

UNLAWFUL DRIVERS MUST SHOW CARDS

Very youthful drivers of motor cars in Pennsylvania are required to produce operator's licenses, when entered by members of the State Highway Patrol, Commissioner Benjamin G. Eynon, announced.

It occurs to me—as it has undoubtedly occurred to you, that one of the effective means of dealing with automobile larceny is to check up the young drivers frequently for licenses.

THROWS LIGHT ON AUTO INSPECTION

Motorists are advised by the Keystone Automobile Club that it is not necessary to install "approved" rear lamps on their cars if the present with a white light and show a red lamp illuminate the license plate light that can be seen at a distance of 500 feet.

In the official inspection now under way, many inspectors have taken the position, according to the Club, that rear lights which are not on the State's "approved" list must be removed before an inspection sticker can be issued.

"We communicated with the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles," says a statement by the Club, "and learned that inspection stations had been advised that 'no active enforcement is contemplated at this time' on the ruling relating to 'approved' rear lights."

"Careful attention should be given to headlamps, and in checking rear lamps bear in mind that rear lamps should be in such a position as to illuminate the rear registration plate with a white light and show a red light to the rear."

FORSEES COLDEST WINTER IN YEARS

Major Charcot, French explorer, announces that the coldest winter ever is coming and advises every inhabitant to prepare his fur coat early. A most unusual movement of icebergs towards the south has been detected in the north which means that there will even be more shivering in these parts than the winter of 1928.

Good news, however, has come for the wine drinkers. The wine harvest is better in quantity and quality than that of normal years and this overproduction will have its effect on prices which, it now appears, have been kept up by speculation.

Now, it will be necessary to get rid of the old wine in order to make room for the new and already prices have come down as much as ten dollars a cask. The retailers will also be obliged to lower their prices, by at least a franc a quart.

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.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

Odd House Constructed at Behest of "Spirits"

The Palo Alto chamber of commerce says: "The Winchester house, in this city, was built by Mrs. Winchester, the widow of the famous firearms man, who was a spiritualist. She claimed the spirits told her she would not die as long as the sound of hammers was heard in her house, and as a result she kept building and building and changing and, when the spirits told her, left off one section half finished and started another."

Hard for Foreigners to Grasp Chinese Etiquette

Social intercourse in China is so complicated that the traveler from other lands often finds himself baffled completely when he tries to follow its intricacies. Every action, every gesture, every carefully worded phrase is replete with hidden meaning.

For instance, it is wrong to remove your hat when entering a Chinese home. It is an insult equally as bad as if, in this country, one did not remove one's headgear. Again, you should never offer a Chinese your hand to shake. You must shake hands with yourself, both on arrival and departure. If you are offered anything to drink, it is a breach of etiquette to touch it before the moment you are about to leave.

Sea Riddle Unanswered

If you were plumbing the depths of the sea in the Antarctic and your sounding machine came to a sudden stop at about 1,000 fathoms and as suddenly started again and ran on another 1,000 fathoms or so, what would be your explanation?

Twice this has happened in recent Antarctic exploration and the scientists who were present do not know how to explain it. A very easy answer would be that the sounding weight landed on a whale and then, falling off, resumed its bottomward journey.

But the trouble with this explanation is that 1,000 fathoms is pretty deep for a surface creature like a whale. Pressures are enormous down there.

Sugar and Hot Water

I read the other day a most interesting article upon sugar and its value and how it is being appreciated more and more as a producer of energy. It appears that coaches who train athletes in universities are allowing their trainees more sugar. In coming in from a tennis match on a very hot day I have been astonished to find how quickly one can be refreshed by a cup of hot water in which three or four lumps of sugar have been dissolved. It sounds like a dreadful combination to anyone not used to it, but its effect is felt almost instantly.—Helen Willis in the Saturday Evening Post.

Saved Clay Pigeons

A Richmond (Va.) sportsman returned from abroad and told of his visit to a clay pigeon shoot. Arriving at the traps he was surprised to see a great net spread above the ground at the far end of the field. Around the net stood a ring of boys. The mystery was solved with the first few shots. Nearly all the clay pigeons that the marksmen missed fell into the net unbroken. Those that missed the net were "caught on the wing" by the boys and brought back to the traps to be shot over again. The shoot was in Scotland.—Indianapolis News.

