

### Play of Oedipus Rex Is Tremendous Tragedy

The play begins. The crowd enters, the people driven by pestilence toward their king and toward the gods, writes Stark Young in the North American Review. The prophet comes; a curse is on the land. Oedipus sets out upon the search that is to be his fate. The woman who is his mother and also his wife throws herself between Oedipus and this knowledge that will destroy them all. And, finally, in shame and frenzy Jocasta hangs herself, and Oedipus with the clasp of her mantle digs out his eyes. He enters then in that most terrible shudder in all drama; he feels the pain, his voice floats far from him, shame in this world and in the next he feels, everything; even his children are taken from him, and he goes out to wander alone over the world. And meanwhile the chorus has sung and moved, and carried into a wider region the events of the play and the thoughts of the characters. The music of the instruments has widened yet further the whole, giving it a yet more general and essential abstraction and seeming to spread upon it an aspect of the eternal. The changing lines of the chorus and the actors have rendered less obscure the poet's desire, and all his thought; the Salamis or inland wind, blowing another rhythm into those bright garments, has carried into universal space that flow of movement under the wide light.

### What Proof Marks on Old Firearms Mean

Those unfamiliar with ancient firearms are frequently puzzled by finding certain characters or letters, or both, stamped on and into the barrel of a gun or pistol. In their ignorance they take them to be the initials or mark of the maker, and from these seek to gain light as to his name.

It is true that Spanish and German arms usually have, instead of the maker's name, a seal, frequently of gold, depicting characters—animals and letters—from which, if possessed of a list of such seals, one might determine the manufacture of the weapon, and hence its approximate date. English and French gunmakers, however, if marking the arm at all, did so by placing their name and that of their town on the lock-plate or barrel, or on both.

The marks known as "proof marks" were stamped on, usually by a government official, after he had tried out and "proven" the arm to be all right. As a rule the method of "proving" was to load the piece with several times its normal amount of powder and shot, and then discharge the same. If it survived the test it was considered "proven" satisfactorily. Thus, as different marks were not adopted until a certain date, we may ordinarily be assured that an arm bearing them was not manufactured before that date.—Lewis Appleton Barker in Adventure Magazine.

### Myth of Ptolemy's Mirror

Ptolemy's mirror was a huge mirror, said to have been placed in the tower of the Pharaohs of Alexandria by Ptolemy Evergetes.

Abolofeda, the famous Arabian writer, says that this mirror was made of Chinese iron, and that shortly after the Saracen conquest of Egypt it was destroyed by the Christians to prevent its falling into the hands of their oppressors. In Buffon's opinion, says the Detroit News, Ptolemy's mirror was made of polished steel.

According to a fabulous account, it reflected the greater part of lower Egypt and a portion of the Mediterranean sea and enabled the observer to detect either the approach of a hostile fleet or the existence of a disturbance on land.

### The Lunatic

A man called at our office the other day and said:

"I wanta ask about my income tax, if you know."

"Ah!" we sighed, sympathetically. "I wanta know," he said, "about this. Last year I had 't borrow money 't pay 't' tax on my income; this year I had 't borrow money 't pay that back and pay this year's taxes, and next year I got to sell my house 't pay 'em all and my taxes. Now, how much does the government owe me for what I ain't got?"

We murmured appreciatively and motioned for the bouncer. These troubled ones really bother us a lot!—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### Teaches His Child Wife

In Stanord, Ky., there is a curious situation of a school teacher having among his pupils, all children, his own wife, a girl just sixteen. He was discovered recently because he endeavored to make his wife-pupil write on the blackboard: "I have never kissed any other man but my husband." The teacher is Melvin Wright and he gained notoriety also for whipping his wife when she broke a school rule.

### Exactly

Counsel—Now where did he kiss you?

Plaintiff—On the lips, sir.

Counsel—No! No! you don't understand. I mean, where were you?

Plaintiff (blushing)—In his arms, sir.—Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.

—When you see it in the "Watchman" you know it's true.

## THE TACT OF AUNT FRANCES

By JANE OSBORN

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At precisely four o'clock Hilda Tate walked into the office of her aunt, Frances Tate, successful business woman.

"Hello, Uncle Frank," she said, addressing the older woman sitting at the large desk in the spacious office. Having no real uncles, Hilda had hit upon the plan of calling this aunt, who followed a man's profession, "Uncle Frank" during business hours. At other times she was simply "Aunt Fanny."

"I'm here," she said, as she dropped into an armchair.

"But Fred isn't," said Uncle Frank, signing letters automatically. "So we are to have tea without him, I suppose. Or will he meet us later?"

"He won't meet us at all," said Hilda. "Not ever."

Uncle Frank put off further explanation until she and her attractive niece had reached the seclusion of their favorite tearoom, and there Hilda began again. She was now addressing Aunt Fanny. Aunt Fanny was much more sympathetic than Uncle Frank.

