

"Col." Bierly Doesn't Like Daylight Saving.

"Col." Willis Reed Bierly, whose occasional contributions to the "Watchman" are read with so much interest under date of September 29th, from his business place in Philadelphia, rejoicing with one flourish of his pen and lamenting with another.

Evidently he doesn't like daylight saving. Having been born and raised in the country in a day when they went to bed with the chickens and usually got up early enough in the morning to have all the farm chores done before the sun peeped over the top of Brush mountain, the "Col." resents being pulled out of bed an hour earlier in order to be at his business place when the rest get there. Evidently he feels that on the farm he had enough early rising to do him and now that he is in the publishing business he is going to get up when he pleases. He writes as follows:

Editor Watchman. Today in this secondary city of the Philistines playing Gal to Gilgal, which is the same as Gotham, the lunacy called "Daylight Saving" closed with eclat. That is to say, the Heavens seemed to rejoice and such an ideal day has never been excelled.

The curses which a majority of our denizens heaped upon the promoters of the New York sporting lunacy, in defiance of law, fell heavily upon them. One of the chief purveyors in council was Weglein which, being liberally translated, means Baby Wagon. He ran for Mayor on "Daylight Saving." Well, he had a few thousand votes! The whole bunch of flapdoodle statesmen went down below Atlantic City which is their trysting place, or love nest. A Philistine who cannot afford a sea-washed dive is not in the running. Down there all the political devilment of this State is hatched out like so many serpent's eggs.

Perhaps some of your readers may wonder what became of the good old Democratic party of Binns, Ingersolls, Randall, Pattison and Cassidy. Well, it has been following an ideal fetish! As one of its best rewarded Roly Polies said: "This administration is not rewarding party workers." The head of this idealism was a candidate for County Commissioner and he got shillshalled by a Hobernian from the party eleventh ward, unknown to farm or party workers. The chairman of Tenth and Walnut, where a few ancient ladies were wont to meet and exchange reminiscences of adolescent days, when there were no flappers or bathing beauties, nor society queens, had a few thousand votes—the reward of faithful party work—and Bonniwellian fealty. The Republican organization took care of Bonniwell and he will be a Bencher too, like Jimmie Beck, late of Lincoln Inn, London.

Today, this superb autumnal day, after lunch at H. & H., on South Eleventh street, I looked across the street at 101 South, where the sign of Ira D. Garman, Jeweler, was swinging, as it has for lo, these forty-two years! What particularly enamored me, was the fresh coat of Irish sea waves upon the front. Did you ever suspect that Ira D. was Irish? I had known the grand patriarch of the house of Garman at Bellefonte, since—well, about 1868! But he was then long before, and such a fine family he did raise! Some have gone to the land of the Leal, that "Brick" Pomeroy used to describe so felicitously. This son of the old Centre county stock, that we hope may never die out, is a stalwart among the jewelers and a jewel among men. I've met him, but once or twice, since becoming entangled here.

What about prohibition that don't prohibit bad booze, suicide, estrangement and millions upon millions of waste? The North American, which has been consistent in its course, set its reserve editor, the Scotch logician, at work on the hypocrisy of national and State spenders of the \$9,000,000 which Congress gave them to enlist spies, eaves-droppers, et id genus omnia, and they are spending it! Among the flood of letters of approval which came to the North American is one from an old dromedary back, (I presume from his style) who wants to know what Gifford Pinchot and his accumulated pile of Attorney Generals are doing. He insinuates they are all busy with the Pinchot boom for President! May be so. I think he has one hump too many! But it is interesting to compare reminiscences. For example: There was the great educator and philanthropist, Governor Brumbaugh, graduate of Ephrata! Lightning calculator! All around genius, withal honest. When the lick-spitters and sycophants who browsed around his parterre, sniffed the odors of sanctity and bowed whenever he knitted his commanding eye-brows began to tout him for President well—what's the use? We all know what happened to King Humpty Dumpty! They all went to Chicago, and some came back, chanting the sarcasm of "Teddy Roosevelt." Brumbaugh! Why he reminds me of a little woolly lamb. Selah. And thus the Pinchot "Pizzle-tree" psalmists might profit by the fate of Brumbaugh!

The American's Creed.

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore, believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."

SOME RECORDS IN THINNESS

Platinum Wire, Filament of Spider's Web and Soap Bubbles at its Dark Spot.

