

HIGHWAY NO HUNTING GROUND

"I am in the public road now, I'll hunt here as long as I please. When you get ready, try and put me out of here if you dare."

Property owners in the country are constantly being annoyed by this sort of defiance from some irate hunter who has been evicted from hunted lands. But the hunter is wrong in his facts as well as his ethics. He is quite as much on the private property of the owner he is defying as he was before he crossed the fence into the highway.

Very few highways are in any of their parts public property nor are they open to the public for any but specific uses; neither is nut-gathering nor berry-picking, even though the trees and bushes from which the gathering is done are of the wild variety and wholly within the highway limits.

The property holders' title of ownership nearly always extends to the centre of the highway; if the same man owns on both sides of the road, his title covers the entire roadway and its appurtenances, be they of a vegetable or a mineral nature. Over it the public holds a limited easement, the right of free and unobstructed travel.

This includes all of the necessary and probably the reasonable exigencies that accompany its exercise. It also includes the right of certain highway commissioners, selected by the public for that purpose, to repair and maintain the right of way in a condition that will render travel over it as expedient and agreeable as may be.

It includes, of course, the right of these officers to remove any obstacles, whether natural or transported, which may be shown to interfere with travel over the highway or with its maintenance. But in neither the ground itself nor in the obstacles removed from it has the public any property rights whatsoever, and the moment that a passer stops in pursuit of some other object than that of travel, his rights on that status cease and he becomes a common trespasser.

Not only that; courts have decided that his trespass begins, not with the act of stopping, but from the moment he comes opposite the property trespasser. In other words, his role of traveler is no longer accepted in good faith and his purpose from the first is judged by the purposes which his future acts disclose.

For instance: C. travels along the highway past B's premises with a gun over his shoulder. To this B. may not object; he must accept C. as an ordinary traveler and assume that his object is to pass from one point to some other beyond his premises. All this assumption changes the instant C. stops in his course or begins to work his dogs or fire his gun.

He has ceased to be a traveler and loses his rights as such. He is now hunting on B's land and is as much a trespasser as though he were in the midst of his meadows or his wood-lot. More than this, he has destroyed the presumption that he was a traveler in the first place.

Events have proved that his object was hunting and not traveling, and the public has no more right to hunt across one portion of B's land than across any other portion of it. C's role as a traveler was from the first a role assumed in the consummation of his real object, hunting.

It was therefore outside the rights which the highway easement could give him and, the higher courts have held, he was a trespasser on B. the first instant he set foot on that part of the highway belonging to B. and not merely from the time when he made his first halt or fired his first shot.

The right of a property owner to evict a hunter does not come from any claim which we may make on the game being hunted, because any claim of that sort is not valid. It lies solely in the absolute dominion which the law gives to any property owner over his own possessions for which he has title. For that very purpose, for the protection of that title, a part at least, he pays tax. Against trespassers of all kinds he has as much right to protect one part of his lands as another and this includes the lands over which the public have the easement of travel.

There has been an unfortunate amount of misunderstanding about the highway rights which the public acquires and which the land-owner retains. This has led to confusion, a good deal of ill-feeling between public and property owners and not a few erroneous decisions before village Squires and country justices. Always, though, the higher courts will set aside these decisions and protect the rights of the property owners and it will be well for hunters to respect those rights in the field if they do not wish to risk paying for the privilege of their defiance at some bar of justice.

Every hunter who does not respect those rights not only builds additional prejudice against himself and his favorite sport, but he also creates against himself a case that the higher courts have long ago decided against him.—Ex.

Wilson Stamp to be Ready for Birthday Anniversary.

The new Woodrow Wilson postage stamp will be either of 13 cents or 17 cents denomination and Postmaster General New hopes to have it on sale in time for the celebration of the late President's birthday anniversary in December.

A 13-cent stamp would be useful for parcel post mailings while a 17-cent stamp would be used for registered letters. The late President considered "13" his lucky number.

An Irish attorney, not proverbial for his probity, was robbed one night in going from Wicklow to Dublin.

His father, next day, meeting Baron O'Grady, said, "My Lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," replied the baron; "whom did he rob?"

COBRA SPITS DEATH FROM FIFTEEN FEET

Jungle Has Many Other Deadly Denizens.

To end a controversy over the death-dealing effect of a "spitting" cobra at a distance of 15 feet, C. Emerson Brown, superintendent of the Zoological gardens, is in possession of additional expert advice that upholds his contention.

"Publicity given the purchase of the deadly collection of snakes which were brought here from New York has aroused doubt in the minds of a number of persons who have informed me in writing and by telephone that they do not believe the snakes are so deadly," said Mr. Brown.

