

GEYSER DISLIKES SOAPSUDS

Ikey Gave a Dose to the Minute Man in Yellowstone, With Astonishing Results.

The Minute Man, a geyser in Yellowstone park, doesn't like soapsuds. Ikey Einstein may have suspected as much, but, if he did, he wasn't sure, and he wanted to find out. So Ikey, says Mr. Lewis R. Freeman, cooked up a piece of laundry soap in a five-gallon oil can and poured the mess into the crater. "I saw him with an oil can fussing round in the vicinity of the crater," says Mr. Freeman. "Suddenly a succession of heavy reverberations shook the ground, and at the same instant Ikey started to run. He was just in time to avoid the deluge from a great gush of water and steam that shot a hundred feet into the air, but was not quick enough to escape the mountainous discharge of soapsuds that followed.

Within a few seconds the five gallons of soft soap had been beaten to perhaps a million times its original volume, and for a hundred yards to leeward it covered the ground in great white fluffy, iridescent heaps. Nothing was ever seen like the sputtering little Hebrew who finally paved his way to air and sunshine from the outermost of the sparkling saponaceous hillocks. For a good half hour the Minute Man retched and coughed in desperate efforts to rid itself of the nauseous mess that Ikey had poured down its throat. Then its efforts became scattering and spasmodic and finally ceased. But for an hour longer gasps and gurgles rattled in its throat. At last even that sound ceased and deathlike silence fell upon the formation. It really seemed that the Minute Man would never spout again.—Youth's Companion.

PEN FILLING STATIONS NOW

Penny in the Slot Machine of Chicago University Gives the Customer Quick Action.

What do you do when your fountain pen runs dry at the most inconvenient possible moment—as it always does? If you are a student at the University of Chicago you patronize the nearest filling station. The campus is supplied with these quite as freely as the Lincoln highway with filling stations for the tourist. A penny in the slot operates the machine and enables the owner of the most voracious pen to appease the thirst of his instrument, says Scientific American.

The machine works with self-filling pens and with the old style that fills from a dropper—provided the user has his own dropper. The dropping of a coin and the turning of the handle releases the ink from the reservoir, and the fluid flows into the right-hand well, whence it can be sucked up by the pen itself or by the dropper. A slot in the upper left hand corner of the outfit contains a wiper with which any damage done by spilling or stopping may be repaired. If one drink turns out not enough, a second penny will, of course, turn the trick.

Horseshoes of Paper.

It has been proposed to make a paper horseshoe that shall for general purposes be the equal of the steel article in the following way: Parchment paper is cut into horseshoe form and built up to a suitable thickness by the use of a mixture of turpentine, Spanish white shellac and linseed oil treated with litharge, and the whole is placed under a hydraulic press. This produces very light and uniform pieces and it is an easy matter to stamp out the nail holes and grooves. Instead of nailing to the horse's hoof they can be applied with an adhesive composition whose principal part is a solution of rubber in bisulphide of carbon. Paper waste could also be molded into the shape of a horseshoe by use of the press, but the result is not so good as with the above.

Almost Repeated.

Of two friends staying at a hostelry where most keys fit most doors, one went off to bed, undressed, and turned in, mistaking his friend's room for his own. Half an hour later the friend followed, saw his bed occupied, and returned to the coffee-room. "Did you see me go to my room just now?" he said to the night porter. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, then, why didn't you tell me I'd come to bed already?" he grunted, and continued to finish the night on a chair in front of the fire.—Yorkshire Post.

A Hard Blow.

Mrs. Brown—Yer ain't lookin' too happy today, Mrs. Jones. What's up? Mrs. Jones—What's up? Jones has been promising all week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!—The Pathfinder.

First Rung of the Ladder.

"How did you come to choose a political career?" "I didn't choose it," replied Senator Sorghum. "The first time I was elected to office it was because everybody else was too busy to be a candidate."

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SAVED BY BATH OF KEROSENE

Timepiece That Suffered from Immersion in Ocean Made Practically as Good as New.

