

MADE RECORD RIDE TO MOUNTAIN TOP

Two white men and two Indians recently rode saddle horses to the summit of Squaw mountain, that peak of the Rocky mountains lying nearest Glacier Park hotel.

Hikers have for years made the summit of this mountain at an elevation of 7,820 feet, but never before has a horse been taken over it.

Crow Feathers and Cut Finger, Blackfoot Indians, accompanied by Ernest K. Gann and Harlow Gieseke, two St. Paul young men, accomplished this difficult feat. Realizing the importance of this accomplishment the Glacier Park Hotel company has taken up with the park superintendent the proposition of having a horse trail laid out along the route discovered by the Indians.

Crow Feathers says that a view from this peak reveals the grazing ground of mountain sheep and goats upon the wall of rock forming the edge of the Great Bowl. The horse trail follows an old footpath but turns aside before it hits the peak.

TANGIER NOTED AS CITY OF INTRIGUE

Everyone in Tangier, Morocco, is either a spy of some government or interest concerned in Moroccan affairs or is being spied upon. Probably the majority of the spies are volunteers, enthusiastic amateurs who get a great thrill out of slinking and whispering about. They give a certain comic opera air to the place. If one goes to Tangier for anything other than the ordinary tourist visit, the chances are he will acquire a private spy of his own, assigned to follow him about and report his actions and intentions to the French or Spanish authorities. With all its amusing features, the spy industry of Tangier has some excuse for being. While Abd El Krim was still a power, it was at the tables of the Cafe Central that many of the deals for the shipment of contraband arms were made. Because of its position on the strait of Gibraltar, within sight of the European shore, the city always has been a place of intrigue.—New York Times.

Not Welcome

Marjorie did not like the idea of a new baby brother. When her mother returned home from the hospital their meeting was a joyful one, and as Marjorie settled herself on the bed for a happy chat she noticed the little stranger on the other side of her mother.

With a small forefinger pointed at the unwanted playmate, Marjorie demanded, "when is that hospital baby going back to the hospital?"

Assessors Use Airplanes

In Connecticut tax assessors are using with good effect photographs of interior lands to help in their assessments. In one county the tax list recorded 1,551 barns, garages and sheds, but when the air photographers had finished their task it was found there were 2,902 such buildings in that area, with the result that the tax list increased in value more than \$10,000,000.

Not So Good

Letter received by a Detroit retail store's credit manager in answer to a request for information regarding an applicant for a charge account: "Dere Sur: The man John D— what you ask if his credit is with me in reply will say it ain't no good as he owes me \$16 for six years and yesterday he borrowed ten more and I guess I am crazy but he hipotized me and he will you if has a chanct."

We Are Moving Ahead

First Party—Things certainly moved swiftly for old Johnson; the doctor was there only once, and that was the end of it!

Second Party—Yes, it's remarkable what progress medical science has made lately!

Breaking It Gently

Aer Father—That young man of yours hasn't enough sense to get in out of the rain.

Marjorie—Oh, that explains why he took your umbrella last night.

Natural Mistake

Maybelle—Here's a photograph that was sent by radio. It's a picture of myself.

Glenda—Oh, I thought it was static.

He Explains

"You are a duly qualified drug clerk?"

"I can cook short orders, but I can't juggle griddle cakes."—Detroit Free Press.

Fore-Armed

Jack—So Ruth is going to marry Alm, eh? You know he's a tough egg.

Jean—Don't worry. She knows how to use an egg-beater.—Progressive Grocer.

Radicals!

Diner—These sardines are terrible!

Walter—But they're imported, sir.

Diner—Well, they ought to be deported, every one of them.

FRENCH PORTERS ROB TOURISTS

Charges for Service Said to Be Excessive.

Paris.—One hundred francs for carrying two suitcases from the customs shed at Cherbourg to the tender, a trip of less than 100 yards, is charged by porters.

The imposition has caused the foreign steamship companies to take drastic steps against it. The union of baggage porters appears to have singled out Americans for its holdup tactics. In some instances passengers, especially unescorted women, have been literally robbed.

