

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL.**

Mrs. J. W. Keller, of Linden Hall, was in town among friends on Tuesday.

Colonel Decker, of Bellefonte, on Monday, delivered a new Chevrolet sedan to Edward E. Bailey.

There will be services in the Holiness church, at Colyer, Sunday evening; sermon by Rev. Robert H. Beckart, of Allentown.

H. B. Swope, a coal operator, with plants at Madera and Phillipsburg, will erect a half million dollar home at Hyde, Clearfield county.

James S. Stahl spent a few days with his sons, Asher and Bruce Stahl, in Altoona. He was brought home on Sunday by W. L. Jacobs.

Ralph E. Dinges purchased from H. G. Strohmeler the latter's Chevrolet touring car. Mr. Strohmeler is inclined toward a closed car.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Auman, Robert Bloom and Harry McClellan, of Centre Hall, attended the annual reunion of Old Fellows, held at Altoona, Friday of last week.

Nestor Ebricht and party of young men, of Millintown, drove to Centre Hall on Sunday and after stopping with H. L. Ebricht, a brother of the former, went on to view Penns Cave.

The buckling of a steering rod on a Ford roadster driven by Clymer McClellan, on Sunday, resulted in the car striking a telephone pole, below Penn Hall, and doing much damage to the car.

The body of Harold V. Vandermark, the Bucknell University senior who was drowned April 7, was found near Northumberland, on Sunday. Although badly decomposed the body was easily identified by a fraternity pin and ring.

Yesterday (Wednesday) the local high school baseball team played a return game at Reedsville, and this (Thursday) afternoon the junior ball team, composed of Grammar school students, will play a return game at Bousburg.

On Saturday, Mrs. D. F. Smith and her aunt, Mrs. Julia Williams, were called to the bedside of the latter's only son, James M. Williams, of State College, who later passed away. It is a very great shock to his aged mother as he was sick only a few days.

J. Russell Condo, of Spring Mills, and R. R. Flankle, of Millintown, were in Centre Hall Monday evening to attend a meeting of the Masonic order. F. E. Wieland, of Linden Hall, A. P. Wieland and Scott Wieland, of State College, were also here for the same purpose.

George A. Hettinger and family, of the Penns Cave district, were in town on Saturday on business. While in town Mr. Hettinger called at the Reporter office to advance the subscription on his paper. He reports his spring crop partially sown, and that farmers generally are well on with their work.

Word has been received from Pittsburgh by Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Smith that their son, Elliot, a sophomore at Carnegie Institute of Technology, has been elected to the Alpha Tau Honorary Fraternity, for having had the highest scholastic record in his class during the freshman and sophomore years. He was also presented with a slide rule in recognition of his work.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ilgen and son, Paul, and Miss Catharine Mensch, all of Millintown, and Miss Eva Bierly, of Centre Mills, visited the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bartges, in Centre Hall, over Sunday. The senior Mr. Ilgen is a wholesale butcher, and the two first mentioned young people are teachers in the Millintown High school.

Kryder Miller is now walking on crutches in the Bellefonte hospital, and great hopes are entertained that his foot, so badly crushed, will finally heal and give service. It will be recalled that the young man, on his return to his home from Franklin and Marshall College, at Easter time, met with an accident at the Centre Hall railroad station.

Oliver Ackerman, of Georges Valley, is doing the plastering in the Eozzer house undergoing repairs and remodeling. He is a skilled mechanic, having worked most of the time in the large cities where work is regularly inspected. He is a nephew of F. M. Ackerman, the painter, who also lives in Georges Valley and has been working in Centre Hall for a month or more.

Miss Edith Sankey returned from Oklahoma, on Monday, where she spent the winter with her sister, Mrs. Frank Worsell, at Gans. She reports Oklahoma not too prosperous agriculturally and the spring unseasonable. She will remain in Centre Hall for a few days to attend to duties connected with her office as secretary of the Grange Encampment committee, and then will go to Middleburg, where she has her home with her brother, M. A. Sankey. Before coming here a few days were spent with her cousin, Mrs. Roger T. Bayard, in Tyrone.

**"MY OLD FORD."**

[The Reporter's local poet, "Ellsworth Camerly," again bursts out in poetic utterance. His inspiration this time is drawn from his trusty "Old Liza," and who will say "Ellsworth" has not experienced what all we Ford owners have?—Ed.]

Of my old Ford they all make fun; Some say it was born in 1901. Maybe it was, but this I bet: It's good for many a rough mile yet.

Windshield gone; top, it leaks. Clutch is tight; horse-power squeaks; Fan belt slips; truss rod loose; But forty miles on any juice.

The fan has lost a blade or two, And not a wheel will wobble true; The coils, they are about half dead, And spider gears have got no web.

The mag-er-netec will not spark, And lights, I have none in the dark; The bolts and screws all rattle loose, And once I ran her on grape juice.

The rad-i-ator alk, leaks, And every spring has got the squeaks; The fenders simply wont stay tight, Altho she seems to run all right.

The car-br-rator will not gas, But then it's made of solid brass; Some times the spark plugs will not fire, I guess the rings are hay bale wire.

