

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 5, 1926.

## SONG OF THE TEAKETTLE.

Here like a brooding goose I sit,  
Watched over by the gander,  
With nests of coals instead of eggs,  
A patient salamander!  
In the quaint urn that bubbles near,  
Well charged with fragrant Hyson,  
Is brewed the cup to granddames dear,  
King George put such a price on.

Let others sing the Arab bean  
That leaves the brain so merry;  
It will may do for old Hindu  
Or torpid sons of Turkey.  
Nectarian they may think it still,  
Their taste I call in question;  
I know it serves to spoil the nerves  
And undermine digestion.

What woes, alas! are brought to pass  
By social dissipation—  
The fiery punch, the midnight lunch,  
The morning agitation!  
How grateful then the generous bowl,  
That comes with hope and healing;  
That lifts to life the sinking soul,  
And warms with fellow feeling!

Half frozen on his icy throne—  
The czar of all the Russia.  
I've heard him say, twelve times a day,  
He quaffs it with his ushers!  
And good Queen Vic, whenever she's sick,  
And headaches hold her too long,  
Declines her customary part,  
With "Brown, a cup of Oolong!"

Thus prince and pauper well agree  
To laud with equal praises  
The sacred herb of Con-fu-tze,  
That cheers, but never crazes,  
Whenever an evening firelight glows,  
The steam with music blending,  
I still keep singing through my nose  
My supper song unending!  
H. S. Cornwall.

## ONE DAY TO LIVE.

"Heaven and I understand each other," the Emperor Yeng Ti dictated. And then he fell into profound thought, while Ming Foo, the copyist, cut fresh wrinkles of awe into his face, which was already as wrinkled as a dried cassia leaf.

"Heaven accepts my omnipotence in the world as I accept its omnipotence in celestial realms," the Emperor resumed. "Of this I have had abundant proof. My subjects must honor the scroll which the four winds hereafter will bear aloft, 'Yeng Ti and God!'"

And the Emperor having finished, ordered the necessary copies to be made in readiness for dispatch to his countless governors throughout his kingdom, which ran even unto the far Pamir.

"I will have Lo Chun, my sorcerer," he commanded them. The command was swollen with a mighty arrogance. None other than one who believed his overlordship coequal with Heaven's could have attained such a tone. Bright-clad courtiers made a startled lane for the hurrying messenger.

And, waiting, the Emperor Yeng Ti leaned upon the arm of the golden Dragon Throne and looked through the window of his lofty Council Tower to where the nearby Palace of Delight vaulted azure and black and red. This was the greatest palace in the world and the most beautiful, and he had builded it to be the home of his daughter, the greatest Princess in the world and the most beautiful—Budding Moon.

A fermentation broke out in the multicolored host who swarmed before the Gate of the Emperor's Daughter in the sun-brightened wall of the Palace of Delight. And the Emperor, observing this, was moved to an uncommon joy. For he knew that it marked the long-expected home-coming of his daughter.

The Princess Budding Moon was come home to choose a husband. She had sixteen summers, and besides comprehending all wifely duties, together with the care of silkworms and the weaving of silk and cotton and the culture of the lotus, peony, hibiscus, wisteria and orchid, she was profound in her knowledge of the philosophies of both Lao-tse and Confucius. Thus her mind was prepared to essay responsibilities of matrimony.

As for other attributes, she was not tall and she was very slender. She went upon her little feet as the wind-flower drifts. Her young waist was as yielding as a bundle of new silk.

At sight of her palanquin that joy welled up in the Emperor which only he knows who centers all his love upon one being. And this was followed by a little sadness. For the Emperor knew that even the best man is scarcely fit for any woman. Pondering upon this he wondered where, then, he might find a mate for the Princess Budding Moon. He became fearful, realizing that even the greatest Princess in the world is only imperfectly secured from sadness.

Love fought with his great pride of place, impelling him to arise and go to greet her. But he denied himself this gratification. On this day not even for his daughter would he openly reveal ordinary emotions. On this day even she must come second to his empire.