One American woman recently embarking on one of the ships flying the American flag gave the porter 40 francs. He demanded that she open her bag and produce more money. Terrorized, the woman unclasped her handbag and showed the porter one 20-franc note, all the French money she had left.

"This will have to do," said the holdup man, snapping the bill away. The woman shrieked, and one of the officials came along and made the porter disgorge but not without a short, spirited fight.

These instances, which had multiplied by hundreds recently, caused the skipper of an American ship to send for the walking delegate of the porters' union and warn him that if such sharp practice did not cease he would call upon his crew to handle the baggage and give them instructions to give a forced bath to any porter interfering.

"They never come back, these people," said the walking boss. "I don't see why we shouldn't get all we can out of them."

Wood of Palmetto Tree Now Used for Furniture

Atlanta, Ga.—The sable palmetto tree, emblematic of the state of South Carolina, is about to attain its second place in the history of the United States. This time it will be chronicled in the annals of furniture manufacturing.

The tree received first historical mention as a protection for the American colonists in their defense of Fort Moultrie, where the shot from the British fleet sank harmlessly in the soft, spongy logs.

His attention prompted by the unique porous quality of the tree, a large industrialist acquired a 300,000-acre tract of groves and enlisted the aid of 12 laboratories of furniture companies in an attempt to apply a veneer finish.

The work was assigned to the woodwork department of the Georgia School of Technology, which, after a two-year period of research, has just succeeded in applying a glasslike veneered surface.

Its only use in the past has been for duck piling and the building of rugged, picturesque log cabins.

Eggless Custard Sale Cost Him \$10 Fine

Brockton, Mass.—Judge Carroll C. King had a busy day in district court here with cases that resulted from the Brockton fair. One case established itself as well out of the ordinary. It concerned one Lester Kohn, a concessionaire at the grounds. He was charged with "sale of custard containing no eggs." State Health Inspector Daniel G. McCarthy brought the charge, claiming that Kohn was doing a rushing business in selling custards, but he informed Judge King that a custard is not a custard without eggs. Kohn paid a \$10 fine and it is the first time in the history of the local court that a conviction has been made on such a charge.

Presidents, Popes Have Longest Lives

Washington.—What class of persons live the longest as an average?

Occupants of the White House hold the record for longevity, according to statistics on notable men compiled by Pitrin Sorokin, a Russian economist. Their average life span is almost exactly the biblical three-score and ten.

Close on their heels as long-lived mortals are the popes of the Roman Catholic church, who average 69.6 years. A third group includes American millionaires, with 69.2 years. Scholars and scientists average 67.3 years and writing men 64.4 years.

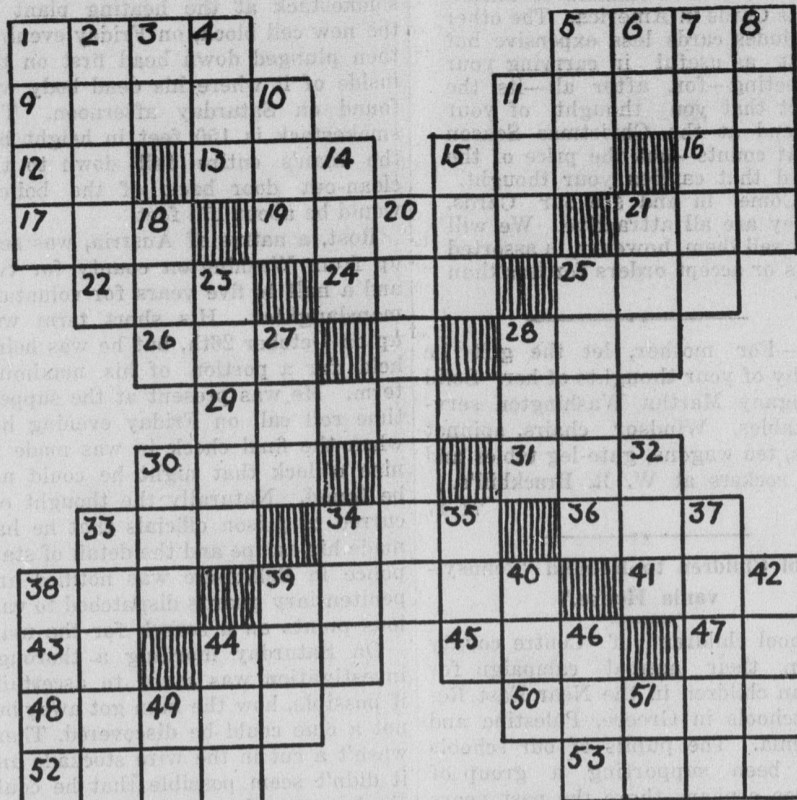
The poorest showing was made by the hereditary monarchs of Europe. Though this group included some very long-lived families, the average longevity was only 53.6 years. In explanation of the poor showing of kings, it has been pointed out that other groups represent the results of selection.