The gears behind go zer-zer-zer, The motor has a cat-like purr; And when I can't buy kerosene, I run her home on Paris green.

With high priced cars they give you tools, Some extra parts and book of rules; But with a Ford there's just a few, A hammer and a wrench or two.

Now this is all that I will tell, For everybody's one to sell; But then you know you can't be beat, For all the parts are mighty cheap.

And if I live to see the day She falls to pieces like the shay, And old Hank Ford's still in the game, I'll buy one with the same darn name.

Some extra parts and book of rules; But with a Ford there's just a few, A hammer and a wrench or two.

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**"HORSE-POWER" UNIT WRONG**

Mistake That Can Be Definitely Traced to James Watt Was Never Officially Corrected.

"H. P.," as you know, stands for "horse power," and if, therefore, your motorcycle is a four and one-half h. p. one, you know that what is meant is that the engine has a power which is equivalent to that of four and a half horses.

Not so! You would be incorrect to the extent of no less than 40,000 pounds, remarks a London Answers writer.

The h. p. unit of power is a fraud, and the late James Watt of engine fame is responsible. He was a very careful engineer, in theory and practice, and he discovered, by many experiments, that the raising of 22,000 pounds one foot per minute was a good average horse-power.

But "horse-power" today is reckoned at 33,000 lbs. per foot per minute—11,000 pounds in excess! That is due to the fact that Watt, in his anxiety to encourage business, offered to sell engines which would develop 33,000 pounds per foot as a horse-power—a third more than the actual.

It would seem that he meant ultimately to be honest, but he died before that happened, and so bequeathed to the world, which has accepted it, a false unit measurement of horse-power.

Engineers, of course, know of the error, and make due allowance for it; but the average individual does not. Your 10 h. p. car is, therefore, in fact, but a 6-2-3 one, and its power is equal to raising 22,000 pounds a foot in a minute, and not 33,000.

**IMMENSE ROOKERY IN LAKE**

Birds Find Sanctuary on Island on Which Hunters Are Forbidden to Set Foot.

Set in the middle of Great Salt Lake is Hat Island, 12 acres in area, one of the most densely populated rookeries in the world. Its official name is due to its shape, but it is more familiarly known to westerners as Bird Island.

Seagulls and pelicans live there. The island is literally covered with them, and since hunters are not permitted to disturb the fowls, visitors experience no difficulty in walking about among them and observing their habits. The birds have established their roosts among the rocky formations of the island, which is surrounded by salt water more dense than that of the ocean. The highest point is about 100 feet above the surface of the lake.

The strangest sight on the island is the flock of young pelicans. They walk about like a drove of sheep. One acts as leader and the rest follow. Large bodied, clumsy birds they are, scarcely able to waddle out of the way when one approaches.

As evening approaches one may look out over the lake, far to the north-east, and see a cloud of tiny specks. It is the adult pelicans returning home from the mouth of the Jordan river, or from the Great Bear river, 50 to 70 miles away. They are laden with fish for their young ones. The pouches under their beaks are filled with fresh-water fish.

**Never Saw Their Faces.**

The young woman was looking at a child's book, "The Sunbonnet Babies." Those Sunbonnet babies were my delight and my despair when I was little," she said, "because I never could see their faces. If you'll look carefully at every picture you'll notice the faces of those babies are never revealed. Other characters in the illustration show their faces, but never the sunbonnet babies.

"The only idea you can get of what sort of little girls they were is by their posture. And I used to peer and peer at those sunbonnets. I used to turn over the pages and look through from the back side; I used even to tear the pages a bit to see if I could not get inside of those sunbonnets. But I never could.

"Some day I'm going to write to that sunbonnet artist and ask if he won't send me, in confidence, one picture of those babies with their bonnets off."—Springfield Union.

**Eagles Change Color.**

The young eagle is clothed in three kinds of garments before it reaches maturity. During the first year it is black, the second year slate-colored, the third year brown and white. It might be said that the bald-headed eagle is not bald. It is so called from the white ruff of feathers about its head. The three different appearances of the young eagle one time provoked a strange misunderstanding among bird observers. It was thought that they were three different species—the black, the George Washington and the bald. The eagle is one of the Falconidae, which includes hawks and all similar birds of prey.

**Great Authors Write Badly.**

All great authors write badly. That is well known. At least the pedants say so. Great writers are impetuous. The vigor of their vocabulary, the intensity of their style, the daring of their phrases disconcert the pedants. To the pundits good writing apparently means writing according to rules. But born writers make their own rules, or rather make none. They change their manner at every moment as inspiration dictates; sometimes they are harmonious, sometimes rugged, sometimes insolent and sometimes spirited. So, according to the common notion, they cannot write well.—Anatole France.

**HANDS INDEX TO CHARACTER**

Still Reveal Much, Though Probably Less Than Was the Case Some Few Years Ago.

