

DIGGING THE DOVER TUNNEL

Work Is to Be Pushed From Eight Shafts Sunk in the British Channel.

Our old ideas regarding tunnels are to be turned topsy turvy, it appears, by the methods to be adopted in digging the long-discussed and more than once begun, underground and under-sea line of communication between England and France. A tunnel, and more particularly a subaqueous tunnel, has been a human burrow, begun at one end or both.

It has been virtually decided that instead of cutting in from the two shores this tunnel is to be dug from the middle outward, says the New Orleans Times-Picayune. Plunging down into the chilly waters of the English channel with the greatest caissons ever constructed, the engineers will exclude the sea waters by modern processes that have been developed, and sinking a shaft into the sea bottom will work fore and aft. But even that single shaft is not enough, according to Mr. Tempest, chief engineer of the project, and it is proposed that no less than eight sea shafts shall be used.

If this is done it is the engineer's idea that the dirt and rock dug from the tunnel cutting instead of being carried many miles to a land dump, can simply be blown by compressed air out upon the sea bottom. The whole thing sounds wonderful and it looks as though the tunnel might become an engineering marvel surpassing the Panama canal, the Assuan dam, the Tay bridge and other gems of scientific ingenuity.

IT SOUNDED LIKE A PUZZLE

Case of Australian and His Children. However, Was Simple When It Was Explained.

A New Yorker, visiting English friends, was lamenting leaving at home two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood. Turning to a man to whom he had just been introduced, he asked if he had any family.

"Yes, I have a wife and six children in Australia. And I never saw one of them," he added, quietly.

The two sat in silence. Then the interrogation began.

"Were you ever blind, may I ask?" said the American.

"No," was the reply.

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No." Another silence.

"Did I understand you to say you had a wife and six children living in Australia and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, that is how I stated it." Then the American inquired: "How can that be? You say you never saw one of them. I do not understand it at all."

"Because," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

Eloquence.

"Eloquence" is literally and etymologically the power or faculty of "speaking up." The word is made up of the Latin words "ex" or "e," out of, and "loquor," to speak.

The man or woman who possesses eloquence is presumed to have the ability to "speak out" in meeting or in caucus, or in the board of directors, in a way to make her or himself understood.

Yet a change has come over the precise meaning of "eloquence" in the last generation or two. Eloquence in the old days implied, if it did not actually require, rounded periods, florid utterance and perhaps passionate gestures.

The eloquent speaker of today is the speaker who substitutes argument for floridity, sense for passionate gesture.

His Prize.

An old farmer, living near an aviation training camp, was sitting on a log enjoying his pipe when suddenly there was a roar and burst of flame and smoke overhead, and a plane crashed into the tree and hung suspended from the branches.

"Hey!" ejaculated the old man querulously. "What's the matter? What did you come down on my farm for?"

A stifled groan came from the wreckage and finally the airman painfully emerged.

"See that nice big red apple?" he said, pointing into the tree. "That's what I came down for."—American Legion Weekly.

Strategy.

Mrs. Jinks jumped up in bed. She switched on the light and shook her husband's shoulder.

"Sh!" she warned. "I heard someone downstairs. A burglar!"

Jinks jumped from the bed. "I'll soon deal with him," he said. And his voice sounded courageous.

"Oh, don't put those heavy shoes on; he'll hear you."

"I intend that he should! Do you think I have any desire to meet the gentleman?"—Judge.

Very Much So.

Customer (missing his favorite waiter)—Where's Jules today?

Waiter—He's gone, sir.

Customer—Gone! Do you mean he's defunct?

Waiter—Yes, sir—and with everything he could lay his hands on!

—Vote for Taylor for Sheriff.

WINDMILLS OF THE FUTURE

They May Provide Electric Power When Coal and Oil Fields Are Giving Out.