Platinum wire has been drawn so fine that 30,000 pieces of it placed side by side would not cover more than an inch, while 150 pieces bound together would be necessary to form a thread as thick as a filament of raw silk.

A mile of this wire would not weigh more than a grain, while seven ounces of it would extend from London to New York.

Fine as is the filament produced by the silkworm that produced by the spider is even more attenuated. If, for instance, a thread of a spider's web measured four miles, it would weigh little more than a grain.

As a soap bubble floats in the light of the sun it reflects to the eye an endless variety of gorgeous tints. Newton showed that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact, he showed that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of thinness, would reflect these colors.

Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, can be seen a spot which reflects no color and appears black. According to Newton, the thickness of the bubble at this black point is the 2,500,000th part of an inch.

IVORY FROM SKIMMED MILK

Substitute for This and Other Materials is Produced by a Recent Process.

Combining beauty with utility, a material is being made from skimmed milk by a process recently brought to the United States from England. As it is non-inflammable, odorless, and can be drilled, glued or dyed, it has a multitude of uses as a substitute for ivory, ebony, amber, tortoiseshell, horn, and other similar products. Besides, it may be used as an almost perfect imitation of many natural products of great price, among them being Chinese jade and lapis lazuli. A brilliant polish is easily obtained and it can be bent, pressed, and, to some extent, moulded, or machined. As it is a non-conductor of electricity, it may be used in making decorative radio and lighting fixtures. Also it has been found valuable for ships' cabins, hand-rails, automobile fixtures, and in the making of beads, buckles, buttons, jewelry, fancy ornaments, cigarette holders, combs, brushes, carriage handles, parts of furniture, pencils and penholders, organ stops, and piano keys.

Hongkong's Swift Growth.

Hongkong, when occupied by the British in 1841, was just a barren island, and the part of the peninsula opposite, known as Kowloon, merely sand and marshland. The inhabitants were fishermen or pirates, or both. Today Hongkong with its thriving city of Victoria, holds a population of about 1,000,000. In 40 years the revenue and expenditures of Hongkong and its suburbs have increased twenty-fold. One of its difficulties is the housing question. Standardized houses with from four to six rooms are being erected at a cost of \$4,000 to \$6,500. Hongkong's harbor has been so much improved that it now ranks as one of the greatest ports in the world.

Gives Chin a Rest.

"It says here: 'One of the idols most revered by any heathen is a figure of a woman, seated, resting her chin in her hands,'" said Mrs. Farr, reading from a book. "Which proves they are about the wisest people on earth," suggested her husband. "How so, Orrin?" "Well," said Mr. Farr, with emphasis, "because they make a deity of a woman who has sense enough to give her chin a rest."—Life.

Flour From Canada.

Up to recently the United States supplied practically all of the flour imported into Cuba. In 1919 Canada supplied 1.9 per cent of Cuban flour imports, compared with 97.9 per cent from the United States. In 1920 and 1921 Canada supplied 3.4 and 3.8 per cent, respectively, while the United States supplied 96.4 per cent in both years. Importers state that Canadian competition has recently shown a marked increase.

New Zealand Flocks Dwindle.

One of the difficulties operating against the meat-freezing industry in New Zealand is the decrease in the number of sheep in the dominion, success in this industry being largely dependent upon maintenance of production. It is hoped, however, that putting more reclaimed land into condition for grazing will eventually bring the flocks back to normal.

Big Horn's Water Power.

A party of government engineers, said to be the sixth party ever to go through the tortuous canyon of Big Horn river in Wyoming and Montana, will soon publish a report showing how that stream can be dammed to furnish 84,600 continuous horsepower, says the Kansas City Star.

New Zealand Building.

New Zealand expects to raise \$5,000,000 to aid persons desiring to build homes. The new fund, if approved by the government, will allow an advance up to 95 per cent of construction costs. The government has already assisted in the building of 12,861 homes at an expenditure of about \$91,000,000.

The Haunted Room

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Good-night, my dear," said Miss Carow with a final glance about the large dim-room with its fine old four-poster bed and other mahogany furniture. "Ah, don't open the east window, Esther. . . . the shutters are fastened securely. Open the south window; it looks out on the garden."

Esther looked over her shoulder. "Oh, Aunt Fannie, I would like to open both windows!"

"I would rather you did not, Esther. . . . the shutters are solid wood and cannot be opened."

"Very well, auntie, but I have been just longing to go to bed with the sound of little waves lulling me to sleep."

