

ON THEIR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

AT 6:30 P. M. Nell Cable looked out of the living room window and saw Sidney just coming round the corner. And Sidney Cable, hurrying home from work, looked toward the familiar window and saw Nell standing there, a welcoming sight in her blue dress. They had been doing this for thirty happy, helpful years. Only it hadn't always been the same corner or the same window.

Nell ran to open the door, and Sidney dashed in out of the rain. His face smelled of tobacco smoke and fresh air as he kissed her. Nell's face smelled of spinach, roast pork and apple dumplings, with a dash of rice powder. They smiled, glad to get each other back.

"Well?" she inquired.
"Good day, take it all round. What you been up to?"

"Curtains. Washed six pair. They dried beautifully. Hurry up and wash. The roast's getting overdone."

They sat opposite each other at the dainty table. They ate with keen enjoyment of the food. Nell was a good cook. They glanced at each other with satisfaction, two middle-aged married folk with graying hair, clear eyes, steadfast hearts.

"Rose was in this afternoon. She's going to have her dining room done in panels and change the draperies," Nell related. "Did you see Paul?"

"We lunched together as usual," Paul and Rose were their children, married and taking right after their parents. "Paul reminded me that we'd been married thirty years day after tomorrow. It don't seem so long!"

"Paul was our first anniversary present. And Rose came near being our third," Nell mused tenderly.

"This time we're going to celebrate," Sidney announced.

"What do you mean?"
"We're going back to Cedarville, where we started together; where I earned \$3 a week. And we tried heroically to save \$2! We did it, too—"

"Till Paul came. He upset our schedule," Nell laughed softly. "And Rose upset it still more. We had to have more money. So we pulled up stakes and came here. You've always been a good provider, Sid."

"And you've always been a manager. What say to the trip?"

They talked a lot about the trip. Nell got excited. She called up Rose and consulted with her, Sidney called up Paul and consulted with him. The children, too, became excited, for father and mother were dear old steadies who always stayed at home. You couldn't pry them off the front porch in summer or away from the radio in winter. Cedarville was a day's journey away, and to review old memories was something of an adventure.

Nell admitted that she had been itching to go back this long while. Cedarville called her louder and louder as she grew older. It must be something about the dear little white house where she and Sidney had set up housekeeping—

All next day they traveled toward Cedarville. They had seats in the pullman. Nell wore a trim tan coat and close-fitting hat that made her look almost girlish. Sidney might easily have been taken for a bridegroom. Their bags were new. Sidney read his newspaper and Nell tried to get interested in a magazine. But her thoughts strayed to that fateful day now almost a quarter of a century past when she had last come this way. Sidney carried Rose and the biggest satchel; she led Paul and carried another satchel. They were tired, yet eager and hopeful. Rose had the snuffles and it took a good many handkerchiefs to keep her little nose clean. And Paul was at the age where he asked a question every other minute. Sidney answered the child patiently, although his mind was busy with the whys and wherefores of the new job he was undertaking.

Evening brought them back to Cedarville. Cedarville, they found, hadn't been standing still in their absence. Cedarville had grown up. They taxied to a great new hotel. They were a bit bewildered by this lively new Cedarville. Not a soul they knew anywhere in sight.

Next morning they started out to find the little white house. Suppose it had burned down or been moved away or built over into some unrecognizable shape? Nell's eyes misted.

They found the street and it was much the same, for Cedarville had moved on toward the railway station. And they found the house. Nell grabbed Sidney's arm. She couldn't speak.

"Gosh—all-Friday! Look at that maple! It wasn't any thicker through than my finger when I set it out!" Sidney exclaimed.

Upon the front door was a sign "For Sale." They pecked in all the lower windows. It was so dirty and shabby. It needed mottling dreadfully. Nell, remembering how it had looked when she left it, felt a lump rise in her throat.

