

Black War Bonnet Gets Farm His Father Owned

Title to a tract of land, composed of 160 acres, homesteaded by his father, Black War Bonnet, in 1878, has been given to Joseph War Bonnet, a Sioux Indian of the Ogalalla band, through a decision of the Department of the Interior. Originally, it was unsurveyed land, and Black War Bonnet settled on the 160 acres, making improvements costing over \$200, and also occupied the tract continuously for three years, thus entitling him to ownership. In 1879 he received a certificate giving him complete possession of the piece of land, upon which he continued to reside with his family until dispossessed in 1882. In the same year he died, leaving his wife and two children. The wife and the other child have since died, leaving Joseph War Bonnet the only surviving heir.

For many years Joseph War Bonnet has been making efforts to obtain possession of the 160 acres of land homesteaded by his father, but because it was withdrawn from the public domain by an executive order and for other reasons his petitions have been denied by officials of the general land office.

Joseph War Bonnet in 1921 made an appeal from all these adverse decisions to the secretary of the interior, and final action was postponed pending the examination of witnesses and the securing of accurate description of the land. Several hearings have been held in the case during the past two years, with the result that a final decision was issued, giving the heir full ownership and possession of the land homesteaded by his father many years ago.

The case is referred to as one where "long-delayed justice to a red man" has been effected.—Department of the Interior Bulletin.

Pin in Candle Meant Right to Have Hearing

There was an old French peasant custom which held the wisdom of Solomon. This law was called "The Pin in the Candle," interpreted by the English as "The Right to Be Heard."

In the old days if a man and his wife disagreed, the official to whom an appeal was made put two pins in a lighted tallow candle, equal spaces apart. The husband was allowed to talk until the flame burned down to his pin, and then he had to listen while his wife talked, until the flame reached her pin.

This law passed into oblivion long since, but its influence became a part of the family life of France. It is a tradition—particularly among the peasants—when a family dispute arises and one member prolongs a scolding or complaint for the rest of the family to say: "It is now mother's pin in the candle," or, "It is now father's pin in the candle."

So simple a legend as this has brought peace to a multitude of people. How many of us might apply to our daily living and hear both sides of the story!—Delineator.

Says Many Are Buried Alive

On the theory that electrocution does not permanently kill all victims, Professor Jellinek, head of the Vienna Electro Pathological Institute, has recently startled the medical and electrical world by announcing that, in his opinion, many victims of electrocutions have been buried alive. He maintains that electric shock only drives the victim into a trance and that hope of saving them should not be abandoned until physical decay starts. He believes that hundreds have been buried alive, whereas if they had been worked over for a day or more they would have been revived.

Human Hair Cloth

Tons of human hair are being used now in making a strong cloth. A Southern factory is supplying the demand of cottonseed oil mills for a fabric that will resist for a time at least a pressure of 4,000 to 4,500 pounds a square inch. Only that made from hair is strong enough. When the price of camel's hair became prohibitive experiments were begun with human hair, with the result that special hair-weaving machines were devised and a source of supply of human hair was located in China.

Going America One Better

China's newest department store in Hankow is to have a theater, a concert hall and other entertainments alongside the bargain counters for the amusement of its shoppers. The Wing On company, conductor of department stores in Shanghai and Hongkong, has acquired about two acres of land on the main street of Hankow for the erection of the several buildings.

Salesmanship

Hesitant Flapper—Aren't these hose a bit flashy?
Salesman—Yes, miss; indeed they are, and the papers forecast strong winds for the next few days.
Hesitant Flapper—I'll take them.—Boll Weevil.

Seeing Society

"This bootlegging must be a good business. You're probably making a fortune."
"Aw, it ain't de coin what counts so much wif' me, lady. It's de people you meet."—Life.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

Says Engine Whistles Need to Be Improved

A whistle is only a whistle, but even a whistle is susceptible to improvement. Locomotive whistles in particular are open to criticism, according to Prof. Arthur L. Foley of Indiana University, says the New York World. Professor Foley is head of the physics department and also of the Waterman Institute for Scientific Research at the university.

