

**Proper Honor Paid by Shah to Fellow Poet**

In his "Memories of Eighty Years," Chauncey M. Depew tells the following:  
Browning, the poet, was present at a great dinner given for the shah of Persia at Stafford house, the home of the duke of Sutherland, and the finest palace in London. Every guest was asked, in order to impress the shah, to come in all the decorations to which they were entitled. The result was that the peers came in their robes, which they otherwise would not have thought of wearing on such an occasion. Browning said he had received a degree at Oxford and that entitled him to a scarlet cloak. He was so outraged that he sat at the foot of the table. The shah said to his host: "Who is that distinguished gentleman in the scarlet cloak at the other end of the table?" The host answered: "That is one of our greatest poets." "That is no place for a poet," remarked the shah; "bring him up here and let him sit next to me." So at the royal command the poet took the seat of honor. The shah said to Browning: "I am mighty glad to have you near me, for I am a poet myself."

**Good Reason Why He Didn't Put on Brakes**

It does give one a feeling of security when autoing if the car has one of those "brakes tested" disks on it. To be sure, the brakes may get out of order the day after the disk is pasted on, but if one doesn't know it there is no worry. Besides, it furnishes a fine alibi if one's car is in a collision. Just point to the blue disk and tell the other fellow he must be to blame.  
But what is going to happen to those drivers who play the deobair in the matter of brakes? A defective brake means less to them than a buzzing mosquito. It reminds one of a Springfield man who was noted for the reckless way in which he slid down hills. Coming whizz bang down a particularly steep incline, a man riding with him protested, "Why didn't you put on your brakes, for gosh sake?" he asked.  
"Because I haven't any," calmly answered the reckless driver, and proceeded to coast down hill at top speed.—Springfield Union.

**Girls Shan Architecture**

One has to read this twice to believe it.  
Out of something over 5,000 United States college students who answered a questionnaire as to their life ambitions, not a single girl wanted to be an architect. Although they wanted to be everything else on earth—everything except soldiers and architects.  
It would seem that one of the greatest jobs any woman could undertake would be architecture. Especially of private residences. After all, the designing of a residence is just putting a wall around a house-keeping job. And the architect who makes the plans usually has women to deal with as cash customers. All that a man ever does with a new house is to explain how he would like to have the den and then finds out there isn't going to be any den.—Los Angeles Times.

**Advertising**

"What is the idea of that old fellow's taking the road warning sign, 'CURVE,' and sticking it up in his front yard?" asked a motor tourist in the Ozarks.  
"I reckon likely he wants to get his oldest daughter married off," replied Jig Fiddlin of Clapboard Springs.  
"What in the world has the word, 'curve,' to do with it?"  
"I reckon you hain't seen the shape of his p'tu—oldest gal, have you?"—Kansas City Star.

**Common Name for Cats**

Nancy, age four, sat on the back steps at grandmother's holding one of the many kittens which lived there.  
"Mother," she called, "come see what a nice kitty this is."  
"Yes, it is," replied mother, "and what is that kitty's name?"  
"Oh," said Nancy, "all of grandmother's kitties have the same name."  
"That's queer," said mother. "What is their name?"  
"Why, their name is Scat," said Nancy.

**Trying Hard to Please**

Louisa, the colored kitchen maid, was from the country, but she was energetic and learned fast. Part of her duties was to water the fern and change the water in the goldfish bowl. Her mistress asked her on the second day: "Did you remember to empty the water under the refrigerator?" "Yes, ma'am, I emptied it and put in fresh water."—Indianapolis News.

**French Claim "America"**

Musical historians in France contend that the familiar music of "America" and "God Save the King," which was supposed to be an old German air, was really composed by the famous Lull, musician to Louis XIV. It is claimed the air was composed on the occasion of the king recovering from sickness and was first sung by the pupils of the St. Cyr girls' school.