In a crowded Long Beach bathhouse the other Sunday an absent-minded bather was audibly mourning for his wrist watch which he had forgotten to remove when he dashed into the surf, says the New York Sun and Globe. "Wasn't that a stupid thing to do?" he asked the man struggling into his clothes at the adjoining locker and displaying the sodden timepiece. "I hate to lose this watch. Present when I enlisted during the war—association—memories—you know." "You can't take it to a jeweler tonight of course," the mourner's neighbor replied. "But when you get home place the watch in kerosene and take it to the cleaner in the morning." "When I was in the navy I fell overboard while wearing my watch and an old tar gave me the tip I'm passing on to you."

FINALLY MADE WANTS KNOWN

Small Boy's Request Somewhat Twisted, but Probably He Got What He Was Sent For.

The little fellow was so short that he could hardly see over the wrapping counter at the bakery. "Well, bub, what do you want?" the man behind the counter asked. The little fellow was scared—too scared to talk, so he just shoved his dime over the counter and waited. "Oh! You want to give me a dime, do you?" the man asked. "Nope," the lad gulped. "Then what? Want to buy ice cream and candy with it?" This time the youngster could only shake his head, but he was quite evidently wondering at the stupidity of those great, big grown-up people. The clerk thought he was being very clever with the youngster, so he continued: "Well, I'll just take your money and put it in my cash register, so you won't lose it. How'll that be?" The little fellow was beginning to get scared. Tears were not far away. But he managed to blurt out: "My mamma wants a bake of loafers' bread!"—Kansas City Star.

Spain Goes in for Sports.

Sports of all kinds are increasing in popularity in Spain at a tremendous rate. Football especially seems to have taken the country by storm, the games being attended quite often by 30,000 or 40,000 enthusiasts. Tennis is fairly popular throughout Spain and is played practically all year round. A fair share of the tennis equipment is American, especially the high-priced American rackets. Golf is followed to some extent by the aristocrats of Spain and by resident foreigners in the cities, but aside from it is not very popular. A large number of American motorcycles are in use in the army and in taxi service in the various cities. Ice skating was introduced to the Spanish public this year by means of an artificial ice rink, but it is felt that it is too fashionable to be popular; although many of the local sporting goods dealers ordered stocks of skates, shoes and hockey equipment. (Commercial Attaché, Charles H. Cunningham, Spain, April 5.)

Royal Rights.

In accordance with an ancient royal custom, King George has the right by statute to the head of every whale caught on the coasts of his kingdom. The tail is to go to the queen, that her wardrobe shall be furnished with whalebone. The king is also entitled to every sturgeon brought to land in the United Kingdom, and should receive, too, every year from divers persons a tablecloth worth 3s., two white doves, two white hares, a catapult, a pound of cumlin seed, a horse and halter, a pair of scarlet hose, and a silver needle from his fallor.

Port of Vancouver.

Vancouver passed Montreal in 1922 as the first Canadian port regarding ocean going tonnage. Vancouver reports 3,867,000 tons and Montreal 3,453,000 tons. The harbor of Vancouver is open to ocean-going ships throughout the year, and also there was a considerable amount of coast-wise shipping, while at Montreal there is little or no shipping of this character. Eleven steamship lines connect Vancouver with Liverpool, Bristol and London.

Cleaning Eye Glasses.

During hot weather it is well to wash your eye-glasses in water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. The ordinary alcohol and water mixture is a better wash for them in winter-time, as is a solution of soap suds. Use this latter in winter only, polishing the glasses without rinsing them. An invisible film of soap remains which prevents the glasses from steaming.

Rust-Proof Stoves.

Stoves so frequently rust during the summer months when they stand unused that they are the despair of many a housewife when she attempts to clean them in the fall. Rusting may be prevented by covering the stove with a mixture of chalk and linseed oil which can be readily removed with turpentine or gasoline. Addition of a small amount of soap will make the blacking stick.

ABILITY TO SAY "I SAW IT"

Makes Ticketholder at Public Spectacle Get Idea That He Had His Money's Worth.

