

775
 Minus 63
 Leaves 712

In our issue of Sept. 4th we made appeal to 775 of our subscribers who were in arrears at that time.

Since then 63 have responded, and to them we make grateful acknowledgment of their promptness in coming to relief of the financial strain we are under.

We are still hoping that the remaining 712 are not going to fail us.

By the way: If you have any printing jobs. Anything, large or small in the line of commercial printing, we would like to do it for you.

There is always one certainty about job printing done at this office. It is well done, and at prices no higher than are often paid for work that is not so good.

The Democratic Watchman

LIGHTS By WALTER TRUMBULL
of NEW YORK

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who lives just down the street from me, is one of the only two living survivors of Major J. W. Powell's second expedition through the Grand canyon of the Colorado, which, by the way, is in Arizona. The other survivor is Capt. F. M. Bishop of Salt Lake City. It took the party two years to make that trip in osken boats 22 feet long, made in Chicago and shipped over the Union Pacific to Green River, Wyo.

While on that trip, the cook taught young Fred Dellenbaugh to make biscuit. One day, he was left to take care of the camp by the river bed while the remainder of the party climbed 8,000 feet up the side of the canyon. He promised to have some biscuits ready on their return, but in going over the provisions came across a bag of coffee, which the cook had ground. Mr. Dellenbaugh then decided on a surprise.

He had heard of "coffee cake" and determined to make some. Fixing the dough as he would for biscuits, he mixed with it a plentiful supply of the ground coffee, moulded it into the shape of a cake, and baked it in an oven he constructed. In addition, he used some sugar, with the result that the cake retained every thumb-mark as clearly as would a good grade of putty.

When the party returned, hungry and tired, the cook took one look at the cake, stirred up the fire, and wearily reached for the bacon and potatoes. But Mr. Dellenbaugh was not to be discouraged. He later made a cake flavored with one bottle of lemon extract taken on the trip, which was pronounced a great success. The trip ended in 1872, and Mr. Dellenbaugh has done very little cooking since. Perhaps when the boat tipped over in a rapids and most of the cooking utensils were lost, it discouraged him.

Walter Davenport told me one of the best football yarns I ever heard. When his outfit was in France, there were a number of former gridiron stars in it and to occupy moments of relaxation they formed an eleven. It was such a good eleven that it trimmed all the other teams in the division, but there was one big bird on it who stood head and shoulders above the rest. He tore any opposing offense into fragments and threw the pieces away.

"I know where that big boy is going after this man's war is over," said one of the former college stars. "He's headed for Yale."

"Not on your life," said a former wearer of the Crimson. "He is bound for Harvard."

"If you fellows want to know something," said the coach, "he is not going to either."

"I suppose you already have him died up for your alma mater," said the Yale and Harvard men accusingly and in unison.

"No," said the coach, "but I know something about that guy that neither of you know."

"What's that?" demanded the suspicious duo.

"Merely," said the coach, "that it happens he can neither read nor write."

Hendrik W. Van Loon tells me a story of Dutch efficiency. He says that when he was in a foreign capitol, a young Hollander, who had only one arm, got a notice that he must report at home for military duty. Going to his embassy, he forced his way into the presence of the ambassador and told his story.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "I cannot serve. You can see I have only one arm."

"Personally," said the ambassador, "I can see that what you say is true; but officially, I can see nothing."

So the young man had to go home and be excused by the army doctor, but he did manage to make them pay for the trip.

This reminds me of the late war. Once, in a southern training camp, I was detailed in charge of a considerable number of men who had been sent down by draft boards. One of these men had a steel brace on his leg, which he had been obliged to wear since childhood and another was blind in one eye.

Ralph Hitz says that husbands who leave home, slamming the door behind them, usually go to hotels. Relatively few of them, he maintains, go to clubs, in spite of what novelists write.

"And," adds Mr. Hitz, "hotels have had enough experience in such matters so that they could tell a woman a lot about how to treat a husband."

As a matter of fact, New York hotels cater to about every class and nationality on earth. I frequently have thought that about the best experience a novelist of the modern realistic school could get would be to take a job in a hotel as a bell boy or floor maid, depending upon the novelist. They would see more life in less time than they would traveling around the world. Take a hotel with a turnover of 200 guests a day. That is 73,000 a year, and that would furnish a lot of human specimens.

Two-Headed Snake Caught
 Marion, Va.—Kenneth Derry of Scott county found a two-headed copperhead snake. Both heads were normal and possessed fangs.