"You see," said Hilda, savagely biting a piece of buttered toast, "we went shopping. I'd no idea what sort of taste Fred had. And let me tell you if ever you think of getting married—because quite old people some times do nowadays—just you go shopping for furniture and things before you think of getting the license. That's the real way to find out if you are compatible. And just to think—the wedding was to be in a month. We were going to see about the invitations tomorrow."

"You don't mean that you've broken the engagement?" said Aunt Fanny, calmly.

"Certainly I do," Hilda was emphatic. "We went to get carpets and things. You know and Fred knows that I intended to do my own work. All the girls are doing it now when they are first married, and I don't suppose Fred could afford a maid, anyway. So, of course, I planned to have olcloth on the dining-room floor—you know, one of those olcloth rugs. And I wanted a plate-glass top for the dining-room table, so that we could put the dollies on under and then they'd never have to be washed. I'd just have to wipe the top off after each meal. Well, Fred had quite definitely made up his mind on having a Chinese rug in the dining room, and when I said something about the glass top for the table, he first laughed and then said the idea was absurd. If I found it was too much work to keep the rug brushed and everything, why, we'd have a maid he said. Just imagine!"

Aunt Fanny drank tea in silence, for awhile.

"You don't mean that you are going to give Fred up just because you don't want a Chinese rug in the dining room?" she asked at length.

"It isn't that," said Hilda earnestly. "The thing is that I have found we are dissimilar in taste. If we disagree about those things we should probably go on disagreeing all our lives, and then imagine how miserable we should be. I would be very much better off never to marry anyone at all."

"But the trouble is you would probably marry someone else. You might find someone who was perfectly willing to have the olcloth covering for the dining-room floor who wasn't quite so attractive in some ways as Fred."

"Oh, I shan't ever marry anyone," said Hilda with decision.

The discussion would have gone on longer had it not been that just then a well-built young man came ambling up to the table at which Hilda and Fanny were seated. He approached so that the older woman saw him while her niece did not.

"May I sit here?" he asked, addressing Aunt Fanny, and as she nodded her permission he took the vacant chair, then signalled the waiter and gave his order for tea.

In the meantime Hilda nodded without smiling.

"You see, Hilda and I had a little argument," he explained, still addressing himself entirely to the aunt, "and she refused to let me come with her to have tea with you. But I had told you I would—so here I am."

"You are a man of your word," approved Aunt Fanny. "I should have been disappointed if you had not come."

There was an awkward pause which neither Hilda nor Fred tried to break. Then Aunt Fanny began. She said she had a little story she wanted to tell. It was about an aunt of hers—Hilda's great aunt.

"She was engaged to a young artist," she said. "And just before they were going to be married they went out to buy furniture. It was in the days when people still used horsehair covering for sofas and chairs. This aunt of mine was a practical housewife. She wanted horsehair because she thought it would shed the dust. That's why people used it, you know. But this artist fiance of hers couldn't endure

it. He wanted furniture covered with rich brocades and tapestries. So they disagreed and they never did marry. Later he became quite celebrated, but Aunt Clara never saw him again. She married an old widower for lack of anyone else, and I don't believe she ever smiled again in her life without having tears in her eyes at the same time.

"And then some thirty years later," Aunt Fanny went on, "I was engaged to a young doctor. I had made up my mind on having our house furnished in old mahogany. But Walter wanted mission. Mission was new and very popular at the time. It was two weeks before the wedding was to have taken place. We argued until we quarreled. And then we broke off our engagement."

Hilda had gradually been growing more and more absorbed in listening to her aunt.

"Isn't that the oddest thing?" she said at last, and then cast a little sidelong glance at Fred. "Why, it seems to run in the family," she concluded. "But I really don't care so much about the glass top or the olcloth in the dining room."

"Of course you don't," assured Aunt Fanny, and Fred stretched a hand down beside the table to grasp Aunt Fanny's hand in a warm squeeze of appreciation.

### Clay for Making China Not American Product

The potter at his wheel has been the symbol of labor since forgotten times in China, in Egypt, in Assyria and other ancient civilizations.

Columbus related of his first visit to Hispana or the West Indies that when pieces of plate, dishes and glass were traded with the natives "it seemed to them like getting the most beautiful jewels in the world," says the Detroit News.

Despite the splendid artistry of the Romans they did not know how to make high-fired pottery with a vitreous glaze, the distinction of modern china. While high-grade bone chinaware is made in the United States which equals in beauty, texture and artistic decoration the china of famous English potteries, it could not be made but for imports of raw materials.

The right sort of clay, the basis of the pottery industry, is not found in the United States in quantity. English china clay is the most essential import for this industry. It has, however little plasticity or strength and can be melted only with difficulty. To remedy this deficiency it is necessary to add English ball clay and also domestic flint and feldspar.