**FIND INDIAN GRAVES UNDER LARGE MOUND**

**Archeologists Study Burial Pyramid in Ohio.**

Columbus, Ohio.—A large Indian mound near Bainbridge, Ohio, is being sliced like a loaf of bread by exploring archeologists, who have found 30 Indian burials and a complicated internal structure.  
What appears to be an elongate earthen pyramid is buried under the external surface of the so-called Selp mound. Seen from the outside the mound looked merely like a great rounded heap of earth, 240 feet long, 150 feet wide and 30 feet high.  
Covers Indian Burials.  
The basis of the mound is a lower mound, shorter and narrower than the covering structure, rounded on top and covered with a layer of gravel. Presumably this lower mound was for ceremonial purposes, for under it are found the Indian burials. Covering this inner mound is a mass of earth with steeply sloping sides, like the roof of a house or a long pyramid, and over this in turn there is another mass of earth noticeably different from the "pyramid" in color and texture, which gives the outer mound its final rounded shape.  
Over this again is a layer of river gravel, thin at the top and thicker at the sides and held in place at the bottom by a wall of large stone slabs. All this great hill of earth was toil-somely built, many centuries ago, by Indians whose only way of carrying materials was in baskets on their backs or heads.  
Research Students at Work.  
The peculiar and puzzling structure of this mound has been disclosed only by the methodical system pursued in opening it. The work is being done under the direction of Dr. H. C. Shetrone of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical society. He has a gang of workmen and dirt-handling machinery at his disposal, in addition to a group of research students to do the more exact work.  
Every cubic foot of earth in the mound is being moved. He is cutting off the mound slice by slice, examining everything he finds as he goes. Before snow flies he expects to cut his last slice. Then he will put the mound back into as nearly its original form as is practicable.  
To date he has sliced off a little more than half the mound, and has uncovered about 30 Indian burials. Almost all of them are just above ground level, under the inner mound. A few are three or four feet higher. These were important chiefs, judging by the burial gifts found with them, which included great strings of river-mussel pearls in addition to the usual stone, bone and pottery offerings, and ornaments and weapons of copper.

**Use Fish Oil to Hold Poison on Fruit Trees**

Washington.—Insult is added to injury in the newest trick devised by Department of Agriculture scientists in their war against insect pests. Fish oil, never noted for its fragrance, is recommended by Clifford E. Hood of the bureau of entomology as an addition to the arsenic solutions sprayed on trees and bushes to protect them from the ravages of gypsy and brown-tail moth caterpillars.  
The oil is not expected to discourage the pests by its smell, however.—It is highly unlikely that the caterpillars even know it is there. Mr. Hood has found in his experiments that various oils used in paints will help to hold the dried drips of the poison sprays on the leaves much longer, and that after a summer of rains a considerable percentage of the arsenic will still be there, ready to do business with any caterpillar foolish enough to chew up the leaf to which it adheres.  
Linsed oil is even more efficient in this way than is fish oil, but it costs so much more that the fish oil is recommended as the economic happy mean.

**Cottage Life Satisfies Heiress to One Million**

Monticello, Ind.—Her heirship to \$1,000,000 bequeathed by her brother, Harry Frederick, of Humbolt, Saskatchewan, Canada, has not interfered with the life in a cottage of Mrs. Edward Music, forty-nine years old, of Monticello, Ind.  
Mrs. Music was washing dishes in her cottage when she received word of the fortune given her. She calmly finished the task. Now that she is wealthy she expects to continue her quiet life, and her husband will keep his job in a butcher shop. She says they do not care to travel and never desired an automobile.

**British Cabbies Stick to Trade as Old Men**

London.—Taxi drivers of New York are infants compared to their colleagues of London.  
Cabbies fifty and sixty years old are the rule rather than the exception here. The other day there was a collision between a taxicab, in which the earl and countess of Wharncroft were riding, and an omnibus. Testimony showed that the cab-driver was seventy-two years old, and has been driving in London for fifty years. When the motorcar came in he was one of the first to adopt the new mode of transportation.