Questions from Shakespeare and the Bible, analogies drawn from the fall of Rome, and accusations of "loose thinking" are all powerful weapons in an argument, but the most effective is the stout assertion: "I saw it with my own eyes." This explains why many spectators who have paid substantial sums to see a somewhat disappointing spectacle, such as a recent fight in Jersey City, and go to bed chagrined, come to believe before the following noon that they have had their money's worth. For theirs is the thrill of speaking with authority, says the New York Sun and Globe. Instead of being brusquely contradicted after each statement, they are listened to with respect and are freely quoted and appealed to by disputants who have not paid for the title of "eyewitness." Probably at the next event there will be many buying tickets with the resolve that "this time if that dub Jones tries to tell me what happened, I'll tell him what I saw, and let him know where to get off."

SAW METEORITE AS IT FELL

English Field Laborer Within Fifteen Yards of Projectile—Various Minerals in Its Composition.

The British museum recently received a very interesting gift in the form of a meteorite which fell not long ago near Saffron Waldon, in Essex. About one o'clock in the afternoon a laborer in a field at Ashdon heard a hissing sound, which he took to be the noise of an airplane. Looking up, he was astonished to see, not a plane, but a projectile rushing to the earth. It struck the ground about fifteen yards away, throwing up the soil all round like water. The man was so much alarmed that he hurried away, but a day or two later returned to the spot with another man and dug out a meteorite, which was found at a depth of two feet. It weighs about three pounds, and is five inches long and four inches wide, with a thickness of three inches. The stone is composed of various minerals and has in it many small particles of iron. It is an extremely rare occurrence for anyone to see a meteorite actually fall to earth, only fifteen such instances being recorded in the British isles.

Kindly Act Betrayed Burglar.

His fingerprints on a glass in which he had gallantly offered a maid servant a drink of water proved the undoing of a burglar who tried to rob the home of a magistrate in Pontypridd, Wales. Awakening her with his flashlight, the burglar threatened to strike the girl if she made any noise, but when she said she felt faint he handed her a glass of water, asking where the money and jewels were kept. When told there was neither in the house, the intruder disappeared. But the police by means of the fingerprints on the glass were able to trace the burglar, finding him to be a pitman in a Welsh colliery and an old offender. In another instance recently burglars left a note in a house in England they had just robbed, commending the excellent liquors they had found in the cellar.

Couldn't "Get" the Plot.

An English visitor was taken by an American friend to see one of our minstrel shows. It was the first he had ever attended. He sat through it with a slightly puzzled expression. After the performance they adjourned to a restaurant and the American ventured to ask what he thought of the show. "Did you like it, old fellow?" The Englishman came to time bravely. "Oh, yes. It was a jolly show, a jolly show altogether. Quite so. But I couldn't keep-up with the plot for the life of me."

Twentieth Century "Prophet."

A man of considerable ancestry whom King George has lately honored with the grand commandship of the Victorian Order is Aga Khan, forty-eighth descendant in direct and unbroken line from the daughter of the prophet Mohammed, founder of the faith of Islam. Here is a man who is not a potentate robbed in the garb of the Near East, but a completely modern man in the western sense—dress suit, horse races, golf, stage, polo, tennis, poker, jazz, etc.

Electricity Warms Swimming Pools.

Thousands will be saved by the two largest electric water heating boilers in the world, which have been installed in the city of Winnipeg's swimming tanks. The new system will warm the water in the pools and supply hot water for the shower baths. The baths will use no more coal whatever. It will mean a saving to the city of several thousand dollars each year.

Mexican Newspapers.

Seven hundred and twenty newspapers and publications are produced in the republic of Mexico, the largest number, 218, in the federal district embracing the capital. In this national list 43 are commercial, 12 cultural, 2 automobile, 12 comic, 164 for general information, 12 literary, 97 political, 86 religious and 41 socialist.

LION'S COMPANY UNPOPULAR

Colored Elevator Men Inclined to Draw the Line at Four-Footed Animal, However Tame.