They went round and sat down upon the sagging back steps. Nell saw that the valley-lilies she had set out were a great patch now. She stared at them wistfully, recalling the April morning when she had set out the few plants somebody had given her. It was one of those times when their income and expenses refused to come out even, and they had only mush and milk for dinner. But what matter? They were young and healthy and happy and awfully in love.

Voices, steps. A child came first,

then a girl. The boy was sunny-haired, a gallant two-year-old in blue rompers. The girl, his mother, was young, eager, alive, and so pretty that one didn't notice how shabby were her dress and hat.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, startled. "I didn't know anybody was here! Were you thinking of looking at the house, too?"

"No," replied Sidney, while Nell hungrily eyed the child. "We're just resting for a bit, that's all. Hope we're not in your way."

"Oh, no!" The girl looked relieved, finding that they were not prospective buyers.

Meanwhile Nell had got hold of the boy, making friends by way of a candy she had found in her bag. He crunched the hard sweet with his white baby teeth and grinned.

"I've got the key here," said the girl. "The real estate man said I could come and look round. Maybe you'll like to go in with me?"

They went in. Nell carried Jimmie as they strayed from room to room.

"I don't know," murmured the girl. "The price is more than we expected to pay. But it's nice and quiet out here. Steve said I could go ahead and pick out a place. He's busy all day, and tired at night. I wish you folks would tell me what you'd do in my place."

"I should take it," Nell said promptly. "Of course, it's terribly dingy, but a little paint and fresh paper will change all that. Just tell the real estate agent that he's got to allow you something toward alterations. He will, I'm sure—Have you noticed this dear little corner cupboard? And this closet under the stairs? Just the place for your husband to hang away his coat. And wouldn't a red geranium look nice on that windowsill? Upstairs that small room over this one will be fine for the boy. And the sun will shine across his little bed all morning."

"I believe I'll take it," said the girl. "Did you notice the lilies and that splendid maple tree?"

"I—I believe I did," answered Nell. They went away leaving the girl with the house. But that evening they came back again. The moon was shining, they had planned to sit on the steps, but just as they approached the front door opened and out came a tall young man and a girl. They looked the door, their door, behind them.

"They were the nicest couple, Steve," Nell heard the girl say. "Just like what I hope you and I shall be when we get to be their age. You'd have thought they'd lived here once themselves by the way they knew about everything. If it hadn't been for her I don't know as I should have felt we could have it, but don't you see what a dear little home it's going to make us?"

"You're a wise little woman, Daisy," returned Steve.

In the shadow Nell squeezed Sidney's arm. She sighed thankfully. The little house was in good hands again, that was evident.

Finding the Best Birds Among Pilot Applicants

Some persons make better birds than others.

To determine what persons have sufficient birdlike qualities to make good flyers the United States Department of Commerce has recently appointed 300 medical examiners to test candidates for commercial flying licenses. Perfect development of certain special senses are required in the good aviator, says Hygeia in commenting editorially on the development of aviation medicine. The aviator must use his bodily organs for purposes for which they were not intended. The flight surgeon must pick men who will be competent in the air and must keep them in such condition that they will not fall through physical defects in their own bodies.

"More and more invention provides substitutes for the senses men have not developed, so that flying daily becomes safer," says Hygeia. "But the time has not arrived when anyone who wishes may pilot a plane as men now drive automobiles. Federal licenses are required for flyers between states, and many individual states are beginning to see the necessity for physical examination before issuing state licenses."

Where Man Falls Down

It may seem a bit odd, but a standing offer of \$1,000 to the man who will imitate the work of the bee and reproduce the honeycomb is still without a taker. Maeterlinck could write feelingly of the life of the bee. Bee Feister and James Whitcomb Riley could philosophize humorously, and fool the busy insects into doing double duty by shifting the hive from north to south and back again; experts are able to obtain honey in various favors by sending the honey gatherers into varied pastures and among different blossoms to do their stuff, but the construction of the comb continues to be the private and secret function of the bee himself. So far as making honeycomb is concerned man gives a fine imitation of the drone.—Lafayette Journal and Courier.

