

Old Age Comes When People Quit Growing

Most people want to grow. They would like to advance in their work, earn more, have greater influence, do bigger things. Yet, strange to say, the world is full of people who do not "grow up." They have lost the secret of their youthful days. They come to a halt in self-development, and folks say they are getting "old." But a person is never old until he quits growing; and he need not quit growing until the end of his years. The most conspicuous fact about great men—men who do big things, and keep doing them—is that they never cease growing. They are perpetually young. They have the real thing, of which Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth was only an imitation. If a man sets his heart upon growing, he has but three things to do: First, he must be a learner all his life. Then, he must be a thinker—and must, think hard. Finally, he must be a doer. Some people are long on thinking, but short on doing. They are dreamers. Success and rewards always come to the person who continues to grow, but the greatest reward consists in having found the secret that makes life continuously interesting.—Forbes Magazine.

Heavy Drinking Marked Festivities of Greeks

The festival of Dionysus had an important influence on the life of ancient Greece, as well as on its literature and art. There were four of these every year, the Detroit News notes. One was celebrated when the new wine was tasted for the first time and plentiful drinking was characteristic of this festival. A great banquet accompanied the festivities. A feature of another festival, also in honor of the wine god, was a drinking contest. At a signal given by a frumpet, all who took part in it set their pitchers to their mouths and the judges allotted the victory to him who first emptied his. The prize consisted of a skin of wine, cakes or something of that sort. Besides the public banquet there were also private hospitalities provided for those who preferred to celebrate the day by themselves in the circle of a few intimate friends and at these also much drinking went on.

Good Word for Wasps

The insects eaten by wasps include bud and blossom destroyers, leaf rollers and miners, stem-borers and leaf-cutters—minute vegetarian pests that we are doing our best to exterminate by sprays and insecticides.

Another point to be noted is that while the wasp catches and eats the egg-laying insect itself, our sprays and insecticides can aim only, or chiefly, at killing the grub; and when that grub is safely buried inside a stem or a fruit bud, then we are absolutely helpless. So, in spite of its sting and its liking for fruit when on holiday in autumn the wasp is far more of a friend than a foe.—Exchange.

United States Language

So far as we are able to learn, no early congress ever voted on the language to be used in this country. However, Brander Matthews says that not long after we had proclaimed our independence an ultra-patriotic member of the Continental congress moved that we renounce the English tongue and devise a new language of our own which we would not have to share with the enemy. Roger Sherman, a member of the congress from Connecticut and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, moved as an amendment that we retain English and compel the British to use another. This method, thought Sherman, would be much simpler. The new language notion was never heard of any more in congress.

Irrepressible Youth

The charming young actress, Miss Phyllis Lytton, is an ardent church worker, which lends point to the following story.

A young lady was once busy decorating the church she attends for a harvest thanksgiving service.

Presently there entered the vicar. "I really must congratulate you, my dear Miss Jones," he said. "You have all the fruits, flowers and vegetables well represented in your decorations. I think there is hardly an omission, is there?"

The helper's face beamed. But a pert choir boy, unable to resist the temptation, spoiled it all by remarking, loudly enough for all to hear: "Yes, we have no bananas."

Father of Drama

Aeschylus, the Greek who was "the father of the drama," was a soldier during the Persian invasion, and took part in the battle of Marathon, and later in the historic conflict with the Persians at Salamis. These tremendous events inspired him to seek literary expression in what were the first genuine dramas ever written by man. More than three score plays came from his brain and hand, but of these only a half-dozen have been preserved. Of these the greatest are "Prometheus," which is considered by some to be the equal of the productions of Shakespeare's genius; the "Persians," a patriotic and military drama, and "Agamemnon," which still ranks among the world's dramatic masterpieces.

MADE ODD BEQUESTS AND GAVE REASONS

Canadian Exposed Peculiar Traits of Relatives.

Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain received recently from an Ontario correspondent a copy of the will of Dr. William Dunlop, who was an assistant army surgeon in the War of 1812, in the Eighty-ninth British regiment. It is said the will is registered at Goderich, and is dated at Montreal, 1847. As a legal document it seems to stand in a class by itself. The main portions follow:

I, William Dunlop, of Balbrair, in the Township of Colborne, County and district of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health and body, and my mind just as usual (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times), do make this my last Will and Testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former Wills.

I leave the property of Balbrair and all other landed property I may be possessed of to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a Minister whom she henpecks—the latter because she is married to nobody nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid and not marketable, and also I leave to them, and their heirs, my share of the stock and implements on the farm, provided always that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved, and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole.

I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of Old John as the representative of the family, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals and that would be sacrilege—however, I leave my big horn snuff box to him—he can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, she property formerly of my great-grandmother, Bethia Hamilton of Wood Hall, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another guise Christian than she is.

I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, radicalism and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

I leave my brother Alan my big snuff box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian with a jolly face.

