Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., August 15, 1924.

#### Ancient Egyptians Had Mummies at Their Revels

It was not unusual in the ancient days of Egypt's splendor for the tombs of the kings to be re-entered after burial and the body carried out to have a part in some significant ritual. Death was a foremost thought in the Egyptian's mind, and his daily life was a continual preparation for the life hereafter. In the height of his revels he took pains to remind himself of the seriousness of life and the omnipresence of death.

He held great feasts where death was perhaps furthest from his mind of all subjects. But suddenly the music ceased, dancers slunk away to darkened corners, feasters sat back half-sobered while wine goblets remained untouched.

From the far end of the hall came a somber procession; two or three slaves strained at heavy ropes which were attached to a cumberous sledlike affair. Borne along on this was a many-colored painted coffin, the mummy case of a dead Pharaoh that had been rifled from the tomb for the occasion.

Slowly the procession entered, passed on and disappeared while the guests looked on with staring eyes. After this sobering intermission the revelry was resumed, perhaps not as riotously as before the appearance of the mummy.

#### Suspension Bridge Is Moved in One Piece

When the suspension bridge which spans the Avon gorge was removed from its old job of spanning the Thames, it was taken to pieces and transported to Bristol bit by bit. But the new bridge at Harwich, in connection with the train-ferry service to Zeebrugge, was transported from its original position at Southampton is one piece, London Tit-Bits says.

It was a bigger job than the transporting of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to the Thames embankment. Of course it would have been impossible had either of the towns been situated inland, but as both were on the coast it was possible to convey the bridge by water all the way.

The simple plan was to lash two big barges together, float them under the bridge, and then lower it onto their decks. The bridge was they towed to Harwich.

The bridge was erected at Southampton during the war. To take it to pieces and transport it to Harwich by land would have cost more than the structure was worth. Hence the determination to try to break a record

## THE MAPLE LEAF DOES **GOOD WORK**

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

\*\*\*\*\* (@, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A red leaf, pure flame-scarlet, circled softly down upon Elspeth's bare head, making an enchanting harmony of color against her cloud of wavy golden-chestnut hair - her greatest charm. Otherwise she was no more than wholesomely pretty. She knew it -sighing over the fact. What chance had she against the tropic beauty of Valetta, glowing and velvet, dark as late red roses? Steadfastly she asked of Fate the question. As steadfastly came the answer: none at all.

Leigh Granville was Beauty's vowed knight, withal rich, well-born, dowered with eerie charm.

"I want you, Elspeth! Come! Quick!" Valetta called imperiously from an upper window. The Sidney house, her grandmother's, stood cheek by jowl with the prim Ross cottage. Elspeth threaded the boundary shrubs, her head so high, so level, that the maple gift lay undisturbed-thus she came, flame-crowned, face to face with Leigh, newly dismounted at the lawn gate. One glance-he had laid hands upon her shoulders, turned her to face him, and was laughing down at her. "At last! Trapped at last. Always knew you were a beauty, but too contrary to show it-"

"I see! You've got a crazy fit!" Elspeth flung back at him. "I'm just the same as yesterday."

"Shame on you for a fibber!" Leigh admonished. "Let me show you-confound you to your face with your face." As he spoke he drew her toward the ramshackle fountain, whose basin yet maintained a mirror semblance. "Look! If after this you dare not to wear scarlet I'll have you sent to a nunnery for keeps."

'Why, how nice!" Elspeth retorted. 'Anything for a quiet life-' "Elspeth! I called you!" Valetta

shrilled high above them. Leigh raised tranquil eyes to her,

saying: "Did you? But you know I was Johnny-on-the-spot! Of course she can't leave me."

"Unless she comes I can't go with you to the Bromley dance tonight," Valetta almost shrieked. "The new frock I ordered is such a mess I won't be seen in it."

"Be seen without it-and put out all eyes," Leigh commented. "That is, unless Elspeth will wear red leavesand nothing else."

For ten minutes time trotted hard withal for her, then out in front came a throaty shout, throatier laughter, bellowed greetings, and resounding back-slapping. Valetta knew their meaning. One person only in all the world could thus make of his arrival a noisy solemnity. Andrew McDuff, the one man she had never been able to whistle down the wind, had found and followed her.

