

**Odd Mixture Made of Business and Religion**

In uptown New York there is a negro church in which attending services is an all-day affair on Sundays. The congregation spends from eight to ten hours in the house of prayer, and meals and social circles interlard sermons and Bible classes.

Perhaps the most practical feature of the weekly gathering has to do with business. Members of the flock are invited to pass along their special wants to the pastor and he in turn proclaims them from the pulpit. Thus, if one has a piano or a parlor set for sale it may be described as alluringly as desired, the price mentioned and the name and address of the "brother" or "sister" broadcast. If one wants a job or a boarder the details are set forth in the same manner. Recently a case of theft was handled as follows:

"Mah dear brothers an' sistern, Miss Amanda Rose Abernathy has lost her beautiful pearl brooch—at least she likes to think it were lost, but she know the devil often find things for folks who ain't lost—so if any of you have found it, in such eventuality please return it to the lawful owner thereof. An' to save embarrassments and humiliations I would suggest that the finder of the lovely brooch put it in de little collection envelope."—New York Sunday Times.

**"Singing" Mud Rivers Alter Andes Skyline**

One of the most interesting features of the Andes, the great backbone of cordilleras covering the northern part of South America, says Nature Magazine, is its "singing" rivers of mud.

During certain seasons of the year rain falls in torrents, converting the foothills of the mountains into actual streams of flowing gumbo, and so rapidly is this erosion occurring, the whole outline of a chain of mountains may become unrecognizable in the course of a year.

The higher cordilleras, with altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, are being washed down at the rate of five feet or more a year, and it is believed that in a few centuries the Andes will be leveled and formed into vast plateaus like the hinterland of Patagonia.

The mountains are composed, for the most part, of glacial moraine, a mixture of powdered rock and clay. The winter rains carry this alluvial material down the valleys in a semi-liquid state and form vast plains. It gurgles with a musical sound like poured molasses.

**Flour From Corn**

Corn flour is corn meal ground and bolted until it is as fine as wheat flour. It is used in considerable quantities by bakers and as a binder in sausage making. During the World war it was widely sold as a wheat flour substitute for use in quick breads, cakes and general cooking, but it is not ordinarily found on the retail market. Some of the pancake flours on the market contain corn flour or fine corn meal, usually mixed with flour made of wheat, rye, barley or other cereals.

In England the term corn flour refers to the separated starch, which in this country is called cornstarch and which is used for thickening sauces and puddings.

**Lunch Away From Home**

Married men of Elbar, a Spanish town of 10,000 inhabitants, never go home for lunch. They have a local proverb which says it is unluckier if men lunch at home more than twice in their lives—on the day of their marriage and on the day of their death. Every man in Elbar, therefore, lunches at a restaurant or at the factory or shop where he is employed. It is believed the fact that most of the women work away from home during the day has given rise to the proverb.

**Pudding Is "Detoured"**

The mister had a boyish habit of visiting the pantry after the cook's departure and devouring all surplus sweets. One morning after a night's invasion of the pantry the cook asked her mistress:

"What you all want for dessert for dinnah?"

"I think the date pudding left from yesterday will be sufficient for today," said the thrifty wife.

"That pudding's been detoured by that meddlin' husband," was the irritated reply.—Indianapolis News.

**Peculiar "Insult"**

A Hungarian fruit dealer having a very large melon on his hands decided to use it for advertising purposes and accordingly he had the Hungarian coat of arms carved upon it with some minor variations and thus he put it on show in his window. The town officials were thrown into a panic by its presence and saw an insult to the Hungarian nation. They arrested the poor fruit dealer and took him into court, where he was promptly found guilty and sentenced to a fine or imprisonment. He appealed his case and the second court reduced his imprisonment to six months instead of a year, but gave him no alternative of a fine. His offense in each case was insult to the Hungarian nation.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

**AUNT SALLY, GARETH AND CHARLOTTE**

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

She had married Gareth without giving a thought of his past life. He had appeared and she had accepted him and that was all there was to it.

But they were scarcely past their honeymoon when that other life, from which he had seemed permanently detached, began to make intrusion.

They were having breakfast in their three-room flat, with its new fittings, when Gareth said:

"I've simply got to go and see Aunt Sally. I can't neglect her another minute."

The name as she heard it was not unfamiliar to Charlotte. Two or three times she had found Gareth writing letters and when she had asked him, according to her new rights, who was to be the recipient he had replied: "Aunt Sally." And now here was Aunt Sally again, cropping up at the least warrantable moment.

