

TAKE "MAIL" FROM AIR MAIL

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ORIN struggled up the hill. Could she make it? There was her car across the corner but that letter had to be mailed. It was a very important letter and a striped airmail box was just ahead. Clutching tighter three packages, her favorite thin notebook and a bulky envelope, she tried to hurry.

She must catch the car. It would be ten minutes before there was another and she was hungry. She had an shopping and going back to that lawyer's office after those papers were one o'clock. Then suddenly all the stores had closed and she had the car taken and four cents in her purse.

She reached the box at last. One on the car, her hands went upward. There were still three people get on. The flange of the mail-car clanged as it fell shut. Now—maybe she could catch that car.

A young man faced her, hat in hand. "But that is an airmail box," he said quite reasonably, with a small note of protest in his undeniably pleasant voice.

In blank astonishment Lorin stopped. Why, he did not look like a masher. Of course, she should be angry, only she hadn't time. And he looked nice! He stood squarely in her way.

"Is there anything about me," she demanded in her puzzlement, "to indicate that I couldn't mail an airmail letter?"

"Then why didn't you?" His tone was only interested inquiry as she led to edge around him.

Lorin looked down. The air letters, as in her hand.

"Oh," all the assurance went out of her in a long gasp. "I've mailed my note book!" She looked at him, the mail box. "What can I do?"

He stepped to the box, ran his finger down the schedule.

"It says here that the next collection is at 7:10. We could wait. It's quarter past six now."

"But I'm so hungry," cried Lorin in small, involuntary wail as her car came past. Then she stopped in horror at what she had done.

"I was just going to suggest; this looks like a nice little place. Please, my hungry myself," and he led her ordering at her own doctility, into the small corner restaurant and up some stairs to a balcony.

"We're in luck. Here's a table at a window. We can watch that mail box from here." He helped her out of her coat and held her chair for her.

"The food was good. She couldn't help eating.

"You've a great little town here," he told her. "I'm just in from the last. I like it already." He smiled across at her.

"I don't know what to think of myself"—she stirred uneasily—"I—I never did anything like this before."

"Neither did I!" He passed her the elery.

"The stores were closed—I couldn't cash a check. That unlucky letter," he laid it face up on the table. I mustn't lose it. It's to my cousin. He is selling some lots for mother."

"From where it lay he could not help seeing. "Mr. John Smith" in a business block in Baltimore.

"May I take you home when we have here?" he asked after a pause. There was a queer little quirk to the corner of his mouth.

"No." She stiffened instantly.

"I'd like to very much," he persisted quietly. "There is every reason why I should."

"There isn't a ghost of a reason," he informed him uncompromisingly. I don't even know your name. I suppose it's only what I might expect after what I've done." She laid down her fork miserably.

"Please eat your dinner. My name," he went on cheerfully, his eyes on the letter, "is—Mr. John Smith."

"H'm. Yes. Mine is Jane Brown." she went on eating.

"Please, Miss Jane Brown—" "My mother," she told him gloomily, would faint on the threshold."

"Your mother would be glad to see you. Look! He shoved back his hair, pointing to the street below. He's early." The mail truck was stopping on the corner. "Sit still. I'll go." He snatched up the letter and vanished down the stairway.

Lorin leaned forward and saw him stieve her notebook. How strong and sure he looked. What fine poise in his whole figure, his well-shaped head. Both he and the postman were laughing.

Then he was back. He laid the notebook beside her plate.

"Did you mail my letter?" "Oh, assuredly," he laughed, "irrevocably—by the fastest air mail you ever saw in your life. I might say instantaneously. Can't you imagine that Mr. John Smith has it in his possession this minute?"

"You are too old—or too young—for such flights of fancy," she answered severely. "How did you get past the cashier?"

I gave her a ten, a quarter and two pennies to hold. Then I got them when I came in." He spread them out on the table, fingering the ten experimentally. "May I call a taxi for you?"

She shook her head. The meal progressed, her thoughtful silence

facing his amused one across the table.

"How do you know," he asked as they came out on the street, "that I won't be right on that car with you?"