"Ye-e-e-s," assented Miss Carow. "I know, my dear—perhaps you can hear the waves in the inlet from the garden window—and good-night, child, pleasant dreams," and she went snuffing from the room, closing the door behind her. But in her own bedroom the smile died from her lips and she shook her head dubiously.

"I should have made Esther come in here with me, but she dislikes to sleep with anyone as much as I do. . . . hark! the wind is in the east tonight. . . . and she might be frightened!" Softly she stole down the hall and tapped on Esther's door. Hearing no response, she pushed open the door and entered. Esther was leaning from the open window, as if bathing in the fragrance of the moonlight garden.

She turned quickly at Miss Carow's light touch.

"Auntie, it is glorious!" "The scent of roses is always delicious at night," sighed Miss Carow, who looked a dead romance in her warm heart. "I came back to tell you not to get frightened in the night—come to my room if you cannot sleep."

"Not sleep? I shall sleep like a baby on that inviting bed," laughed Esther, blowing a kiss to her departing relative, and when the door closed she put out the light and prepared for bed in the faint pale glow that the moon diffused in that great room.

She thought of the adjoining east room, where she had always slept when she visited her aunt at Fairhaven. It was a small room, with two windows overlooking the inlet, whose waves lapped a strip of beach behind the house. But this year Miss Carow's house was full—she had taken a few "paying guests," and excepting her own bedroom there remained only the big room where Esther slept "soundly as a baby" that first night.

The next morning she met Ida Graham, a distant cousin. "Sleeping in the east room—the haunted room, Esther?"

"Haunted!" "Of course Aunt Esther wouldn't tell you, but no one wants to sleep there."

"Nonsense," laughed Esther. "I shall love it all the more."

"Don't tell your aunt I spoke of it."

"Of course not. Is there a ghost?"

"It's a—a—sound, I think," hesitated Ida.

"Pooh! Let us go in bathing," rejoined Esther, banishing all ghosts from the brilliant summer day.

But at night it was different. Alone in her room she regarded the closely shuttered east window with expectant eyes. A last glance into the garden revealed it to be a mysterious place of shadowy forms and scented darkness. Heavy clouds had drawn across the sky and blotted out the moon and a keen wind came from the east.

"Br-r-r-r!" shivered Esther and crossed the room to the gloomy shadow of the four-poster. Snuggled under a blanket, she went to sleep immediately. When she awoke, a clock somewhere was striking two, and on the blurred murmur of the last stroke, came the sound of a hollow groan.

Esther sat upright in bed. Again she heard the groan as of some one in agony. Little prickles of fear crept all over her, and immediately afterward she heard a sound somewhere close at hand, a movement and a little thump. Then silence. Then the groan repeated again and again, but no other sound followed. It seemed to come from the corner near the east window. "That is the reason they keep it closed tightly," shuddered Esther, and just then some one rapped softly on her door.

"Aunt Fannie," thought Esther. "She is afraid I have heard it." Aloud, she asked drowsily, "What is it?" and Aunt Fannie tiptoed quietly away, assured that her niece was sleeping through the disturbance of the night. Miss Carow was a sensible woman on most subjects and had never believed in ghosts until the mystery of the haunted room came to confound all her past theories.

The next day Esther said nothing of the strange sounds she had heard, although one of the paying guests, a young artist who was painting the lovely Long Island shore, talked a great deal about a sleepless night due to the moaning of the wind.

"Wind? I did not hear a sound," declared Mrs. Hammerly Jones, as she stirred her coffee. "Perhaps, Mr. Pelham, the moans you heard were uttered by a ghost—an old house like this might be haunted."

John Pelham grinned skeptically but Mrs. Jones' remark left an unpleasant impression. That day Esther accompanied Pelham on his tramp through

the woods, but they did not talk about ghosts. Esther was not sure whether she really cared for John Pelham; she had met him last year for the first time and this renewal of their friendship had brought a most disturbing flutter to her carefree heart.

A few days after this tramp in the woods, the wind came out of the east and howled around the house all night; and the restless "ghost" came to haunt the east room once more. Toward morning Esther, weary from loss of sleep jumped up and approached the open window that looked upon the garden. It had stopped raining and the tin roof of the ell was almost dry. Putting on dressing gown and slippers, Esther skipped over the window sill to the tin roof and walked around the corner of the house to study the closely shuttered east window. A slight sound warned her to look up and she saw John Pelham sitting on the slope of the roof, lightly attired.

