

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A Week-end Tour Over Fine Highways, Into Historic Spots and Natural Grandeur.

The following interesting story appeared in the "Men and Things" column of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin last Tuesday. We publish it because it is good reading for even those whose pride is not touched by the glorification of the environment in which they live.

While the tour was made by the writer of "Men and Things" from Philadelphia to Centre county and back, it would be just as charming if turned around the other way.—Ed.

Philadelphia who like to spend their week-ends on the road can lay a basis for more intelligent comprehension of the resources and beauties of the great State of Pennsylvania by making a trip up to State College over a grand circle of paved highways.

Presumably the Philadelphia knows his suburbs, and will find his way to Downingtown via the Lincoln Highway without a map. Just after passing the old paper mill and crossing the Brandywine East Branch, turn left onto the old Horseshoe Pike.

The route lies over the new bridge straight through Harrisburg to the Susquehanna. Turn there to the right and drive the length of the city along the beautiful embankment, with the blue Susquehanna at the left for fifteen miles to Clark's Ferry.

You are now in Perry county, which lies between the Kittatinny and Tuscarora ranges, and at Millersburg will enjoy the prospect of towering Tuscarora Mountain, with the Juniata's brook stream winding at its foot.

Near where the Juniata bursts out through Jack's Mountain from the Kishacoquillas Valley into the Lewis-town Valley, was the original home of Logan, Mingo, chief and orator, son of Shikellimus.

At Lewistown turn to the right and leave the Juniata for the Bellefonte Trail. Six miles or more from Lewistown, at Reedsville, is Logan's Spring, Potter Mills commemorates James Potter, one of Washington's brigadiers, and one of the first settlers in lovely Penn's Valley merge into one at the southwest end of this county, which is Centre.

Winding down from Seven Mountains through the quiet settlement of Centre Hall the route approaches Nittany Mountain, over which it passes through Logan's Gap. At the summit it will pay to draw aside and rest. There is no more majestic view in Pennsylvania, land of scenic splendors innumerable, than this incomparable sweep of miles of Penn's Valley encircled with frontiersmen should have chosen the valley for their homes.

At Pleasant Gap turn left for the nine-mile run to State College. Enroute the feature of the valley is a

towering building of cut stone on a hillside to the right. From a distance it looks like a castle, or a vast fortress. It is the new branch of the Western Penitentiary at Rockview, where all electrocutions are performed and where George Allen, once lord of the Media hoosegow, is warden.

It is only a short run to State College, and there the Philadelphia not already informed of this great State institution is due for a surprise.

Four thousand young men and women and more than 800 teachers. A modern town of 3,000 or 4,000 all year population. A great university plant, constantly growing—a splendid new gymnasium just finished—and schools of arts, science, engineering, agriculture, journalism, and all the departments of education. Here is the place to come for information about chemical problems, and the latest kinds of fertilizer. If you are on intimate terms, somebody may even take you to visit Jessie, the College Farm's pet calf, who has a pane in her tummy. Kindly scientists have actually arranged a neat little window through which they keep tabs on Jessie's digestion, and occasionally extract samples of her meals at various stages of the process.

Back from State College to Pleasant Gap. It is only four miles farther north to Bellefonte, which has given the State three Governors, Curtin, Beaver and Hastings. Here is an old town, with an academy dating back to 1805. Its courthouse is a gem of colonial architecture. The big spring dwarfs the Lahaska spring, with something like 12,500,000 gallons a day. And in the Spring Creek below the big spring, you may see trout as long as your arm, rolling in the current and waiting for someone to toss them a handful of hamburger. Bellefonte doesn't let anyone fish for them, and they are as tame as barnyard chickens. The big fellows are the brown variety, but there are plenty of speckled beauties that would stretch a two foot rule to measure them. There is a State Trout hatchery on Logan's Branch between Pleasant Gap and Bellefonte.