And he turned resolutely to meet the advancing Lo Chun, who was the most mysterious man in all Yeng Ti's land. None knew whence he came nor who were his ancestors. But his power was greater than that of all the Emperor's other advisors in union. He was old and tall and garbed in a pale-blue robe. And he had a pale pontifical face in which piercing eyes were set. Rumor spoke of a mission to which his hand had been put—some said divinely.

"Lo Chun," commanded the Emperor Yeng Ti, "I will be told whether I may spread my new banners to-morrow. Will my General Wu T'ang be successful in the battle he fights to-day?"

"I have learned," replied Lo Chun, the sorcerer, "that to-day your foe becomes a Guest on High."

"My last rival! Then my banners will be finished none too soon. To-

morrow it will, indeed, be 'Yeng Ti and God!'"

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, gave no response to this. A locust strummed vibrantly from some chink in the tower wall and for the space of the sound the sorcerer was silent, tight-lipped. As it ended, he seemed evanescently to rise in his slender height up and up until his head passed through the open dome and vanished in the sky. But this could have been nothing more than the fantastic swaying of his mysterious figure bowing before the Emperor's exultation.

"And the battle!" cried the Emperor Yeng Ti. "My last rival departs—but what of his army and his generals?"

"The event of the battle is in the hands of the Emperor's general and of the Emperor himself."

"Then show me the scene that I may know what I must tell my general to do."

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, fathomed into his capacious blue sleeve, drawing from its depths a sphere. This was of a substance like frozen milk, polished to opalescence. It seemed a vast eye without a pupil. Yet the Emperor Yeng Ti was to have proof that it could see.

The sorcerer mounted now to the throne level and the sphere was cupped reverently in his hands. He floated close to Yeng Ti. They bent their heads and as they did the room went black, as black as the faces of Yeng Ti's warrior dwarfs.

Outside sunlight flooded the world. But the bright rays were turned back at the window of the Council Tower as a spear is turned back by an impenetrable buckler. The room lay under the hand of darkness. Only the sphere in the grasp of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, remained lucent. A fierce light blazed within it, pouring down upon the landscape which it revealed.

This appeared a devastated country with villages huddled like dusty beggars who had died in their alms seats. At one point a river spread out into a broad lake. Above the lake a vast fleet of war junks raised sails and dropped oars. It moved forward and upon the lean commander who stood in the prow of the leading vessel sat an air of harassed resolve. Below the lake another great fleet advanced confidently. And over this fleet floated the banners of the Emperor Yeng Ti.

"Wu T'ang prepares to fight in the wide lake," explained Lo Chun.

"Send him more swiftly forward. He must halt my enemy in confusion at the narrow mouth of the lake. Then into this confusion he must send fire-ships. Thus he will win the event with little risk."

A fierce luminosity within the sphere burned down upon the landscape. And when this dimmed, the sunlight flooded back into the Council Tower. Lo Chun, the sorcerer, backed down from the throne, making his obeisance, while he returned the sphere lightly to the depths of his sleeve.

The Emperor Yeng Ti stared again through the window of the Council Tower. The bright wake of his daughter's retinue eddied into the Palace of Delight. He saw this even as he imagined a vast banner, 'Yeng Ti and God!'"

And rising to descend, as a special occasion demanded, into the Hall of Judgment, he beckoned the Greatest Noble.

"The Princess Budding Moon will sit with me to-day. It should please her to see me pass judgment upon the Foreigner. And it should please my people to see her on the day of her return from the philosophers. You will carry this message to her in the Palace of Delight."

The Greatest Noble prostrated himself. Then he arose and departed swiftly. He was a meager man with a face like blank steel. He wore a yellow robe only a shade lighter than that of the robe of Yeng Ti. He was second to Yeng Ti in the empire, and he was the personal attendant of the Dragon Throne. "For," argued Yeng Ti, "if I make the highest do me daily service, then will the lowest of my subjects never cavil at according me that humility which is my due."

And the Emperor strode through the door of green jade set in a wall of porphyry. And he descended the wide alabaster stairway which led to the Hall of Judgment.

