

#### Indian Workers Left Tools in Salt Mines

Three great caves in a mountain of salt in Nevada have yielded relics of Indian miners who worked there as early as 1000 B. C. The great natural salt mass stands near the town of St. Thomas, Nevada, in a desert where rain falls so seldom that it has remained for ages without dissolving, which would have been its fate in a moister region. Underground waters, however, have hollowed the caverns in its interior, and in these were found stone hammers with wooden handles, sandals of yucca fiber, carrying nets, and even corncobs, all perfectly preserved through the drying and antiseptic action of the salt. Most of the relics date since the beginning of the Christian era, but a carved club was found of a type used by the basketmakers, the forerunners of the present Pueblos, who inhabited the Southwest about 1000 B. C. The salt of the mountain is now being mined from the surface by a commercial firm. Why the Indians chose the difficult and dangerous work underground, when salt is easily obtained outside, is difficult to imagine. It is conjectured that several tribes had "claims" on the mountain, and that the later comers, finding the surface workings all pre-empted, had no choice but to enter the dark caverns to seek their salt supplies.

### World Eagerly Seeks Great Men's Letters

Immortality and letter-writing go hand in hand, and those who make it their business to keep green the graves of the departed great pursue an eter nal quest.

What wouldn't disciples of the "Shakespeare myth" give to be able to unearth a packet of letters from William Shakespeare to some correspondent in which he settled, clearly and definitely, all the points that have

led to controversy? It is extremely improbable that any such convenient packet will ever be found. But students of Alfred de Musset are slightly more hopeful of one day discovering a set of lost letters written by the French poet to the French actress, Rachel. Having ransacked France in vain, they have now turned to England, with the assurance that "any information as to the whereabouts of these letters will be gratefully received."

## John L.'s Signature

R. F. Dibble in his biography of dainty little miss asked the famous pugilist to write her a few autographs so that she could sell them at a church

"Oh, what're you giving me?" said John L. in a graciously tragic way. "I ain't no good at writing, but I'll have my manager make as many of mywhat d'you call 'em, as you want."

The damsel told him that this would hardly do. So pens, ink and paper were ordered and after many laborious efforts in which he spoiled more than a dozen pens and ruined a quantity of stationery, Sullivan finally succeeded in scratching down about twenly badly blotched but fairly legible signatures.

"I always like to do what I can for religion," he assured her as grasping her hand and most of her forearm between his ink-stained fingers he bade her a courteous good-by.

## Made Goldfish Popular

Goldfish first appeared in England about two centuries ago, but it was Luigi Cura and his father who made them popular in the parlor windows of the nation. They began almost by chance. The Curas came to London from Italy sixty years ago, when Luigi was a boy, and his uncle sent him a can of goldfish to comfort him in his exile.

Finding the fishes interested their neighbors, they began to import them and sell them. After a time they added tortoises to their stock-in-trade. and forty thousand tortoises, as well as half a million goldfish, passed through their hands in a year.

## "Tidy" Philosopher

Many of the world's greatest philosophers are known to have had very little concern for their personal appearance. One notable exception, according to a biography written about 1688 and recently reprinted, was Spinoza who, says the author, "was extremely tidy." Whenever he left his house there was, as well, "something about his clothes which usually distinguishes a gentleman from a pedant."

A present-day critic observes: "He was a man of the greatest reticence, but with nothing to conceal; a man of intensely 'private life,' but wholly transparent."

## Seaweed for Food

Japan appears to be the only country where seaweed is cultivated for human consumption.

## Differences in Hair

It is an unexplainable biological fact that curly hair does not grow so long as straight hair.

## Modern Proverb

The way the fenders are bent shows how the car is driven.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

## THE **UNLOVED WIFE**

(@ by D. J. Walsh.)

ARGARET BINNER walked slowly home. She had been to the post office for the mail and had stepped into one or two stores to do some necessary shopping. She had met several persons whom she liked and knew and had paused for a word or two. But now she was going home, and home did not mean as much to her as it formerly had, because Margaret was drinking the bitterest cup which fate raises to the lips of wifehood; she had begun to suspect that her husband no longer loved her as he had once done. She had tried to blind her eyes to all the evidence in the case, but at last it had been made all too plain; she could no longer conceal the fact from herself and she suspected her friends could see as plainly as she that she was fast becoming an unloved wife. A great pity for herself welled up in her heart and tears smarted her eyes as the shame of it came to her. What should she do; would it be right to go on living with John when she was certain that he was perfectly indifferen'

Upon reaching home Margaret entered the house-she hardly thought of it as home now-and throwing aside her hat sank down upon the big davenport. She must try to think it all out-to plan, if possible, some course of action that would bring som' sort of peace to her mind.