Bellefonte is the place for Saturday night, if one prefers hotels. But every hamlet offers plenty of beds for tourists. The trip back to Philadelphia can be varied to suit time and inclination. One can go on from Bellefonte to Lock Haven and Williamsport, and take a choice of various routes from there. Or, with the beauty of Penn's Valley at evening lingering in the mind, perhaps it would be preferable to retrace the few miles to Pleasant Gap, turn the prow of the old boat up the winding defiles of Logan's Gap, and roll out on the summit of Old Nittany in time to catch the valley bathed in the sunlight of early morning. It is one of those sights that invites revisiting, not once but many times.

A short run down into the valley through Centre Hall just after you cross the railroad, if you stop and look carefully you will find on the right the remains of an old fort. It is locally known as Potter's Fort. It was from his home here that Potter was driven by the Indians and joined Washington's Army to become a brigadier.

A famous resort at this point was McCoy's tavern, stopping place of thousands of weary travelers on the Lewistown and Bellefonte road and the Northumberland and Penn's Valley road, which intersect here. The home route lies to the left on the Old Northumberland road, which leads to the Susquehanna West Branch at Lewisburg.

The first survey of Penn's Valley was made by William Maclay in 1766, in the name of Henry Montour. About four years later Reuben Haines, of Philadelphia, owner of a large tract of land in Buffalo Valley, to the east of Penn's Valley, cut a road from the hollow just above the Northumberland bridge over the Susquehanna up along the Buffalo Valley, and through what is called the Narrows, into Penn's Valley. It is along this old road, now nicely paved, that the route lies, by way of Spring Mills, Millheim, and Hartleton. We drove through Millfintown and Lewistown. Shortly after passing through Hartleton one comes to Millfintown and in a few miles across the long bridge over the Susquehanna into the borough of Lewisburg. At Northumberland is the confluence of the two branches of the Susquehanna.

It is only a short run down the river to Sunbury, where Front Street leads along the embankment down to the middle of the city. Then, from the square, it is a straight run out to the road that leads to Shamokin, nineteen miles away.

The Shamokin, Mahanoy, Line and Mahatango ridges furnish rugged scenery and the anthracite towns enroute with their mountains of culm, give the landscape a peculiar cast unlike anything else. The country east of the Susquehanna contrasts sharply with the verdure of Penn's Valley and the green hills of Centre county. Shamokin was a Six Nations stronghold, and Governor Morris, of the Province of Pennsylvania, built Fort Augusta there in 1756. The road takes one through Shamokin, Kuparuk, Mt. Carmel, Centralia, Ashland, Frackville, and into the thriving anthracite center of Pottsville, capital of Schuylkill county. Nobody can travel it without getting some idea of the magnitude of the coal industry. There are tipples, and breakers and washeries everywhere. The mountains of culm are fairly as big as the mountains of rock. But there are some whopping mountains of rock. Locust Mountain at Ashland, for instance. William Scull's map of 1770 shows coal at three places: near Pottsville, and on the bank of Mahanoy Creek at Ashland. The Six Nations Indians didn't drive much of a bargain when they sold what is now Schuylkill County and a lot of other land for \$2,500 in 1749. If they had stuck to the land, they might

have been richer than the Oklahoma Osages with their oil wells.

From Pottsville, follow the Schuylkill down, down down to Reading. The descent is winding and in some places steep. Mt. Carbon is picturesquely coal-dust clad. Schuylkill Haven reminds one of the palmy days of canal-boating. Here and there are bunches of rotting derelicts that once hauled coal down to Fairmount. Orwigsburg takes the mind back to George Gottfried Orwig and his wife Floria who planted their home on Sculp Hill in 1747. And by way of Orwigsburg, Hamburg and Leesport one comes down to the busy Berks metropolis of Reading. Straight down to Perkiomen street and to the left, to the Reading Pike, to Pottstown, through Trappe, past the old Muhlenberg church, through College Ursinus College, across the curious arched bridge over the Perkiomen, recently widened but its ancient French spans in nowise impaired or changed, and the Ridge Road leads to Norristown and Philadelphia. A round four hundred miles of Pennsylvania, and a wider knowledge of our State. Perhaps it is pertinent as we swing down Green Lane from Roxborough to Belmont avenue to remember that while the river we have followed from Pottsville to Philadelphia was christened Schuylkill by the Dutch, to the soft tongues of the Delaware and Iroquois it was always the Man-al-unk.

