

Bach Showed the Way to Pure Modern Music

The fountain source of all was, of course, Bach. When Bach had shown the way, there was a surge and uprush of pure music in central Europe to which nothing in the history of other arts can be compared, unless it be the building of the French cathedrals. It was as if a vast gold mine had been discovered, opening out to those happy mortals who had first right of entry long galleries of metal, precious and pure; nor did they waste their matchless opportunity, but tirelessly worked on, mining in streams a beautiful clear coinage which was good in all the markets of the world. Of almost all the great composers of the Nineteenth century fertility is the conspicuous trait; they were limited only by the capacity of their hands to write down what their invention dictated. And what they dictated was, broadly speaking, all good. Haydn's symphonies, Schubert's songs, remain. Countless, they still have meaning for us—more meaning than most of the music of the day. The world had not changed, but the human mind had suddenly found means to appreciate it newly, and the whole story of creation, all the sumptuous diversities of human life, all the accumulated experience of the ages, was virgin soil, a child's garden, of richness and freshness inexhaustible.—Basil De Selincourt, in "The English Secret."

Myth of the Amazons Older Than Greek Fable

The Amazons are best known from Grecian mythology. The origin of the myth, however, is said to antedate even the heroic age of Grecian fable and to come from Asia Minor.

Far back in antiquity these female warriors are said to have come from the shores of the Caspian sea and, conquering Asia Minor, to have built the cities of Ephesus, Smyrna, Myrina and Kyme, says the Detroit News. The worship of their Titanic queen, a sort of "queen bee," was carried on with barbaric ceremonies, even to the time of authentic Greek history.

Always known as "Ma," this arch priestess was said to be served by 6,000 minor priestesses and by eunuchs without number.

When the Spaniards and Portuguese discovered and settled the east coast of South America they encountered on every hand, from the Gulf of Mexico to Paraguay, an Indian legend of a redoubtable tribe of female warriors who had their home somewhere along the banks of that river, the Amazon, which now bears their name—no doubt given them by the European settlers, who were familiar with the Amazons of ancient fable.

Wasted Words

Johnston missed his train the other evening, so he went to have his hair cut. When he entered the barber's shop he was in a quarrelsome frame of mind.

"Cut it without conversation," he growled, as he took his place in the chair. "Don't want any hair restorer, scalp invigorator, dandruff eradicant, face lotion, pomade or anything else. I've read all about the Near-East troubles, and don't interest myself in boxing, racing or football. As regards the weather—"

Here a customer nudged Johnston's elbow.

"You'll have to write it down on his slate, mister," he said, "if you want to tell him anything. He's deaf and dumb."—Tonsorial Journal.

King George Saves Time

King George's estate at Sandringham is the one spot in England where daylight saving is used the year around, and has been for more than fifty years. During all this time the clocks have been kept half an hour ahead of Greenwich time, and the reason was to insure punctuality. King Edward, who had the reputation of never being late, even to tea, introduced the idea when he was prince of Wales and it was soon taken up by the nobles who lived in the community.

Hard Boiled

The waitress, very much out of sorts, saluted haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him.

Then, striking a furious pose, she glared at him.

"Whatcha want?" she snapped.

"Couple of eggs," growled the diner.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are."—Notre Dame Suggester.

Watchful Idling

The world treats the momentous business of spooning as a joke.

"My little man," a deacon said to a small boy, "have you no better way of spending this holy Sabbath afternoon than idling away your time on your front lawn?"

"I ain't idlin' away no time," the little man exploded. "There's a feller inside spoonin' with my sister, and she's payin' me a nickel an hour to watch out for pop and mom."

An Easy One

"That artist daubing his brush upon his palette reminds me of two women kissing each other."

"How so?"

"He's mixing paint."

AN APPLE GREEN FOR MISS LEE

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Marcia Scott invited her school friend, Estelle Lee, to come and visit her she planned to have her party during Estelle's stay. They had been close friends at boarding school, but had not met for three years, although they corresponded regularly. Marcia expected to see the same careless, generous, happy-go-lucky girl—of course three years older—but still just over twenty. Estelle had all ways given promise of a certain fair beauty for she had quantities of light hair and light brown eyes that were always laughing and merry. The Lees were rich, and Marcia had really thought twice before she considered inviting fashionable Estelle to the quiet atmosphere of Old Brookfield.