**Philosogrin**

There is no peace in hymns of hate, nor in the road that isn't straight; there is no joy in lifting fobs nor per-petrating hold up jobs; there is no gain in drilling holes in men and letting out their souls. The good-for-evil stunt is great! Heap burning coals upon the pate of the guy who has done you dirt, and then stand back and watch it hurt! There may be profit in red gold, in robbing men but when you're old, and you've lost even self-respect, you know indeed your life is wrecked, and all the schemes you've put across have brought you nothing else but dross. The good will of your fellow men and love are better than much yen, and peace, when life's noon turns to shade, beats all the koeksies ever made.—Judd Mortimer Lewis in the Houston Post-Dispatch.

**Syrian Wedding Custom**

An ancient Syrian custom which is sometimes observed even at the present time is the assumption by a newly married couple of a royal status. On the village threshing floor is placed a throne on which they are seated daily for seven days, during which time songs and hymns in their honor are sung and poems recited in praise of their beauty, etc. Some leading Biblical scholars have divided the Song of Solomon into seven sonnets or idylls, which would furnish one for each day of the "King's week."

**Language of Diplomacy**

The French language was used extensively in Europe in the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries. The French literature was greatly developed and spread throughout the various countries, and persons of culture studied the language in order to be able to read the literature. Many foreign students were attracted to the University of Paris, and this also helped to spread the language. As a language for treaties and foreign intercourse among nations, French became general in the time of Louis XIV.

**Highly Dangerous**

While two gay spirits were giving an unusually hair-raising display of acrobatics at a recent flying pageant, and to the lay eye seemed to be trying their best, with the aid of some five hundred or so of horse power, to tear the wings of their frail steeds of sticks and canvas, a solemn voice came through a loudspeaker:  
"Would spectators be good enough to refrain from the highly dangerous practice of standing on their seats?"

**Seaweed Harvest of Importance in Japan**

Japanese soldiers do not give much trouble to the quartermaster's department. In the field they are capable of great endurance on a diet of dried rice, dried fish, dried seaweed, and pickled plums. The seaweed is wrapped round the rice and used as a "relish" to it. Given a tiny fire, a stewpan, and the rations mentioned, they are perfectly content, whatever the weather and however long the marches.  
Seaweed is grown specially for food purposes, being cultivated with as much care as any other crop. After the typhoon season, the women may be seen bearing great loads of young trees which have been stripped of their leaves, though all the small branches are left intact. These are drawn into the weed on the shore, acres of brushy saplings being arranged in long, parallel rows where the tide ebbs over them twice daily.  
Gradually, the green fernlike weed collects on the branches, and flourishes there until the farmers harvest it. It is then carefully picked over and dried for future use.

**Curative Power Long Ascribed to Flowers**

The forget-me-not was formerly known as scorpion grass, because the flower buds were thought to resemble the coiled-up serpent, and our forefathers, believing in the doctrine of signatures, supposed this to indicate that they would cure venomous stings. Vying with the forget-me-not in its sentimental associations is the lily of the valley, which also blooms in May, and is indeed sometimes called the May-lily. In the old herbalist's hey-day it seems also to have vied with the forget-me-not in curative properties. In the world of legend, however, the forget-me-not seems to have a distinct advantage, for whereas an angel scattered them for us, the lily of the valley sprang from the tears of a mere mortal, Eve, as she left the Garden of Eden.—Chicago Journal.

**God's Greatest Gift**

The Pall-Mall restaurant is a famous establishment in the Hay Market section of London. All prominent men and women go there at least once, it is only to inscribe their names in the "Album of the House." Patti was there once and wrote beneath her name: "A beautiful voice is one of God's highest gifts." Some time after Yvette Guilbert was there, and having read Patti's inscription wrote down: "An ugly, but expressive voice, is also one of God's highest gifts." She thought, no doubt, to have the last word. Chance would have it that Sir Rider Haggard dropped in one day at the Pall-Mall and started leafing the album. He smiled and in turn wrote something beneath his name. This was it. "Silence is God's greatest gift!"—Pierre Van Paassen, in Atlanta Constitution.