Ballroom Etiquet of 1860

In an old bookshop on the Strand, London, a collector recently found an old volume entitled "Etiquet of the Ballroom," published in 1860. Among its "rules" is this one: "The practice of chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor is not only nauseous to ladies but injurious to their gowns." Need for this one has been outlived but here is one still applicable to modern times: "Love-making is out of place in the ballroom."—Capper's Weekly.

Varieties of Spiders Have Communal Nests

Some spiders live in large colonies in close intimacy not only with spiders of different species, but with other insects. In Mexico in regions at an altitude of 2,500 yards, spiders are found that live in societies and construct common nests of large dimensions like the nests of ants and bees. The nests are in great demand among the natives of the country, who take fragments of them and hang them about their rooms as traps for flies and mosquitoes.

The nests are surrounded with threads that serve as hiding places in which the spiders lie in wait for their prey. All the insects caught are used as food for the colony. In the nests, which the spiders never leave for any reason or under any circumstances, are piled heaps of flies, yet the nests are kept with the utmost cleanliness. The public hygiene of the colony is looked after by a small creature treated with scrupulous respect by all the spiders. This infinitesimal being does for spider communities what the blind white wood louse does for ants. It is of the family of the Latricides; it lives in the common nest with all the spiders, nourishing itself on everything rejected and cast off by them.—Washington Star.

Cretans Were Liberal in Decorative Ideas

The Cretan decorators did not scruple to depart from a literal interpretation of nature if by so doing they secured desirable decorative effects.

If a monkey with a blue head suited their purpose better than a realistic monkey they showed no hesitation in altering it. This is the decorator's privilege, a sort of artistic license that has been taken by artists from those ancient times to the present.

Do not think that curious drawings and distortions are the product of amateurish hands. The Cretan decorators did not alter the apparent forms because they could not draw them correctly. It was done deliberately, to suit their scheme of decoration. Sometimes a naturalistic treatment of flowers and ferns was used.

When they liked they could give realistic interpretation and at other times conventionalize their subjects. When it suited their purpose they put in colors that nature never used in such places. These Cretan decorators were great craftsmen and artists. Their designs are studied by artists today.

Not Guilty

A man was charged with kissing a girl against her will, and during the proceedings the girl went into the box.

"You say," said the counsel for the defense, "that my client took you by surprise, and that you gave him no encouragement?"

"I do," replied the girl. "Doesn't it strike you as strange that he should have managed to kiss you as you were unwilling?" added counsel. "Look at my client, and then consider your own height. Why, you must be nearly a foot taller than he is."

"Well, what of it?" retorted the girl. "I can stoop, can't I?"

Chasing Woodchucks

The wise farmers, when bothered by woodchucks, resort to one of three methods in thinning them out. They insert either calcium cyanide or carbon disulfide in the chuck's burrow and seal it over. The fumes in a short time will penetrate every part of the burrow and Mr. Woodchuck is gassed to death. Another method is that of attaching a hose to the exhaust of a tractor engine or automobile and inserting down into the burrow, sealing the entrance and racing the engine. Carbon monoxide does the rest. Hunting chucks with firearms is a long drawn out job and has never been satisfactory.

Narrow Escape

A small child who much disliked milk pudding had been made to finish it before leaving the table. When she had at last eaten it she asked if she might get down.

"Yes, when you have said grace," said her mother.

"But I've nothing to be thankful for," answered the child sulkily.

"Very well then," said the mother, "stay where you are." This was too much for the child, so putting her two small hands together, she said, in a loud, clear voice, "Thank God I wasn't sick. Now may I get down?"

Not in His Line

While doing some historical research recently, an Indianapolis woman stepped into a cigar store seeking information concerning a tablet in the vicinity, supposed to represent the site of the first school building in Indianapolis.

In response to the woman's question, the man behind the counter returned politely, "We don't keep tablets, lady."—Indianapolis News.