As the Emperor Yeng Ti entered, moving up the Asile of the Twenty-five Statues, the walls rippled with sound. This sound came from the silks of the courtiers and the warriors' armor as the audience bent in homage.

The Emperor Yeng Ti advanced haughtily to the great double Dragon Throne and seated himself. His embroidered yellow robe fell open a little at the waist, revealing his breastplate of gold. Upon his head rested the imperial cap ornamented with one hundred and forty-four precious stones. Twelve pearl pendants hung from this to veil the Emperor's eyes. Thus, ordinarily, was a blind fair justice insured. But to-day the ropes of pearl were pushed aside and the Emperor held a naked sword. This was because his pride had been audaciously flouted.

So, justly or unjustly, the Foreigner was being brought now to see his past service blotted out by one disservice. A murmur about the Western Door marked his approach. And as he entered, the soldiers were won anew by his gallant youth and the murmur swelled. The courtiers, who knew him from the amazing tales of his beardless bravery, gave way curiously before the advancing square of warders.

The Foreigner advanced proudly. His head, with its shock of yellow hair, was high. He was tall and moving with a lightness betokening great strength, although he was slender in comparison with the Emperor's body-guard who grouped about the Dragon Throne. Beside the leader of these, Li Kong Ho, he seemed a stripling. And indeed he was young, although the leather lining of his suit of mail was scarred with many blows. By blows, also, the tall cross upon his shield had been effaced. By much use, too, the freshness of the little golden spurs upon his heels had been worn dim. Yet, if the long sword at his

side had been drawn, an armorer would have said the cross upon the blade had been engraved new within three years. But the sword would not be drawn, for it was bound into its scabbard by the golden prison cord of the Emperor.

The Foreigner performed a genuflection at the foot of the double Dragon Throne, but he did not prostrate himself, and the Emperor frowned.

"Hurl him onto his face!"

The command was upon the Emperor's lips, half uttered indeed, and the giant Li Kong Ho was shuffling ponderously in anticipatory obedience, when the speech was interrupted. Subdued cymbals clashed outside the Eastern Door. Soft harps sounded. Mellow flageolets blew. And then the Princess Budding Moon entered.

The Princess Budding Moon was come in obedience to her imperial father's command, walking modestly beside the Great Noble down through the Aisle of the Twenty-five Statues. Her little smile, like a child's appealing fingers, touched one man after another in the great hall. Smiles broke out in answer. And as she bowed before her father's throne a thunder of voices avouched her serene charm:

"Hail! Hail! Hail! Our Princess, hail!"

Hail, our Princess! Hail! Hail! Hail!"

The Emperor Yeng Ti greeted his daughter distantly lest he should betray a common father's pride, but he helped her into the left seat of the double throne. There she sat, a butterfly shining in a cumbersome frame. She looked about in gentle confusion. And then her hands convulsed in her lap.

The Foreigner continued to stare at her and she at him until that which his gaze proclaimed forced her eyes aside and deepened the dawn in her delectable cheeks. Terror started in her face when her father arose and spoke.

"Because you have disobeyed my command, Foreigner, you are here. Do you deny my right to inflict punishment in proportion to your crime?"

"I ask but justice, O Emperor!" replied the stranger youth.

"Justice is my word. You shall hear that accordingly as I balance your deeds against your misdeeds."

And thereupon the Emperor resolutely gripped his naked sword.

No demurrer came from the stranger youth. Indeed he may not have heard, for the Princess Budding Moon had taken a flower from her hair and had slipped down through her fingers to his feet. Li Kong Ho strode to rescue it, but he took scarcely one step to the other's five. And there was the flower in the hands of the golden-spurred youth.

"You came among us as you stand now," began the Emperor Yeng Ti, intent only upon voicing the vengeance of his pride. "You brought nothing save your sword and shield with your strange device and your strange armor. You said you had been an unwilling warrior upon the pirate ship which broke upon our shores."

"You told a tale of a vow made to your God, of much fighting in a certain land which you called Holy. You told of treachery, capture, slavery."