"One man wrote me he would not be afraid to face the pair of 'spitting' cobras at a distance of 15 feet, without any barriers between them. Of course, I do not believe he would, but he won't be given a chance, anyhow," added Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown then offered a letter from Raymond Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the Bronx zoo, in New York, who is reputed to be the greatest authority on reptiles in this country. The letter reads:

"The black cobras that spit poison are the most dangerous of reptiles and can spit venom 15 feet with deadly precision and effect. At that distance, poison hurled 4 feet high on the glass of a case containing the species has clouded the glass.

"This condition prevailed here recently, when the cobras sent you and the ones here in the zoo were exhibited for the first time to visitors. The glass had to be washed so the snakes could be seen properly.

"Regarding the inquisitive gentleman who would face the cobras at a distance of 15 feet, he should equip himself with a bucket of permanganate of potash solution to duck his head in to counteract the effect of the venom.

"Such an emphatic demonstration or lesson in natural history as he would stage might teach him something tangible about the ways of African cobras if he survived."

The "spitting" cobra, like those in the zoo, are black, with red blotches on their underside, and the ones in the zoo are six feet long and about three inches in diameter. The snakes are especially constructed cages.

Of the seven deadly cobras in the zoo, Mr. Brown says the green cobra of the Mamba species is the fastest snake in the world and strikes beyond its length in any direction with its head about five feet from the ground. The green snake is twelve feet long, has long fangs and is less than one inch in diameter.

Mr. Brown added the green cobra strikes without giving a warning, and does not have to be "egged" to do it, either.—Philadelphia Record.

Better Train Handling

Passenger engineers are studying the effect of "taking up slack" in a long train by riding in the rear of such a train under a plan devised for better handling effected by the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad, according to Railway Review. In this way the engineers are impressed by the fact that the handling of the train, which they thought performed with due caution from their cab, was attended with serious discomfort to those in the rear cars. The plan has worked out satisfactorily, not only from the actual physical experience of the engineers' observations, but from the psychological factor which entered into the operation.

Had an Alibi

"Want to join the Legion, buddy?" asked a Legionnaire of a husky young man of about his own age. "Can't; wasn't in the service." "Why weren't you?" the veteran demanded.

"My intentions were good," was the rather reluctant explanation. "I went to a recruiting office where they put me in a room and told me to take off my clothes. A doctor walked up to me, looked at me kinda hard, an' then thumped me on the chest. I wasn't in the habit of letting strangers get rough with me, so I thumped his chest—an' I didn't get out of the hospital until the war was over."—American Legion Weekly.

Nature Was Before Them

At Bronson, Minn., Charles Falk chose a rainy afternoon for butchering his fatted hog because the weather was not suitable for other work, and with the assistance of a neighbor the necessary preparations were made. When everything was ready the men proceeded to the pig-house to administer the stunning blow, but to their amazement found the porker dead near the door. It was found that lightning had killed the animal.

Oil Does Not Freeze

A very precious oil, suitable for aviation, since it does not congeal even at a very high altitude, can be extracted from crickets, says consular advices to the Department of Commerce from Algiers.

Recently about 18 tons of crickets were sent to Holland from Algeria. Part of this quantity was utilized for feeding poultry, and from the remainder the oil for aviation purposes was extracted and has apparently given every satisfaction.

Mining in Arizona

Gold, silver, copper and lead to the value of \$99,610,379 were mined in Arizona in 1924.

The World Court--Why Join It?

There are several reasons why we should join the World Court.

1. For the sake of our country. Its history shows that the Court does settle the disputes and lessen the friction that are likely to lead to war. And war would injure and probably in the end involve ourselves. Europe is infinitely less remote from us both in time and in interest than Pennsylvania was from Massachusetts in Washington's day. "I feel confident," says Mr. Coolidge "that such action would make a greater America, that it would be productive of a higher and finer national spirit, and of a more complete national life."

2. For the sake of the world. Power means responsibility and our great nation can not escape it. No people can be as strong as our own without having the duty to use its strength for the common good. By joining the Court we should prove to the world that we believe in the settlement not only of individual but of international differences through law and justice rather than through force.

3. For the sake of our dead. Our boys fought in a war which we told them was to end war. Unless we do our utmost to end war we make their sacrifice vain and fail to keep faith with them.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Call on your Senators while they are at home.
2. Telegraph or write them when they are in Washington.
3. Discuss the World Court situation in your club, lodge and church—in all of them—and move that resolutions be sent to the President and your two Senators endorsing adherence to the World Court on the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge terms.
4. Organize a World Court committee to arrange a community meeting this fall.
 - (a) Secure representation of all sympathetic organizations.
 - (b) Appoint a program committee to secure speakers and music, using local talent if possible.
 - (c) Appoint a finance committee to raise the money required.
 - (d) Appoint a publicity committee to advertise the meeting thoroughly.
 - (e) Present resolutions endorsing the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge World Court plan and send as above.

THE BUILDERS OF VIOLINS.

It was eight years ago in New York on Pier No. 4, I first saw Litchafsky. He was sitting on an upturned box, playing a violin while waiting to load for the other side; a strong-faced, slender bodied boy, in a man's years, dressed in Uncle Sam's khaki.