Lost Walk in Spirals

Persons lost or blinded follow naturally walk in circles or spirals, not because one leg is shorter than the other, but because of a special "steering mechanism" that takes control when the eyes are unable to function as directing agents.

Art Treasure Brought From English Mansion

A fifteenth century window of stained and painted glass from the beautiful chapel of Hampton court, an ancient English mansion house, is at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Hampton court was built by Sir Roland Lenthall about the year 1435, a little more than a half-century before Columbus voyaged to America. Sir Roland, who built the mansion under the auspices of Henry VI, had become wealthy partly through the victory of Agincourt, where he had acquired a number of prisoners.

As was customary in those days, a chapel was a component part of the dwelling. It is thought that the glass was made by John de la Chambre pere, who painted much of the fine ecclesiastical glass of the period, notably the great St. Cuthbert window at York minster. It is interesting to note in this fifteenth century work that there is much plain glass inserted and then painted, although stained glass was widely used at the time. In this example, the hair and beards of the apostles are painted on. Above eight apostles—Peter, Andrew, James, John, Bartholomew, Matthew, James the lesser, and Simon—set in niches under painted canopies are figures of St. Francis and St. John the Baptist.

Excavators Work to Restore Ancient City

Excavators have done excellent work in restoring the wonders and beauties of ancient Herculaneum. Thus the missing portions of a fresco wall are no longer considered as irrevocably lost. No trace of destruction or ruin is left after the discovery of a building, and, as far as possible, no blank spaces are to be found in any mosaic or fresco uncovered. Wooden doors, windows, stairs and furniture are reconstructed or reproduced from the original surviving fragments, generally consisting of charred or carbonized pieces of wood.

Trees, plants and flowering shrubs, originally adorning gardens are identified from their surviving roots and replaced by new ones. Several houses have been unearthed, and most of them have been practically rebuilt. The carbonized remains of wooden beds and chests found in three cubicles rendered possible the reconstruction of the original furniture.

A swimming pool faced with marble, a water tank covered by an iron grating, a ladder leading to a slave's bedroom in an attic, shutters meant to keep the glare of the sun from cool marble halls, have all been reconstructed.

Flower Cultivation

It is not possible to answer definitely as to when wild flowers were domesticated. The ancient Egyptians, Greeks, Assyrians, Romans and Chinese cultivated flowers for use and pleasure and propagated many plants. One of the most ancient examples of cultivated plants is a drawing representing figs found in the Pyramid of Sph in Egypt. Authors have assigned a date varying between 1,500 and 4,200 years before the Christian era. The first notions concerning gardening were introduced into Japan by the Koreans in 604 A. D. In China, 2700 years B. C., Emperor Chennung instituted a ceremony in which every year five species of useful plants were sown.

Materialistic

Mrs. J. had become weary of the noise that accompanied the play of her two young sons, especially since there seemed to be indications that a slight quarrel was developing.

"Boys," she cried in desperation, "she had been troubled with a headache all day, 'if you do not stop quarreling, mother may get sick and die, and then what will you do?'"

The boys stopped suddenly to consider the effects of such a tragedy. "I know what I should do," volunteered Jim. "I should go to Aunt Jane's, because she has such good peach preserves."

"I shouldn't," disagreed Charles. "I should go to Aunt Helen's, for I like strawberry jam better."

Tell Age by Scars

In the Botanic gardens, Regent's park, London, is a remarkable tree known as the "Kaffir Bread" plant. More than 1,000 years old, it is not, however, a native of Great Britain, having been imported from South Africa a few years ago. Nor is it very big. At its widest point the trunk is only 15 inches in girth, and the tree is barely ten feet high, yet it is known by the formidable name of Eucepharartos Altensteinii.

How can its age be told? This is done by comparing the number of leaf scars which cover the trunk with the number of fronds produced each year.

Presents of Mind

The small son of the house had just informed his parents that he had been dreaming during the night.

"Well, and what did you dream about?" asked his father.