"We gave you an honorable place. Your prowess gained due reward. Were you not, until the day of your crime, a favored general despite your beardless face?"

The stranger youth bent low before the just tally. And at the nadir of his obeisance his lips lingered unseen upon the flower in his hands, unseen save by the Princess Budding Moon.

Did I not, honoring your merits, intrude with a paramount duty?" the Emperor resumed. "I ordered you to capture the Prince Cho Sun. And I who stand equal with God look to have my commands obeyed through out my empire even as His commands are obeyed in Heaven. Yet how do your emissaries report your conduct?"

"He stopped in his pursuit ten hours," they tell me, "to gain a second glance at a maiden he saw upon a temple wall."

"And so my General Wu T'ang must to-day hurl into battle fifty times ten thousand men."

The flame of denial burned in the face of the stranger youth. Yeng Ti held out an imperious hand.

"You are about to say, my emissaries accused without cause. You would tell me your delay did not open the net to Cho Sun. Your friends already have told me that if you had not been seized you could have continued the pursuit to success. But I do not know this. I know only that a maiden made you forget my commands."

As he paused, the Princess Budding Moon in her golden seat quivered like a shining butterfly in a blast.

"Only the greatest of the five punishments will suffice for this crime."

"I grant the day," he said. "But the decree stands for both. It is death."

He paused in a weighted silence.

"Heaven," he ended arrogantly, "will endorse my act as I have always endorsed the acts of Heaven."

The weighted silence held. The echo of the Emperor's voice was the one sound in the shadowy hall. No shade, however, dimmed the shining eyes of the stranger youth and the Princess. These two turned to each other in joy. Sorrow chilled the hall, but they held happiness in their breasts and were warm. Never once did they cease gazing upon the wonder they saw in the eyes of each other. Only the Emperor seemed unsoftened by their love. With a mien like adamant he flung down his sword, dismissing the audience.

"Ch'ou Chang," he ordered, "imprison these in the Palace of Delight."

Then he hurried toward the Council Tower.

Lo Chun followed the Emperor, but slowly, for he stopped in the arcade to watch an itinerant magician. This man had set up his little stand before the dismissed audience. Thrice, to attract attention, he thrust a long knife into the body of his apprentice who received no harm therefrom. Then the magician found Lo Chun watching him and chagrin crimson-

ed his face. His shame was plain at being caught debasing his mysterious art before a master. Lo Chun only looked long into the apprentice's face turned skyward as in a mesmeric trance.

Back in the Council Tower the Emperor clapped his hands imperiously, "I will have Lo Chun, my sorcerer," he called.

"Shall we read the progress of the battle of Wu T'ang?" asked Lo Chun.

But when he would have drawn the white sphere the Emperor caught his hand. The sound of a multitude floated up from the base of the Council Tower, many voices lifted in a common burden:

"Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner. They love!"

The Emperor seemed to devour the supplication.

"I would be transcendently magnanimous were I to free those two," he remarked. He gazed at his closed fist as though it held the world in its compass. "My people would bow before me as before benign god."

"Do you torture that rare child," Lo Chun, the sorcerer, demanded, "save in a sincere though misshapen sense of justice?"

"I torture! I wield the power which is mine."

"You flout Heaven with your acts. Do you not think Heaven has long observed your swollen pride and has looked to humble it?"

"To humble me?" The Emperor Yeng Ti was so amazed that he passed over the affront of the assertion.

"Be warned! Be warned! Modest must be the mien of him whom Heaven forgives. I see the hand of Heaven reaching vengefully toward you who usurp its power."

And then he dipped into his sleeve to find the opalescent sphere.

"Rejoice at the progress of your general Wu T'ang and see in his success cause for magnanimity."

The Emperor shook his head.

"Later!"

"But Wu T'ang may lose without your advice. And if your rival conquers, he becomes stronger."

"At the proper time I shall brush my rival aside like cobweb. But not now. Show me, instead, my daughter."

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, drew close with the opalescent sphere and the two bent their heads and the room went black as before.

"See!" whispered the Emperor, and then he repeated softly, "See!"