Professor Foley's objection to the present type of locomotive whistle is twofold. It criticizes both the tone and the position. His suggestion for improvements are based on discoveries made during a series of researches into sound intensity and cost of operation of many types of whistle. The article continues as follows:

The popular "chime" whistle, with its comparatively low-pitched notes, he maintains, is only about one-sixth as effective a warning as would be a high pitched single note.

As for the position, Professor Foley contends that it's all wrong. The ordinary whistle has in front of it the smokestack, bell, steam dome and electric generator, not to speak of a blanket of hot gases.

The result is that its sound is broadcast to the sides of the track instead of directly ahead where it is desired. By altering the position and changing the note many lives could be saved.

Another factor against the chime type of whistle is its cost. According to Professor Foley's calculations it takes 2,434,026 tons of coal per year to utter the toots of the nation's engines.

The adoption of a shrill, single-tone whistle would effect, according to his figures, an annual saving in railroad coal bills of approximately \$5,000,000.

Tact Makes an Honest Employee of a Thief

A salesgirl in a department store was caught stealing. The superintendent confronted her with the evidence and asked her to sign a confession. After she had done so, he sealed the confession in an envelope and put his own name on it.

"This goes into a strong box," he said, "and nobody but you and I will ever know about it—provided you do what I ask. First, I want your promise never to do it again and then I want to know just why you thought you must have more money." She told her story. There was sickness at home, and her need for money was not because of mere craving for luxuries. The superintendent sent her invalid sister to a hospital at the store's expense.

That was nine years ago, and the salesgirl is today not only one of the store's valuable employees but one of the most loyal. The little envelope has been burned long ago.—Nation's Business.

Fate on Strange Career

The Paris courts report one of the most curious series of incidents yet laid before legal students in the case of a Paris woman who, on the occasion of two previous weddings, had lost her husband in an auto accident while en route home from the wedding ceremony. She recently married a third time and as the burial car was speeding home it collided with a vehicle and the third husband was killed in a manner almost identical with the fate of the first two. The courts took cognizance of the series of strange mishaps, because in the case of the second husband's death the woman asked damages.

This One Doesn't Pucker

Persimmons are scheduled for a rise in popularity. At last a persimmon has been found which will not pucker the mouth no matter how green it is when eaten. It is the Fuyu persimmon, which the United States Department of Agriculture has introduced from Japan and predicts will become one of our leading varieties. The Fuyu has a beautiful golden orange color, is ideal for shipping and, what is more to the taste, is never astringent and can be eaten with enjoyment even when still hard.

Eras of Time

The year 1924 corresponds to other reckonings as follows: 1342-3 of the Mohammedan era, the year 1343 beginning August 1; 4621 (nearly) of the Chinese era, beginning January 2; 2296 of the Grecian era; 5834-5 of the Jewish era, the year 5685 beginning September 28; 7433 of the Byzantine era, which begins September 1; 2584 of the Japanese era and 6637 of the Julian period.

Some of Her Best Friends

Marjorie, aged six, shocked her mother by picking up the saucer in which she had had her strawberries and cream and licking it vigorously with her little pink tongue.

"Why, Marjorie!" reproved her mother. "What disgraceful manners! Whom have you ever seen doing that?"

"Dogs," said Marjorie curtly.—Youth's Companion.

His Mite

Judge—Why did you offer resistance to the officer who was trying to arrest you?
Prisoner—Because, your honor, I didn't have anything else to offer him.—Chicago Tribune.

Lagniappe

Cupid has less to do and more to regret than most gods.

Yesterday we scoffed at airships. Hard work has its good points, mostly cautions.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

DAN CUPID DOTES ON TOMBOYS

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Mother, you don't like Eve!" accused Dick Leighton after his mother had returned from an initial visit to Dick's fiancée. "Why don't you like her?"