"I don't. I'll just have to trust you. I really do thank you for the dinner and for being a gentleman so far." She looked squarely up into his eyes.

"You win," he said softly and helped her on the car. Then he stood back watching her through the windows, his hat in his hand.

But when she got off at her own street a taxi was following. As she turned up her own walk it stopped and footsteps hurried after her. On the steps she turned.

"You promised—" "I didn't promise anything."

"My mother—" "I told you your mother would be glad to see me!"

The front door opened. Her mother fell on his neck.

"Oh, John. I got your telegram about four o'clock and I knew that Lorin had mailed the letter to you. Whatever shall we do? I can't imagine—Lorin, did you mail the letter? I thought—"

John pulled Lorin through the doorway. Then he fished the letter out of his pocket, ran his finger under the flap.

"Yes," he said, "we mailed it."

Lichtenstein One of Europe's Toy Kingdoms

A comic opera kingdom, where goose girls drive snowy geese through winding lanes, and turreted castles top massive hills, has broken into print again through the announcement of the engagement of its ruler, Prince Franz, to a Viennese woman. Engagement announcements are not always of international interest, but Lichtenstein is famous as one of Europe's four toy independent states; San Marino, Andorra and Monaco.

Lichtenstein is next to the largest of its overwhelming area of 65 square miles: "A visit to Lichtenstein in its jewel-like setting in the eastern alps between Austria and Switzerland, is like a journey into the past," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Electric lights and other modern improvements do not detract from the picturesque quality of the countryside, with its wayside shrines and tall crucifixes or the famous castle, Burg Vaduz, the home of Prince Franz, with its gabled towers and mullioned windows.

"The winding roads that travel the small country's mountain sides are traversed as often by long strings of cattle or huge wagons loaded with hay as they are by tourists' automobiles," the bulletin continues. "Agriculture is the chief industry of Lichtenstein's 10,000 population and scenes such as those that inspired Millet's famous picture, 'The Angelus,' are common throughout the countryside. The farmhouses are either natural color wood structures that merge into the colors of the landscape or small, cheerful stucco affairs that resemble the Swiss chalets across the border. Hay is stored in wooden huts, whose roofs are kept on by large stones placed on them.

"Until the Seventeenth century Romansch, a language derived from the Latin, was spoken by the now German-speaking Lichtensteiners. The old language still persists in some of the place names like Samina, Gavadura or the capital, Vaduz.

"Vaduz is the fairy-tale castle or a story-book land. The old capital looks like a medieval robber baron's stronghold as it tops a hill overlooking the town. It has been restored in a Sixteenth-century style of architecture and the illusion of medieval life is helped every summer when the Lichtensteiners, dressed in raiment of ancient styles, put on old plays there depicting the lives and loves of the minnesingers, the famous bards of the Middle Ages."

Circus Old Institution

The circus may be traced back to Roman times. At that time it was a building for the exhibition of horses and chariot races and other amusements. The oldest building of this kind in Rome was the Circus Maximus. The circus in modern times, although having the same name, really has little in common with the institution of classical Rome. The popularity of the circus in England may be traced to that kept by Philip Astley in London at the end of the Eighteenth century.

Astley was followed by Ducrow and later by Hengler & Sanger. In America a circus actor named Rickerts is said to have performed before George Washington in 1780, and in the first half of the Nineteenth century the establishments of Purdy, Welch and company, and of Van Amburg, gave a wide popularity to the circus in the United States.

California Forests

It is generally conceded by those who know that the tree growths of California just north of San Francisco are the world's greatest, although there are many other beautiful forests.

The mild climate, heavy rainfall and generally humid atmospheric conditions that prevail along the coast have resulted in the production of a forest that is more wonderful in the density of its growth and the majesty of its development than is to be found anywhere else.

The sequoias of California are the giants of the vegetable kingdom. The Douglas firs, Sitka spruces and the giant arbor vitae (Western red cedars) of Oregon and Washington are second in size only to the sequoias.

Italy Makes Good Use of Vast Water Power

One after another the great waterfalls of the Alps and Apennines have been placed in subjugation by Italy, their water guided into huge, high pressure conduits and forced to turn giant turbines, writes Henry Kitredge Norton in World's Work.