They gazed into a room revealed in the sphere's immanent light, a room all draped in softly colored silks and with many flowers in it. Gently swinging censers cast a mild perfume. And here, upon two closely drawn seats of ivory and fur, were the Princess and the stranger youth. A broad window let in a gentle light above their heads.

"Love is the key to joy, Lo Chun," the Emperor murmured. "See these two. They sit in the timeless Valley of Happiness. Death is an avalanche unseen upon the distant mountain-top of To-morrow."

"He kisses her hands. How tenderly! No custom of ours—but sweet. Zephyr could not meet flower more gently. She bends over his bowed head and her loosened hair enfolds them. Like a tent. A tent our beautiful Lady of the Moon might have pitched to shield her love."

"She is very like her mother."

And Yeng Ti suddenly pushed the sphere from him and light flooded back into the Council Tower.

"Lo Chun," he cried, "I shall give my daughter happiness. This being her last day, she shall spend it as her heart urges. I shall wed her to the Foreigner."

And then without waiting for a word from Lo Chun, he called sharply for his chief eunuch. And the chief eunuch hurried up.

"The Princess Budding Moon will be wedded within the hour in the Green Mound Pavilion," the Emperor informed him. "You will prepare all things needful, and tell the Princess this is my favor."

When the chief eunuch had retired, the Emperor went to the window of the Council Tower. Up to his ear floated the unceasing plea of the multitude: "Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner. They love."

He espied the Greatest Noble circulating through the crowd. And he observed that wherever his servant stood the agitation was intense. He smiled. He smiled still when Lo Chun renewed his warning.

"Take heed!" said the sorcerer. "I see the hand of Heaven reaching against you who assume its power."

"Let Heaven take heed!" exclaimed the Emperor defiantly. "It is my fancy to do as I do. None shall stay me. No man nor any Heaven. This he left hand of the third finger of the servants to bring wedding robes for himself and for Lo Chun. And after donning these they waited, the Emperor scornfully aloof, until the chief eunuch returned.

"The pavilion is prepared, O Son of Heaven. The Princess and the Foreigner rest in it. All await you. Even now the musicians play upon harps of cassia wood."

So the Emperor descended to the foot of the Council Tower. And Lo Chun followed, after he had lingered behind to fling his arms high, as though in prayer.

After the formal rites, the stranger youth performed a curious service. From a little pouch he drew a gold circlet, very worn and old. This he placed upon the third finger of the Princess and the Princess, then, reverently, he uttered six words in his own tongue. When all was over, the Princess shyly touched her lips to the Emperor's hands. And the stranger youth bowed before him. At one side a handmaiden with a face like a Spring flower wept softly and unceasingly.

"You are like a god, O Emperor!" exclaimed the stranger youth. "You have accorded us Heaven-to-day. Even that other Heaven will not make room for us until to-morrow."

"I am a god!" the Emperor cried triumphantly. "With one hand I give you death, but with the other I give joy incomparable. And no law halts

or urges me. I am myself the law and the judge."

The ceremony over, Lo Chun, the sorcerer, departed, his face white under the frosty pinch of anger. The Emperor followed, but stood in the curtained portals of the pavilion for a long moment. He saw the stranger youth stoop slowly and cup the Princess's slender face in gentle hands. Humbly the youth bent to her waiting lips.

Night, falling gently, darkened the path of the Emperor and Lo Chun.

"Stay with me through this night, Lo Chun," the Emperor commanded.

And they went to the Council Tower where Yeng Ti dropped upon a divan and fell into profound sleep. Confused fancies pressed his mind. The Princess Budding Moon fell before the arm of Wu T'ang. Lo Chun slew the giant Li Kong Ho. Once the mother of Budding Moon appeared and she was sad. But no matter what other pictures grew, the splendid banner of his own creation floated ever.

"Yeng Ti and God!" It danced in his sleep like a flame. And then a bright sun rose below it. The bright sun advanced. It seemed to threaten, and thereupon the Emperor Yeng Ti leaped to his feet. And he observed with relief that the bright sun was only the true sun of Heaven shining into the tower. Day had come.