"Dear boy," said Mrs. Leighton, smoothing out each neat glove as she removed it, "you are quite wrong. I do like Eve; she is sweet and wholesome, but she is not just the sort of wife I had hoped you would pick out. But I suppose there never was a mother who believed any woman good enough to be her son's wife!"

"Very likely the Allens are thinking the same thing about your son," grinned Dick wryly. "Anyone knows that Eve Allen is too good for me—and that's the truth!"

"My dear!"

"Just what is the matter with Eve, anyway?"

"Nothing, dear—that is, she is sweet and charming in her own way, but she's so wild and unconventional—so emotional—so impulsive—and she runs around with her hair bobbed straight as an Indian—and rides astride and wears knickerbockers—and I am afraid it is a little shocking to an old-fashioned body like me, who always longed for a daughter, to find prayer answered in that way. But don't mind me, dear boy—I shall get quite used to it and think nothing of it at all, I dare say. I do like her in other ways, Dick."

"I am sorry, mother, for your sake—I sure thought I was picking a winner when I fell in love with Eve; she's such a fine companion—a good pal."

"I know, Dick. Forget all about it. Eve is coming to tea tomorrow and will help me plan my garden."

Dick was fairly content with his mother's report on Eve, and when she came the following afternoon, he was delighted to discover that they had found a common interest in the flower garden. Eve went about things in her sweeping way, giving expression to bold ideas and offering opinions that clashed sometimes with Mrs. Leighton's, but always giving ground if she was in the wrong.

Mrs. Leighton learned much over the tea. . . . Eve could ride and shoot, play golf and tennis, swim and skate, play the piano, hike twenty miles and not mind it—but Eve could not sew a stitch nor could she cook so much as an egg! The wind was in the east when Eve got up to go. Eve's nerves were a little brittle from a rather trying afternoon, and so Dick and she quarreled lamentably. By the time they reached the Allens' hospitable home, the engagement was broken, and the rag was tucked away in Dick's pocket. He was furious at Eve and his mother and, forsaking the society of all women, went off on a trip to the North woods to forget them all.

In the meantime, Eve was very unhappy, and lost much of her old sparkle and gaiety. Eve was a pretty and popular girl, and many people blamed Mrs. Leighton for her old-fashioned ideas that had made the girl feel that she was unwelcome in the Leighton family. It was a large family connection, and Mrs. Leighton, who was greatly distressed over the trouble she had unwittingly caused, filled her house with her married nieces and their children.

One day when they returned from a drive the chauffeur left the big car at the curb while he went around to the garage on an errand. Mrs. Leighton and her niece, Mrs. Ned Driggs, were sitting on the terrace, when Mrs. Driggs suddenly screamed.

"Oh! Look at Tommy—Tommy, don't you dare touch that wheel!"

But Tommy, who was eight and playing he was a taxicab driver, skipped neatly into the driver's seat, went through the motions that he had watched so many times that he mechanically followed them—the car started, gained a little headway, and started down the slight grade that was Golden avenue.

Eve Allen, returning from a horse-back ride, still wearing her jaunty riding clothes, saw the whole thing from her front piazza, two doors away. Like a bird she skimmed down the walk. She darted into the street and raced after the car. It had not reached the steepest grade when she put her hands on the spare tire, lifted herself up, and crawled, a lithe, wiry little figure, across the seats to the front. Fortunately the top was down, and just as the machine poised at the brink of the steep hill, Eve's hand was on the wheel. What she said to the frightened Tommy no one ever knew, but he adored her from that moment. And when she came up the path with the errant Tommy clinging to her hand, she was trembling like a leaf, and her eyes were full of tears.

"My dear, my dear," quavered Dick's mother, "I am so thankful you are just the kind of a girl you are!" And their peace was an assured thing.

Shortly afterward Dick received a letter from his mother. "Come home at once, dear; Eve is staying with me and I am deeply in love with her. We understand each other thoroughly—she reminds me of wild cherries, all the sweetness and the

little tang that makes them so acceptable—and so tonic!"

