

Great Painters Used Eggs to Mix Colors

Many pictures which pass as oil paintings were not done with oil at all, according to the directors of the Foss Art museum at Harvard.

The white of the eggs replaced vegetable gums as a binding medium for many of the pigments; often the white and yolk were mixed with water and egg juice, forming a tempera, from which fine colors were ground and laid on white plaster-covered surfaces.

In the perfection of the art the yolk alone was used, and the quality of that article was closely examined. A manuscript from the Fifteenth century, directs that "for the faces of young people you shall use the yolk of the egg of a city hen, as it is lighter and less red in color than the yolk of the egg of a country hen."

The rivalry between city and country hens in the Fifteenth century in Italy is said to have been intense. During the intervening centuries this has fallen off greatly, owing to intermarriage, and the joint descendants of those early families now unite enthusiastically in welcoming American tourists to the scenes of their ancestors' triumphs.

The white of an egg was used for gilding to hold the gold-leaf on panels and frames. The yolk and white were often mixed with colors for putting the finishing touches on fresco paintings. Mixture of egg, oil and varnish were used in glass painting; the women of the Renaissance favored the use of egg in the decoration of their dresses, and painting with egg adorned the finest furniture.

It is said that in Russia the use of eggs persisted long after the introduction of oil, as it was considered more appropriate to the representation of the Trinity than a man-made product. The art of egg painting reached its perfection in Italy in the Fifteenth century, and, having reached it, vanished. Nothing in the history of art is more striking than the fall of tempera painting, which, having spent 300 to 400 years in achieving completion, died of its own perfection.

Excellent Idea Is Umbrella "Exchange"

Brussels appears to be the only city which has a well-organized umbrella-borrowing bureau. The annual subscription is low, but if every umbrella-user were to join such a society, its income would be enormous.

The idea is rather similar to that in force at the British museum, National gallery and other public institutions, where you are required to deposit your "gump" before being allowed to go round the galleries. You get a ticket of metal, or a bone disk, which will redeem your umbrella at any time; only, in the case of the umbrella exchange, the umbrella is not your own, but the property of the society.

Each member, on paying his subscription, receives a token, usually of metal stamped with an index number, which he carries in his pocket instead of an umbrella in his hand. When caught by the rain, all he has to do is to go to one of the society's agencies, which are tobacco shops, restaurants and big stores, and hand over the token, to be immediately provided with an umbrella.

When the rain ceases the borrower deposits his umbrella in the next agency he happens to pass, and in exchange receives another counter.

Bird Census Takers

In all civilized countries where game is being protected there are trained men employed in taking the census of the various birds and other protected wild game. In the United States and Canada the preserve wardens do the work with the aid of competent helpers. The task is a patience-trying one. In Europe the count is actual, just as when a human census is taken, but in the United States it is largely by estimate. In this way reliable figures are obtained, as for instance the statement that in Peru may be found 4,000,000 llamas.

Confess—But What?

He was consulting his lawyer, more in a personal than in a professional way. "I don't know what to do, John," he said. "My wife has received an anonymous letter exposing some things I was mixed up in, before we were married." The lawyer spoke from much experience. "Bill," he said, "there's only one thing to do—confess." "That would be all right, John," said the worried husband, "if she would let me take a look at the letter or tell me what's in it. As it is I don't know what to confess."

Right to Salute Bride

Kissing the bride appears to have been an old Scottish custom, according to which "the person who presided over the marriage ceremony uniformly claimed it as his inalienable privilege to have a smack at the lips of the bride immediately after the performance of his official duties," for it was cannily believed that the happiness of every bride lay involved in the pastoral kiss.—Doris Blake in Baltimore Sun.

Plants That Protect Coasts From the Sea

In the struggle to defend our coasts from sea encroachments, seaside authorities have no better allies than the hardy tamarisk and shrubby sea blite. These useful plants are as effective in protecting the lonely stretches of our shores as stout sea walls and far-flung groynes, says a writer in London Tit-Bits. Take, for example, Shoreham, on the Sussex coast. This town was seriously affected by the incoming tides until it was found that the loose shingle that fringes the sea could be bound into a resisting mass by the extensive planting of tamarisk, a hardy little plant whose only real enemy is severe frost.