"My dear," gushed Estelle, when Marcia met her at the station, driving the family car herself, "I did not mean to land here the very night of your party—I am sorry, but of course it doesn't matter. Have my trunks arrived?" (Estelle knew very well that her trunks had not left home as yet, owing to her putting off her departure until the last moment.)

"Why, no, I am afraid they haven't come yet. What—"

"It doesn't matter," interrupted the guest hurriedly. "I just put an evening frock into my suitcase for emergency, so I will be quite all right. Now, tell me about yourself, for from the brief look I have had you have developed into wonderful beauty! You were such a plain little thing, too!"

"What nonsense," laughed Marcia. "You see with the eyes of love, Estelle. My young brothers will soon put that idea out of your head. They draw at me in the most provoking way. 'Well, sis, you wouldn't quite stop a clock.' That is the way they cheer me on."

"Is it going to be a wonderful party?" demanded Estelle, secretly jealous of Marcia's beauty.

After dinner the girls repaired to the second floor. Estelle, of course, occupied the guest chamber, which adjoined Marcia's pretty room, and there was much running back and forth and laughter, and "do you remember," as they dressed for the evening. But all the fun and frolic seemed to die out as Marcia showed her new gown for the occasion. It was of apricot taffeta with touches of silver.

"It is adorable," agreed Estelle slowly, and as she went back to her own room a peculiar change passed over her face.

"Estelle, have you ever met Paul Leroy?" Marcia was doing her hair, and had her back to Estelle's room, but the loveliest look came into her eyes when she spoke of Paul. Their friendship was fast ripening into love, and Marcia was finding it increasingly difficult to mention the beloved name. But she wanted to have Paul and Estelle like each other.

Estelle shrieked with delight. "You don't tell me that he is coming tonight?" she cried. "Why, I met him last summer at Arliss lake, and we had a perfectly gorgeous time. Isn't he handsome?"

"He is fine looking," agreed Marcia, fastening a little bandeau of tiny silver leaves about her black hair.

Estelle, her head in the wardrobe, where her suitcase stood, uttered another shriek, this time one of dismay. "Oh, Marcia," she cried dismally, "that stupid maid has made the greatest mistake! She didn't put in my frock after all—I'm sure I saw her put it in—everything else is here, and she began to paw distractedly among her things."

Marcia came running, and they searched, but there was no sign of the dress, which would have been easily found, of course, if it had been there (or if Estelle had not cleverly rolled it up and stuffed it in the bottom of a clothes hamper five minutes before).

"There is only one thing to do, dear," said Marcia, looking pale and unhappy, but managing a pale smile in the bargain; "you must wear my new gown, and I have a white crepe de chine that will do. I will put a silver girdle about it, and it will do nicely—not a word—just take that and put it on, it will fit you all right—I want to be proud of my guest, you know!"

Estelle protested, even while she hurried into the apricot silk. "Run and show yourself to mother and dad and the boys, they are all downstairs, and I will come down as soon as I can get into another dress."

"You are sure you don't mind?" asked Estelle, pausing in the door to view Marcia in the simple white dress; it was not very becoming, for it made her look paler, but Estelle, satisfied that the splendor of the apricot silk would put Marcia into the shade so far as Paul Leroy was concerned, went serenely on her way. Somehow, she could not bear to think of Marcia looking so lovely as she would in the new dress, and so she had compelled her to offer it, and wear the old white one. She rather dreaded meeting Mrs. Scott's keen blue eyes. The meeting was one of surprise on the part of Marcia's

family. The apricot silk had been the subject of much talk, for new frocks were not very plentiful in the large family of Professor Scott. "How charming you look, my dear, and you have a frock just like Marcia's!" exclaimed Marcia's mother.

Estelle explained, flashing her eyes and all her dimples for the benefit of the assembled family. They accepted the situation gracefully, but each and everyone thought poor Marcia was a good scout to give up the dress. Mrs. Scott hurried upstairs to aid Marcia, if necessary, but guilty Estelle remained below conscious of her own good looks.