During my first talk he told me he was American born, of Austrian parents, by trade a carpenter, at heart a maker of violins, who, since childhood, had longed to build an instrument that would sing the joy of his soul.

"Oh," he exclaimed, if I could only put into it the greatness of my happiness, the song that continuously sings and dances within me—but I've failed. Always I think that within the next lives a soul bubbling with mirth, but always creeps in a note of sadness—and I put it away and build another."

A year later I, with several physicians, were detailed to accompany home a shipload of our sick heroes, and Litchafsky was one of them. He was propped up on his cot, and instantly his eyes arrested me, and he smiled his same old smile.

"Hello, doctor!" he called. "Together we journeyed from our happy land so we travel back. I am so happy," he continued as I, trying to smile, held his hand. "I want so much to get back to my violins. You see with these steel legs I can't go back to my carpenter work, therefore I can spend all my time putting music into my pieces of wood."

That he had come out of the war's hell with his soul still flaming, his creed of joy, filled me with a surprise which he saw, for he said: "That back there is nothing—already I have forgotten its awfulness: it is only for a moment that sorrow has triumphed—happiness will beat it back."

"Where is your violin?" I asked. "I gave it away, because the last time I played it there in the hospital it would not dance, it only cried, and with it the men wept and I grew angry, for I was going home and it should have spoken my joy, so I threw it aside, saying, I will build me another that will not sing such notes."

Yesterday in his little room adjoining his smaller workshop, I found him smiling, though a mere shadow of his former self, but his eyes were changed. In them lived and burned all the sorrows of a world, sorrow his heart would not let him speak, yet under them lay his soul, crushed.

He hobbled with me to his shop where lay his last soul-built instrument; a jewel in shape and beauty. Worshipfully he gazed upon it, carrying it as tenderly as a mother yearning over her first born.

"Twice before I failed," he said softly, "and each was greater than before. Each wept and moaned in sorrow, and I sold them. But this time I have not failed! See the wood, grown in sunny Italy! Not yet has it sounded!" His voice fell to a whisper. "But I know, as though it had spoken, the song of it will sing. My heart already hears its glorious notes, its melody of purest happiness, that will set the world to swaying in an ecstasy of delight!"

Before I left I prevailed upon him to let me bring a few friends. You know how we gathered in his little shop; how we tenderly lifted the instrument from its bed of cotton, and you must have seen by the expression of his eyes that he seemed to be looking into another world; that his smile was infinitely tender. Then you saw the bow touch the strings; heard a glorious sound pour forth, filling not only the little room but all outside.

To me the walls vanished and I heard the marching of soldiers, the thunder of tramping horses, the roaring of motors, the purring of machine guns, the shrieks, groans, yells, prayers, curses of maddened and tortured men. In all its horror, war screamed from the wondrous instrument. Then came the saddest notes the ear of man ever heard; it was the prayers, moanings, sorrowing of a world of mothers, sweethearts, fathers, friend, a world stricken. Suddenly it stopped, and with hearts beating to suffocation, watched him the maker of it all, look

Real Estate Transfers.
Glenn Rogers, et ux, to D. Peters, tract in Walker township; \$975.
James L. Leathers, et ux, to Warren W. Carson, tract in Howard borough; \$5,000.
L. G. Stanton, et ux, to Mary J. Miller, tract in Huston township; \$600.
Cora E. Gramley to C. R. Boob, tract in Miles township; \$950.
I. G. Gordon Foster, et al. to Edith M. Green, tract in State College; \$975.
Daniel C. Keller to Trustees of the Centre Hall Reformed Parsonage, tract in Centre Hall; \$250.
D. A. Boozer, et al, to James D. Searson, tract in Centre Hall; \$2,750.
Edward A. Peters, et ux, to Martin Kresevich, tract in Spring township; \$2,150.
J. W. Henszey, et ux, to A. J. Wood,

et al, tract in College township; \$1,650.
Stella Smiley, et bar, to J. W. Stein, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1,500.
Dora M. Ghener to Joseph Mastiski, tract in Patton township; \$1,800.
J. W. Henszey, et ux, to Eugene H. Ledderer, tract in State College; \$1,800.
A. J. Wood, et el, to Tau Co., Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, tract in State College; \$1.
Abraham Weber, et ux, to the School District of Howard borough, tract in Howard; \$600.
Abraham Weber, et ux, to the School District of Howard borough, tract in Howard; \$400.
S. J. Reber, et ux, to the School District of Howard borough, tract in Howard; \$800.
F. M. Fisher, et ux, to Charles W. Swartz, tract in Centre Hall; \$5,250.

Steps of Progress

Every step forward is a step in the right direction, if made with the assurance of safety. Whenever you are in doubt as to some financial or business problems, call and talk the matter over with our officers.

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