On the Norfolk coast the same method is adopted, but there the shifting shingle is bound with shrubby sea blite, which grows waist high and covers large areas of the coast. The more this plant is ill-treated the stouter it flourishes. Occasionally a violent storm will result in the shrubs being completely embedded in fresh shingle thrown up by the waves. This, in reality, is an advantage, as the plant puts forth new shoots that bind the fresh stones, still further strengthening the land rampart.

"Sports" a Century Ago Not of Highest Order

Public entertainments in London a hundred or more years ago were more of a sporting than of a dramatic or musical type. In the Observer of a date of 1825 appeared a full report of a dog fight, at the Westminster pit, at which "fifty personages of rank" were among the spectators, and whereas also his grace, the king's rat catcher, entered the arena with a cage containing ninety rats that a dog named Billy killed seriatim in seven minutes and thirty seconds.

Another article recorded that Mr. Wombwell, the proprietor of a lion named Nero, had built a den, ten feet high and fifty-seven feet in circumference, in which a contest a outrance between his pet and six dogs was to take place in June. Still another chronicled the melancholy fact that "John Smith, who was matched to eat a pair of men's shoes in fifteen minutes at the Half-Moon tap, Leadenhall market, has broke down in training, having been seized with indigestion."

Spot That Made History

The bridge over the River Adda at Lodi, Italy, is famous as the scene of a terrible contest between the French under Bonaparte and the Austrians under Beaulieu, May 10, 1796. The Austrians were strongly entrenched on the opposite bank of the Adda and their formidable artillery swept the bridge, but Bonaparte, charging at the head of his grenadiers, bayoneted the cannonners at their guns and drove the defeated Austrians into the mountains of the Tyrol. As a result of this victory, Milan capitulated to Bonaparte a few days later. This battle is frequently spoken of as the "Terrible Passage of the Bridge of Lodi." It was Bonaparte's first important victory over the Austrians, and, as he afterward declared, kindled the first spark of his ambition.—Kansas City Star.

The Fly Flew

An art critic, speaking of the virtues of this painting and the faults of that one, finally came to a picture in the gallery and said: "Now, you see in this picture the artist has not learned his trade—it lacks technique and understanding. His trees seem to have no form; they do not stand up; the grass has no roots. His clouds look like bits of paper stuck on the canvas. And here you see he has resorted to a trick to catch the public eye and has attempted to paint a fly. Now, I would not object to the fly, had he been able to draw better and make it look like a fly. This fly looks like a lump of mud and has not the character of a fly." At this point the fly, having tired of the critic's rambling, took wing and flew away.

Nature of Pinchbeck

This is the name of an alloy of copper and zinc and was so called from its inventor, a London watchmaker who died in 1732. Pinchbeck made cheap jewelry from this alloy which had the appearance and luster of gold, although the counterfeit could easily be detected by its weight being less than that of gold and its want of resonance. The most common pinchbeck consists of about 10 or 15 per cent of zinc and the remainder copper—although tin is sometimes also added. The word "pinchbeck" is frequently applied to anything which is counterfeit or spurious. For instance, Anthony Trollope says: "Where in these pinchbeck days can we hope to find the old agricultural virtue in all its purity."—Exchange.

There Were Others

The young man hesitatingly entered her father's presence. With a preliminary clearing of the throat and a nervous twitch of his fingers, he said: "I have come to ask you if I may marry your daughter, Gertrude." "You may," said the father, promptly, as he passed the cigars. "And now that you're in the family, may I take you into my confidence?" "Why—er—" exclaimed the happy man.

"Well, my boy," said his future father-in-law, "I just want to say that as you pass around among your friends I wish you'd get some of them excited about Margaret, Dorothy, Bella and Nancy. And put a couple of cigars in your pocket."

Great Artist Reached Helping Hand to Many

When a man becomes so eminent that he is in a class quite by himself legend springs up all around him and everything that he says is quoted and handed about, Edwin H. Blashfield writes in the North American Review. It is noteworthy indeed that among all the stories not one has ever been told to John Singer Sargent's disadvantage. Modest he was and generous to his fellows, delicately considerate and magnanimous.