Before the World war these turbines were already producing two billion kilowatt hours per year; during the war, because of the shortage of coal and the need for power, this capacity was increased by another billion kilowatts. After the post-war turbulence had settled down into the Fascist regime, a new impetus was given to electrical development, and by the end of 1925 the actual consumption had reached 7,500,000,000 kilowatt hours per annum.

Since then it has continued to mount. More than 7,000 of Italy's 8,000 communes are now supplied with electrical energy. The per capita consumption runs close to 200 kilowatt hours.

As was to be expected under the circumstances, by far the greater portion of Italy's electrical energy is used in turning the wheels of her factories. Lighting is a secondary consideration. Sixty per cent of Italy's electrical energy is used for motor power; 15 per cent for light and heat; 14 per cent in the metallurgical and chemical industries, and the remaining 11 per cent for the electrified railways.

Old Inscription Shows "Horse Age" Beginning

To the learned, century-old Academy of Inscriptions of Paris, Professor Hrozy, of Prague, has communicated his long-expected translation of what is perhaps the most ancient Hittite inscription. It is the first in any language that became European and was cut in the rock of Asia Minor not far from what is now Angora, the new capital of Turkey.

The value of the inscription—what it might call its curiosity—is that it gives the date very nearly when tame horses first appeared so far to the west. It was the beginning of the Horse age in civilization and is of melancholy interest to us who, 4,000 years later, are careering with our automobiles into the Horseless age.

It was supposed that horses were first brought to Egypt, mother of Civilization, about 1,500 years before Christ by the Cassites from Babylon. That was some 500 years after Abraham passed through the Hittite peoples on his way from Ur of the Babylonian Chaldees to the Promised Land. —Boston Globe.

Zinc in Industry

Starting with the Nineteenth century the increase in the use of zinc was decidedly accelerated. During the first decade the production was estimated at 8,000 tons. In the fifth decade the output had jumped to 367,000 tons, and for the half century the total was 635,000 tons. The output of the second half century reached the amazing total of 12,100,000 tons, or an increase of 1,800 per cent. The acceleration has continued, and in the year 1927 the output was 1,444,000 tons, a total equal to the production of the first 60 years of the Nineteenth century.

Nearly one-third of the entire world's output of zinc has been produced in the United States.

Starting Early

Wee Kathryn Lois, age five, has a "calory-counting mother" who quite often "slips," and has not yet attained her goal of a "perfect 33." Kathryn Lois has heard much talk about foods that make one fat.

One night mashed potatoes were served at dinner. Kathryn Lois pushed her plate back and said, "I don't believe I want any potatoes."

"Why, what's the matter, Kathryn?" asked her father, "Better eat your potatoes like a good girl; they will help you grow up big and strong."

"That's just it," retorted this modern miss, "I don't ever want to get to be as fat as mother."

Mother is counting calories in earnest!—Indianapolis News.

The Homestead

Brown—I shall do just as I like. If I want to smoke in the drawing room, I shall smoke in the drawing room. And that's that!

Silence.

Brown (warming up)—What's more, the carpet is good enough ash-tray for me. Quite good enough. So please understand in future!

Silence.

Brown (continuing)—And if you think I'm going to spend the whole afternoon standing about loaded up with parcels, you've made a mighty big

Problem: How long had his wife been deaf?

Expressed

An Irishman entered his local post office and told the young woman behind the counter that he wanted to forward an express letter.

He placed the usual fee on the counter, but was informed that an additional sixpence would be required as the addressee lived some considerable distance outside the delivery area.

The Irishman seemed rather puzzled at this request, but after a moment's hesitation, ventured:

"Well, you let the letter go as it is. I don't want to pay the extra sixpence, but O'll write to them an' tell them to go to the office and collect it."

HE DISCOVERED WHAT WATER IS

English Genius World's Most Timid Man.

London.—Any schoolboy fresh from his first chemistry lesson, will tell you that water is H₂O—a statement, by the way, with which modern scientists do not altogether agree. Not everybody, however, can say who first made that stupendous fact known to the world.