HIGHWAY FORCES GETTING READY FOR TOURIST SEASON.

Spring house cleaning along Pennsylvania State Highways is under way.

Maintenance crews are busy brightening up guard fence posts, which are an aid to night driving and serve as guides in foggy weather. Enough guard fence lines Pennsylvania Highways to encircle the entire State, along the borders, with enough left over to enclose the William Penn and Lincoln Highways, both sides, for their entire length.

Pavement markings have increased in number and design so that maintenance crews have work throughout the season touching up and remarking. First of the pavement markings are the white center line, which indicates approach to a danger point and forbids passing another vehicle. Such lines are found at curves, hillcrests, crossroads, and junctions and railroad crossings. At the latter point the line is to remind drivers that two cars may not cross the tracks abreast each other.

A special design marks railroad crossings well in advance so drivers have time to get the car under control. The "RR" imposed on a rail-and-crossies design, leaves no doubt that a crossing is just beyond. To make doubly sure, metal signs and blinkers are erected at many points.

The word "SLOW" in a frame on the pavement is used at many types of danger spots. As at many types the pavement is used at many types of danger spots. As at many types the pavement is used at many types of danger spots. As at many types the pavement is used at many types of danger spots.

PHEASANT EGGS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED FREE.

All persons desiring ringneck pheasant eggs from either of the two State game farms, recently acquired by the Board of Game Commissioners, must make formal application on regular blanks supplied by the commission. These application blanks can be secured either at the offices of the board at Harrisburg or from the various county game protectors.

Full instructions governing the hatching will be furnished with each shipment of eggs.

THE POPPY.

According to mythology, the poppy was created by Ceres in order that she might forget grief in the sleep it produced. The Romans regarded the flower as a symbol of death and dedicated it to Somnus, god of sleep. Superstition looks upon the poppies that bloom on battlefields as the blood of the slain soldiers. A strange fact about the flower is that it does not agree with other blooms, and if placed in a bouquet with them will either wilt itself or cause them to wilt or both.

MUST NOT OPEN LETTERS.

Neither the postmaster nor anyone else except the person to whom the letter is addressed has the right to open a sealed letter. The division of dead letters is authorized to open letters which cannot be delivered, for lack of proper address. These letters when opened and the address of the sender is obtained are returned to the sender. If the address of the sender is on the envelope the letter is returned to the sender and is not sent to the dead letter office.

"She speaks fluently," remarked the girl to her companion at a movie-talkie.

"Naturally," replied her companion, "with so much 'flu' out there in Hollywood."

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

During the recent general conference of the United Brethren church, in session in Lancaster, Pa., a pilgrimage was made by the ministerial and lay delegates to the grave of Martin Boehm, the co-founder with Otterbein, of the United Brethren church. A monument was unveiled to his memory. Also, a journey was made to the Isaac Long barn and the birthplace of Christian Newcomer, the third bishop in the denomination.

The United Brethren denomination was born in this barn at the Otterbein-Boehm "Great Meeting," in 1766, when Philip William Otterbein, a distinguished missionary of the German Reformed church to America, and Martin Boehm, a zealous Mennonite minister, met for the first time. This meeting took place following unique personal religious awakenings and experiences of these two Christian leaders when they clasped hands and Otterbein declared, in the German language "Wir Sind Bruder." (We are Brethren). This was the real beginning of the church of the United Brethren in Christ.

The followers of Otterbein and Boehm, in order to conserve the results of these early evangelistic efforts, organized, through necessity and not design, the United Brethren denomination—the first church founded in the United States which is not an offshoot of another denomination.

The first general conference was held in Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, in 1815. Since then general conferences have been held at regular intervals. At this conference Rev. G. D. Botsford, Ph. D., of Dayton, Ohio, and Rev. Ira D. Warner, D. D., of Dayton, Ohio, were elevated to the positions of bishop in the church. Bishop Bell, of Harrisburg, and Bishop Kephart, of Kansas City, Mo., were elected to emeritus relationship.

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