When Dick came home and the diamond was once more on Eve's third finger, Mrs. Leighton told about Eve's daring rescue of little Tommy Driggs. "There was Lois, Dick, a wonderful housekeeper, and able to make a perfect lemon meringue pie—but she couldn't have done what Eve did. I'm the happiest woman in the world Dick!"

"Pile Drivers" Used for Testing Matches

A pile driver is about the last instrument on earth that an ordinary person would choose for lighting a match, but strangely enough the investigators of the Underwriters' laboratories use pile drivers for that purpose. The pile drivers, we hasten to add, are miniature only a few inches high and drop their tiny weights on the heads of matches to determine the force of the blow required to ignite them. In "A Symbol of Safety" Mr. H. C. Brearley thus describes how matches must be safeguarded:

Since, as has been said, every box of matches carries 50 potential conflagrations within its walls, and since approximately 5,000 matches are struck every minute in the United States alone, it is important to see that matches are surrounded with safeguards. Matches that strike only on the box, if they are to receive the approval of the Underwriters' laboratories, must have heads made of a chemical stable compound the heat ignition point of which is above 340 degrees Fahrenheit. Moreover, they must not ignite easily by shock, and the explosive character and the "fly hazard" during combustion must be reduced as much as practicable. The sticks must be of specified dimensions, strength and uniformity and must be treated chemically to prevent afterglow. Matches that strike anywhere call for even greater precautions and must be especially well safeguarded against ignition by shock.—Youth's Companion.

Tell Coming Weather by Action of Birds

The cat is not the only creature that foretells rain.

Most birds are restless when a change in the weather is likely. Guinea-fowls and peacocks shriek, parrots whistle more shrilly than usual, and pigeons return to their homes when rain is expected. Gulls are disturbed and utter mournful cries when a storm is at hand.

An old rhyme tells us that fowls roll in the sand when rain is at hand, and many country folk get out their wet-weather garments when they see their hens gathering together and trimming their feathers. When ducks are very busy on the ponds, flying backward and forward and splashing large quantities of water over their backs, it may be taken for granted that rain is near.

When a skylark soars very high the weather is likely to remain fine, and if swallows in the evening are seen chasing insects in the heavens rather than close to the ground the same conclusion may be drawn.—London Tit-Bits.

Future of the Horse

Another scientist says that the horse is to be extinct, and he sets the date a century hence. The extinction process may be at work, says the Washington Star, but whether the horse will go to the vanishing point in that time one does not know.

If horses would decrease in the same ratio as in the last ten or twenty years, it might be easy to tell when the last horse would give up his stall to an automobile and pass on to that realm where good horses should go, and perhaps where old Pegasus still rears and canters through the clouds.

But the decrease in horse population—or in "hippolation"—may not decrease in arithmetical progression, and we may still find a horse on a farm near Washington as we now find a white turkey, a hand churn, a muley cow, a hearty broom of sedge, or something else quaint and rare.

Wholesale Concentration

The enthusiastic young thing was very thrilled indeed when she was introduced to the famous author at a dinner party.

She lost no time in starting a conversation and letting him know that she was one of the keenest admirers of his latest book.

"You have no idea how very helpful I have found it, Mr. Brain!" she gushed.

"Indeed," replied the author, highly gratified. "In what way, may I ask?"

"Oh, it has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? That's very nice. Now, tell me, what are you concentrating on at the present time?" asked the author.

"Oh," replied the sweet young thing, with a look of rapture on her face, "lots and lots of things!"

Life in Persia

The coast region of Persia is humid and the climate unpleasant, but in the interior the climate is agreeable. Certain parts of the interior are very pleasant, as a matter of fact, and living offers no trying problem whatsoever. The Persian himself is polite and will treat you rather well. There are many Americans in the oil fields, I understand. I also believe that the oil fields are situated in the most unpleasant part of Persia, where the climate is unhealthy and fever prevalent.—Capt. Beverley Giddings in Adventure Magazine.

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