

Races in Malta Speak Same Tongue as Christ

There is still in this world a race of people who speak the same tongue that Jesus and His apostles used in their ordinary everyday talks to the people, says the Christian Science Monitor.

This spoken language was "Aramaic." We still may find languages and dialects which have descended from Aramaic.

To find today in the pure Aramaic practically identical to the colloquial language that Jesus used we must go to the island of Malta.

Even there the traveler must not expect to hear it in Valletta. The people of the seaport have long had intercourse with the Italians and the English and their language has changed accordingly.

Travel inland to those compact cities of stone—to Zeltun, to Musta with its enormous dome, the third largest in the world—there one hears not the Anglicized, not the Italianized speech, but pure Aramaic. There also one sees a race of people of not only similar speech, but of similar appearance and of similar character to the "chosen of our Lord"—"devout men and women who serve God daily." One can well imagine while living among these people what Andrew, Peter, John and Matthew must have been like.

Many races have held so-called dominion over these islands, but none has succeeded in implanting its language.

Lucky Discoveries of Vast Mineral Wealth

Tin is worth about \$1,470 a ton. At North Dundas, in Tasmania, a nugget of the metal has been found which weighed 5,400 pounds, and was almost pure metallic tin.

Copper often occurs in nature in a pure state. A solid block of this metal, weighing more than a ton and a half, has just been found in South Africa.

The most wonderful discovery of the kind was made in the Andes, at the back of Peru, where, at a height of 14,000 feet, there has been found a mountain of copper ore a mile long and half a mile wide.

Silver is sometimes found in great masses. Most of us have heard of Cobalt, the miracle silver city of northern Ontario. One day, in the spring of 1903, two workmen quarreled while at work on a rough railway track made for hauling lumber.

High words led to blows, and one man flung an axe at the other. It missed him but struck a bowlder, splitting it in two and showing up in its heart a mass of glittering whiteness. It was a lump of almost pure silver.

That spring Cobalt had four small shacks, but six months later there were more than 5,000 inhabitants.

Judicious Coughing

The English clergyman who, in beginning his sermon, asked the congregation to cough only at the end of sentences, was heard, let us hope, in comparative silence. His idea was a good one, and it is capable of extension. The bronchial audience so often in attendance at operas and concerts might well cough, but it can usually be controlled, except in severe cases by a little will power.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Plants Given New Life

Faded flowers and plants are being revived by artificial sunlight in London. One restaurant has a "sunlight lamp" for the benefit of sickly plants, and bouquets of patrons are refreshed while they dine. A wild orchid returned to bloom after eight hours of the healing rays.

Cortez' Great Victory

Cortez, on July 7, 1520, decided the fate of Mexico by his victorious battle at Otumba. After subjecting the neighboring provinces he marched a second time against Mexico, which, after a gallant defense lasting several months, was retaken.

Longest Bridge

The world's longest highway bridge is across Mobile bay in Alabama. It's the Cochrane bridge, stretching for ten and half miles and costing \$2,500,000. It eliminates part of the ferrying that tourists along the old Spanish trail had to endure.

The Wrong Object

What riches of mind and spirit are we allowing to run to waste in the talents of our youth through urging and ever urging them, not by our words, but by our examples, to go after the money prizes of life.—Boston Globe.

Mental Mustache-Cup

"What most men need," says the author of "The Philosophy of Things," a recent book, "is a mental strainer to keep out second-rate thoughts." This should hearten the man with "a mind like a sieve."—Farm and Fireside.

Famous Navigator

John Cabot was an Italian navigator sailing under the English flag. His native name was Giovanni Cabot and he was born in Genoa. He removed to Venice at an early age, where he acquired citizenship.

THEIR ARDENT ADMIRER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE MISSES RUSSELL lived in a lovely old house surrounded by an iron fence with scrolled gateways. The house and the ladies had come into being at that period when exclusion was the thing.

Very proper, very sedate, but, secretly, very romantic were the Misses Russell. They would have died before they let any one know that the wonderful electric victrola played anything but sacred music and grand opera. Alone with the aid of the softest needle they reveled in jazz and that order of music which may be collectively designated under one title—"Oh, come, my sheik, to my waiting arms!" It was the same with their literature. The bookcases were filled with classics, the library table groaned beneath weighty reviews, but behind a cushion was kept the naughty novel that made Emilie and Minnette forget that they were waxing old and must behave accordingly.