**DEADWOOD DICK NOT A KILLER**

**Famous Hero of Black Hills Says He Has No Notches on Gun.**

Sioux Falls, S. D.—How many notches are there on the unerring weapon of Deadwood Dick—otherwise plain Richard Clark, yet a resident of the Black hills—whose exploits, or imagined exploits, furnished the theme for hundreds of dime and other novels? Deadwood Dick himself answered this momentous question with the laconic words:  
"Not one."  
Then, as if he realized this was hard to believe, he added:  
"I tell the truth."  
This confession was made to Fred J. Croft, resident of the Missouri river section of South Dakota, who during a recent visit to the Black hills had the pleasure of riding with Deadwood Dick from Belle Fourche to Deadwood.  
Thought Him Bogus Hero.  
At first Mr. Croft believed the man beside him was some make-believe acting the part of Deadwood Dick of story-book fame, but old-timers who were present assured him that Deadwood Dick was the only original Deadwood Dick, scout and sharpshooter of Black hills stagecoach days.  
Deadwood Dick during the journey told the central South Dakotan much of the story of his life. How he piloted the first stage coach into Deadwood in 1876, almost two years after he arrived in the Black hills with early gold seekers. He pointed out the old stagecoach trails, and at one point on the journey pointed out two "shacks" in which he lived in those early and exciting days and where several of his children were born.  
Deadwood Dick is an old man now, but spry and active. Mr. Croft states he wore a splendid suit of buckskin.  
Deadwood Dick related to Mr. Croft now stagecoaches in the Black hills were first protected from Indians and road agents by outriders. These were horsemen, one of whom rode ahead of the coach and the other in the rear.  
The riders were "armed to the teeth," as were the two coach guards, one of whom sat beside the driver and the other facing the rear on top of the coach. Passengers were carried in the stagecoaches, as were also mail, express and valuables of all kinds. It was in the protection of their valuable cargoes that the scouts and guards became famous in the new West. This was before the days of the famous "armored treasure coach."

Deadwood Dick was asked: How many men did you kill? How many stage holdups were you in? How many times did Indians attack your party and kill and scalp all but you? How many times was your life saved only by the swiftness of your horse or the sureness of your trusty weapon?  
To all of these questions Deadwood Dick modestly replied:  
"Not one; I tell the truth."  
Some Given to Exaggeration.  
Deadwood Dick intimated that some of his "pals" during the early and exciting days of Indians and road agents were inclined to paint their experiences red with the blood of imaginary conflicts.  
In the dime novels and other literature of the period reckless writers credited Deadwood Dick with all kinds of deeds of valor, with routing whole bands of ferocious Sioux Indians single-handed, and with making road agents "bite the dust" before they had time to "tickle a trigger."  
If there was a shipment of gold to be sent out of the Black hills by stage, Deadwood Dick hauled it. First, because every one knew he was "true blue," and because he used his head and could outwit pursuers. He "knew the game" and could beat the other fellow at it.  
Old-timers say a close mouth was the greatest asset of a stage driver in the old days, and in this particular Deadwood Dick shone with considerable luster.

**Honeymoon Left Out, Bride Deserts Groom**

Boston.—William Alexander, possessor of a Scotch brogue, recited to Judge McCoole of the Suffolk Probate court the incidents of his married life of eight hours. He sought and obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. He said that he married his wife, Catherine, now living in Lowell, in that city in January, 1924. After the ceremony they went to the home he had prepared in Boston.  
As the hour of ten o'clock approached he suggested to her, "It's time to go to bed." She did not agree to this, he said, but he carried out his own inclination and retired. During the night he awoke to find her still absent and going to the kitchen found her sitting by the stove. He went back to bed and on awakening the next morning heard her telephone to her brother to come and get her. This the brother did.  
When asked for an explanation of this somewhat unusual conduct on the part of a bride, Mr. Alexander offered, "It was because I did not take her away on a honeymoon."

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