

Country Correspondence

PLEASANT GAP.

George Cabers is driving a new Star sedan. Rev. McKechnie has been laid up with the grip. Roy Bell had a radio installed in his home recently. Mrs. William Rossman visited last week in Milton. Mrs. Nellie Gheen is visiting this week in Sunbury. Harry Bilger installed a new radio in his home recently. Mrs. A. M. Kerstetter is visiting with her daughter in Linesville. A kind word may fall like drops of rain upon the drooping flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Walter are rejoicing over the arrival of a young son. Frank Millward was discharged from the hospital last Saturday. Mrs. Jack Noll attended the C. D. of A. card party on Friday evening. Mrs. Lyons, of Bellefonte, is spending some time with Mrs. W. D. Herman. Miss Helen Noll entertained a number of her friends at a 500 party last Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Lowman have returned from a two weeks visit with friends at Berwick. Mrs. McKechnie had a severe attack of neuralgia the past week, but we are glad to announce that she is gradually recovering. A kind word, an obliging act, even if it be a trifling one, has a power superior to the harp of David in calming the billows of the soul. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Noll and Mrs. Fred Clemens were visitors in Bellefonte on Tuesday; taking in the town and having a most enjoyable time. I am convinced that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Our school board left for Harrisburg on Tuesday to consult with the State officials, with a view of fixing up the location of our new school building. Mr. and Mrs. David Crum, of Linesville, are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter. Mrs. Crum was formerly Miss Tamazine Kerstetter before her marriage. Miss Bess Eckenroth continues quite ill. She has a trifle of over \$3,000 tied up in the Centre County bank mix-up, but now since there is a prospect of an early settlement she may recuperate. Nothing is more valuable and so easily purchased as good nature. A man with a pleasant disposition finds friends everywhere, and makes friends when people of a contrary nature see only enemies. Rev. Rishell held revival services the past week at the M. E. church. Seekers for the better have not up to this time been in evidence. In the language of Billy Sunday, "those who don't want to go to Heaven will have to go to Hades." Mrs. John Herman, Miss Edith and the son-in-law, the Rimmer family, motored to Lewistown on Sunday and spent the day with the Harry Grove family. Mrs. Herman and Miss Edith will spend the balance of the week at Lewistown, returning home on Sunday next. Men think very little of the value of a bow, or a smile, or friendly salutation, yet how small the cost, how great the return. By a few soft words and a pleasant look, enemies have been made friends, and old attachments renewed that had been annulled for years. A smile beams upon the lover's heart like a ray of sunshine in the depths of the forest. We had 18 inches of snow the past week but the same is gradually passing away, so that we have experienced no inconvenience. The fall was surely beneficial to all kinds of grain. Our sportsmen, true to their nature, have given considerable attention towards providing for the sustenance of the small game. All seem to think that the indications are that we will have an early spring. It is to be hoped they are correct. Pleasant Gap has been fortunate the past week. Our former barber left us with a view of locating at State College. The Noll Bros. refitted their cozy little shop in first class order in every detail. Mr. J. H. Halstead, a practical barber of Cleveland, Ohio, called to inspect the premises, resulting in his renting the same, since which time the shop has been very busy up to 11 p. m. Everybody here is delighted, and a bright future awaits the new comer. And the beauty of all is the barber's wife is also a practical barber in every detail. She is quite proficient in marcel work, besides being up-to-date on the most fastidious hair bob accessions. Yes, we are again in our glory.

Disagree as to Just When Man Should Wed

One of those sweet journalists who gives advice to the lovelorn propounds the query, "What is the best age for a man to marry?" And then, of course, she answers it, and quotes a noted physiologist in support of her contention. Young men should marry at the age of twenty-five. Prior to that birthday they should resolutely resist the blandishments and artifices of the fairest charmer, but once the magic boundary is passed they need have no fears. They are ripe for the marriage vows. Married men will venture to disagree with this feminine authority. Since all of them are married, more or less, it follows that most of them have decided opinions on when a young man ought to abandon bachelorhood and assume the marital responsibility, together with the furniture contract. If you put the question to them, however, you would be certain to find a wide diversity of views about the specific age for the venture. They would agree on this much, we think, fitting the test to each individual: The young man should marry when he is quite sure he can fee the minister without cheating the landlord. He should marry when he is resigned to the exchange of gentle bonds of home. He should marry when he is confident that beating carpets and moving lawns will not mar the perfection of his dream. And above all, he shouldn't get married for a joke. If he does he is almost certain to find that the joke is on him.—Portland Oregonian.