While a circus was in Indianapolis recently R. B. Dean, publicity director for the shows, went to the city hall, accompanied by a dangerous looking mountain lion, to pay a visit to Mayor Shank. As Dean and the lion entered the front doors of the city hall, some one informed Dean that the mayor could be found in his office on the second floor. At the moment both of the elevators were standing at the first floor, their colored operators, waiting for passengers. "I guess we will ride up," Dean remarked. Suddenly the door of one of the elevators was closed with a bang and the operator shot the machine upward, though his signal bell had sounded no call. He had heard Dean's remark.

Dean and the lion approached the other elevator and entered. The operator tried to appear unconcerned. As he stopped at the second floor Dean remarked, "Let me off here." "Yes, sir," the operator said, as he hastily opened the door, "I'll let you both off here." And after Dean and the lion had completed their visit in the mayor's office and had started to leave the building, both of the elevators were conspicuous for their absence at the second floor landing, Dean walked downstairs, the lion treading after him.—Indianapolis News.

ADDITION TO ART TREASURES

Finding of Portrait of Stradivarius, Great Violin Maker, Has Stirred Collectors Everywhere.

A portrait of Stradivarius has been found. No picture of the great master had ever been identified and his face has remained a mystery for nearly 200 years. The portrait, which the experts who have so far examined it declare genuine, has come into the possession of a Cremona piano maker, who has always had the greatest interest in Stradivarius. He found the portrait in the possession of a certain professor, who had bought it from a Geneva antiquary but who kept its existence secret. The portrait, signed by the painter Gialdini, bears the name of the maestro and the date 1691. Stradivarius is portrayed as a stern Cromwellian type, with flashing dark eyes and flowing hair. He is shown holding one of his famous violins against his breast. The interior evidence of the painting all corresponds to the contemporary descriptions of Stradivarius, none of which have been in harmony with various paintings which have wrongly been thought to represent the great violin maker.

"Before I Die."

To endow "before I die some sort of green place where little street urchins could play cricket, all accessories provided," was one of the dreams of Herbert Jenkins, London publisher. He began life at fifteen in a bookseller's shop. He and another boy used to sit up half the night devouring books. That boy was the poet, John Massfield. Walking to save a penny omnibus fare, refusing an invitation to a river picnic because of a sixpenny railroad fare, lunching on a bun—this is the picture of his early twenties, as he many times described it. In 1911, when he was about 38, his "Life of George Borrow" first brought him into public view. He has just died after building up a great publishing business.

World's Coal Production in 1922.

The world production of coal in 1922 exceeded the output for 1921 by 72,000,000 tons, despite the drop in the United States occasioned by the five months' miners' strike. The geographical survey reported that the world had turned out 1,208,000,000 metric tons last year. The production in the United Kingdom rose to the level of the early war years and counterbalanced not only the loss in the United States but that of all other countries. The miners' strike caused the United States to contribute a smaller part of the world's output than at any time in a decade. Turning out more than 40 per cent of the whole for the seven prior years, its percentage slumped to 34.6 per cent in 1922.

Old-Age Relief in Alaska.

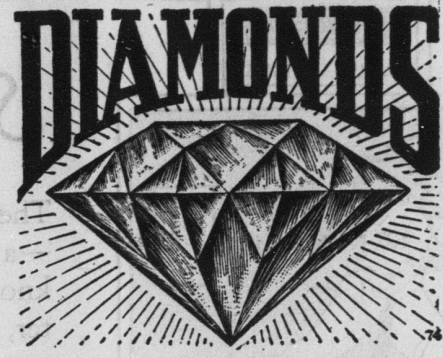
Alaska has an old-age pension system which includes a home for the aged, indigent Alaskans. It disburses monthly pensions of \$12.50 to men and \$25 to women without cost of administration, and maintains its home with only two salaried officials, a superintendent, who draws \$3,000 annually, and a secretary, on a nominal salary of \$50 per month. The supervision over pensions and the home is carried out by a non-salaried board of trustees, of which the governor is chairman.

Sure Thing.

The faculty of Hollywood High is still looking for a certain young man whom they firmly believe may some day be president.

It happened in the auditorium, where one of the teachers was lecturing on California reptiles, regarding one of which he remarked, "this snake is said to strike with mathematical precision."

"Must be an adder," cried a voice from the back of the hall.—Los Angeles Times.



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