Birds That Cannot Walk

All members of the swallow family are distinguished by their small, weak feet which are used only for clinging and perching purposes. They cannot walk or hop on the ground. These birds spend more of their time on the wing than other birds and they feed chiefly on insects which they catch while in flight. Even water is scooped from ponds by the birds on the wing. Barn swallows and purple martins are the most common species of this family in America.

GETTING TO FIRST BASE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

HAL JUSTICE looked around nervously and settled his slender little body into the tree crotch more firmly. How had all these kids so suddenly found out that this was a good place to see the ball game? Most of them were about his own age, but they showed no friendliness after an indifferent glance toward him.

He could barely distinguish the bases. They were little white blurs in the distance and the men on them just animated four-pronged blotches, but he located first base and riveted his eyes on the spot. The radio announcer, whom the boys could hear clearly, would tell when the Bayshore Cubs took the field and Hal would watch every move of the first baseman.

The boy's heart swelled. He always forgot the hurt of it when he could watch his father play. He became lost in a hero worship that left no room in his mind for pain or doubt. Partly, twelve-year-old Hal understood Lou Justice's bitter disappointment over his son. A man could hardly help resenting this timid, retiring child who sometimes visibly trembled when his father spoke to him.

"He'll never even get to first base," Justice had said bitterly and Hal had overheard him. The boy wanted so desperately to please him that from very self-consciousness he appeared more awkward and diffident than he really was.

"Hey!" Hal's thoughts were interrupted by a freckled boy near him. "That's Lou Justice and he's hit a three-bagger! Oo-oo, watch it go!"

"He ain't gonna—yes, he is! No, he ain't! Beany, quit your pinching my arm! He did! I told you so! Saw it 'fore the old announcer did, too."

"He brung in two men for the Cubs, too! An' just wait'll he gets on first an' begins clawin' 'em down! The Bradenford Blues'll wish they was home with mommer."

It proved to be the best game Hal had ever tried to see. He had a much better idea of what was happening from the boys' talk than from the announcer's words. Somebody produced a pair of field glasses and Hal got one brief glimpse of the game through them. It made him gasp. Gee! What he could see if he had a pair of those things!

He began to see that his father was a sort of hero with these boys and he quivered with pride. A brief dialogue toward the end of the game arrested his attention. The freckle-faced boy demanded generally: "All of you goin' to the meetin'?" A chorus of assent answered him and Hal asked: "What meetin'?"

The freckled boy glanced scornfully at him. "You mean you don't know about the meetin' Lou Justice holds after a game? He talks to us just ten minutes and we gotta be under fifteen, too. An' tonight he holds a meetin' for them that's older. My dad says it's a fine thing. He says Justice is a fine feller to want to help kids instead of runnin' around in s-society."

For some reason this news of his father thrilled Hal even more than the game or the screeches of admiration from his companions. He would go along to the meeting. Maybe there'd be lots there. He wouldn't be noticed.

"It's gonna be," some one said, "in the Claybourne block—fourth floor. We gotta go up in elevators. Whoopee!"

Hal had never seen so many boys all together in one place. The big hall was literally filled to the doors and still they kept coming. Pretty soon everybody was standing to make more room, and presently Hal saw his father on a platform well above them, so that every boy could see his face. Hal's heart overflowed with pride. Tears streamed from his shining eyes, but nobody noticed.

They stood wonderfully still, that crowd of urchins, listening to the slow, clear speech of the baseball player. He used words they understood. He seemed to be talking to each one of them individually. Hal felt, in his own slender limbs, that he was stretching up to the stature of a man, for he was being talked to as if he were a man. There wasn't a bit of condescension in the friendly voice. At the last Justice told them to let each one try to think of something he could do before he went to bed that night that a good man would do—some little thing like holding the baby or getting in the wood or smiling at somebody you didn't like much.

As Hal sidled through the door he saw his father talking with some other men, though he turned to glance often and smile at the boys streaming past him.

There were five elevators in the Claybourne building, four in the front and one at the back. A half dozen boys who knew of the existence of the rear elevator detached themselves from the mass waiting about the doors. Hal followed them. He wanted to get out of sight as soon as possible. The rear elevator proved to be out

of order and a workman at the open shaft door warned the boys back. They retreated obediently along the corridor, but one of them turned when he saw the workman step out of sight.

"I always did want to look down a elevator shaft, an' now's my chance." He sped back while the others watched him uncertainly.