"Run right down-unless you want me to come fetch you," he roared up the stairway. Valetta went, like something hypnotized. When she had been kissed three times, slapped on either cheek, and hugged till she cried with pain, Andrew explained: "Honey, I've got to go cross the big pond-you like that sort of foolishness, so I've come to take you with me. Hustle and pack -I want to catch the midnight train back. Say, can I scare up help-a best man, a parson and a bridesmaid for you?"

"You surely can," Leigh said heartily. "Here am I, aching to do my darndest. Matrimony is, I hear, contagious. I want to start a wave that will sweep the country."

And that was that-and all of it.

### How We Get That Way!

Show Wrong Interest Sister had been up late the night before, and when the alarm clock rang at six-forty-five she snuggled down for those ten extra minutes that would in the end mean hurry-hurry-hurry. But the fates were against her. For just as her chin got well into the covers, the front-door bell went buzz-buzz. Of course she knew it was the lady in the apartment across the hall. No one else sounded the bell in that pershe got up, shivering, and put down the window, pulled on her wrapper and undid the lock. "Oh. I'm so ashamed to disturb you

"Come in," said Sister, as cordially as if her hair were not still up in

tight kids. "No," hissed the other, standing just so that the door could not be closed and a chilly draft played around Sispossibly come in. I only wanted to ask you if your heat was on."

been less on, but she managed to moment the household cat came out. Sister had turned to feel of the nearest radiator, the forbidden door was wide open, and Alley popped through. That meant a quarter of an hour's search, and the clock ticked on. Finally Alley was caught, Neighbor brought inside the door, and Sister

tem. No, she said, it wasn't on yet. "What time is it, do you think ?- ah, í mustn't keep you," was the lady's next move. "Five minutes past seven, you say? That can't be right, do you

## Beef for 5,000 People

**Roasted by Electricity** new and unusual application of electric heating was made recently when electrically barbecued beef was served to five thousand people at the annual round up and celebration at Ephrata, Washington. We learn from Electrical World that four steers weighing about two thousand pounds each were dressed and prepared for the barbecue and roasted in a large electrically-heated pit built especially for the occasion. The improvised oven was 32 feet long, 4 feet wide and 6 feet deep. Twelve heating elements each of 3 kilowatt capacity and consisting of about 150 feet of No. 14 iron wire were placed one foot above the bottom of the pit. Sheet-iron heat deflectors were placed one foot above

a half above the deflectors were placed iron bars to hold the beef. Thermostatic control was provided to maintain an even heat in the pit. The meat was first roasted at a temperature of 550 degrees for two hours. The heat was then reduced to 350 degrees and maintained at this point for four hours. For the next six hours the temperature ranged from 250 degrees to 300 degrees. At midnight the meat had been roasting for twelve hours, and the temperature was then reduced to 200 degrees and held there for twelve hours until the time of the

the heating elements, and a foot and

#### Albumen From the Lupin Seed Makes Good Food

barbecue.

Not only in the Mediterranean re gion, but also along the western coast of America there grow freely tall, handsome spikes of blue-white or yelemptory yet apologetic manner. So low flowers that form entrancing bits of color in the landscape during the season for blossoming, and are not infrequently used as a garden flower. It is the lupin, which belongs to the at this hour !" came a piercing whisper. family of leguminous vegetables to which mankind owes so much, and which includes beans and peas as well

as peanuts. As in other members of the family

che fruit of the lupin consists of seed-bearing pods, but no attempt has ter's ankles; "no, thank you; I can't been made to use them either for forage or for human food until recently. It is now announced that by a German Sister felt as if the heat had never process, the Pohl method of extraction.

said to be quite inexpensive, the seeds answer calmly that she'd see. At that | can be made to yield an uncommonly high percentage of albumen, which, added to rye or other flour, makes an extremely nutritious food. This new bread is likewise admiably fitted to form part of a diet of certain (presumably diabetic) patients because of the small amount of

starch it contains .-- Literary Digest. turned again to the steam-heat sys-Mrs. Skiffington, during the course of an afternoon call on Mrs. Biffing-

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by taking it from one town to the other in one piece.