"Oh, what is it?" he replied, sawing away at the long tree limb that sprawled across the roof. "The—saw—confounded—saw—thing—" more sawing, "kept me awake. I investigated and here it is!"

"How clever!" admired Esther, and she was still admiring when Miss Carow came, scandalized, and saw the ghost really laid. That night while they sat around the fire, where the "ghost" burned brightly, Aunt Fannie announced her niece's engagement to the young painter.

And one of Pelham's most famous paintings is one that he painted of the inlet, and golden shore from his seat in the open east window of the ghost room.

FUTURE OF LIGHT AIRPLANES

May Herald Universal Flying if They Can Be Made Safe Enough for Popular Use.

One of the most curious results of the peace treaty is the development in light airplanes, according to a writer in an official British bulletin on civil aviation. It will be remembered, he says, that the earlier flights of the Wright brothers, before they adopted engine power for their airplanes, were gliding flights from an eminence, the occupant seeking to utilize the upward currents of air to make as long a glide as possible. These flights followed the experiments of Lillenthal, a German, who sacrificed his life without finding the correct principle for safe gliding.

"The terms of the peace treaty," says the writer, "prevented Germany from using airplanes with motors, and so firms in that country commenced building gliders. Their initial attempts, using apparatus which embodied the experience of war flying, were so successful as to cause a general revival of motorless gliding in France and the United Kingdom. Gliding, however, demands a set of conditions of which the most important is an ascending current of air, and thus is limited to country having a suitable contour, and when favorable air currents exist.

"Practice in gliding has indicated certain directions for improving the design and structure of the airplane, and the combination of the limitations noted with the progress in design has been sufficient to develop the light-engine airplane. Considerable flights have taken place with aircraft of this type, the engines being no larger than those found on motorcycles, the cost of which has been about the same.

"The authorities have been quick to see the advantages of the new flying, and prizes are now offered for successful flights in airplanes with engines of 1,100 cubic centimeters and 1,500 cubic centimeters, respectively. Should the movement develop, the age of universal flying will have begun, but it remains to be seen whether reasonable safety can be guaranteed with such small powers. For countries where suitable landing places could be provided, the prospects of touring in the most extreme comfort at forty to fifty miles per hour, at a cost of less than half that entailed by the use of motor cars would appear to be very bright."

Hurry Call for Gun Flints.

The adoption of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, was not the only event of the day during the session of the Continental congress. Among other important matters to which attention was given, the following resolution was passed:

"That the board of war be empowered to employ such a number of persons as they shall find necessary to manufacture flints for the continent, and for this purpose to apply to the respective assemblies, conventions and councils or committees of inspection of the counties and towns thereunto belonging, for the names and places of abode of persons skilled in the manufacture aforesaid, and of the places in their respective states where the best flint-stones are to be obtained, with samples of the same."

Church Candles Still Made by Hand.

In Europe there is a shop which employs a large force of men and women candlemakers all the year at making candles for churches, cathedrals and the Christmas trade. The candles for Christmas are made by machinery. Some of the church candles are ten feet high.

Dismissed.

Author—Why did you leave the theater last night before the play was finished?

Friend—I am not responsible for that. I'm a sleep-walker.—London Tit-Bits.

A New Assortment of Silverware. Brass, China, Novelties and Parchment Lamp Shades. now on display. We invite you to look these over. F. P. Blair & Son, Jewelers and Optometrists . . . Bellefonte, Pa.

We are A Thrifty People. There are 26,000,000 people in the United States who have saving accounts. They have saved and own the vast sum of \$17,300,000,000—and average of \$665 each. Does this money belong to the rich? Oh, no; most of these people are in very moderate circumstances. Many of them are poor. But they realize that it is better to practice a little self-denial now, than to suffer and possibly be humiliated later on. The First National Bank, Bellefonte, Pa.

Purse Strings.... are always open to Boys Clothing like this. The notable thing about boys clothes selling is not the number of people coming in but the number of boys' suits going out. Value—that little word with five letters plus this new, clean stock of hundreds of suits is the best orator known to bring parents to immediate action. If you have a son to clothe—no matter what you can afford to spend—come and let us show you how much you can't afford to lose. Boys Suits . . . \$6.50 to \$18.00 (with 2 pairs of Trousers). School Shirts . . . 1.00 " 1.50. School Waists . . . 75c. " 1.00. School Underwear . . . 50c. " 1.50. School Caps . . . 75c. " 1.50. School Trousers . . . 1.25 " 2.50. A. Fauble