When Carroll Beckwith, one of the most intimate friends of his youth, died, his widow told me that John, as she always called Sargent, retouched for her many of Carroll's studies to put them in more finished and saleable condition, and when Abbey's hand was arrested in the midst of his decorative work for the Pennsylvania capitol at Harrisburg Sargent hurriedly made a long journey to superintend the completion of some of the panels, superintending, nota bene, with a careful avoidance of personally touching a brush to the canvas. Wise he was, too, as to theory, and valiant as to principle; in the days of reactionaries he was a progressive, and when the race for notoriety at any price began he was a conservative. In one of his letters to me he declares that, as for himself, as he grows old he is "becoming rather proud of being called pomper."

Must Risk Life to Look From Mountain

Do you know that the weather is manufactured on a huge rock on Lookout mountain, Chattanooga, Tenn., and not at Medicine Hat or Washington as we have always supposed? The weather rock is a giant slab of peculiar shape projecting from the mountain top far over the green valley 2,900 feet below. It is necessary to crawl out on hands and knees to look over the edge, but the view is well worth the peril. Farms, villages, white highways, wooded hills and winding rivers are so far below the adventurous spectator that the country looks like a flat map done in emerald and silver, much as it does from an airplane. It takes iron nerves and a clear and steady brain to peer over the dizzy verge, even lying flat on one's stomach—a simple slip means certain death, as there is not so much as a blade of grass to hold on by, only the smooth gray rock and loose pebbles, which roll at a touch and give one the sickening sensation of sliding toward the edge.

Stranger Guessed Well

A captious traveler in northern Arkansas stopped by a fence to criticize a near cornfield, which met his disapproval. "Mighty small corn you have there!" he shouted to the man who was "superintending the growth" from a shady corner. "Yes," said the Arkansan, "Planted the small kind." "Looks mighty yellow to me for this time of year." "Yes. Planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the traveler, severely, "I can't understand your method of farming. You won't get over half a crop there." "No," said the Arkansan, cheerfully. "You are shore a good guesser, stranger. Half a crop exactly, that's mine. I planted this on shares."—Kansas City Star.

On Their Behalf

The minister in a little church that used natural gas for illumination announced his text in solemn tones—"Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out!" Immediately the church was plunged in total darkness, due to a failure in the supply. "Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the gas company."

Plain Gold Ring

The wedding ring of plain gold, which is a survival of Saxon times, has outlived several attempts at change of fashion. For instance, at the marriage of Queen Mary of England to Phillip of Spain the English statesmen debated the question of the ring and wished to have it jeweled, but Mary herself intervened by declaring that she would not have it set with gems, for she chose to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold like other maidens.—Detroit Free Press.

Easily Explained

Bluebelle is a lovely girl. People like her. She has a way with her, a way that invites confidences. But sometimes one of her confiding friends has to take her to task mildly. "Bluebelle," said one of these, "I don't know who gave that secret away. When I told it to you the other evening I made it between you, me and the gate post." "Well, you remember it was a strange gate post," responded Bluebelle gravely.

Billets Doux

There is a peculiar and subtle and quite indefinable pleasure that comes to a man when the woman he loves first writes to him. Soever curt, soever banal the letter, there is no matter. It is something from her to him; something altogether private and secret; something she has set down for him to read; something not to be shared with a sordid world.—From "The Rasp," by Phillips Macdonald.

FEDERAL RESERVE HELPS FARMERS

How Its Aid to England's Return to a Gold Standard Benefits American Agriculture.

By M. A. TRAYLOR Second Vice President American Bankers Association.

There has been no more important event for the American farmer and stock man since the Armistice than the recent return of Great Britain to a gold standard. It seems a long distance from the Montana farm to the gold vaults of the Bank of England, but the price the farmer gets for his wheat and cattle depends not a little on that gold.

The farmer sells his wheat to the elevator man and yet the real buyer, in many cases, is an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or an Italian. About one-third of the wheat crop is a large factor in fixing the price of the entire crop. Between the farmer and the foreign buyer there are many steps. In recent years the most important step has been that at which the foreign buyer has to pay the international mechanism of payment has been badly out of order because Europe was off the gold standard. It was just as though an English buyer drove up to your farm house, bargained for your wheat and drew up the contract. But when you discussed payment, he said: "I'm sorry I haven't any good United States money to pay you with; I'll have to pay you in my English paper money, which isn't worth its face value in gold. I don't know what that may be worth next week, but that is your risk."

A Deadly Foe of Trade How many would be willing to sign contracts on this basis? Yet that is the way most of the world's trade has had to be carried on since the Armistice. In practically all countries except the United States the currencies have had no fixed value in gold, but have changed in value from day to day. Whenever one country sold anything to another country, somebody had to take the risk of loss because the value of the money might change before payment was made. Such uncertainty of payment is a deadly foe of trade, and people were afraid to do any larger international business than they had to.