#### Liquid Light to Be Next The simple electric light switch by means of which a room can be flooded with brilliant light, or even a whole town illuminated in a moment, was a tremendous step in advance, but we are now promised a light which never goes out. There is nothing to pay, except the original cost of buying, say, half a pint of liquid light.

This liquid light is poured into a oulb, and the resultant light is said to be superior to electric or any other known light, except nature's own brand of daylight. This light, being, in fact, radio-active, will remain good for seven years or more, when the bulb may require refilling.

It is claimed, also, that this liquid will eventually make coal and oil power a thing of the past. If that is the case, the real abelition of smoke seems to be in sight, for, although electric as long as fuel is necessary for its power is smokeless, there will be smoke generation.

Tries Out Cars on Roof

An automobile factory at Lingotto, Italy, has upon its roof, more than 100 feet above the ground, a testing track which is 3,810 feet, or nearly threefourths mile around. It is used for experimental purposes and for testing finished cars. The track, which surrounds four open courts, is 75 feet wide, and the curves are banked 20 feet high, so that high speeds are possible.

Supplies of gasoline and oil are always at hand, and are pumped from underground tanks .-- Compressed Air Magazine.

Credit for Intention The old farmer had dropped a twoshilling piece in the kirk plate instead of a penny, and, noticing his mistake, tackled the elder at the end of the service.

"It wud be sacreeledge, Sandy, tae luft it oot noo," he said.

"Weel, I'll git credit for it in heaven," replied the farmer. "Na, na; ye'll only get credit for a

penny, for that was a' ye intendit tae pit in."

#### Fair Enough

Judge-He says you drew a knife and started to carve him up. "Well, he blacked my eye, so 1 thought it was no more'n fair for him to furnish the raw meat to put on it!" -Judge.

#### How to Get There

She-How shall I go to work to become a star? He-Get the reviewers to praise you to the skies .- Boston Transcript.

"Stop such disgraceful talk, young man! I aim to keep respectable company, or none," Granny Sidney chuckled from the side porch. Rising sixty, she kept her head, eke her figure, and a wit so pretty it had more than once made Valetta fume. "Run along home now," she added to Leigh, "so I can find out if there's anything wrong with Valetta's frock-or only her disposition."

It turned out both needed adjustment. Valetta was even more jealous than her Spanish coloring warranted-she had called Elspeth first out of sheer impertinence, but to find that thus she had thrown her in Leigh's way was intolerable, especially since she had seen and heard what passed. Elspeth her rival! Impossible, she would have said an hour earlier. Now she was raging. Leigh seemed to her the fit reward of patience. She had played with other men years and years; he had all she sought in a husband-money, brains, position, inborn leadership. As his wife she would queen it in any company.

Hate hot and fluid as lava filled her neart. She wanted to fly at Elspeth's throat as she sat stitching deftly at the misfit frock. What right had she to put on that magic maple leaf?

She lay face down for hours, racking her brain, her lava-wrath the while hardening into desperate purpose. After the hardening she slept soundly for an hour, and woke refreshed, also nerved for anything. Nerve was needed. She slipped shadow-silent to the dim library, where a silver traveling flask—her grandfather's—remained as he had left it long years before. Opened, it gave out aroma bespeaking its age and era. Time had shrunken and strengthened the liquor within. Smiling craftily, she hid it, smiling fearfully she dropped into it something even more potent, then crept back upstairs to perfect every detail of her mad plan.

It was too mad to fail-she meant to make Leigh drink the drugged liquor till he was quite as mad, else unconscious, then she would take the wheel and drive like the wind-anywhere away from all her world. Stopping presently at some remote inn, she would beg shelter for her husband, suddenly ill. When Leigh came to himself she would be sitting in watch, eager to confess, to show him where love for nim had led her-and threaten to kill herself unless he agreed to marry her in the next town. Spolled and cynical he might be, yet still he had a soft heart. Then, too, there was his vanity. All would, all must, be well. A triumphant home-coming after the sensation of the running away would make a beautiful climax. Writhing betwixt hope and fear, she made covert preparations, then flung herself down to wait the interminable hour before dressing for the dance.

hink? I feel as if it must be later. But would you mind seeing if the other radiators are warm? Ours are stone cold. I suspect the fanitor of being lazy !"