In their youth they had been considered too proud for the young men who might have taken a fancy to them, for their parents had been of the high-nosed order. And when the time came when they might have chosen for themselves nobody wanted them. So they had arrived at middle life unmarried, but teeming with a desire for the one thing that had been withheld from them—romance.

"My dear," Emilie said to Minnette one morning just after Bessie, their ugly but efficient maid, had placed their breakfast before them. "I noticed that our new neighbors have arrived next door. I can see from where I sit that the shades are up and people moving about. There! They are just coming into the dining room for breakfast."

Minnette turned to look and saw through the large double windows of the nearby house two men sitting opposite each other at the table and being awaited upon by a third man who was evidently a servant.

"Oh, my dear!" Minnette breathed. "Just look at that young man! He is perfectly handsome."

Discreetly screened by their lace windows the two women gazed at their next-door neighbors. The young man was handsome in a stunning black-and-white way. He seemed full of vigor, too, for he talked a great deal with many gestures. Smilingly his companion listened. This other man might have been the father of the first, for he was plain and white-haired and looked uninteresting. The servant, too, was elderly and plain. But the Misses Russell were only attracted by the delightful younger man.

"We must make their acquaintance—invite them over to dinner," Minnette said.

"Poor things, without a woman in the house! I think I will have Bessie take them a tin of her incomparable biscuit for their lunch," murmured Emilie.

Bessie was reluctant to present the biscuit but at last she was persuaded to do so by Emilie's bestowing upon her the gift of an old gown she had found that morning in the bureau drawer—landsdowne, eighteen feet around, and of a gorgeous crimson color. It was a relic of younger days, and Emilie thought that it might be dyed into suitability for her handmaiden, but Bessie loved red.

She returned with a courteous message of thanks from the older men. So far, good.

For a long time the Misses Russell had been wondering who would rent the vacant house next door, which was to be let furnished. Mrs. Tucker, who owned it, had lost her husband and gone to live with a married daughter. The house was very cozy and the Misses Russell had been certain that only nice people could afford to live there, but people with children or dogs—or deprecating cats! The fact that the household was of the gentlemanly, unoffensive kind predisposed them in favor of their new neighbor.

That afternoon as Miss Emilie was weeding her garden she heard a slight cough and saw the handsome new neighbor smiling at her over the fence. He had a gift of red roses for her and when, rather fattered, she entered into conversation with him he immediately took her into his confidence. His name was Harold Frederick Delaney, and he was writing a book entitled "Metaphysical Aspects of the Universe." He was interested in the Einstein theory of relativity, and thought that the extensive use of explosives in the last war had made our planet change poles. So deep was he and with-all so charming that Emilie lost her head as well as her heart immediately.

The next morning Minnette had a similar experience, only she received white roses instead of red. The conversation was along the same lines and she literally fell for Harold Frederick head over heels.

An invitation to dinner followed and the Misses Russell had the time of their life feeding their darling, Mr. Bowker, whom Harold called Uncle Hop, they didn't like at all. But Harold filled their eyes.

The weather was beautiful and never had the Misses Russell spent so much time in their garden. No sooner did they appear than Harold appeared also. He sat with them on the bench and talked about his book

and love. He had wonderful ideas about love, and sometimes he illustrated his theories by gently pressing the hand of either lady.

And now strange feelings began to possess both women. Minnette thought that if it was not for Emilie she might be so happy with Harold, and Emilie believed that Minnette stood in her way. Each had lost all sense of perspective. Each saw in Harold only the ideal of her dreams, the culmination of every hope and longing. Each loved him, and each was jealous of the other.

This jealousy grew and grew until it began to interfere with their lives. Minnette urged Emilie to go visiting. Emilie urged Minnette to take a vacation at a popular resort. Minnette sneered at Emilie's nose and Emilie sneered at Minnette's eyebrows. They ceased to enjoy their food, their music, their friends and their home. As for Bessie her life was made miserable between them.

The air was scented with secrets. Emilie had found a tempting poem nestling among the roses Harold gave her. Minnette had heard him sigh as he gazed into her eyes.