"Bother Aunt Sally!" Charlotte said.

Gareth looked straight at her. She was so pretty, so bewitching, all pink, pink negligee, pink bouclé cap with a knot of pink ribbons over her left ear, and pink cheeks. She had been his wife for a month and three days and he adored her. Still he didn't like her saying, "Bother Aunt Sally!"

"You don't understand about Aunt Sally," he said quietly. "You've never let me tell you about her. But you'll like her when you know her. We'll take the week-end and go to see her."

Charlotte dipped into her cereal with dainty indifference, selected one tiny morsel and carried it toward her lips. Then she paused. It was her prettiest pose. No silver-sheet star stimulating breakfast could have done better.

"I shan't go," she pouted. "I hate old women. And you won't go, either. You'll stay with me, won't you, Babe?" she smiled upon him.

But Gareth did not smile back.

"Don't fool!" he said with finality. "I'm going and you're going with me."

"But, of course, I shan't," Charlotte did not like being told to do things. At home she had been a petted infant. She did not like the big boss idea in husbands. Hitherto Gareth had submitted to her every whim. He'd have to now. That old Aunt Sally! She hated her.

Gareth leaned forward across the table with one of his most direct looks. His chin had an odd thrust-out look.

"All right, my dear. You may stay at home, but I shall go," he said.

All day Charlotte was sure that he would change his mind before night. And when night came she was sure that he had. For he said nothing about Aunt Sally. Neither did she.

Two days more passed. Then on Saturday he came home to lunch with the week's work finished. She was putting the last touches to the salad when she heard him doing something in the bedroom. She went to see and found him packing a bag.

"Why, Gareth Warren! What are you doing?" she gasped.

"Packing my bag," he replied.

"But what for?"

"I told you several days ago. I'm going to spend the week-end with Aunt Sally."

He had then not given up at all! Charlotte stared in amazement, trying to understand this new phase in his nature.

"Oh, Gareth! You won't leave me!" she wailed.

He smiled upon her.

"No, I'll take you with me if you want to go."

So she went. What else could she do? But she went unwillingly, protestingly, with a grievance against her big boss and with her heart distilling hatred for Aunt Sally.

After a four-hours' journey they alighted at a small station. Gareth took her arm and the bag and they walked through the cool, tree-shaded village streets till they came to a small gray house with a trumpet vine beside the door. Gareth went in without knocking.

"Aunt Sally! Aunt Sally!" he shouted.

They found her in the kitchen—a tiny, white-haired old woman with wistful blue eyes behind spectacles. The spectacles had to come off on account of tears as Gareth enfolded her and kissed her.

"And this, Aunt Sally, is Charlotte," he said.

"You dear child!" Aunt Sally expected to be kissed and Charlotte had to do it. She felt a little thrill somehow when those blue eyes turned upon her.

They had supper immediately, cold sliced meat and thimble biscuit and fruit cake and fresh applesauce—all very plain and delicious. Afterward Gareth wiped the dishes, with one of Aunt Sally's aprons tied round his waist. They had great fun over it and Charlotte went out and found a cat to play with and left them together.

As the moon arose they sat on the porch, and Gareth and Aunt Sally talked. Charlotte smelled the white jasmine in the garden and watched the moon and was silent.

At an early hour they went upstairs to the best chamber. But before they entered it Gareth leg Char-

lotte to another room, a small room, with many boyish belongings. Snow-shoes and fishing rods on the wall, school banners over the bureau, old books, shells, stones.

"This," he said, "was my room, and Aunt Sally has kept it just as it was."

It was a crowded, ugly little room, Charlotte thought, and it did not construct for her that other Gareth, the boy who had lived there.

"It smells musty," she said with a laugh, and went to the well-aired guest chamber.

They went to church next morning, a drowsy proceeding, only enlivened for Charlotte by the curiosity her entrance occasioned. She had worn her orchid organdie and looked charmingly bridlelike.

Dinner was a dull affair. There was chicken—for it seemed Aunt Sally had been expecting them—chicken and biscuit and mashed potatoes. Afterward Gareth begged leave of Aunt Sally to go to look up an old boy friend.

For the first time Charlotte and Aunt Sally were alone together. It was an awkward situation. Charlotte could see that Aunt Sally felt it as much as she.

