Bellefonte, Pa., January 15, 1926.

Franklin and His Kite.

The ordinary person-particularly the ordinary young person—likes his history in dramatic form. That is the only way in which he assimilates much of it. Plenty of people remember the story of how Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith, but can tell you nothing else about that hero of the young Virginia colony. Everyone knows Parson Weems's story of George Washington and the cherry tree, but not everyone is familiar with the much more important story of George Washington's dealings as president with the French revolutionaries and their emissary in the United States.

Benjamin Franklin, flying his kite in the thunderstorm is the Benjamin Franklin we all know. Many of us know little else of moment about him. But the scholar and the profession-

al historian distrust these bits of drama. They are always poking into the evidence and finding it insufficient. The story of the cherry tree they long ago branded as a myth invented by Parson Weems for "instructive" purposes. Some of them have given excellent reasons for doubting John Smith's own tale of his rescue from the hands of the executioners by the Indian maid; though we have always had a warm spot in our hearts for John Fiske, that most human of historical writers, who defended to the last the old adventurer's veracity. Now learning, in the person of Pro-fessor McAdie, the director of the Blue Hill meteorological observatory, tells us that we must give up the story of Franklin's flying a kite made of a silk handkerchief into a thunder cloud and charging a Leyden jar with the electricity that he thus drew from the air. Professor McAdie says that there is no good evidence that Franklin ever performed the experiment, though he described in a letter to a friend how it might be done; and he adds that, if he had really tried it in a thunderstorm, he would not have got the results that he expected and would probably have got a shock that would have killed him.

This is a blow at one of the most cherished of American traditions. Everyone has accepted the Franklin story for a century and a half. You will find it in all books about Franklin and in a great many of the books about electricity. The government once decorated a bank note with a picture of the famous scene.

Ben Franklin without his kite would still be a great man-one who did many great and interesting thingsbut as a popular hero he would have got a knock-down blow. He still stands fairly firm on his feet, however, for there are plenty of men of science who do not agree with Professor McAdie, and who think of the story as credible and well authenti-Stuber, who wrote a life of the philospher-states-man, Franklin described the episode at length to him. Certainly the French people believed it during Franklin's lifetime. Turgot or was it D. Alembert?-made a famous epigram about Franklin's "snatching the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants." Perhaps the conditions were not quite what we have imagined they were. Professor McAdie admits that the results that Franklin describes could be got on a clear day or when electrical disturbances were a long way off. Perhaps the thunderstorm has grown during the hundred and fifty years that it has been talked about; stories have a way of growing with repetition. We may have to give up the big, black, angry storm cloud full of restless lightning flashes that we used to see on the old ten-dollar bill. But we must respectfully decline to give up the rest of the story. We have be-lieved it too long, and it is too good a story anyway.—Exchange.

#### Restore Lands to Indian Boy.

Washington.—A four years' legal struggle to prevent the transfer of valuable oil lands without compensation from a restricted Creek Indian living at Eufaula, Okla., to private individuals, has resulted in a favorable decision by the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth district, it was announced at the Interior department. The land is located in Okfuskee county, Oklahoma.

The name of the restricted Indian is Miller Tiger. In December, 1921, this Indian boy was induced to convey 80 acres of land to his aunt, Rosannah Brown, without any consideration, it being represented to him that the land was valueless. The aunt immediately transferred a threefourths interest in the land to T. E. Brotton, C. R. King and J. E. Whitenton. Within one month after the Indian had executed the deed to his aunt, an oil well drilled on the tract brought \$7,600 in royalities and within three years \$107,000 in royalities had accumulated.

When the deed made by the Indian boy was submitted for the approval of the secretary of the interior, an investigation was conducted by the bureau of Indian affairs with the result that the attorney general was requested to institute a suit to recover the land. A decision of the District court of Oklahoma upheld the legality of the transfer. An appeal was then taken by the government to the Eighth District Circuit Court of Appeals. This court has just announced a reversal of the dicision of the lower court and reinstated the title of the valuable oil lands to the Indian, canceling the deeds to the aunt and the other parties.

-The "Watchman" makes it a business to print all the news that's fit to print. It's a home paper.