I leave Parson Chevasse (Maggy's husband) the snuff box I got from the Samia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the services he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

I leave John Caddle a silver teapot to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah that he may learn to read with them.

I give my silver cup with a sovereign in it, to my sister, Janet Graham Dunlop because she is an old maid, and pious, and also my gramma's snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.

Urgent Need

Edwin had been strangely fidgety all the evening. Usually he was content to sit for hours and hours in the twilight, holding his loved one, Edwina, by the hand and dreaming dreams of the sweet by-and-by. Several times he glanced at his watch and at last—at least two hours before his accustomed time, he rose to take his departure.

"So soon, Edwin, dear?" she sighed.

"Must you really go?"

"I must, darling," he answered.

"Though I would sacrifice ten years of my life to stay one more short hour with you."

"But why, dear," she begged—"why have you got to go so early tonight?"

"Because, dearest," he replied, "it's our lodge meeting, and if I don't go I shall be fined a dollar."

Life!

The deputy warden of the penitentiary was looking over the new arrivals. Among them was a tall, forlorn-looking gentleman of color who seemed to take it very hard, sighing so deeply that the deputy asked:

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Mah sentence, suh!" was the mournful reply. "Ah can't do all this heah time the fedge done gib me!"

"How much are you doing?" inquired the deputy.

"Life!" exclaimed the new arrival.

"Well," remarked the deputy, not unkindly, "just do what you can of it."

—Everybody's Magazine.

Future Irrigation

Less than 2 per cent of the total arid and semi-arid land in the United States is now irrigated, yet reclamation has already reached the stage where future progress can be made only through the construction of extensive storage works or through underground water made available by pumping.

Telephones in Lithuania

Telephones, which were unknown in Lithuania for general private use until installed in 1915 by the Germans at the time of occupation of that country, have become so popular that the German apparatus recently was replaced by the latest equipment made in Estonia.

Wrong Mental Attitude; How We Get That Way

The Boss had just taken his head off when the telephone on his desk rang. Now he could let off steam! The Old Man thought he could call a fellow down just for being late in the morning, did he! And the whole office laughing behind its hand! Well, it was as much as his job was worth to answer back the Old Man—but anyone who was fool enough to telephone at that particular moment would get what was coming to him! Then he heard his wife's voice.

"I'm very busy; make it snappy," was his first response. Then: "Stop on the way home for the meat? Confound it, I wish you'd run the house without making me errand boy! Can't you do it by yourself? What! What! Hello . . . She's rung off. Now she's mad, I suppose."

And after that remorse set in. As he turned the corner to his own door a florist's sign caught his eye: "Say it with flowers." Why not, he thought to himself. For a dollar—no, fifty cents—he could smooth things over and life would be comfortable again. How he did hate upsets! And today had been nothing but upsets.

Then the florist began it all again. No, he could not give the gentleman a dozen red roses for half a dollar—in fact, the roses were 75 cents apiece. No, violets cost even more. But he had some pink carnations that weren't quite fresh—that is, not as fresh as the other flowers—the gentleman could have those at his price. And the gentleman took them all done up in a box with a lot of asparagus.

His latch key was out half way up the steps and he sailed in as if nothing had happened—that was the best tactics, he told himself—and, with the smile of conscious virtue, he presented the glorified package without a word. But wife had known him for five years and she opened the offering with reservations. And when she thanked him he suddenly began to wonder if she had perhaps seen his pink carnations on her way to market every day for a week. But then it was too late.

How do we get that way? This is the mental attitude that puts a new coat of white paint on a house that needs to have its foundations renewed.

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The Patient Burro

Generations of burros have been so resoundingly beaten that a racial revenge seems to have settled into an irritating indifference to punishment. The instrument of chastisement is never less than a club one inch in diameter. The burro has learned to flex its joints when the blow descends so as to break its force. One of them, a young fellow it seemed to be, was once observed to mistime its flex and in consequence received so full a benefit of the blow that it indubitably knocked all future attempts at anticipation from its anatomy.

Rumors are growing louder that the burro will be displaced by the motor car. In that case it will work its own destruction; it will transport the endless variety of material to build the road that will lead to its doom.

Humanity is lagging behind the burro in the race for existence. Whether it finds nourishment in mere philosophical contemplation is an open question. Who has ever seen a burro being fed? A nose-bag would surely stifle it. As for eating, a burro was once observed hastily snatching a banana peel as it loped along with its load and receiving a hollow-sounding whack from the driver by way of gratitude for picking up a living.—Lima (Peru) West Coast Leader.

For Biological Survey

The finest equipment for biological research in the world has been made possible by a gift of \$1,400,000 to the Woods Hole (Mass.) Marine Biological laboratory. A combined laboratory and library building to cost about \$600,000, will be constructed at once, which, with the present facilities, will form an ideal plant for the institutions interested in this work. The gift was a joint contribution from the Rockefeller foundation, from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from the Friendship fund endowed by Charles R. Crane, and from the Carnegie corporation. The laboratory was planned on a national co-operative basis, as it is open to all American institutions. During 1923, 70 universities and research organizations contributed to its support.