Mrs. Scott was very thorough, and it was she who discovered the apple green dress inside the clothes hamper. She forced Marcia to put it on, and the result was charming. Downstairs, she found Estelle and whispered to her: "You will be glad to know that I found your frock and I have made Marcia wear it; I really like it better than her own, don't you?" and the confused guest almost choked with rage when she saw the dazzling effect of Marcia in apple green!

"You look like an apple blossom caught in a silver moonbeam," Paul Leroy told her, and Estelle heard every word. "You should always wear that color, Marcia. Your father says we may announce our engagement tonight."

All the men danced with Estelle, and the Scotts saw that she had a splendid time, but the dishonest thing she had done rankled in her own bosom, so that in the morning she affected some excuse and went home.

But Estelle does detest shades of apricot!

How We Get That Way? Why Not Learn Truth?

Ring-a-ting-a-ling went the telephone bell five minutes after they had all sat down to the table. Sister jumped up quickly from her place. "I think that's for me," said she with suspicious haste.

A dead silence fell upon the room; Brother listened quite openly.

"Hello," began Sister. "Oh, it's you!" At this Brother guffawed like a braying donkey. The long-distance conversation continued for a few more noncommittal monosyllables, and then Sister said good-by and returned to her interrupted meal and her ribald relatives.

She had a stern expression of countenance, however. As she took her place, she remarked, "I wish you wouldn't laugh like a car cranking, Brother."

Brother put his hand over his mouth to suppress his risibles, but Sister didn't notice. "How should I laugh?" questioned he meekly.

"Don't explode," said she, taking him quite seriously. "Open your mouth and your throat and let the laugh come out naturally!" Then with careful pitch she went, "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha"—beginning low, rising higher, and finally dying away softly and delicately.

"Oh! Ho!" roared Brother, unable to restrain himself any longer; "you sound like a phonograph record!" And he emitted a perfect series of bellows.

"For heaven's sake, don't laugh at all if you have to make such terrible noises as that," retorted Sister, irritated at having fallen into his trap.

"Ha! ha!" cried Brother, too pleased for words at his success; "I mustn't laugh—I can only smile, I suppose!" Then he fixed his features into a huge and cavernous grin, opening his mouth without making a sound, so wide that they could see into the depths of his raw, red interior.

At this point Sister left the table in tears.

How do we get that way? By refusing to learn the simple truth that families are born, not made!

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Land of Flying Animals

Australia is the home of flying animals and boasts of at least twenty species. They claim to have flying mice, squirrels, opossums and also a species of bear that flies. The species generally is referred to as "phalanger." This means that they have, extending from the front to the hind legs, a membrane which enables them to float in quite a graceful way from tree to tree. They are not really flying animals, but gliders. The flying squirrel is said to be the most beautiful mammal in the world. It is odd that in the land where many animals fly, birds often cannot fly at all. Both the emu and the cassowary are practically wingless and have to depend upon their long and strong legs to escape from their enemies.

Kangaroo Meat Dainty

It is said that all parts of a kangaroo are good for food, the flesh being very like that of hare or small venison; but the tail is the only part which has much meat on it, the rest of the animal being extraordinarily spare and lean. The tail is thick and fleshy, nearly as big as a man's leg; and, broiled on the embers in its own skin, which draws off afterward like a glove, or made into soup or hash, is considered a dish fit for a prince.

Cows Showed Sense

Lil and Red, cows owned by Ezra Edgell of Smithfield, W. Va., saved their own lives when fishing creek rose to record flood stage. The cows planted front hoofs against the side of their barn, keeping their noses out of the water, which would have drowned them had it risen three inches more, as a haymow above held their heads down. The horses and another cow in the same barn were drowned.

Skeleton of an Embryo in One Dinosaur

Scientists, digging for fossils in the sand of the Gobi desert in Mongolia, have come upon the eggs of the prehistoric beast known as the dinosaur.

Just as the ancient egg of the boarding-house breakfast table occasionally contains an embryo chicken, so in one of these Mongolian eggs, although it was deposited by a dinosaur "best layer" 10,000,000 years ago, the pure white skeleton of an unborn dinosaur can still be seen, says London Times.

Five of these eggs were found together and within a foot or two of them crouched the huge dinosaur mother, as if she had been overtaken with disaster, probably in the form of a sandstorm of terrible violence, just as she had finished her morning laying.

