lakes, Cape Breton and the incompleted canal from Trenton to Lake Huron.

The Homecoming Turtle.

For several years a turtle, although owing to damage done it was removed several miles from Milford, N. J., had been coming back to a tomato patch in that city. Scientists became interested and it was taken several miles beyond the Delaware river. After four years it was again found among the tomato plants.