Law of Treasure Trove

Near Chichester, England, recently the ancient law of treasure trove was called in a legal case. A governess, walking along Selsey beach, had found an armlet half buried in the sand—a worthless old ornament, she thought, of no interest or value. But investigation by her employer revealed that the armlet was of pure gold, and subsequent examination by scientists proved that it was British in workmanship and probably 2,000 years old—a rare relic of the pre-Roman period in the British Isles. No one knew what legal disposition of the armlet was to be made, until attorney for the British museum proved that under the old treasure trove law it must be turned over to the government, the government however, being obliged to pay the finder 80 per cent of its value. But its value, said the scientists, was incalculable. After an interesting court case a jury of Chichester farmers awarded the girl £20 (about \$100) and the British museum took the jewel.

The Patriot

Gen. Charles P. Summerall told a story about patriotism at a Washington reception. "As soon as America entered the World war," he said, "a chap named Jethro Barker decided to volunteer. He was on fire with a patriotic wish to serve his country. So he applied at a recruiting office and was duly thumped and prodded, trotted up and down and jumped over chairs and tables. "Then came question time. All sorts of questions were put to him, and his answers were very satisfactory. But the final question staggered him. "Have you ever served a jail sentence? "No, gentlemen, I must confess I haven't," he answered, but he added with a gulp, "I'd be willing to serve a short one if it's necessary."

The Diver's Telephone

James F. O'Malley, famous diver, said to a New York reporter the other day: "I had a funny experience with an old lady visitor. I was down on the sea bottom at the time, and she asked the men if she could talk to me over our sea telephone. They said she could, and so this was the talk we had: "Hello, diver!" "Hello, ma'am." "What are you doing down there?" "Just now I'm sitting down having a rest." "Good gracious! What are you sitting on?" "On some rocks." "Oh, diver! Surely you're not sitting on those damp rocks! Do you want to catch your death?"

Old Mills Electrified

The sentimental battle waged by old residents of Holland to have their historic windmills preserved, because modern machinery was making such inroads, has won out. A number of old mills in Holland, instead of being torn down and replaced by modern machinery, will be retained in their present appearance, but electrified so that they may be made more efficient. The promoters of the electrification project gave in to the petitioners when it was brought to their attention that the windmills were beautiful relics of old Holland.

The Inspired Composer

Professor Phelps tells the Boston Transcript that when he was a boy he set type on a religious journal. One day, in the column "Ministers and Churches," there appeared in the proof "Lillian Russell will wear tights this winter." How it got there no one knew. The editor crossed out the line and wrote "such is life!" on the margin. When the paper appeared it contained among the news of the clergy, the item about Miss Russell, followed by the editorial comment "such is life!"

Runville.

Mrs. Leona Osewalt and daughter, of Snow Shoe, visited at Mrs. Jacob Shirk's on Friday. Miss Catherine Rowe and Miss Iva Lucas, of Bellefonte, were Sunday visitors at the John Lucas home. Miss Lulu McClincy went to Williamsport, on Friday, to visit with her brother, James McClincy and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Ford Walker, of Milesburg, called at the L. J. Heaton and Earl Kauffman homes on Sunday. The stork has been busy in our town the past week, making three visits. At Earl Kauffman's he left a young son; at Fred Witherite's young son and Claude Confer's a daughter. They are all getting along fine.