#### MIGHTY HUNTER IS THE LITTLE WEASEL

#### Small Hope for Mice When He Takes the Trail.

No bigger in girth than a walking stick is that nimrod of the hedges, ditches and meadows which hunts the dwellers in the rank tangled jungle of undergrowth and herbage, writes Francis Pitt in the London Spectator. A hunter by trade, his life's object the chase, he is one of the most dapper little fellows that ever laid nose to trail. But a few inches in length, still less in girth, he is clad in sandy-red, with creamy-white underparts, including a cream "choker" right up to his muzzle, delicately furred paws, a little short bottle-brush of a tail, and last. but not least, the brightest of dark

But it is not his lithe and graceful form, nor his smart and dapper appearance which is the great charm of the weasel-for after all our mighty nimrod is only the weasel, the little red hunter of mice and voles, that, if his quarry be but small, is yet as great a hunter as any man or beast that treads this earth. No, what makes him so engaging is his dark inquisitive eyes, his air of alert curiosity, combined with a light-hearted enjoyment of life. He is ever on the dance, frisking about in and out of the mouse runs which he usually haunts.

When really bent on the chase a weasel is deaf and blind to all else, and it hunts mice and voles with a grim determination that does much to keep these prolific rodents within bounds. No wonder the unfortunate mice flee before it. The mouse may have bolted for dear life, but that makes no difference. With its keen nose on the trail the weasel follows, through all the turns and twists of the underground tunnels, where mouse holes run into mouse galleries, and up again to the light of day, he hunts the scent; however complicated the line of that mouse, however the scent may have been crossed by other mice, he will patiently work it out, and hunt on and on, through that labyrinth of the underground world to which the small creatures of the hedgerows have entrance. The chase may be continued along the runs and highroads which thread the herbage, the bewildered rush of the hunted mouse along the paths it knows so well, until its panic takes it blindly into up

known ways. A break in the scent may give it a respite for a moment, when the weasel shows what a hunter he is, for as a huntsman casts his hounds in a circle when they have lost the line, so does the weasel seek to recover the scent by dashing around. Soon recovering it, he gallops on. Now it is, with the end near, that a hunted mouse will do any desperate thing. Once within cated. Something of the kind must sight and all is over, the weasel bounds upon its victim, and with a quick bite

#### Schneiders Are Thorough

The Schneiders of Hoernsheim, Germany, believe in doing things thoroughly. When Wilhemine Schneider was wed to a tailor named Schneider (which in German means tailor) there was a civil marriage before Justice of the Peace Schneider, in the presence of Heinrich Schneider and Ludwig Schneider as witnesses, after which the newlywed Schneiders went to church and again were wed, this time by pastor Schneider who gave them his blessing. Then the Schneider couple, the Schneider witnesses, Judge Schneider and the Rev. Herr Schneider foregathered at the home of Widow Schneider, the bride's mother, where a wedding breakfast was served to the whole Schneider clan.—The Associated Press vouches for these interesting details so they must be true.-Capper's Weekly.

#### Ice Mine in Black Hills

A huge ice mine has been discovered in upper Spearfish canyon, in the northwestern section of the Black hills. Workmen, after removing four or five feet of rock and dirt, encountered the frozen soil. Digging deeper, the men came upon the formation, which resembles a stone wall, with the mortar replaced by ice. The ice is found on a slope facing west, upon which the hot sun has beaten all summer. The so-called "vein" of the "ice mine" is, according to the highway workers, about 15 feet wide and approximately 10 feet high. It is believed it may prove an opening to another Wind cave, in the southern Black hills, which is one of the wonders of the district.

#### Long Separation Ended

Reunited by the accidental finding of an unopened letter that had lain in a trunk more than a quarter of a century, Mrs. Mary Price of Bremerton, Wash., and Mrs. Cella Gates of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, started a search for their only brother, from whom they had not heard in twenty-eight years. Recently Mrs. Gates found a letter from her sister written in 1897, which she had put away unread, and in which her marriage to B. F. Price was announced.

#### President and Automobile

According to the American Automobile association, Taft was the first President to make regular use of an automobile. During the latter years of Roosevelt's administration the secret service had a car at the White House, but the President did not care for it and seldom used it. Harding was the only person elected to the Presidency who had driven a car himself.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## "Soldiering" on Work

Not Modern Monopoly The cynics, who know that the world is getting worse all the time, are sure that idleness and "soldiering on the job" are faults of the Twentieth century. In the good old days everyone

worked hard and conscientiously. But there have always been honest workmen and the other kind just as there are today. There is a curious old French epic written by one who called himself the Grocer of Troyes in the Thirteenth century. Here is one passage quoted by M. Langyois in his "Life in France in the Middle Ages":

"When I finally make up my mind to work I take with me a young mate who knows nothing of the job, but I insist on his being paid the full wage of 12 deniers. When, at last, I get on the roof, I lay one tile in the time it should take to lay eight or ten. I ease off and sing a song, then take a It is then time to knock off for dinner. After that, it is soon supper time, so we leave work for that day. Of course, with piece work it is different: I can do as much in one day as in five days by the hour.'