The presidency and the papacy, for example, are both elective offices and are filled invariably by men of mature years and usually good health, who have made their own records, while monarchs are notabilities simply by accident of birth, and by the same accident of birth may come of stocks decidedly inferior so far as health and vigor are concerned.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill all the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill all the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 3.



- Horizontal.**
- 1—To leap
 - 5—Stage extra (coll.)
 - 9—Opposite of a liability
 - 11—Pome fruit
 - 12—Greek letter
 - 13—To wiggle, as a dog's tail
 - 15—To soar
 - 16—Boy's name
 - 17—Gloomy
 - 19—Pertaining to the armed fleet
 - 21—Printing measures
 - 22—A falsehood
 - 24—Pleasure
 - 25—Feline
 - 26—To terminate
 - 28—Distant
 - 29—Money paid for education
 - 30—Mound of earth
 - 31—Sailor (slang)
 - 33—Evergreen tree
 - 34—Skill
 - 36—At this time
 - 38—Moving vehicle
 - 39—Spike on shoe
 - 41—To prohibit
 - 43—Preposition
 - 45—Shaving cup
 - 47—Preposition
 - 48—Fruit of the oak tree
 - 50—Parts of a skeleton
 - 52—Ancient stringed instrument
 - 53—To have the courage
- Vertical.**
- 1—Fruit preserves
 - 2—Ordinary
 - 3—Manuscript (abbr.)
 - 4—Church bench
 - 6—Skyward
 - 8—Snake-like fishes
 - 10—Light brown
 - 11—Everything
 - 14—To stuff the mouth
 - 15—Wind maker
 - 18—To expire
 - 20—Carnivorous bird
 - 21—Organ of hearing
 - 23—To go in
 - 25—Doctrine of a church
 - 27—Is owing
 - 28—Heavy mist
 - 30—Soft metal
 - 32—Nickname for Robert
 - 33—Decorated
 - 34—Octave above the treble clef
 - 35—Artist's cap
 - 37—Colorless liquid
 - 38—Small bottle
 - 39—Tin container
 - 40—Large wooden container
 - 42—An American Beauty
 - 44—Native metal
 - 46—Delty
 - 48—Conjunction
 - 51—North American (abbr.)
 - 5—Scout
 - 7—To sow

Solution will appear in next issue.

ONE MEDIUM-SIZED DOG.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

course down her cheeks, "be that dog out there."

Suddenly she saw the dog, as he had lain there unseen for weeks. She had not once looked at him. Yet as tears blinded her she saw now, his face on his paws, his dinner plate forgotten, his eyes unwavering upon the upper window. She remembered the tawny and full of hope, beside the new potatoes at market. She remembered his waving plume, his pride in that dreadful ham, in the discovered glove. She had gone back and forth past him and had not looked his way. To-day she felt that she must look at him. Of all the creatures in the world that she might look upon this one had felt what she was suffering. She wiped her eyes and looked at the unregarded figure. Then she wiped them again. Her eyes had been right the first time. The dog was gone.

As she stared she saw the dangling rope. Poppa must have tied him carelessly last night.

A terrible fear at her heart, she ran noisily up the stairs. A shock might kill Theodore. The doctor said the worst of this cursed fever was that it put such a strain on the heart. The dog might have nosed up the catch again. She had seen him do it once.

