

FIRST LOVE AFFAIR IS TURNING POINT

Struggle of the Adolescent Mind a Severe One.

Calf-love is the easiest thing in the world to laugh at.

That it is less easy to endure was revealed by a boy criminal in a strange letter to the magistrates who tried him. In that document he described the stages of his downfall from the moment when he realized that his first love could not be reciprocated.

Happily, most boys and girls recover from the shock of their first love affair without ruining themselves in the process. Yet no one who has studied the adolescent mind can doubt for a moment that, as a rule, the struggle is a severe one.

The first love affair is far more serious, far more anxious, than people who have grown up are ready to admit.

Nor are its dangers made less, or its burdens lightened by the attitude commonly adopted toward the victim by those who should be his friends. Almost invariably they laugh and deride when a word of sympathy is most eagerly desired and most urgently needed.

The wretched boy or girl is shamed into silence about an event of the emotional life which, after all, is perfectly natural, and must, in any case, exercise a profound influence on his or her whole attitude to life.

Thousands of marriages are ultimately spoiled by cynicism which brands first love as a joke or dilates on its grotesque and silly character. The wild freshness of the dawn is but seldom recovered once it has been lost.

This does not mean, of course, that boys and girls are to be encouraged in sentimentalism.

But their feelings, however exaggerated, must be accepted as genuine for the moment and honored as such. They must be taken, if not seriously, at least respectfully.

If they feel that their strange emotional experience is being understood and regarded sympathetically their own common sense becomes the ally of emotionalism and the enemy of their critics.

Thus, instead of being "laughed out of" their folly, they are very effectually laughed into it. Their best weapon of defense is struck, as it were, from their hands.

It is a good sign of the present generation that it is beginning to take emotions seriously and to grant them their rightful place in the business of life.

This attitude has certainly made life happier and easier for many people. There is no reason in the world why it should not be extended to those earnest but inexperienced mariners, our growing lads and lasses.

Either this powerful force can be used to ennoble and glorify life or it can be turned aside by cheap laughter into channels of shame and misery.—Washington Post.

Giant Bones in Mexico

One of the most interesting of recent discoveries in Mexico is that reported by prospecting miners operating a new gold and silver mining district in the state of Chihuahua. According to one of the engineers, who has reached Mexico City from the Sierra Madre range of mountains where the operations are being carried on, there have been discovered several human skeletons measuring from ten to twelve feet in length. They were all found in one cave, being quite intact. The average length of the feet was from 18 to 20 inches. The anthropological department of the Mexican government is planning to send a commission to investigate the discoveries. The investigation is expected to clear up the origin of the wonderful Indians of the state of Chihuahua. The skeletons were all found in a sitting posture, shoulders bent forward and arms resting on upraised knees.

British Patents in 1924

Applications for patents in Great Britain totaled more than 80,000 last year, according to the New York World, and although the number is 1,000 less than was received in 1923, there was an increase during the later months. Radio developments were the most numerous subjects of the patents, more than 800 being granted, an increase of 200 over the year before. Many applications from inventors in this field were not pressed, the originators apparently realizing that their ideas were in many cases commercially useless or had become out of date while the matter was pending because of the rapid progress in this science. Many patents were for household improvements and the inventions were made by women.

Historical Gala Coach

The management of the zoological garden in Berlin has recently bought the gala coach of little Napoleon II, the great Napoleon's only son, from the Castans museum of wax works. The vehicle is still embellished with the imperial French crown surmounting the date, A. D. 1818. The coach takes its place in the "Little Caravan" at the zoo, a procession of youngsters on the donkeys and camels and in coaches drawn by goats and ponies, making hourly rounds of the zoological gardens.

The World Court--A Creature of the League.

Written for the Watchman by Mary A. Wilcox, Ph. D., Prof. emerita Wellesley College.

The fifth objection to the Court is that it is not properly a World Court since it was proposed by the League of Nations; the judges are elected by the League; the expenses are paid through the League; and the League may ask advisory opinions of the Court. Therefore if we should join the Court we should become entangled with the League. We take up these points in order.