The others weren't on, either. The lady was jubilant. She had proved the management in the wrong. How do we get that way? By being so much more interested in what ought to be than in what is, that we are almost glad when it isn't!

Turning Back

(C, 1924, by the Eastment Syndicate.)

Ventilated sandals, the kind worn universally at the dawn of civilization, are recommended by a Woodward avenue shoe dealer as a solution of prevailing foot ailments. "If everyone wore sandals," the dealer said, "there would be no need for corrective appliances designed to relieve fallen arches and other concomitants of modern footwear. Not only that, but the human race would be decidedly better off. Much money would be saved. Walking, an exercise that is sadly neglected, would be popular because it would be painless." -Detroit News.

#### No Heat From Firefly

A scientist who has experimented with problems of light production informs us that the firefly gives off no heat which can be detected. An infinitesimal degree of heat must be produced by combustion and there can be no combustion without heat. The firefly simply has, as a light producing machine, a much higher efficiency than any machine man has been able to make. It shows what enormous possibilities of improvement there are in our own methods of light production.-Washington Star.

Chamois Skin Demand There has been an increase in the production of chamois skins in the Niort district of France. The estimated production of 1923 was 125,000 dozen skins, compared with 120,000 in 1922. The local glove industry absorbed the major part of the production, and there has been a marked in-

crease in the shipments to the United States, which took 10,953 dozen chamois skins, valued at \$235,820, in 1923, as compared with 2,888 dozen skins, valued at \$68.172 in 1922.- and 5,562 dozen skins, valued at \$77,099, in 1921.-

#### **Read the "Personals"**

Andy McClure, a cook in a lumber camp at Astoria, Ore., let his eyes fall on the "personal" column of a metropolitan newspaper the other day and read a few words asking for the whereabouts of McClure himself. The "personal" was inserted by Ed Wakefield, who had borrowed \$10 from McClure, locate his erstwhile friend.

"Well," said Mrs. Biffington, upor the conclusion of her friend's lengthy recital of her woes, "you have had your marital troubles just like the rest of us; but really, dear, to judge from what you have told me, I am not at all sure that you would be justified in taking this step. You have no other grounds for seeking a divorce, have vou?"

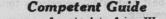
applying for divorce.

What She Was After

ton, sought the latter's advice as to

Mrs. Skiffington hesitated a moment, ind then added: "To tell the truth, in addition to what I have just said, I have a brother who is a lawyer and I am very anxious to give him some-

thing to do."-Farm Life.



A group of motorists from Washingcon got lost in Druid Hill park in Baltimore. They were trying to make the Pimlico racetrack, which is situated just on the edge of the Maryland metropolis. So they halled a policeman. "Can you tell us how to get to the acetrack?"

The officer was deliberate in his re-

"Do you see that gent on the coraer," he asked, "the one with the seedy suit, the form sheet sticking out of his pocket, and his shoes run down at the heel?"

"Yes, we see him." "Follow him."-Louisville Courier-

Journal.

#### Ingenious Diving Suit

Improvising a diving apparatus from an old household hot-water tank, fifteen years of rubber tubing, a length of heavy chain and a discarded beer pump, Walter Merwin of Perth "Amboy, N. J., has become a successful commercial diver, according to Popuular Science Monthly.

Merwin is the submarine member of a firm that salvages metal junk from vessels about to be scrapped. He asserts he can make deep dives with his homemade suit, and that the outfit is perfectly safe.

She Had Heard Comments At a private entertainment a guest had just risen from the piano.

"Would you like to be able to sing and play as I do, dear?" she asked a five-year-old miss.

"No, ma'am." "And why not?" "'Cause," explained the little girl, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."

No Babies Wanted

The small girl met the doctor near her home.

"You brought a little baby next door, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered; "shall I bring one to your house?"

"No, thanks," came the prompt reand wanted to pay it back but couldn't ply. "Why, we've scarcely time even to wash the dog."



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