Such is the speech that the Grocer bard put into the mouth of a tiler 700 years ago.-Youth's Companion.

#### Methods of Naming

Newcomer to World Choosing a name for a new baby is always a matter of anxious consid-

But in many lands this anxiety has been minimized by the laying down of rules to guide the choice, says a writer

in Science magazine. For instance, in Egypt the parents take three candles and the one that burns the brightest and longest deter mines the child's name.

The Hindus allow the mother to name the baby. Then, when the baby is twelve days old, if the father does not like the chosen name, he selects another. Then the two names are written on

slips of paper and held over a lighted lamp, the one that burns the brighter being the name adopted. Egyptians place 12 names in the

Koran. One slip is drawn out, and the name on it is the name for the

Chinese girls are not named. The boys are named by their mothers. When they reach twenty the father names them over again.

#### **Good Start**

Attached to the early morning train going east was a car for laborers. The lattice gate between this car and the one in front was closed, so that no one who belonged in the front passenger car would stray into the special car. A passenger standing on the back platform of the regular passenger coach peered curiously through this lattice gate and the open door into the car beyond. A wag in the laborers' car promptly bleated out, "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a." Immediately his comrades took it up, and "Ba-a-a, ba-a-a," they went in chorus, in solos, in duets, for all the world like a cattle train loaded with sheep. It ended in a howl of laughter from all the men and as the car pulled out of the station it was evident they had put themselves in good humor for the day's work .- Springfield Union.

#### Celtic History

The term "Celtic Renaissance" is applied to the intellectual awakening and the renewal of interest during the latter part of the Nineteenth and the beginning of the Twentieth century, in the languages, literature, history and customs of the native inhabitants of this book. Its critics remind me of Ireland, the Scottish highlands, Wales, a story. Brittany, Cornwall and the Isle of Man. This movement may be said to have started with the publication of J. C. Zeuss' Grammatica Celtica in 1833. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was established in Ireland in 1877 and this was followed by the Gaelic league in 1893. The movement was not confined to Europe, but spread to Canada, the United States, Australasia, Argentina and other localities inhabited by persons of Celtic strain.

### Fate's Grim Jest

About the middle of the Seventeenth century, when so-called witches were being persecuted in England, there were many fanatics who went about the country seeking out persons accused of witchcraft and forcing them to confess by means of examination and tortures. One man in particular, Matthew Hopkins, received the title of witchfinder-general because of his industry in the search. In a single year (1644) he brought 60 persons to the stake. Being finally accused of witchcraft himself, Hopkins was subjected to his own favorite test of swimming, and, happening to float, was declared to be a wizard and put to death. -Kansas City Star.

#### Ancient "Small Ad"

The to-let "ad" in 79 A. D. was not cotally like our own in phraseology, but painted conspicuously in red and black letters on the sides of buildings. and was in vogue in Herculaneum and Pompeil, according to the reports of the excavators who have been uncovering the ruins of the ancient citiesburied in 79 A. D. One such advertisement is said to have been translated as follows:

"On the estate of Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius Felix, are to be let from the first to the sixth of the ides of August on a lease of five years, a bath, a venereum and ninety shops, lowers and upper apartments."

#### PREFERENCE IS FOR "CAVE-MAN" HUSBAND

#### Modern Girls Seem to Favor Strenuous Type.

Answers to a questionnaire circulated among 1,000 college girls of the Middle West are said to show that 65 per cent of them think that the ideal husband should be cave-mannish, but in a "refined" way. These responses would be more illuminating if they were more complete. It is a common failing of questionnaires to elicit everything but the one thing most per

sons would like to know. It is not at all clear what kind of caveman the "refined" variety is. Of course some of the things not to be expected of him are apparent. He is not supposed, in the pet phrase of professed wife tamers, to "Catch 'em slesta between two slopes of the roof. young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothin'." It is to be presumed that he may be entirely ruthless in seizing the weekly pay check, dragging it home and hurling it into his wife's lap. On occasions he may even be cross with the janitor-especially on cold mornings when the steam is low -and he must not allow landlords to browbeat him when it comes time to renew the lease.