### Remarkable Fish

In a series of articles which Professor Mitchell-Hedges is writing for the Wide World Magazine he describes one of the biggest creatures he ever took from the depths. "It was a remarkable fish," he says, "of the leopard or whiptail species, the back being covered with white spots. This really awe-inspiring brute measured 7½ feet across the wings and 6½ feet from head to base of tail, the tail, itself, from base to tip, being 9½ feet long, so that the total length from tip of head to tip of tail was 16½ feet. Its weight was 410 pounds. This broke all my previous records of weight captured on rod and line, my former largest being the shark of 237½ pounds. It was a most extraordinary piece of luck that I had changed my '35' thread line for the '54' for it would have been utterly impossible to have landed this great fish on the finer line."

### Champion Fish Story

They were telling fishing stories, and the silent member in the corner spoke at last.

"Once," he said, "I went after a fish so big that no ordinary line was any use. At last I tried three-inch rope and hooked him. He was too strong for me to land, so I tied the rope around an old oak tree in a field while I went for help. When I got back the fish had gone."

"Pulled up the tree, I suppose?" put in another man, sarcastically.

"More than that," went on the other. "The roots of that oak were so wide and deep that it took the whole field as well. It's a quarry now."

### Odd Relationship

A German village is still hopelessly puzzled over the relationships resulting from the double marriage of a father and son. The father, a widower of sixty-eight, married the village belle. She thus became the stepmother to her husband's forty-year-old son. The son, in his turn, met the girl's mother and married her. Consequently his father is now his son-in-law and he himself is his own grandfather.

In the meantime, the village belle has presented her sixty-eight-year-old husband with a baby daughter. Clearly, this child is sister-in-law to her grandmother!

### America in Denmark

For one day each year 200 acres of Danish soil becomes American territory. That day is the Fourth of July, and the land in question is the American National park. In 1912, a committee of Danish-Americans presented the park to the Danish government on condition that on the American national holiday the park should be American soil and should fly the American flag. The park is located at Rebild, in the province of Jutland, overlooking the water where was fought the greatest naval engagement of the World war.

### Silvering Mirrors.

The Scientific American gives the following formula for silvering glass: (a) Reducing solution—In twelve ounces of water dissolve twelve grains of Rochelle salts and boil. Add, while boiling, sixteen grains of nitrate of silver, dissolved in one ounce of water and continue the boiling for ten minutes more; then add water to make twelve ounces. (b) Silvering solution—Dissolve one ounce of nitrate of silver in ten ounces of water; then add liquid ammonia until the brown precipitate is nearly, but not quite, all dissolved; then add one ounce of alcohol and sufficient water to make twelve ounces. To silver—Take equal parts of a and b, mix thoroughly and lay the glass, face down, on the top of the mixture while wet, after it has been carefully cleaned with soda and well rinsed with clean water. Distilled water should be used for making the solutions. About two drams of each solution will silver a plate two inches square. The dish in which the silvering is done should be only a little larger than the glass. The solution should stand and settle for two or three days before being used. It will keep good a long time.

### Oiling of Roads in State Finished.

Harrisburg.—With the exception of a few isolated sections of earth roads where light dust-laying oils are put down, the State Highway Department has completed the surface treatment of macadam roads throughout the State, it was announced. This fulfills the department's promise to have the work completed before July 1.

It was the idea of Paul D. Wright, highway secretary and William H. Connell, engineering executive to keep the roads open to Pennsylvania users, and that the department should cause no delays or inconveniences, insofar as it was possible.

For this reason the oiling schedule was rushed during the early spring and summer inasmuch as the bulk of tourist traffic is on the roads in July, August and September. In the major portion of the State oiling operations were finished on June 20, despite the unseasonable and continued rains. 11,000,000 gallons of material—a quantity sufficient to fill 1,375 average size railroad tank cars, or 27½ trains of fifty cars each were used. These trains placed end to end would extend a distance of nine miles and fifty-five feet.

—Read the "Watchman."



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### "The Government Should Control Public Money"

Says a paragraph in the platform of the radical third party.  
There is no such thing as public money.

Every dollar the government has was taken from the people in the way of taxes, or by borrowing, and it spends the revenue thus received as fast as it gets it.

Governments cannot make money. Time and again, all through history, nations have tried the experiment. Germany recently tried it, Russia tried it and their so called money proved worthless.

By public money is doubtless meant the deposits of the Federal Reserve Banks. But every dollar of this money belongs to the people. The government does not own, nor can it take one dollar of their resources.

They belong to the banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System and the banks owe it to the millions of depositors. You are probably one of these depositors.

Get it clearly in mind that the immense resources of this great country are owned by individuals, that what we call government is designed for the protection of society, and not to do business either by making so called money or running railroads or any other form of enterprise.

The less government interferes with business the more we prosper.

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