"I dreamt that you gave me a peeling motor car, daddy," began the small boy, "and mother gave me a box of soldiers."
"But you know, dear, that dreams always mean the opposite."
"Oh, yes!" The youngster was unflinched. "But, then, I shall get the soldiers from you, an' mummy'll give me the motor."

MOST FIRE ALARMS GIVEN BY TELEPHONE

Subscribers Urged to Refrain From Asking Operator Location of Blaze

Every telephone, whether in the home or business establishment, is a potential saver of property—and often a saver of life—in case of fire. This is evidenced by the fact that a majority of the alarms turned in throughout Pennsylvania in recent years have reached fire companies via telephone, according to records compiled in many cities and towns.

Ignorance of the location of the neighborhood fire signal box, or its remoteness from the scene of the outbreak, are frequently responsible for the use of the telephone by persons sending in alarms. Telephoning an alarm has the advantage of enabling the person flashing the warning to designate the exact scene of the blaze. When a fire signal box is used, firemen are forced to proceed directly to its location, which may be some distance from the burning building.

To the farmer, the telephone affords the only agency through which firemen may be summoned hurriedly. Many farm buildings in Pennsylvania have been saved because telephones were available in the homes of the farmers affected.

In connection with the use of the telephone in case of fire, telephone officials have repeatedly emphasized the fact that subscribers should refrain from calling the operator to ask the location of a blaze.

If scores or hundreds of curiosity calls are made when a fire breaks out, it is impossible for the operator to distinguish between vitally important calls for ambulances, physicians or additional fire apparatus and the calls of the merely curious.

Life and death may depend upon the rapidity with which these emergency calls are handled and the switchboard must be kept clear to receive them.

Seismograph Notes Quakes of the Heart

Potsdam, Germany.—Lovers' hearts that pound like earthquakes form a familiar poetic simile, but German science is reported to be taking it literally.


The study of heartbeats by the same instrument used to record earthquakes, the seismograph, is a recent accomplishment of Dr. Gustav Engelhester, earthquake expert of the Geophysical Institute at Potsdam, near Berlin.

Placing patients on a heavily built couch connected to a special seismograph, Doctor Engelhester obtains records of every shock and quiver produced by the throbbing heart, precisely as though these were shock waves broadcast through the globe by an earthquake.

The doctor's seismograph magnifies by several thousand times heart shocks transmitted to it. The vibrations are then recorded on a moving strip of photographic film.

Physicians now study the action of the heart, Doctor Engelhester and his medical associates point out, by indirect methods, either by sounds or by electric changes.

The old-fashioned stethoscope or even an ear pressed to the chest presents one to hear the heart sounds and these now may be magnified and recorded by modern electric apparatus. Similarly the electric changes accompanying the heartbeat are recorded by the instrument called the electrocardiograph.



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Real Estate For Sale!

Estate of Clyde I. Blackford, Deceased

Farm six miles north of Howard, situate in Curtin Township, Centre County, Pa., containing 295 acres more or less. This farm was purchased with the idea of making a hunting and fishing reserve. It is ideally located. Two and one-half story frame dwelling and restaurant on East Bishop street, Bellefonte, Pa. This property is centrally located and restaurant has been conducted in this property known as the Blackford Restaurant for 50 years or more.

Estate of Emma E. Cooke, Deceased

Two and one-half frame house and lot with barn and necessary out-buildings, situate in Howard Borough, Centre County, Pa. This house has all the modern conveniences and is well located.

Estate of Edward J. Purdue, Deceased

Farm on the top of Purdue Mountain, three miles west of Bellefonte, situate in Benner Township, Centre County, Pa., containing sixty acres more or less, with a house, barn and all necessary out-buildings. This farm would make a very desirable summer resort and hunting camp.

Estate of Nellie E. Willard, Deceased

Three and one-half story brick house on North Thomas street, Bellefonte, Pa. This house is divided into six living apartments and has all the modern conveniences. This property would be a good, safe, conservative investment.

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