Ultimately so much excitement proved too much for Minnette and one morning she could not rise for the sick headache. She suffered all the more because she knew that Emilie was enjoying Harold alone in the garden.

At last she crept down pale and wretched to meet her triumphant rival. No Harold had not inquired for her. "He cares only for me," Emilie might have added.

This was too much for Minnette and she returned to bed. It was three days before she could arise. Meanwhile, Emilie tripped on the foolish high heels she had recently adopted and so jarred herself in falling that she could not leave her room for the same length of time. As for Bessie, she would neither receive Harold nor carry messages for him.

Pale and sorry, the sisters were sitting together in their living room on the first evening they were able to be downstairs when Mr. Bowker entered.

"I have come to bid you farewell," he said in a dignified manner. "We are leaving on the ten o'clock train. The time has come when I can no longer manage my charge, and his guardians have ordered him placed in a hospital for an operation."

"Your charge?" gasped Minnette. "Harold. It is a very sad case. He was injured in a football scrimmage, a blow on the head and he has not been rational since. But they think by removing a piece of the skull—"

There was more, but neither lady heard it. They endured, however, until Mr. Bowker departed.

"Well," Bessie said as she came in to throw another stick on the fire, "we are going to be rid of that innatic next door. I'm clear out of patience with his carryings on. Making love to me with his roses and poetry!" "To you!" Emilie whispered. Bessie snorted.

Triumphs of Science

Increase Life's Span

Now the claim is made that our scientists are about to fight the germ that causes consumption with a remedy furnished by the bacillus itself. In other words, from the poison it puts into the blood, which the scientists at Berkeley say they have discovered and isolated, they hope to make a serum that will repeat the triumphs won in other fields. This gives point to the recent assurance that the span of life is growing far beyond the threescore and ten formerly allotted us. Indeed, we are told that the meager few who reach the century mark are but the advance guard of the multitude to reach and pass far beyond that record in the near future. To the triumphs already won, in case the first redoubt has been carried by some invading disease, must be added the greater triumphs of preventive medicine. The report of the Rockefeller foundation acquaints us with a wonderful work they have accomplished in that direction, not only in this country, but all over the world. The dry pages of the usual report turn out to be an inspiring booklet of great deeds accomplished. Here as elsewhere an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. All workers engaged in making broad the pathway of health and longevity—and they are to be found everywhere now—insist that optimism, cheerfulness, throwing off worry and fear as you would a discarded garment, and the cultivation of the right mental attitude toward disease is of the utmost importance. Where disease claims one victim, worry and fear claim a score.

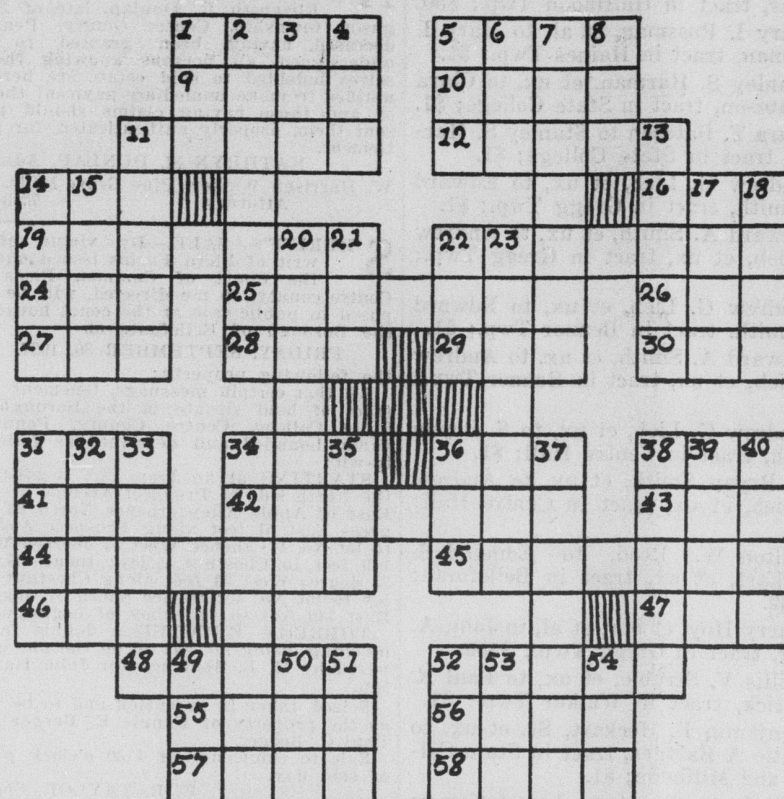
We are living in a wonderful age—in fact, we are just beginning to live as the Creator intended us to. It has required untold centuries for man to gain his present vantage ground. He is just beginning to assume his rightful authority over the many ills to which flesh is heir. We will learn to grow old gracefully when double our present tale of years has run its course. And we will need these added years to gain even a passable knowledge of the wonders and beauties and mysteries; the, at present, little-known forces of the universe in which we have been placed.—Los Angeles Times.