"The exhaustion of our coal and oil fields is a matter of centuries only," writes J. B. S. Haldane, the distinguished British scientist, in his article, "If You Were Alive in 2123," in Century. "As it has often been assumed that their exhaustion would lead to the collapse of industrial civilization, I may perhaps be pardoned if I give some of the reasons which lead me to doubt this proposition.

"Water power is not, I think, a probable substitute on account of its small quantity, seasonal fluctuation and sporadic distribution. It may perhaps, however, shift the center of industrial gravity to well-watered mountainous tracts, such as the Himalayan foothills, British Columbia and Armenia. Ultimately, we shall have to tap those intermittent, but inexhaustible, sources of power, the wind and the sunlight. The problem is simply one of storing their energy in a form as convenient as coal or petrol. If a windmill in one's back garden could produce a hundredweight of coal daily (and it can produce its equivalent in energy), our coal mines would shut down tomorrow. Even tomorrow a cheap, fool-proof and durable storage battery may be invented that will enable us to transform the intermittent energy of the wind into continuous electric power.

"Among its more obvious advantages will be the fact that energy will be as cheap in one part of the country as another, so that industry will be greatly decentralized; and that no smoke or ash will be produced."

HEARD VOICE FROM ABOVE

Little Boy in the Sleeping Car Thought It Must Be God Who Was Speaking.

Little Frederick, en route with his parents, was put to bed in the lower berth across the aisle from them, an elderly gentleman occupying the upper over him. It was Freddie's first sleeping car experience and he was a little nervous. His mother, to reassure him, said: "Now, don't be afraid, mamma and daddy will be just across the aisle, and you know God is always with you."

After the lights were turned out that lonesome feeling got too much for him, and he called out:

"Mother, are you there?"

"Yes, darling," mother answered.

"I'm here."

"Daddy"—a moment later—"are you there?"

"Yes, son. I'm here. Go to sleep like a good boy."

In a moment the questions were repeated, with answers satisfactory—for the time being—to Freddie, if not to the other passengers.

After a short silence his voice again cut through the car with "Mother, are you there?"

A deep voice from above announced:

"Yes, your mother is there and your father is there, and I am here."

Then came Freddie's tremulous query:

"Mother, was that God?"—Pullman News.

Artificial Silk in Japan.

The manufacturers of artificial silk have made very little progress in Japan, being confined to the production of coarse yarns of inferior quality. Imports of artificial silk in 1922 amounted to 225,840 pounds—an increase of 62.7 per cent over 1921.

Unofficial estimates place the Japanese imports from January 1 to April 24, 1923, at 178,725 pounds, or about 79 per cent of the total artificial silk imports in 1922. The use of artificial silk in Japan was formerly limited to the manufacture of neckties and shawls, but it is now being used for hosiery and mixed silk textiles.—United States Commerce Report.

India Wants Merchant Fleet.

India wants an Indian merchant marine, says the Nation's Business, or at least there is enough discussion among the people of India to give the subject some importance. The argument seems to proceed pretty largely upon the theory that every well-regulated and proud nation with its feet on salt water should have a merchant marine. In other words, a merchant marine is an indispensable demonstration of sovereignty if a nation wishes to maintain a place in high society. As India's foreign dangers have always lain on the landward side, national defense would not enter into the equation.

The Sergeant Commands.

In the small town of Wayback there were so many holdups that the police were being seriously annoyed. Try as they might, they failed to arrest the persons responsible. Late one night an excited voice came over the telephone:

"Burglars have broken into No. 64 Lyons street! Send help quick!" The sergeant looked at the solitary policeman in the station.

"Mike," he said simply. "The house at 64 Lyons street is being robbed. Go up and surround it."—American Legion Weekly.

Looked Closely.

"How did you ever get caught in such a compromising position, Betty?"

"Well, he wanted to see what color my eyes were."

"That's harmless enough."

"Yes—but he's near-sighted."—London Mail.