The desert region of Mongolia is proving a happy hunting ground for the geologist and fossil seeker, for the high table land is almost waterless and the atmosphere is dry. Thus fossils have not been crushed out of all semblance to their original shape or pounded to pieces by water action.

It is a growing opinion among geologists that the animal dispersion took place in this region and that the dinosaur of Mongolia found its way into America, followed down the ages by the mammals, by way of the Bering straits bridge, which is supposed to have connected Asia and America.

Lighthouses in Italy to Be War Memorials

While nearly every town and village in Europe has erected memorials of one kind or another in honor of the soldiers who fell in the World war, Italy enjoys the distinction of being the first of the nations to commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of life of their sailors by erecting lighthouses.

The funds for these appropriate monuments are being raised by a committee composed of the leading Italian admirals and officers of every rank representing the navy service, together with a picked number of army generals and statesmen, says the Washington Star. Thus far \$600,000 has been subscribed, and by way of beginning three great lighthouses of the purest white marble, 80 to 100 feet high and Roman in style, are in the course of construction at the most conspicuous and useful points of the coast, dominating the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenian and the Ionian seas.

The very powerful lights will cast their rays through the bars of an ancient bronze "ara" or altar. It is intended to dot the whole coastline of the Italian peninsula, of Sicily and of Sardinia with memorial lighthouses of this kind.

Played Second Fiddle

The Frenchman had been presented to the mayor of Puddlebury, to which town he had come to reside.

"Ah, sir, permit me ze honor of giving you my felicitations, and to your talented family likewise. Ze music it ees a beautiful gift, and I hope to have ze honor of harking some day of your performance."

"Pardon, m'sieur," said the mystified mayor, "you are mistaken. I know nothing whatever of music."

"Ah, but zat ess vat you call hang back—you are modest. I have hear eet several couples of times zat your vife plays ze first violin, and zat you plays ze second fiddle to 'er!"

Tramcar to Waterloo

Instead of, as hitherto, taking a train to the battlefield of Waterloo, the traveler this year will have the alternative of proceeding there by tramcar, a direct line having been now opened up from Brussels. Guides, who since the armistice have been complaining that the World war battlefields have drawn away much of their former custom, are hoping that the new travel facilities may bring more visitors to Waterloo—the more so as it is proposed to have conductors possessing at least a superficial acquaintance with the English language.

Russian Caviar Again

Russian caviar is again to grace America's board, for a revival of the manufacture and export of this delicacy, which during the war and Russian revolution suffered practically complete collapse, is to be undertaken. French agreements with the soviet government enable that country to prepare caviar on the Volga and to export the product.

Some of 'Em Do

"Well, Mr. Jackson," began the cheerful doctor, "how are you feeling this morning?"

"Much better, thank you," the patient replied. "The only thing that troubles me is my breathing."

"Um—yes," mused the doctor. "We must get something to stop that."—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Trapped in the Alps

An eagle measuring nearly eleven feet from wing tip to wing tip was caught alive at Meolans in the Alps. A few days before its capture the bird was seen to swoop down on a goat and kill and eat it. A trap was set and baited with a goat's carcass, and when the eagle returned he was captured.

A Different Man

Neat Housewife—Ain't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last Christmas?

Tramp—No mum, I'm not and wota more the doctor says I never will be.

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Clearance Sale

OF Summer Goods

For the next 15 days we will have on sale all Summer Dresses and Dress Materials that must go—Regardless of Cost.

The Season's Greatest Value in these Lovely Materials

Crepes, Voiles, Swisses, Tissue Gingham— in plain colors and in figures, 36 inches.

Hosiery

Remarkable values in Womens Full-Fashioned Silk Stockings; all the new shades. During the sale our \$1.50 Hose will be sold for 95c., and our \$2.00 for \$1.50

Coats and Suits

We have slashed the prices in our Ready-to-Wear Department—Regardless of Cost.

Shoes

Big reductions in Mens, Ladies and Childrens Shoes. White Oxfords and Pumps were \$2.50 and \$3.00, now \$1.75. Mens Fine Shoes from \$2.50 up. Childrens Shoes from \$1.00 a pair to \$2.50. We also have a Rummage Table with Shoes from 25c. to \$1.00 per pair. Don't miss this sale of Shoes, as you will save money by coming early.

A visit to our store will convince you that we have reductions you cannot duplicate.

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