Ancient Eastern City Stands for Desolation

With the annexation of Transjordan of the Hedjaz districts of Maan and Akaba, one of the strangest cities in existence comes under British mandate. This is the wonderful pink city of Petra. In ancient times this flourishing center of eastern splendor stood near the point of intersection of the great caravan routes from Palmyra, Gaza, Egypt and the Persian gulf, four days' journey from the Mediterranean and five from the Red sea. Now it is miles from nowhere and can only be reached on horseback with a strong armed escort. The city is entered down a dark and narrow gorge, in places only ten feet wide, which is nothing more than a great split in the huge sandstone rocks. It is like wandering along some mysterious passage to Aladdin's cave, until the pass suddenly ends in a mass of temples, tombs and theaters of exquisite architecture. There, right out in the "blue" and in the wildest aspect of nature, is a treasure house of the most delicate masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Perfect columns with Corinthian capitals, support the richly carved roofs. Facades and doorways of exquisite design stand desolate in the wilderness. The architecture of kings is used to provide shelter for a few wandering Bedouins. But the most astonishing thing of all is that these tombs and temples were actually hewn out of the solid rock, which has the most peculiar deep pink coloring. Instead of being built up like ordinary buildings, they were hewn downwards from the ground level. Almost completely surrounding the city are rose-colored mountain walls, divided into groups by great gaping cracks and lined with rock-cut tombs in the form of towers. —E. W. Tolson Newman, in the London Mail.

Thames Has Double Ebb

It is a rare thing that an interesting happening entirely escapes the eye of the press, but recently such an event was unrecorded: London river, the river of the empire, enjoyed a double ebb and flow of its tide and no one said a word about it. Such a manifestation is certainly a curious one and not always explainable. But before the Thames was embanked, its vagaries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries were pretty frequent, for in 1658 it ebbed and flowed twice in three hours, and in 1662 three times in four hours—a sergeant major's allowance which has never been surpassed. And some old chronicler has left an account of the quite unprecedented freakishness of London river one winter day in 1641, "a wonder," he confesses, "that, all things considered, the oldest man never saw or heard the like."—Manchester Guardian.

Barrie Publicity Expert

By making his shyness a legend, Sir James Barrie has become one of the world's greatest publicity experts. Last year he made page one in most of the newspapers in England by demanding that his name, blazing in electric lights on Piccadilly, be removed from the signs advertising "Peter Pan." This year he is engaging in a law suit to prevent presentation of his first play. It is called "Walker, London," and according to Barrie, is a jejune and immature work he wants permanently buried. But the copyright has run out and an enterprising firm of young men promises to bring out "Walker, London" as a musical comedy. Barrie has sought an injunction.

Beaten

The French foreign minister, M. Briand, tells an excellent story of how a friend with a somewhat vitriolic wit scored over a political opponent. The opponent was criticizing in the chamber of deputies a bill brought in by Briand's friend. "When," he declared, "I first read the text of the ridiculous and impossible measure I thought I was becoming mad." "Becoming!" interjected the wit. "Becoming indeed! How fond the honorable member is of adding unnecessary words."

All Alike

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, was talking about certain Greenwich village Utopians. "They despise money," he said, "and at the same time they're dreadful borrowers." Mr. Dreiser shrugged his shoulders. "All Utopians," he ended, "are I-O-U-topians, I imagine."

Reimbursed in Will

When Carrie Safford of Reading, Pa., had her will drawn she included a bequest of \$10 to her niece, Mary Pousland of Portland, Maine, to pay for some dishes broken when she tripped and fell while helping with the housework while there on a visit. The niece would not allow her to pay for the dishes at the time, so the payment was made as a provision in her will.—Ohio State Journal.

First to Make Fiddles

Tradition has it that King Ravana of Ceylon was first of which there is any record to start the fiddle business. He is said to have invented the ravanaseron, 5,000 years ago, a cylinder of sycamore, open on one side across which strings were drawn taut. The instrument was played with a bamboo bow.—Grit.

ARE OUR IDEAS OF EDUCATION RIGHT?

The great word of impression that the English visitor takes away from a study of American universities is "organization." It comes into his constant vocabulary very early. The idle, easy ways of Oxford and Cambridge, boasting that the greater part of the benefits that they bestow come from interminable and spontaneous conversations round the fire—these are the things most clearly lacking in the American university. The football player is almost a pawn in the hands of his coach. The debater often has the words of his speech written for him by a professor. Classes are compulsory. Every breath that the student takes is the university's business, and he must breathe it at an appropriate and scheduled time. In the excess of organization something is lost, although something is gained. But it is perhaps the Englishman to discover the loss much sooner than he discovers the reason for it. The reason for it, of course, is partly in the American. In America the conversationalist is very rare. The American does not take to the Frenchman's quick throwing to and fro of a conversational ball. He prefers taking turns at monologue. And he loves organization. The organization of his social life, the number of his club luncheons, is the wonder of the world. Still, for this organization in the universities there is a more special reason. Here, as in so many other things, America has undertaken a task quite different from any that the West has ever before seen. The European or English university has been able to leave the student much freedom to learn as he chooses simply because it has made no attempt to cater for the student who does not choose to learn at all. The European university has always been an asylum for the oddity with a kink for intellectual interests, a refuge for the minority. America, the first to do so, has tried to give a college education to everybody. The experiment has demanded the price.