"Wouldn't you like to come upstairs with me? I want to show you some things," Aunt Sally said.

They went upstairs to Aunt Sally's plain white room. Aunt Sally knelt down before the old-fashioned chest of drawers, opened a drawer and began to take out things which filled Charlotte with amazement and wonder. A little yellow shirt, a worn baby shoe, a rattle, a tiny pair of knit mittens.

"You see, Gareth's mother died when he was born, and he came right to me," Aunt Sally was saying. "I was not married and there was nobody else to look after him. I may say I mothered him from the very start."

She sat there, the little silver-haired old maid, with Gareth's baby things in her lap, dwelling upon them fondly.

Suddenly Charlotte could see him, sturdy, rosy, toddling in the little shoes. She took one of them in her hand. Her eyes overflowed. She kissed it.

Then all at once she was on the floor beside Aunt Sally and was kissing her, too.

"You dear little woman! What a lot I owe to you—my Aunt Sally!" she cried.

**No National Anthem by Act of Congress**

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is regarded as the national anthem of the United States. It is so recognized by both the War and Navy departments. However, it has never been made the official emblem by act of congress. The official regulations of the army say: "The composition consisting of the words and music known as 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is designated the national anthem of the United States of America. Provisions in these regulations or in orders issued under the authority of the War Department requiring the playing of the national anthem at any time or place will be taken to mean 'The Star-Spangled Banner' to the exclusion of other tunes or musical compositions popularly known as national airs. When played by an army band, the national anthem will be played through without repetition of any part not required to be repeated to make both words and music complete." The office of naval intelligence says in a communication to the Pathfinder Magazine: "The Star Spangled Banner" is the recognized national air of the United States. None others have official recognition. "America" is sung at church services aboard naval vessels." Thus it will be seen that "The Star Spangled Banner" is regarded as our national anthem, while "America" is regarded as our national hymn although neither has been so designated by act of congress.

**Finding Ships in Fogs**

Will the smoke screen, laid down to protect battleships, become obsolete and useless? Possibility that it may be suggested in a recent invention by John L. Baird, television expert, whereby an electric beam is made to penetrate smoke and mists and produce a sound whenever it meets an obstruction, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The nature of the obstacle is determined by focusing the beam upon a screen attached to the apparatus. Tests with the outfit on a coastal steamer running between Dundee and London indicate that the electric eye will be of great help in locating vessels in fogs, thus resulting in a decrease of maritime accidents, with a possible reduction of insurance rates as a consequence.

**What Youth Expected**

A family living in an Old York road town was upset over an injury to the paw of the family cat. The father took the animal to a veterinarian and the children, three young boys, insisted on making the trip. Their mission was successfully accomplished and they returned home to tell mother all about it.

The second son, who is six years old, said: "Why mother, that cat doctor was a man." His mother asked: "Well, John, what did you think he would be?" The sober and disconcerted reply was: "I thought he would be a big cat." Daddy laughed at the idea, but Johnny cried and said: "Well, Thomas thought so, too." Thomas, the older son, refused to commit himself.—Philadelphia Record.

**Had No Change**

The other day a man stuck his head out of a trolley window at Market street and whistled to a newsboy for a paper. The boy passed in the newspaper and waited for his money.

The man searched through his pockets one after another. A look of dismay suddenly clouded his countenance. All he could find was a \$5 bill. As the trolley began to move, the newsboy trotted along at the window still waiting hopefully for his money.

He ran with the car at least half a block before his customer realized that he had no change. The paper was sorrowfully handed back to the newsboy, who "cussed" so loudly that several of the young women near by had to muffle their ears.—Philadelphia Record.

**Bald Heads Rapped**

One Sunday morning Joseph Bucklin Bishop heard Henry Ward Beecher preach a stirring sermon to a great congregation. After a specially eloquent passage the preacher paused a moment and then continued:

"The churches of the land are sprinkled all over with bald-headed old sinners, whose hair has been worn off by the friction of countless sermons that have been aimed at them and have glanced off and hit the man in the pew behind."

That was a trying moment for the bald-headed men present, comments Mr. Bishop in "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years."

**Their Three Selections**

Aunt had written the children to write to her and tell her the three things they most desired for Christmas. Then, she said, she would select one of the three for their gift from her. Marjorie, being the older, wrote the following:

"Dear Aunt—We were tickled to get your nice letter and I will now tell you the three things we want most for Christmas. Buddy wants three bicycles and I want three wrist watches. These are the only three things we can think of. With love Marjorie."—Kansas City Star.