1. The Court was not proposed by the League but is the outcome of efforts made, chiefly by Americans, at the Hague Conference of 1907. No final result of these efforts had been achieved when the outbreak of war necessitated a new beginning. In 1919 the Preliminary Peace Conference established the League of Nations and as the pressure for peace did not admit of taking time for constructing a new scheme for a court, the League was directed to formulate plans for one. It acted thus not on its own initiative but as the agent of the Allied Powers.

2. The League does elect the judges. This is the result of a proposal made by our Mr. Root, one of the committee of distinguished jurists invited by the League to draft a plan for the Court. All earlier efforts had met a difficulty that could not be overcome. The smaller and more numerous States insisted on the principle of equality in elections while the Great Powers insisted on recognition of their own hegemony. Mr. Root proposed that each of the nations represented in the Hague Tribunal should nominate four candidates only two of whom should be its own nationals and that from among these candidates the League should elect.

The League consists of two bodies, the Assembly, composed of representatives of all member States, and the council, made up of representatives of the Great Powers and a few elected from other States. If the judges were elected by a majority vote of each body the rights both of the small States and of the Great Powers would be preserved. The device was adopted and has resulted in satisfying both groups. The League however can not remove or in any way control the judges after their election.

3. The expenses of the Court are paid, it is true, by the League. But it would be perfectly possible for us if we preferred to pay our quota directly to the Court. Germany, which is not a member of the League but is a member of the League's subsidiary, the International Labor Organization, pays its contribution directly to that organization.

4. The Court gives advisory opinions to the League when requested, or may do so. In one case, however, it has declined to give an opinion thus showing that its relation to the League is one of entire freedom.

The Court was undoubtedly intended in the first place as a subsidiary of the League. But as it became evident that not all nations would join the League, the scope of its subsidiaries was widened. The Court was made independent, membership in it being obtained by ratification of a special treaty. Open at first only to members of the League, it was made accessible to any nations which desired to submit cases. While at present it gives advisory opinions only upon request of the League, it is very possible that in this respect also it may be widened, eventually aiding such bodies as the Institute of Agriculture and the International Postal Union.

Although the Court is thus truly independent of the League, the connection between the two is so close that we should not be willing to join it without safeguarding our position with reference to the League. Mr. Hughes, while Secretary of State proposed the following reservations which have been approved by both President Harding and President Coolidge:

That we join the World Court without joining the League of Nations.

That we have a voice in electing the judges.

That we pay our share of the expenses.

That the treaty establishing the World Court be not amended without our consent.

The question whether we shall join the Court comes for decision to the Senate on December 17th.

ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

one was walking very lightly just ahead.

Reaching the stone bridge he sat down on a rock, his heart beating in loud exhausted thumps under his dripping shirt. Well, it was hopeless—Charley was gone, perhaps out of his range of help forever. Far away beyond the station he heard the approaching siren of the nine-thirty train.

Michael found himself wandering suddenly why he was here. He dismissed himself for being here. On what weak chord in his nature had Charley played in those few minutes, forcing him into his senseless, frightened run through the night? They had discussed it all and Charley had been unable to give a reason why he should be helped.

He got to his feet with the idea of retracing his steps but before turning he stood for a minute in the moonlight looking down the road. Across the track stretched the line of telephone poles and, as his eyes followed them as far as he could see, he heard again, louder now and not far away, the siren of the New York train which rose and fell with musical sharpness on the still night. Suddenly his eyes, which had been traveling down the tracks, stopped and were focused suddenly upon one spot in the line of poles, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. It was a pole just like the others and yet it was different—there was something about it that was indescribably different.

And watching it as one might concentrate on some figure in the pattern of a carpet, something curious happened in his mind and instantly he saw everything in a completely different light. Something had come to him in a whisper of the breeze, something that changed the whole complexion of the situation. It was this: He remembered having read somewhere that at some point back in the dark ages a man named Gerbert had all by himself summed up the whole of European civilization. It became suddenly plain to Michael that he himself had just now been in a position like that. For one minute, one spot in time, all the mercy in the world had been vested in him.