The thing all happened in a twinkling. The running boy clutched the elevator door as he tried to stop and it slid forward, swinging him by his own momentum into the shaft. His clutch slipped but he caught hold again and hung with his head just above the hall floor.

Hal had started running as soon as he saw the boy lose his balance. "Quick!" he commanded with a squeak of pure terror for the victim. "I'll grab him an' you grab me!"

It was done in a flash—five boys strung across the corridor floor, holding in safety the sixth who was all but helpless with fright. A painter on a step ladder, who had seen the whole thing, now overcame his paralysis and descended to drag the child in the shaft to safety. One boy, too frightened to obey Hal, had fled back to the assembly room sobbing, and the rescuers had hardly got to their feet when they were surrounded with men and the corridor was packing with curious children.

"I seen every bit of it!" the painter was explaining with awe in his voice. "I never see anything in my life move so quick as that kid in glasses. Why, he was ten foot ahead of the one next after him and it's God's own mercy that he weren't yanked into the shaft, too. He slid the last of the way on his front, just like he was making home base. Talk about your nerve!"

Hal hung his head in embarrassment, wishing desperately that he could get out of that place.

Lou Justice, his face first paling, then flushing, dropped a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Hal."

"Do you know him?" asked one of the men in surprise.

"My son," answered Justice. Hal heard a snort of astonishment near him and saw the freckled boy, his head thrust forward under a man's arm.

"Why—why, he was with us today an' he never said a word!"

"Why—golly, kids!" Language failed him.

They took a taxi home. It was growing dusk and Hal snuggled up ashamed into the arm about him.

"To think," Lou Justice was scoring himself, "that he had to risk his life before I guessed his quality." Aloud he said: "I guess you made first base, old man."

The boy's breath caught with pure happiness. After a time he asked: "Dad, did you ever look through field glasses? A kid up in that tree today had some and I could see everything just as plain!"

The arm tightened and Lou Justice was glad of the darkness that hid his blush of shame. After this—binoculars and a grandstand seat. Yes, and the front row at the meetings.

Color Given to Sea by Various Skies and Floor

What holiday maker has not noticed the color of the sea and marveled at it?

Why is the sea blue today and green tomorrow? Why is it leaden-hued sometimes and slate-colored another day?

Water in vast bulk has, according to scientists, a natural blue color. But its hue is controlled and modified by the changing skies and the composition of the sea floor.

Looking out to sea, you sometimes see a distinct color line, about a quarter of a mile from shore. The nearer water is greenish and that on the farther side of the line blue.

This is due to the depth and character of the sea bed. The sand near shore is yellow, and this gives a greenish appearance to the water; the green becomes blue as the sea bed dips and the marine vegetation upon the bottom thickens.

What part does the salt in the sea play in determining the color? It is probable that it tends to intensify the blue. Both the Mediterranean and the Gulf stream, which flows like an individual sea in the Atlantic, are very salty and of a deep and beautiful blue in color.

Off the coast of China the sea is quite yellow. This is because tons and tons of yellow mud flow into it continuously from the great rivers of China.

So, too, with the Red sea. The peculiar color is in this case the result of rotting vegetable matter in the water. A similar peculiarity is to be found in some South American waters.

Why is the Black sea so named? Because its waters are astonishingly dark—though not really black, but rather purple in hue. There has never yet been any scientific explanation of this strange characteristic.

The part played by the sky in determining the changing color of our coastal waters is easily understood. Clear blue skies lend the sea their beauty; and purple thunder clouds transfer their frown to the face of the waters.—London Answers.

Meaning What?

Ministers wives, as everybody knows, have a difficult lot in life, and a particular lady's lot so roused the sympathy of a friend that she remarked, "There ought to be a special place in heaven for ministers' wives." "Perhaps you're right," responded the minister's wife, "but I should rather go with my husband."—The Christian Register.

Banking
Banking has become a varied occupation. The early banks did little more than receive money on deposit, pay it out on checks, and lend to borrowers.
These duties, while still the chief functions of a bank, now are supplanted by many others of importance. For example, National Banks, in recent years, have been granted all the fiduciary powers of a Trust Company, and can act as Executor, Administrator or Trustee. More and more the public is becoming financially interested in our great industries, in public utilities and carriers, through the ownership of stock in these corporations.
Today expert knowledge is necessary to the proper settlement of an estate. We advise everyone to make a Will, and to name a proper bank as Executor.

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