Lo Chun was gone and, again vaguely disturbed, the Emperor called imperiously. His own voice gave him courage and he called again and again. And this time his voice had scarcely lifted when the sorcerer hurried in. Faintly from below came the still uttered prayer of a multitude: "Mercy for the Princess and the Foreigner."

The Emperor was bursting with speech.

"All night they have been crying," "All night long they have been crying," he exulted. "And now I will them marvel at my greatness and magnanimity. I will forgive my daughter and the Foreigner. Will I not then be hailed as a god?"

"O impious man!" warned Lo Chun. "You have planned thus to exalt your person in the eyes of your empire. But what plans has Heaven made?"

The Emperor drew up audaciously. "Heaven will make no plans on earth which conflict with mine. I go now to take the welcome news to my daughter."

And he hurried down to his palanquin. Lo Chun followed.

"Humble yourself," rebuked the sorcerer, "and you yet may be spared. I warn you again that the hand of Heaven is raised vengefully against your head."

But the Emperor gave no heed and, climbing into his palanquin, he was carried to the Palace of Delight. Lo Chun followed hastily.

At the top of the Green Mound's spiraling stairway the Emperor bade the guard announce him. Lo Chun arrived as the guard came back.

"I have knocked," the man said, "but I receive no answer. Yet I saw the Princess and the Foreigner not two hours ago, watching the dawn up on the balcony."

The vague fears of his awakening returned to the Emperor, although he could not say why, save that the eyes of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, seemed full of omen.

"Open the door!" he cried.

And to rout his own terrors he rushed at the barrier and hammered upon it. The echo of his blows rolled back, the only answer.

"Open me this door!" he commanded a spearsman.

And when the door had been forced he leaped through into a lifeless void. He hurried into an inner chamber and was still.

When he came back, his face was buried in his hands. His fingers tore at his eyes as though to blot out a sight of horror.

"Lo Chun," he stammered. "Lo Chun!"

They reentered together. Upon a divan lay the Princess and the stranger youth. They held each other loosely. The silken draperies of the Princess did not quite conceal the handle of a double-bladed dagger. And the blades were buried in the breasts of the two who were coldly immobile.

"In your vainglorious planning," Lo Chun rebuked, "you never reflected that these two, believing your mock death sentence, would not await your headsman. Yet I warned you Heaven's plans would not match yours. This is your punishment. You, who would have divided Heaven's power, are stripped of the one being you love."

The overbearing pride of the Emperor Yeng Ti was shorn away. He shivered in the bleak wind that brought him understanding. In that moment he knew how deeply he loved the Princess, his daughter. And he knew that his empire meant nothing without her.

"This is my punishment," he whispered. And then, because he could no longer endure the sight of his handiwork, he groped a blind way out of the pavilion.

A soldier leaped from a lathering house at the foot of the Green Mound and rushed to Yeng Ti's side.

"I heard the victory of your general Wu T'ang," he gasped. "Your enemy is slain. His army is in flight. His leaders are in chains."

"Now, indeed," murmured Lo Chun, the sorcerer, "it is 'Yeng Ti and God!'"

The Emperor shuddered. To a spearsman he cried:

"Go. Have my new banners brought."

And when they had come he went with his own hands and made a pyre of them. As the flames rose, he bowed his head in supplication.

Lo Chun, the sorcerer, nodded as though he had been waiting for these words a long time. He seemed evanescently to rise up and up in his slender height until his head vanished in the sky. But this could have been no more than the fantastic swaying of his mysterious figure as he took the Emperor's hand.

And he led the sorrow-laden Emperor back to the Princess and the stranger youth. He bent over the

recumbent pair and pulled gently at the doubled-bladed dagger. It left their breasts, leaving no mark upon the two who now stirred faintly. Under the eyes of Lo Chun, the sorcerer, they sat up and brushed their eyes, as though aroused from sleep.

The Emperor Yeng Ti fell upon his knees. Without understanding, without asking, he clasped his hands in joy. His eyes lifted humbly to Heaven. He prayed.