Tribal Customs of Old and New Worlds Alike

From A. D. 45, when the Hungarians conquered and enslaved the Magyars, to 802, when the Hungarians were split by enemies, the Hungarians consisted of ten tribes and it was their custom to have each tribe recognize a certain animal or bird as its sacred animal, and in their own language—that is, the Ugor language—they called such animal or bird their "totem." It is surprising that Alaskan and North American Indians also call such animal or bird by the same name.

And it was the custom of the Hungarians of those days to have each man wear some part of the animal or bird which his tribe recognized as its totem in his cap or headgear, in battles and battle maneuvers, so that he be easily distinguishable as to which tribe he belonged. This also has a striking resemblance to the custom of the North American Indians of wearing feathers on their heads.

And the name of one of the principals of the Kuns was Akos, which in their own language meant "white cloud." The Kuns were a relative people to the Hungarians.—Exchange.

Sacred Manuscripts in Profusion in Chicago

Rare gospel manuscripts, dating back several centuries, have come to light in the Greek, Armenian and Syrian colonies of Chicago, the Chicago Association of Commerce announces. Recent discoveries of important manuscripts have revealed Chicago as a rich hunting ground comparable with aged cities of Europe and the Near East.

The latest discovery, which has been purchased by the New Testament department of the University of Chicago, is a Thirteenth-century manuscript of the gospels in Greek, and is regarded by experts as being one of the finest known pieces of cursive, or running-hand script, writing in any collection.

The manuscript was brought into the United States in 1916 from Jamina, the Albanian city noted for its monastic library of the Greek Orthodox church. It was found in the possession of a Chicago dentist.

Love and Live

People in love live longer, and better, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, noted London physician, told the audience at the annual meeting of the Lady Margaret hospital.

And the other extreme, nagging, is "slow murder," the doctor said. Purported assets of being in love, according to Doctor Oldfield, are

Better digestion.
 Glossier skin and sheener hair.
 Food tastes better.
 "When a woman starts nagging her husband," he said, "she is committing slow murder and at the same time taking the first step toward becoming haggard, ugly and old. When a woman goes 'green with jealousy' she is straining her hepatic duct."

Mining Possibilities

"There is no known limit to the possible depth of our mining," says an expert. "It is all a question of getting fresh air down to the men." Part of the answer to the question is furnished by the Quincy mine, the Old Reliable, which overlooks Houghton from its hill in the city of Hancock across Portage lake. The Quincy at its extreme depth is finding richer ore than it has for several years past. They call it "secondary mineralization." Copper, for all the scientists know, may extend many thousands of feet more into the center of the earth.—Detroit Free Press.

Four-Eyed Fish

Among the specimens recently added to the collection of a Philadelphia museum is a four-eyed fish from Honduras. It was taken from the Rio Choluteca. The existence of such a fish has been known, but specimens are exceedingly rare. It was accompanied by about 100 other fish specimens. A nine-inch moth was the leading feature of the insect collection from the same locality. The expedition was somewhat hampered in its work by the prevalence of fogs of such density as would put the London fog to shame. There were days when the explorers dared not to venture a few feet from the cave in which they made their headquarters.

Savage Internal Warfare

In 1648 the Cossacks rose against the Polish-Ukrainian lords who sought to impose upon them the Roman Catholic faith in lieu of their own Greek Catholic religion. The Cossacks fought with the utmost brutality, overcoming the Poles and torturing their leaders to death. Their Roman Catholic priests were hanged before the altars with a butchered hog on one side and a Jew on the other. When, after more than a year, this religious rebellion was put down, the Cossack leaders were punished with equal brutality.

Wildcat Loses to Locomotive

A wildcat battled a locomotive near Statesboro, Ga., recently and died gallantly under the wheels of the roaring monster. The engineer says the noise of the train frightened a covey of quail the bobcat was stalking. Angered at the intrusion the animal leaped upon the tracks and flew into the face of the oncoming train. The train roared on into the night and a pathetic ball of fur and flesh remained on the tracks the sole reminder of the outcome.

SEASON FOR DUCKS GEESE IS REDUCED

Duck hunting in Pennsylvania will be confined to the month of October only under regulations adopted by the United States Biological Survey, Washington, D. C. The same open season will apply to geese, brant and coot.

Game Commission officials said today they are anxious that Pennsylvania hunters be advised of the change in open season. A prior announcement from Washington fixed the open season for migratory wa-

terfowl from October 1 to December 31.

The long continued drought of 1930 dried up many of the far northern breeding places for waterfowl, affecting not only the hatch of that year but also during the present mating season. State Commission officials said they heartily endorsed the action of the Federal authorities and that they believed the step necessary if the various species are to be saved from extermination.

—Read the Watchman.

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