Matter of Precedence

David Belasco was telling stories of the old stock company days. "A manager," he said "was moving his company on the cheap. They traveled from town to town in freight cars at freight rates. "Well, they pulled up at a junction one Sunday morning, and the junction boss came out and bawled to the conductor of the freight: "What ye carryin', Jim?" "Oh, manure and actors," Jim jawled back. "Then the heavy tragedian stuck his head out of a cattle car and thundered: "Gadzooks, fellow, you might have put the actors first."

Talk

Dr. Harry E. Kirk of Baltimore, who has declined a call to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, the richest church in the world, was talking about talkers. "Great talkers are always great ores," he said. "Look at Coleridge. Look at Bernard Shaw. "Brown's a magnificent talker, isn't he?" one man said to another. "The most magnificent," said the other, "I ever escaped from."—Detroit Free Press.

MEDICAL.

Backache Is a Warning!

Bellefonte Folks are Learning How to Heed It. Are you miserable with an aching back? Do you get up lame and stiff; drag through the day being tired, weak and depressed? Then you should help your kidneys. Backache is often the first sign of failing kidneys. Urinary troubles quickly follow. Neglected, there's danger of gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Don't wait for serious kidney sickness! Use Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys, before it is too late. This Bellefonte resident tells an experience: Clyde G. Swartz, prop. of machine shop, 242 E. Logan St., says: "Kidney trouble caused many miserable hours and backache was very annoying. It became so intense sometimes, it was hard for me to strengthen from a from a stooped position. My kidneys were sluggish, too and the secretions were scanty. A languid feeling took away my energy. Doan's Pills, from Runkle's Drug Store, strengthened me up in fine shape." 60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 70-43

To what was this loyalty? The members, the very building, had changed. There is no way of life of Delta Tau Delta different from that of all the rest of the world. How can a man serve three Greek letters? What result does the attempt bring but terrible and crushing sameness, man to man, fraternity to fraternity? It is just the wrong size; that is the fraternity's great vice. It is too small to be a permanent and enduring society, too large to be a body of boon companions. And this is a vice that it shares with many instruments of American sociability. How necessary is this fear that the individual is being destroyed. It is, of course, obvious that no generalization about America can be at best more than half a truth. But if the Middle West, as it sometimes tells the traveler, is America, then the fear is necessary. For the Middle West certainly hates individuality. But America, I think, like a wise shopkeeper, displays its best goods in its windows, on its east and west coasts. Why is it that people are best educated when they live by the sea? The

Advantages of the East are manifest.

It has age and tradition, which is essential to culture. But why, if you leave Yale and Harvard on the east coast, is it necessary to travel six days to the west coast to find their equal? Why, if Iowa or Utah have not forgotten their pioneer days, has California left them so far behind in education as in other things? We are often told that it is because the sea brings it into contact with other cultures and saves it from isolation of the Middle West. But the explanation is surely too facile. I do not believe that the excellence of Stanford is entirely due to the fact that the students go down from Palo Alto to watch the steamers coming into San Francisco. I think, rather, that the explanation, if it is not in natural virtue, is in the climate—the climate of California, which has forced the people, perhaps unwillingly, perhaps unadmittedly, into leisure. For a leisured life is the greatest need of the American university of to-day. By far the greatest vice of American education is that there is much too much of it. No one has ever been educated in a hurry. Long evenings, the Socratic thrashing out of subjects until boredom, talk, freedom; all is education, and not text-books and credits. It remains to be seen whether the Eighteenth Amendment has prohibited it.—M. C. Hollis in The Outlook.

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ON THE DIAMOND Bellefonte, Pa.