The Princess Budding Moon smiled a welcome at him and then turned in a flash to the arms of the stranger youth.

Above these three, Lo Chun, the sorcerer, stood erect and reverent. And as he looked through the little window of the pavilion down upon a people who would be happier now with a more humble ruler, he smiled.

His face was filled with that content which spells the end of a mission.—By Maud and Delos W. Lovelace in The Delineator.

## THE LIBERTY BELL.

On New Years eve the tones of the Liberty Bell were broadcast by radio for the first time in history, when 1-9-2-6 was tapped out by Mrs. W. Free-land Kendrick, wife of the mayor of Philadelphia announcing the dawn of the Sesqui-Centennial year; a year to be made memorable by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, which is expected to open in Philadelphia on June 1.

The famous relic has not been rung since 1835, when it cracked as it tolled the sad tidings of the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall. Since then it has been lightly tapped twice, once on February 11, 1915, when its reverberations were caught up by telephone across the continent.

The Liberty Bell was originally cast by Thomas Lister of Whitechapel, London, and arrived in Philadelphia in the latter part of August, 1752. It was hung on the trusses in Independence Square to try out its tone before it was raised to the tower.

Early in September 'it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper during a test without any violence,' according to a contemporary account, and was recast. It was recast twice in Philadelphia. For some time it hung in the steeple of Independence Hall, where it remained until the steeple was taken down, July 16, 1781. Then it was lowered into the brick tower, where it remained until 1846. During the following years it was moved several times and was finally placed in its present position in Independence Hall.

Few people realize the dimensions of the bell. The circumference around the lip is twelve feet, around the crown, feet 6 inches, from the lip to the crown it is 3 feet, and its weight is 2080 pounds.

The greatest event in the history of the bell was recorded when its notes pealed forth to announce the proclamation of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, and by so doing so gained for itself the name by which it has since become famous.—Exchange.

## Lubrication of Magneto Should Not Be Neglected.

Nothing could be simpler than the proper lubrication of a magneto. The very simplicity may be responsible for the frequency with which the magneto is neglected. Yet if lubrication of the rest of the chassis were as simple, motoring would be a pleasure unalloyed.

Most magnetos require just a drop or two to two or three points once in a fortnight to keep the ball bearings moist, the oil being retained by a felt pad which does it out in homogeneous doses. The magneto which requires the most oil is more difficult to care for than others, and several important electrical advantages which it contains more than offset this.

There are two oil cups on the Dixie, over the bearings, which require oil every 1,000 miles of passenger car travel or every 500 miles by a truck. One is just back of the distributor and requires four drops—no more and no less—and the other at the extreme rear, requiring just two. Every other time the bearings are oiled, the breaker box should be removed and a drop of oil on a toothpick dropped in the little hole in the breaker frame, just above the breaker arm bearing. This requires ordinary care not to get any of the oil on the platinum points.

Some makers recommend sewing machine oil, but any light oil, such as is used in the crank case in winter, will do.

## Curbside Bumping Very Injurious to the Tires.

One of the hardest things for a motorist to understand is that a tire frequently suffers serious injury when bumped against a curbstone. Because the tire shows no external damage, the owner is likely to feel that the tire is defective if some time later it blows out as a result of the bump.

All the ingenuity of the skilled tire engineer will never be able to make a tire that is comfortable to ride on and at the same time able to stand up under mistreatment of this sort. If a driver wants to bang his tires around he will find it more economical to equip with old-fashioned iron tires than with rubber. A rubber tire will stand a great deal; it will deliver thousands of miles of service over rough roads. But it frequently undergoes internal rupture when given unduly harsh treatment, such as being bumped against a curb. The break-down is not due to faulty construction, but to shabby treatment.

Trucks equipped with pneumatics should be especially careful to avoid this sort of damage to their tires. A truck in backing up to a curb to discharge a load will often crash into a curbstone. The weight of the truck, combined with the tonnage of its cargo, causes an especially damaging blow to the tire. Curbstone ruptures of this sort in big pneumatics usually cause the tire to blow just above the head.