Snake's Dinner

As one field mouse may kill ten trees a year, and a single snake will eat 150 mice in a season, is not one snake worth 1,500 trees? The Reptile Study Society of America held its annual dinner in New York, sounding once more the keynote of its policy and definite aim, "Protect the snakes," says Nature Magazine. We have all been taught to respect the wise old owl as the sworn enemy of rats, mice, and other rodents which do such tremendous damage to our trees and crops. The snake is equally with the owl the friend of mankind.

Radio in Iceland

On a tiny volcanic island known as Jan Mayers Land, north of Iceland, the Norwegian government has established a radio weather station. This farthest north station is in the track of the fierce arctic storms sweeping toward the coast of Norway and is of untold value in broadcasting warnings of the gales coming out of the north. The operator is an American citizen, Akhard Ekeroed, and he, with his assistants, are the first permanent inhabitants of the island.

FRIENDSHIP KEY TO HAPPY MARRIAGE TIE

Comradeship Declared Best Help in Storms of Life.

If you ask half a dozen friends which quality is most likely to make for happiness in marriage you will probably receive half a dozen different replies. And all will be illuminating.

The man much occupied with business may regard common sense as supremely important. An imaginative woman will tell you that sympathy is the first essential, while a less sensitive-minded woman suggests good temper. The grace of cheerfulness, the benediction of that "ordinary" kindness which, because so rare, is so extraordinary, the sunshine of a merry nature, the tender appeal of unselfishness—all these qualities make for happiness in marriage.

But what is the final test? Which of all the varied characteristics of human nature is, if developed and cherished, most likely to bring enduring happiness in marriage?

The answer is to be found in an observation not of very new marriages but of those which have known years of storms, of disappointments, of disillusion. In happy marriages which might so easily have been unhappy, is it not the power of being companionable which has kept husband and wife together?

Marriages have often come to a tragic end because the man and the woman have not learned to be friends. In a marriage where the joys of companionship have been completely realized, a disappointment in marriage as such may lead to permanent estrangement. But where there is real friendship, a happy companionship, a joy in doing things together, the desire to continue a great comradeship may prove stronger than the wish to end a disappointing marriage.

Modern women expect much more from life than their mothers expected. I am always surprised and a little envious when, reading the novels of the latter Victorian days, I find how contented women were with a little happiness. They made a little joy go a long way.

The women of today might take a lesson from those unconscious heroines. If marriage as a romantic relationship has proved a disappointment, there is inspiration and refuge in the knowledge that a friendship between husband and wife may be the most beautiful relationship in the world, becoming a more lasting bond than the marriage tie itself.—Jane Taverer in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Pigeon Breeding Popular

Centuries old, pigeon breeding today is said to be the hobby of a million Americans. Beginning with the humble, wild blue rock dove in the days of the Egyptian and Roman empires, inbreeding and crossbreeding have continued until now there are some 300 varieties of fancy pigeons recognized. Particularly responsive to experiments, these birds are being improved and trained as carefully as thoroughbred race horses. It is claimed that a prize winner is more often the result of years of work on the part of some far-seeing fancier than an accidental discovery. So important is heredity accounted that a blue ribbon bird will bring hundreds of dollars or even a thousand or more. Throughout the centuries, the pigeon has proved to be a steadily increasing factor in the military operations of nations. The development and training of the reliable, sturdy homing pigeon with its keen eyes and powerful wings is now a part of the programs of many countries, for use when other means of communication fail. Built on racing lines, the homer is trained by slow stages to fly unswervingly to a given point from great distances.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Carried to the Sea

Among the multifarious duties of United States geological survey is investigation of the quality of the water in rivers and streams throughout the country. The Colorado river discharges into the Gulf of California every year 338,000,000 tons of mud and silt as suspended matter. In addition, the dissolved substances in the water include 4,500,000 tons of glauber's salt, 4,000,000 tons of gypsum and more than 4,500,000 tons of epsom salt. The discharge of salt from the Colorado is equal to 20 tons annually for each square mile drained by the river, but, in proportion to the size of the area drained, this amount is far less than that contained in 1,680 tons for each square mile of area drained.

How a Tree Grows

A popular belief seems to be that a scar on a tree trunk "grows upward with the tree." Such, of course, is not the case, says Nature Magazine. A blaze mark struck shoulder high by a trapper a hundred years ago will still be shoulder high today. A tree expands in girth with the seasons, but greater height is attained only by new growth at the top.

Painting on Spider Web

What is regarded as one of the most singular works of art in existence is now in the possession of a Berlin dealer. It is a painting 8 by 4 inches, executed on a spider web and preserved by being clamped between two plates of glass, so that one can examine it on both sides. The scene depicted is that of a happy family sitting together.

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