Exports of food stuffs from the United States fell from two and a half billion dollars in 1919 to eight hundred millions in 1923, and the difficulties of European buyers in making satisfactory payment for American farm products was one of the large factors in the drop in the prices of farm products. But now the recent action of Great Britain in declaring that it will again redeem its paper money in gold means that British buyers of American products can pay for their wheat with money which is accepted the world over at its face value in gold. With the return of Great Britain to the gold standard, a majority of the countries of Europe have paper currencies equal to gold.

How Reserve Banks Helped American bankers have assisted in the British return to the gold standard by giving a \$100,000,000 credit to the British government. But more important than this was the action of the Federal Reserve Banks in granting the Bank of England material co-operation. They placed \$200,000,000 gold at the disposal of the Bank of England for two years, to be used by it, if necessary, in maintaining the gold standard. The readiness of the Reserve Banks thus to co-operate was an important influence in the willingness of the British to take this all important step.

This action of the Reserve Banks was a most constructive step in aid of American farmers and producers who will benefit greatly by the removal of this element of uncertainty from their export transactions. If all the sins of omission and commission charged against the Federal Reserve System by banker, business man, live stock man or political blatherskite in the last five years were true, and practically none of them are, the service rendered commerce and industry by the System in connection with the restoration of the gold standard in so large a part of the world would far outweigh any mistakes that those in charge of the System may have made. No banker, business man or farmer should permit any self-serving declaration by favor seeking demagogue to swerve him from a determination to see that the System is maintained for the future welfare of the country.

Fundamentally conditions are very sound and we are doing a very large volume of business, no little part of which is due to the equalizing and stabilizing effect exercised by the Federal Reserve System on the credits of the country. Throughout all the stress of the last five years there have been no times of either stringency or plethora of bank credit. Rates have run along on a rather level keel and in my judgment have had much to do with the stable volume of business which we have enjoyed, and which is quite contrary to the old experience of the aftermath of panics. With a credit structure such as only the Federal Reserve System can guarantee, I feel we need have no apprehension but on the contrary sound optimism for the future.



M. A. Traylor

Knew His Rights.

One afternoon the business men of the town engaged in a baseball game, divided into two teams, the fats and the leans, and except for an experienced captain at the head of each team all were rank strangers to the game.

After an unbroken record of strikeouts one perspiring fat batsman by accident managed to knock to the fence the first ball delivered that time at bat. He stood patiently gazing at the flight, the cheers of the crowd ringing in his ears.

"Run! Run! Run!" yelled the captain, dashing to him and trying unsuccessfully to shove the heavyweight down the base line. "Not much!" snapped the resentful hitter, "I've got two more swats coming to me!"

MEDICAL.

Nerves All Unstrung?

Bellefonte Folks Should Find the Cause and Correct It.

Are you all worn out? Feel tired, nervous, half-sick? Do you have a constant backache; sharp twinges of pain, too, with dizzy spells and annoying urinary disorders? Then there's cause for worry and more cause to give your weakened kidneys prompt help. Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys.

Bellefonte folks recommend Doan's for just such troubles.

Mrs. H. W. Raymond, Reynolds Ave., Bellefonte, says: "My kidneys were weak and I had a dull aching and soreness across my back. I could hardly sweep. I tired easily and had nervous headaches. My kidneys acted too often and annoyed me. I used Doan's Pills from Runkle's drug store and was relieved of the backache. My kidneys were in good order, too."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Raymond had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 70-33

Culled Poultry Flock.

Many farmers have gone through their poultry flocks during the summer months, picked out the culls and sent them to market. Much to their surprise the remaining birds laid more eggs than did the whole flock before it was culled. This is because the good hens had a better chance at the mash hoppers and more room in the laying house, say poultry specialists at The Pennsylvania State College, who advise constant culling during the summer.



This piggie's right I want to say See him wearing his big O. K. —Young Mother Hubbard

Twice inspected are the hams and other meats we sell—once by Uncle Sam and once by our expert buyer. You're protected in quality and price. Delivery promises kept means keeping customers.

Beezer's Meat Market

ON THE DIAMOND Bellefonte, Pa. 84-84-17

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