His Trouble

Cashier—You don't look well lately! Butter Clerk—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble. Cashier—Nonsense; your lungs are all right. Butter Clerk—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the boy's.

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 the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill 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. 1.



- Horizontal: 1—Ancient Roman patriot, 5—Restaurant, 9—At another time (arch.), 10—Having wings, 11—Hackneyed, 12—Malleable material, 14—Reverential fear, 16—Donkey, 19—Fancy, 22—Unlawful, 24—Number of years, 25—Pertaining to heat, 26—Period of time, 27—To soak, 28—To consume, 29—To force open, 30—Young woman introduced to society (short), 31—Acted, 34—To flow out, 35—Affirmative, 38—Falseness (slang), 41—Part of "to be" form, 42—Bellowing, 43—Same as 26 horizontal, 44—Danced, 45—Geometrical figure, 46—Insect, 47—To employ, 48—Muck, 52—To guide, 55—English school for boys, 56—Branches of learning, 57—Expired, 58—Point of a story.
Vertical: 1—Vehicle, 3—Child, 5—Eccentric rotating piece, 6—Beerlike beverage, 7—In a manner determined by fate, 8—Period of time, 11—Doctrine, 14—At a distance, 15—Salary, 17—To father, 18—To knife, 20—To shuffle along, 21—Still, 22—Scamp, 23—Unlawful taking away of personal property, 31—Information, 32—Persia, 33—Intentions, 34—Black variety of hard rubber, 35—Wicked, 36—Island in Pacific, 37—Highways, 38—Thigh bone, 39—The rainbow, 40—Pret. of bid, 49—Conducted, 50—Extinct flightless bird, 51—Finish, 53—Prefix meaning three, 54—Established (abbr.).
Other: 2—Alive, 4—Single.

Insurance: Massachusetts has a law which requires that every driver of an automobile shall carry insurance, however, there is one man who will not be able to avail himself and others of this protection, under that law, since the Board of Appeal has served notice that it will not require any insurance company to continue carrying insurance on any one who is caught driving a car while under the influence of liquor.
Fayette County Team Sets State Pull Mark: A new State horse pulling record was established at the Dawson fair recently when a pair of grade Belgian brood mares, owned by Clarence M. Wilkey, of Connellyville, pulled 3000 pounds on the drawbar of the Pennsylvania State College dynamometer the full required distance of 27 1/2 feet. This team, weighing 3505 pounds, was driven by C. B. Wilkey. Both mares are with foal and made 13 pulls during the afternoon. When they exerted the championship effort they still were not forced to extend themselves.
The record broken at Dawson was 2975 pounds made by a 3335-pound team of grade Percherons, owned by R. A. Grimes, Duke Center, at the Smithport fair the previous week. This team, in establishing the new mark, topped by 25 pounds tractive pull, the record established at Watsburg the same week by a 3466-pound pair of grade Percherons, owned by Corry Fur Farm. At the beginning of this season the best state pull by a team of over 3000 pounds weight was 2925 pounds by a Cook-Anderson Lumber company team at the Beaver fair last fall.
—Subscribe for the Watchman.

Too Much "Acid?"

Excess Uric Acid Gives Rise to Many Unpleasant Troubles.

Authorities agree that an excess of uric acid is primarily due to faulty kidney action. Retention of its presence felt by sore, painful joints, a tired, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backache and headache. That the kidneys are not functioning right is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Thousands assist their kidneys at such times by the use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Doan's Pills are recommended by many local people. Ask your neighbor!

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