She and John had been married almost two years. He had been an ideal lover and husband up to within a few weeks, when suddenly he had seemed to change. He no longer proposed going to places and had no little surprise for her when he came home at night from the office. He always kissed her, it is true, when he came in and still seemed to enjoy the food she prepared for him, but he did not praise it as often as he had. He did not seem quite as gay either when he came in. And after the evening meal he would sink into a big easy chair. adjust the floor lamp at an angle to suit him and bury himself either in a newspaper or book. Now, that was another thing that gave proof that John did not care for her. He knew well enough that she hated to have him move that floor lamp. At first he had laughingly given in when she protested and called her his fussy little housekeeper, but now, without a word, he would calmly move the lamp and say nothing about it. Now, Margaret sionally, but lately night after night John settled himself for the evening, and if she protested or suggested going out he would say he would much rather stay at home, and, finally, one night he told her if she found him

"Run along alone! What wife," thought Margaret bitterly, "if she had a proper pride, would air the fact to her friends that her husband no longer found joy in her society?" And then a horrible thought struck her. "Of course that was it. John was either ashamed to be seen with her or there was another woman!" The thought fairly brought her to her feet. She began pacing the long living room and then her eyes chanced to fall upon the mail she had brought from the post office. When the postmaster had handed it to her he had bundled it in a newspaper. At first Margaret had been too busy and too agitated even to think of mail, and when she came home she had thrown it upon the davenport at her side. In springing up just now she had scattered the mail all over the rug and now right there in plain view lay a big, creamy envelope. "Ah!" she thought. She grabbed up the letter with the feeling that at last "she" had written. She tore open the envelope with shaking fingers without glancing at the address. She was startled when she

dull to run along alone.

"Dearest: I will arrive on the 2:40 mis afternoon. I am taking this opportunity of spending a few days near you. I am on my way East and cannot go through Spencer without seeing you. Now, honey"-"honey, indeed!" thought Margaret-"don't let me spoil any of your plans, but just let me have every moment of your precious time you can manage to steal away from your-" Here the page turned, but the little red specks were floating so thick and fast before her eyes that Margaret could not go on for a moment and then she read-"steal away from your home. I know you are as much in love as ever, one with your constant nature could not change, but I must see and know it for myself. So good-by until 2:40 this afternoon. With love, hugs and kisses. FANNY."

Cousin Fanny! And then Margaret icked up the discarded envelope and saw that it was directed to her and it was without doubt from her very own frivolous cousin Fanny. She had not seen Cousin Fanny since she and John were married and this was the first time she had heard from her in months and months. The relief and disappointment combined turned her almost faint. Well, she would just have to put aside her problem and do what she could to make Cousin Fanny enjoy the few days she would be in the house. It would never do for Margaret to let this romantic creature know that John no longer loved her. Perish the thought. She must put on

From your cousin

a brave front.

At 2:30 Margaret was at the station with her little roadster to meet Cousin Fanny. She wore one of her prettiest dresses and she had so carefully powdered her nose and bathed her eyes made red by recent tears that Cousin Fanny, when she impulsively kissed her, said she had never seen Margaret looking happier or prettier. Poor Margaret was thankful that she had thus far been able to conceal her breaking heart. But how was she go ing to keep on smiling-"

That night when John came in, big, brusque, and found Cousin Fanny he

was simply overjoyed.

"I'm so glad you've come, Fan," he said in his hearty way. "I am afraid it's been a little dull for Margaret here lately, but I've had so blamed much to do at the office that when I get home all I could think of was to sink into a chair and read. I tell you home is a great place to be in. It's like heaven to me to get home, have a good meal and be able to sit and smoke and think. I'll say, if every fellow had a wife like Margaret here the movies and theaters would soon have to go out of business. She makes me lazy, too, by feeding me. And, say, by the time I've eaten one of her good dinners—and believe me they taste good after that quick lunch I patronize at noon-I have no ambition to move. Some little cook I've got here, Fan, as you'll soon see. What have you got to eat tonight, Puss?" asked John as he put his arm about his wife and gave her a good hug. "I'm as hungry as a bear. Come on, Fan, let's see." and he led the way to the dining

Never in all her life had Margaret aten such a good meal, never had she been so happy in all her life. She felt as if John had been restored to her, and when after dinner he seized the floor lamp and placed it behind his favorite chair and settled himself with his newspaper and pipe for a quiet evening she never even noticed that he had ruffled up a corner of the rug in his haste to get settled comfortably. Margaret suggested going out, but Cousin Fanny pleaded that she was tired and would rather

John forgot his paper long enough co growl over his shoulder: "Say, girls, tomorrow afternoon I'll ay off and we'll all do the town. In

the evening we'll take in a good show, too, if you say so," and then he relapsed into silence. But for Margaret there was no siience, for within her heart was the

## Many Factors Unite

singing as of a million birds.

to Shape Literature

A literature is the spiritual interpretation of an age. It is the expression and illumination of the sorrows, the conflicts, the burdens and the asdid not mind staying at home occa- pirations of one's own time. True operating under common and fleeting forms of life around us. The literature is a pathfinder: it lights the road for all that is aspiring in our destiny.