He realized all this in a space of a second with a sense of shock and instantly he understood the reason why he should have helped Charley Hart. It was because it would be intolerable to exist in a world where there was no help—where any human being could be as alone as Charley had been alone this afternoon.

Why, that was it, of course—he had been trusted with that chance. Someone had come to him who had no other place to go—and he had failed.

All this time, this moment, he had been standing utterly motionless staring at the telephone pole down the track, at the one that his eye had picked out as being different from the others. The moon was so bright now that next to the top he could see a white bar set crosswise on the pole and as he looked the pole and the bar seemed to have become isolated as if the other poles had shrunk back and away.

Suddenly a mile down the track he heard the click and clamor of the electric train when it left the station, and as if the sound had startled him into life he gave a short cry and set off at a swaying run down the road, in the direction of the pole with the cross bar.

The train whistled again. Click—click—click—it was nearer now, six hundred, five hundred yards away and as it came under the bridge he was running in the bright beam of its searchlight. There was no emotion in his mind but terror—he knew only that he must reach that pole before the train, and it was fifty yards away, stuck out sharp as a star against the sky.

There was no path on the other side of the tracks under the poles but the train was so close now that he dared wait no longer or he would be unable to cross at all. He darted from the road, cleared the tracks in two strides and with the sound of the engine at his heels raced along the rough earth. Twenty feet, thirty feet—as the sound of the electric train swelled to a roar in his ears he reached the pole and threw himself bodily on a man that stood there close to the tracks, carrying him heavily to the ground with the impact of his body.

There was the thunder of steel in his ear, the heavy clump of the wheels on the rails, a swift roaring of air, and the nine-thirty train had gone past.

"Charley," he gasped incoherently, "Charley."

A white face looked up at him in a daze. Michael rolled over on his back and lay panting. The hot night was quiet now—there was no sound but the far-away murmur of the receding train.

"Oh, God!"

Michael opened his eyes to see that Charley was sitting up, his face in his hands.

"S'all right," gasped Michael, "s'all right, Charley. You can have the money. I don't know what I was thinking about. Why—why, you're one of my oldest friends."

Charley shook his head.

"I don't understand," he said brokenly. "Where did you come from—how did you get here?"

"I've been following you. I was just behind."

"I've been here for half an hour."

"Well, it's good you chose this pole

to—wait under. I've been looking at it from down by the bridge. I picked it out on account of the crossbar."

Charley had risen unsteadily to his feet and now he walked a few steps and looked up at the pole in the full moonlight.

"What did you say?" he asked after a minute, in a puzzled voice. "Did you say this pole had a crossbar?"

"Why yes, I was looking at it a long time. That's how—"

Charley looked up again and hesitated curiously before he spoke.

"There isn't any crossbar," he said.

—By F. Scott Fitzgerald, in Woman's Home Companion.

AMERICA'S THANKS.

We thank Him who has made and preserved us a nation.

Who hid this continent from the eyes of the world until the time for its revelation had come.

Who summoned hither faithful men, believing in God and in men as the children of God.

Who preserved the brave colonists from famine, pestilence and sword; from internal dissensions and from foreign foes.

Who united the hearts and minds of the various peoples in their demand for liberty and their declaration of independence.

Who made wise the counsels of their counsellors and strong the arm of their defenders and gave victory to the weak battalions.

Who pacified the strifes and vanquished the jealousies which separated the several States and joined them in one indissoluble union.

Who suffered not the evils of slavery to end in the nation's death, but raised up prophets of liberty to awaken the consciences of the people.

Who has brought to our shores the oppressed of other lands and made it a refuge, a school, a home, for the needy and the aspiring of all nations.

Who has given us wisdom in the past to provide a free school and free churches for a free people.

Who inspires in our own day clear sighted, brave hearted men to battle without truce or retreat against open violence and insidious corruption, against the perils of popular ignorance and the perils of concentrated wealth.

Who inspires other clear sighted, brave hearted men to toil in peaceful vocations without stint for public education and public virtue.

Who has given to us an open Bible, a living church and a common faith in a righteous and a redeeming God.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men!—Outlook.