SEVEN TALK OVER ONE WIRE

First "One Pair" Phone Cable Links Santa Catalina Island With the Mainland.

Making seven conversations flow where but one flowed before is the engineering achievement credited to telephone engineers, who have just finished laying what is said to be the world's first one-pair submarine telephone cable between Santa Catalina island off the southern California coast and the mainland, 25 miles away, says a dispatch to the New York World from Avalon.

Before the introduction of radio telephony island dwellers there had to depend on the mails for communication. With the wireless came relief of a sort, for with the radio linking the island telephone line with the vast network of wires covering the mainland, one could carry on a conversation with any point in the United States.

Only one conversation could be carried on at a time by this method, however, and the conversation usually found its way into thousands of amateur radio sets as well as the telephone company's receiving device, thus losing all vestige of privacy.

Now that the one-pair cable is in place, however, as many as seven conversations flow simultaneously between Avalon and the mainland. The interesting feature of the one-pair cable is that the seven conversations flowed simultaneously over a single strand of copper wire in the center of the cable, a system of varied frequencies similar to that used in radio telephony making this possible.

VARIABLE CLIMATE BETTER

Uniform Temperatures Are Not So Healthful, It Has Been Determined by Scientists.

There is nothing in the world more plentiful than air, and nothing more vital to our lives, says Floyd W. Parsons in the World's Work. But remarkable as have been our discoveries relating to the handling and use of air, such advances as we have made will never equal in value the benefits to us in comfort and health that will result from intelligent control of the temperature and humidity of the air in which we live and breathe.

Already we know that there is a direct relation of the death rate and of health to the wet-bulb temperature. It has been found that fairly moist weather is more healthful than dry weather of the same temperature. It has been proved that cold waves, unless of extraordinary severity, are beneficial to health, while a rising temperature, even in the winter, is harmful. In making this statement, the investigator carefully distinguishes between a drop in temperature and the continuance of low temperature. Then there is the further fact that a variable climate is in general much more healthful than a uniform climate, even though the latter has an almost ideal temperature. With such truths before us, and in the light of the fact that we can manufacture indoors practically any kind of weather we desire, at a moderate cost, it would seem that we have a solid basis on which to develop an intelligent ventilation practice that will make us happier, longer-lived and more prosperous.

Robin Returns to Its Old Home.

For four years in succession a robin has built its nest near the administrative building at Camp Curry. Four years ago a robin nested on the pergola, the following year on the limb of a cedar over the studio and last year above the doorway to the garage. This year the nest has again been built in the studio pergola. In that birds have been proven to return and build nests in the same situation, it seems reasonable to believe that the same pair of robins have selected these sites, which are all within 50 feet of each other. In recent years the marking of birds by small metal bands about their legs has furnished valuable information as to the migration and constancy of mated pairs.—Our Animals.

Chicks Adopted by Rooster.

A year-old rooster belonging to J. H. Hudson of Troy, Kan., had its crop torn open by dogs. Evelyn Hudson, the daughter, cleaned and washed the crop thoroughly, sewed it up and put the rooster in a coop where they put the newly hatched chicks from the incubator. Mr. Rooster was about two weeks recovering from his injuries and all the time was very friendly with the chicks. When they were let out in the yard he went with them "clucking" and taking care of them as would any mother hen. He hovered them at night and when they were grown ceased his care.—Topeka Capital.

A Merry Widow.

An English woman recently wrote to a newspaper that she began life as A. Mann (Alice Mann). She married a Mr. Husband and so became A. Husband. He died and she married again, this time a Mr. Maiden. Becoming a widow for the second time, she concluded that though born A. Mann, she would die A. Maiden.—Boston Transcript.

Not Complimentary.

Lawyer—Yes, I'm off to Florida for a couple of weeks. Health precaution. Think it best to recharge my storage batteries before they become completely exhausted.

Blunt Friend—That so? I thought you were running on gas.—Boston Transcript.