A great literature is never an accident; it is as truly an evolution as is a tree. The literature of a nation is the outcome of its whole life. Its growth is determined by four mighty forces: Race, or heredity; environment, or physical and social conditions; epoch, or the spirit of the age; personality, or that which is fundamental in man's nature.

Each man is born with all the mo mentum of his race within him. We look big because we stand upon the shoulders of all the preceding generations. We are the fruit of the past and the seed of the future. Next, we come to environment, or the impress of nature and society upon literature. Climate, sky, soil and occupation-all these have acted upon generation after generation of Englishmen, until a distinct type of man has been produced. The spirit of the age is also another powerful factor in the shaping of a literature. As stone against stone, humanity and literature shapes, and is also shaped.

A great writer must have some message for the world—a great truth that is even higher than his own era. But the form which that message shall take depends chiefly upon his epoch. He cannot write with the large power of Shakespeare's time, because the language is not ready for him. Each age has its spirit and its possibilities.

But in the building of a literature there is a final, strange force beyond race environment, and epoch; it is the ineffaceable element of personality in man. What is called genius is the highest, keenest manifestation of personality. Genius remakes the society which evolves it. It not only expresses but intensifies the national type, and the eternal, that underlies all types. Genius becomes the golden key to the locked-up ideal of the multitude. Great literature is genius speaking its interpretation of the acts and aspirations of an age-of the meaning and the mystery of life.-Edwin Markham in the Smoker's

## April Fool's Day

Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable suggests that as March 25 used to be New Year day, April 1 was its octave when its festivities culminated and ended. "It may be a relic of the Roman 'Cerealia' held at the beginning of April. The tale is that Proserpina was sporting in the Elysian meadows and had fust filled her lap with daffodils, when Pluto carried her off to the lower world. Her mother, Ceres, heard the echo of her screams, and went in search of 'the voice': but her search was a fool's errand; it was hunting the gowk, or looking for the echo of a scream."

Lures Humming Bird With Bottled Sugar.

With an artificial flower and a bottle of sugar, Miss Althea R. Sherman, ornithologist, of McGregor, Ia., has transformed the elusive ruby-throated humming bird into a constant and

friendly visitor to her garden.

Her study of the bird has attracted the attention of European and American ornithologists. She discovered, by attracting humming birds with artificial nasturtiums and tiger lilies, that the birds often absorbed in a day more than twice their weight in sugar dissolved in water and that they preferred the artificial nectar to that of flowers. More than a dozen humming birds came in quest of sweets where formerly they called

singly or in pairs.

Miss Sherman's country place contains an untamed acre filled with nestboxes and an old barn which is a year-round feeding place for birds. To study chimney swifts she built a 20-foot tower with a chimney at the top and a box below it for nesting. It was three years before the first pair of swifts moved into the

mirrors arranged in the tower. She has succeeded, for perhaps the first time in ornithological history, in observing the nestlife of four other hole-nesting species—the northern flicker, the screech owl, the sparrow nawk and the western house wren. Sometimes during the hatching season she has spent 20 hours a day watching the birds.—Lititz Record.

nest. She studied them by means of

#### Heavy Loads on Streets are Quite Destructive.

In passing a resolution urging that a law be enacted prohibiting the use on city streets of motor trucks carrying loads of more than eight tons the Illinois Federation of Labor brought to the front a subject that ought to be dealt with definitely in the light of ascertained facts, says the Chicago News. For it stands to reason that paved streets and county highways provided with hard surfaces at large cost should not be required to sustain heavier loads than a scientifically ascertained maximum. Crushing weights rolled over them work intolerable injustice to proper-

ty owners and taxpayers.

The heavy motor truck and the hard-surfaced thoroughfare make a combination of extreme value to shippers and consumers of all manner of commodities. But the combination must be adjusted with reason and knowledge. Chicago trade unionists, who proposed the resolution approved the the Ullimia Federation of John by the Illinois Federation of Labor, asserted that trucks carrying ten tons or more are destroying city pave-ments and working serious injury to building by vibration. If the facts, which should be easily ascertainable, confirm this assertion the need for suitable preventive action is manifest.

-Lawns should be gone over now

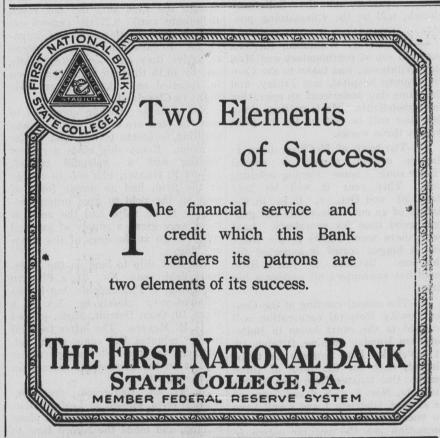
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## FAUBLES