Undoubtedly he is not to be a perfect amorist. In primitive times when the troglodyte had wooed his mate with a bludgeon and carried her insensible to his lair it was not denied that he might afterward comfort her with such endearments and tendernesses as occurred to him. Yet in idealizing the qualities a refined caveman should have 75 per cent of the girls say he must not be a petter and the other 25 per cent say he may pet moderately but must not indulge outside the home.

The refined caveman must neither drink nor smoke. In physique he must be muscular. There is grave doubt whether he should be a social worker, 60 per cent of the girls fearing that he might thereby become a "sissy." Above all, he must not be flirtatious where other women are con-

From all this it appears that the refinement and the cave-mannishness are subject to qualifications. Happily the 1,000 prospective husbands of these 1,000 college maidens need not be cast down. The probability is that while few of them will prove 100 per cent up to expectations at the outset of the matrimonial journey, the dear girls will train them so to be before the voyage is ended.—New York Sun.

#### Crook's High Life Ended

That persistent individual who for more than ten years has been wandering about Europe, posing as "the bishop of Warsaw" and collecting board, lodging, alms, loans, raiment and reverence from the pious, has been arrested in Rome. His smooth speech and commanding presence had enabled him to impose himself on his victims and escape detection, despite the fact that he had been formally denounced by the Vatican and the police had been assiduously on his trail. His name, it appears, is Tarwoski. He was born in Lemberg, a peasant, and his profession, when he is doing honest labor, is that of a cook. But since taking up his avocation of "bishop" he has slept in many a soft bed and eaten many a fine meal as the guest of highly placed personages.

#### Wrong Number

When Frank Harris last visited New York he was very much put out by an attack on one of his books. "Only ignorance and misunderstanding," he said, "can see viciousness in

"An old farmer and his wife halted in a picture gallery before a painting of Adam and Eve. "'Who's that brazen hussy?' said the wife.

"The farmer turned to his catalogue, but got the number wrong. "'Queen Victoria,' he read out, 'receiving General Grant."

#### Only a Dream

The late Max Hirsch, the noted New York theatrical manager, had a fine library and a fine literary taste.

Mr. Hirsch dined with Michael Arlen, the popular but shallow Armenian novelist, during the latter's visit to New York, and in the course of the dinner Mr. Allen, relating his life story, said:

"So I woke up one morning and ound myself famous."

Mr. Hirsch gave a loud laugh. "You mean," he said, "you found gourself famous, and then you woke

#### Boss Was Guilty

On returning home from my vacation, I found that a simple set of files that I had, supposedly, left for the office boy to take charge of, was all muddled up. With utter disgust in my voice I said to the office boy, in front of my boss, "Why a baby could keep these files straight."

Can you imagine my embarrassment to hear the boss reply, "I kept those files, Miss Stone."-Chicago Tribune.

#### Child's Marvelous Escape A child was run over by forty cars

at Monroe, La., and was extricated without a scratch on its body and no more than a bad scare was the result of the experience. As a freight train was passing through the town the engineer saw the child, just able to toddle, in the middle of the tracks throwing stones. He was unable to stop the train.

#### Colony of Beavers Discovered in Lebanon County.

Lebanon county has for many years rejoiced in the possession of honored families of Beavers, Bievers and their kin, but it has just been discovered that there is now not only a family, but a whole colony of beaver residents there. They were discovered by county Game Protector William L. Ibach in the northern Blue Mountains while on a business trip. The animals are making their home in a large pond.

Beavers were almost extinct in the entire State of Pennsylvania ten years | county.

ago, and no such animal was seen in Lebanon county for years. About six years ago the State Game Commision placed about twenty-five of the animals in the State, scattered over a wide territory. None were placed nearer than Schuylkill county, however, and it is believed that those discovered migrated from that region.

They are protected by law for fif-teen years or more, and killing of one of them is an offense punishable by a heavy fine. The colony discovered by the game protector seem to be thriving nicely. These are the only known wild beaver to exist in Lebanon



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Class 500 Class 500—Members paying \$5.00 a week for fifty weeks \$250.00 Class 1000 Class 1000—Members paying \$10.00 a week for fifty weeks \$500.00

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