The enthusiastic girl was thrilled when she was introduced to the famous author at a dinner party. She lost no time in starting a conversation and letting him know that she was one of the keenest admirers of his latest book.

"You have no idea how very helpful I have found it, Mr. Brain!" she gushed.

"Indeed," replied the author. "In what way, may I ask?"

"Oh, it has taught me to concentrate."

"To concentrate? That's very nice. Now tell me, what are you concentrating on at the present time?" asked the author.

"Oh," replied the girl, "lots and lots of things."

The telephone girl in a New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in," a man's voice said: "Hello. Is that the So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl, "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."

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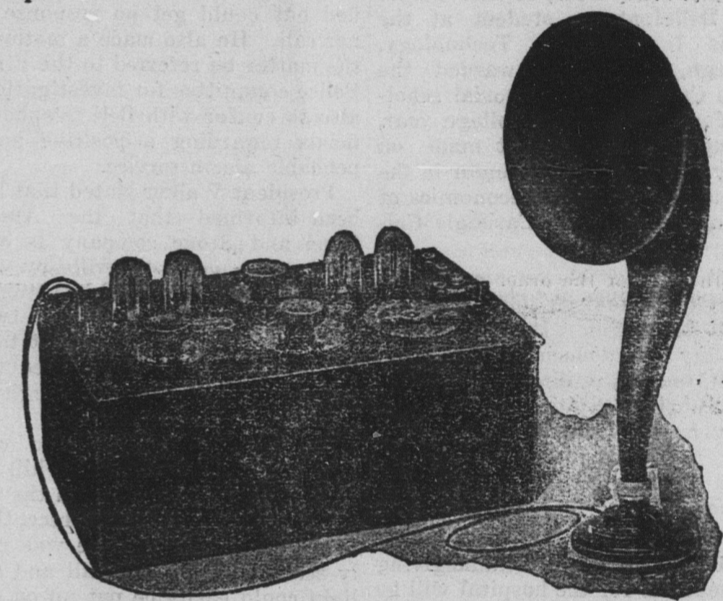
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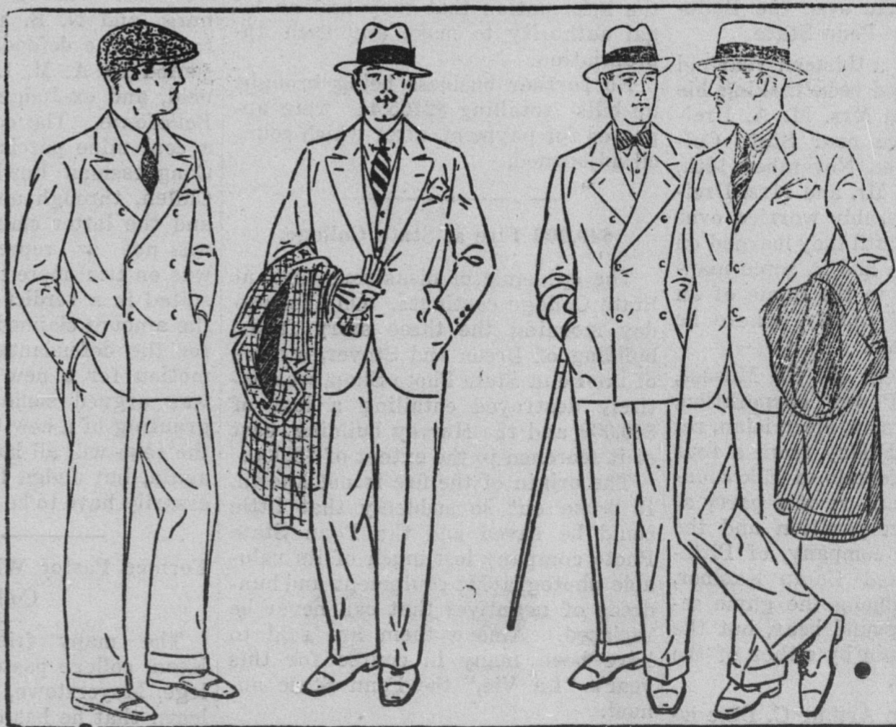


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