**Get Rid of Troubles**

People in Korea seek to rid themselves of all their distresses by painting images on paper, writing against them their troubles of body or mind, and afterward giving the papers to a boy to burn. Another method of achieving the same object is to make rods dolls of straw, stuff them with a few copper coins, and throw them into the street. Whoever picks up such an effigy gets all the troubles and thereby relieves the original sufferer.

**The One Sane Man**

Out of every ten people alive today at least five (at a conservative estimate) have at some time or other wanted to act in a play. Of the remaining five, three have had the urge to write one, while one, at least, has had the urge to direct or produce one.

The tenth man does not believe in this kind of magic at all. He is quite convinced that the other nine are crazy.—Leslie Howard, in Vanity Fair Magazine.

**Inspect Your Car.**

"Keep the inspection sticker on your windshield during the month of May," is the advice given to motorists by the Keystone automobile club.

"It is," says a statement of the club, "our information that the Pennsylvania Department of Highways will follow up the 'Save-a-Life' campaign by making an intensive drive on mechanically unfit motor vehicles after the inspection period comes to a close Monday, April 30."

"Those who have complied with the proclamation of Governor Fisher to have their machines inspected, and who carry stickers on the windshield attesting to the inspection, will have little to fear from the operation of the State Highway Patrol. Those who fail to show the sticker may be subjected to inspection on the highways, under authority of the new Vehicle code."

"Of course, the presence of an inspection sticker is no guarantee that the motor vehicle is in safe condition. The sticker simply shows that the owner has had his car inspected and that at the time of inspection it was mechanically safe."

"Only constant attention will keep motor vehicles in roadworthy condition, which is the primary object of the campaign now drawing to a close. Motorists who fail in this requirement can have no valid complaint if they are prosecuted by the State. It is to their interest and safety as well as to the public interest that all cars operating on the highways are in condition for safe travel."

"Only about half of the State's 1,600,000 motor vehicles have thus far been inspected. The reports indicate that of these only 44 per cent are in proper mechanical condition. The need for overhauling of the State's motor cars is thus made strikingly apparent."

**Dancing is Dangerous Says French Physician; Dislikes Black Bottom.**

Dancing is a dangerous sport, according to a well-known French doctor who condemns modern steps such as the Charleston and Black Bottom.

Writing in the 'Comedia' he says that the knee is especially liable to serious injury because the new dances call for movements for which it was never fitted. It is a one-way joint, rather like a hinge in the center of the lever formed by the upper and lower leg, and is only adapted to allow the leg to be bent backward from the center. In attempting to bend it

sidewise there is a serious risk of dislocation.

Even ordinary dancing imposes a strain upon the knee and ankle joints, according to the French doctor, and any increase of this strain results in painful consequences. Five thousand cases of sprained or dislocated knees have come under his notice recently, all of them due to the modern dance craze.

**Lindbergh's Feats Draw Men to Army Aviation.**

That the deeds of Charles Lindbergh have served to stimulate interest in aviation to a remarkable degree is shown by the fact that before Lindy made his epoch-making trip to Paris an average of only twenty applications a week was received for admission to the flying school at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, whereas the average is now more than two hundred a week, according to Brig. Gen. Frank P. Lahn, commander of the air training center of the army. This increase in number of applications came immediately after Lindbergh's transatlantic flight and has been steadily maintained ever since. There are now admitted to the primary flying school 600 students a year, as compared with 300 cadets a year before the law known as the "five-year program" was enacted.

If the bill now before Congress becomes a law, the three existing army flying fields at that place, Brooks, Kelly and Duncan will not only be expanded, but a new flying field to embrace 2,400 acres will be established twelve miles northeast of San Antonio. The provisions of the pending bill authorize the expenditure of \$1,856,000 for buildings. It would provide room for many additional cadets, and it is stated that to the new field would be moved the aviation force from March field, situated near Riverside, Calif.



**Feel Tired and Achy?**  
**Too Often This Warns of Sluggish Kidneys.**

LAME? Stiff? Achy? Sure your kidneys are working right? Sluggish kidneys allow waste poisons to accumulate and make one languid, tired and achy, with often dull headaches, dizziness and nagging back-ache. A common warning is too frequent, scanty or burning urinations. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of bodily waste. Users everywhere endorse Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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