It was a millionaire bachelor, Henry Cavendish by name, nephew of one of the dukes of Devonshire. He was so shy that he kept many of his discoveries secret lest he should become famous, and they were only unearthed after his death; so shy that if he ever caught sight of one of his own women servants, she had to pack her bag and leave that day. He was so shy that when his banker came to tell him he had \$400,000 in his account—and wasn't that rather a lot to be idle?—he sent the man of business away, told him to do what he liked with it, but said he would close his account if they ever bothered him again.

He was so shy, says the London Mail, that having a wonderful library of books he was quite willing to lend he took a separate house in Soho, so that borrowers need never disturb his studies. Whenever he took out a book himself he always signed for it like any stranger.

Not only did he tell how water is made. He was one of the first to discover that heat is not a substance but a state; one of the first to measure the density of the earth; a pioneer of electricity, an astronomer, a geologist. Rusties at Clapham, where he had his country seat, peeped through his windows and saw, instead of furniture, a laboratory and a forge. They thought he was either a wizard or a madman; but he was merely a genius.

Air Post Office Designed to Sort 250,000 Letters

Seattle, Wash.—When the government desires to move all first-class mail by air, especially designed planes will be available for such service. A fully equipped airplane on display in a local plant will carry three tons of mail, or a quarter million letters, at 135 miles an hour.

Eighteen-passenger transports built for use on the transcontinental air route this summer are so constructed that they can be quickly transformed into mail planes. Sorting tables and sacks can be placed around the cabin for the distribution of mail en route, as is done on mail trains. These cabins are 19½ feet long, more than six feet high and five and one-half feet wide.

These newer planes have a wingspan of 80 feet and a length over all of 55 feet. Letter clerks will have their meals aboard the planes in well-equipped buffets electrically heated. Each plane is provided with a fully equipped lavatory with hot and cold water. Large, unobstructed windows of non-shatterable glass give excellent vision. Instruments mounted over the sorting tables would tell the clerks how fast they are flying and how much time they have to distribute mail for various cities en route.

Numerous applications for airplane mail clerk jobs are on file with the Post Office department, it was announced here.

Towns' Names on Roofs Guide Distance Flyers

Washington.—Remarkable progress in the movement to have name signs painted on the roofs of prominent buildings of towns throughout the country was reported by W. Irving Glover, second assistant postmaster general in charge of air mail, on his return from an inspection trip over the air mail lines.

The campaign was started by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics and postmasters have been enlisted to further the movement. Mr. Glover said he was surprised with the results already accomplished.

He said the people in the West were more interested in the air mail than those in the East.

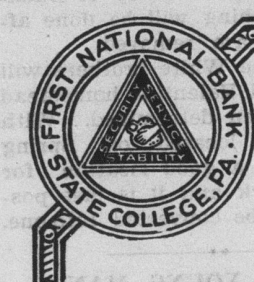
Four Finnish Spies Go to Prison in Russia

Leningrad.—Four men, charged with espionage on Soviet soil in behalf of Finland, have pleaded guilty in a military trial here. They were sentenced to eight years of imprisonment and confiscation of all their properties. The self-confessed spies are Yalmar Lemplanen, Edward Vesterlin, Solomen Uttu and Uri Reiman.

WAGES

HIGH wages depend on large output. Loafing on the job ends in unemployment. The man who does only one half of what he is capable of doing is a poor economist. He thinks he is cheating his employer but he is also cheating himself. He never gets ahead. Wages in the United States are higher than anywhere else. Why? Because the output is greater.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BELLEFONTE, PA.



How Will They Invest Your Life Insurance?

THIS is a question which many men may be thinking about right now. Better put it in Trust with this Bank as Trustee, and know that it will have safe investment and be paid as instructed.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
STATE COLLEGE, PA.
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM



We are ready

with the greatest showing of New Clothing for Men and Boys in the store's history.

Stetson and Mallory Hats

Nottingham and Griffon Clothes
for Men and Young Men

"Sonny Boy" Suits
for the Boys

Walkover Shoes for Men

all priced at a saving for you and with the purpose of making this store the Leading Men's Store in Central Pennsylvania.

A. Fauble