FATHER OF THE VAUDEVILLE

Farmer's Son Invented Name to Replace "Variety Show." Also the Continuous Performance.

In the early 1880's variety entertainment in America was a pariah of the arts. Respectable women were seldom seen in the audience, and we fear seldom on the stage. Even in the East the performer's life was a precarious one: he worked where he could, dressed in dirty holes, and the farther west he went the worse conditions became. The western honkey-tonks were combination dance halls, saloons and variety theaters, frequented by drunken cowboys, miners and loose women. A respectable actor would no more have considered going into the varieties than he would have considered becoming a burglar.

Such was the condition even in Boston when, in 1883, Benjamin Franklin Keith, a farmer's son from Hillsboro, Mass., who had drifted into the circus business, arrived in Boston with a few dollars in his pocket and decided to become a showman on his own hook, says Walter Prichard Eaton in McClure's Magazine. He rented a vacant store for which he paid \$1 a day, got a pail and mop and scrubbed it with his own hands, and then opened it as a "museum" with Baby Alice, weight one and one-half pounds, and a Barnum mermaid, as attractions. He prospered in a small way, took a man named Batcheller in as silent partner, added a second room with a stage, on which performances could be given.

In 1884 Keith christened his performances "vaudeville" to get away from the stigma attached to "variety show," and made every effort to keep his little museum clean and decent. In 1885 he originated the idea of a continuous performance, from ten to ten, in order to get more people.

EUROPE FARMS LACK PHONES

Rural Wire Service in Its Infancy in the Old World, Says French Engineer.

"Rural telephone service is in its infancy in the large European countries such as England and France," writes Monsieur M. G. Valensi, noted French telegraph engineer, in a recent article in the Annales des Postes, Telegraphes et Telephones.

One-third of the French telephone subscribers are concentrated in Paris, the writer points out. It is the same for London, which in 1921 contained 330,000 subscribers, while Great Britain as a whole possessed only 985,964.

In contrast to this situation, M. Valensi points out that in the United States "more than 2,500,000 farms possess the telephone. In that country," he adds, "there exist almost 26,000 small rural co-operative telephone companies, made up of farmers who combine to construct a line leading to a point connecting with a telephone central."

Not the Course.

A good many years ago a steamer was sailing down a certain river, with a shrewd old Yankee captain in command. Suddenly the engines stopped, and the steamer remained motionless for several minutes. The passengers began to talk among themselves, and one of them, a portly, pompous person, advanced to the captain.

"What seems to be the trouble, captain?" he inquired. "Why have we stopped?"

"Too much fog," answered the captain curtly.

"But I can see the stars overhead quite plainly," argued the persistent individual.

"Mebbe ye can," admitted the captain grimly. "But unless the b'ilers bu'st, we ain't goin' that way!"

Curing His Golf Trouble.

The following conversation took place between an old Scotch professional and a would-be golfer. The amateur had asked what the other thought of his game.

"Na, ye'll no mak' a gowffer," he said; "ye've begun ower late. But it's jus' possible if ye practice hard, verra hard, for twa-three years, ye might—"

"Yes?" inquired the other expectantly.

"Ye might begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the rudiments o' the game."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Some Time Hence.

Composer—I hope you like my new opera?

Critic—Oh, it's good enough in its way, and I dare say it will be performed after the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Meyerbeer are forgotten.

Composer (delightedly)—Really? Critic—Yes! But not till then.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Sarcastic Fling.

"I don't like to invite Mrs. Newrich to my bridge party, and yet she's a sure loser and a good pay."

"I don't see how you are going to get her money without her company," said the sarcastic husband. "What do you expect her to do, frame your invitation and send you a check?"—Boston Transcript.

A New One to Him.

Father—Where's that young man who was calling on you?

Daughter—Oh, he left in a huff.

Father—A huff? A huff? They are getting so many new cars on the market now a fellow simply can't keep track of them.—London Answers.

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