At her son's door she stopped. Could she face what she might be forced to see?

As she wavered she heard a voice, scarcely more than a hoarse whisper. "Democrat!" she heard.

As she pushed wide the half-open door she saw the dog, his eyes upon the bed in the corner, sit up and beg. The great eyes in the ghostlike face on the pillow turned her way. Into their new brightness she could see that there stole a look of fear.

"I didn't call him," the white lips whispered. "I never did after that once."

She came over by his bed. She could hear Poppa stealing up the front stairway.

"But I guess he knew I wanted him," the white lips formed.

"He's a good doctor," said Momma. "He'd better see you every day."

The white lips smiled. It was their first smile for so many weeks!

"Do you like him?" they whispered. "Yes," she said.

"Doctor Prince," said her son sleepily as his eyelids closed.

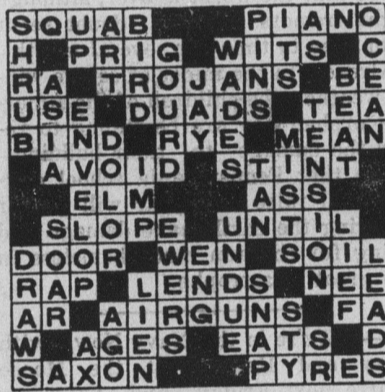
Poppa, who had tiptoed in, was beside her, his arm was about her waist. They stood together while Theodore's breath came gently in his sleep. As they stood there a tawny head nosed cautiously past her skirt until it rested on the counterpane. The eyes were fixed unwavering on Theodore's face. Poppa's arm tightened about the boy's mother.

"Give us a kiss," he said gently. She gave it to him, one arm about his neck.

"Nobody in the world but that dog," she wept comfortably, when she had kissed him, "had any sense at all."

"He's a smart dog," said Poppa. Between them as Momma's free hand wavered down to rest at last kindly on Prince's yellow head he could feel the dog's whole body quivering.—From the Woman's Home Companion, By Grace Torrey.

Solution of Cross-word puzzle No. 3.



Woodrow Wilson is Honored by Boy.

Woodrow Wilson was honored in a fitting way this week by an Armistice Day pilgrimage to little Bethlehem Chapel on Mount St. Alban.

An 8-year-old boy tip-toed softly through the gothic-arched chapel. In his arms he carried a bouquet of calla lilies and olive branches, and while 300 men and women watched him, gently placed his tribute within the crypt where sleeps his friend, the dead President.

Gordon Grayson, son of Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, was the little boy. Each morning during the last illness of President Wilson, the boy was a visitor, eagerly watched for by Mr. Wilson.

The services this year on Mount St. Alban were planned by the same band of Washington women who before Mr. Wilson died met at his home to plan celebrations of Armistice Day. When he passed on, the same women planned the memorial services to him, and each year they place before the President's widow the plans for the coming event.

Seated amid the pilgrims and with bowed head was Mrs. Wilson. Eulogies were delivered by Bishop Freeman, of the Washington Cathedral, and the Rev. James H. Taylor, Mr. Wilson's Washington pastor and friend.

Mr. Wilson's faithful followers filed over the winding paths at the foot of oaks and entered reverently into the small chapel of a great cathedral. Each arrival peered through the iron grill which guards the stone bier, and one by one they took their places in the dimly lighted sanctuary. Men of leisure and labor sat together and women in elaborate dress shared seats with the plainly garbed.

At 4 o'clock the organ piped its signal for the beginning of the procession from the outer chambers and a male choir chanted the processional. Slowly the men walked into the chapel, led as the Bible would have had it, "by a little child," Gordon Grayson. The clergy and the lad went immediately to the crypt, where the grill was opened for a moment to admit the floral tribute, exemplary of the peace Mr. Wilson fought for.

First Thanksgiving Preacher.

History records that the first thanksgiving held in North America was conducted by an English preacher named Wollfall, in the year 1578, on the shores of Newfoundland.

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On December 4, we will hand our Depositors in our Christmas Fund, checks that will help solve the problem of Christmas Shopping this year.

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