Once it was possible to tell a "lady" by her hands—that is if you regarded a lady as "a female of the favored social class." She had well-kept hands because she did nothing to roughen them or enlarge their knuckles or cause premature wrinkles. Even if fortune had gone against her she somehow avoided the work that would mar the symmetry of those hands. She did without sugar for her tea and did needlework for money in order to avoid the work that she regarded as menial. And because a woman of this class knew that it was at her hands that others looked for an index to her social position it was her hands that she saved, wearing gloves by day and by night to keep them white and to protect them and repair them from the ravages of wind, sun and housework.

The situation is rather different now. The young woman of immigrant parents who sells tinware in the department store basement has elaborately manicured nails and hands that are smooth, but the wife of the college president has hands that clearly show the effects of work that we would once have regarded as menial.

Perhaps still to the keen observer hands have something to tell of their owner's rank or pedigree. There are some hands that no matter how dilligently manicured always look a little grimy at the corners, and others, lacking entirely the luster of the manicure buffer, that are always scrupulously clean.

**PRIZED AMBER AS ORNAMENT**

Romans Secured It From "Barbarous" Germans, Who Had Small Idea of Its Real Value.

Amber, which is fossilized resin, was in great demand among the Romans for ornaments. Tacitus, in his "Germania," tells that it was gathered by the barbarian Germans. "They explore the sea for amber, in their language called 'gleese,' and are the only people who gather that curious substance," he says. "It is generally found among the shallows; sometimes on the shore. Concerning the nature of the cause of this concreted the barbarians, with their usual want of curiosity, make no inquiry. Amongst other superstitious discharged by the sea this substance lay long neglected, till Roman luxury gave it a name and brought it into request. To the savages it is of no use. They gather it into rude heaps and offer it for sale without any form or polish, wondering at the price they receive for it."

Tacitus guessed correctly the origin of amber, saying: "There is reason to think that amber is a distillation from certain trees, since in the transparent medium we see a variety of insects and even animals of the wing, which, being caught in the viscous fluid, are afterwards, when it grows hard, incorporated with it."

**Poem Had Origin in Actual Life.**

The famous poem about the boy who stood on the burning deck had its origin in an actual happening which constitutes a page in history.

It was during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt that England sent Lord Nelson to capture him and annihilate his fleet. At the battle of Abukir the French navy was crushed and Napoleon was forced to flee, all but four of his ships being sunk, burned or captured.

The French admiral had been killed. And on the deck of the flagship stood her captain, Louis Casabianca, who then had command of the fleet. He was wounded and the ship was burning. But he refused to leave his post. And in spite of commands and entreaties, his son, a boy of ten, stayed with him and died with him when the ship went down, supplying the theme for that famous epic of child heroism, "The boy stood on the burning deck."

**Compass Plant Western Product.**

On the prairies and plains of Utah, Texas and southern Minnesota there grows a wonderful plant which has proved useful to travelers wandering over these vast tracts of country. It is called the compass plant, or pilot plant, because of a peculiarity in the growth of the leaves, which grow alternately along the stalk, and point precisely north and south.

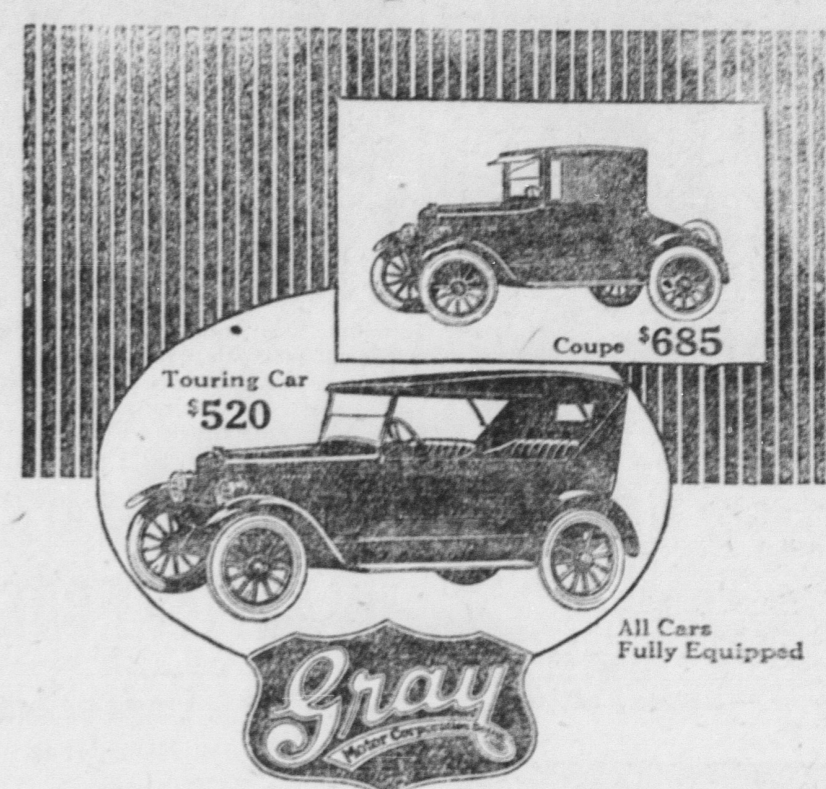
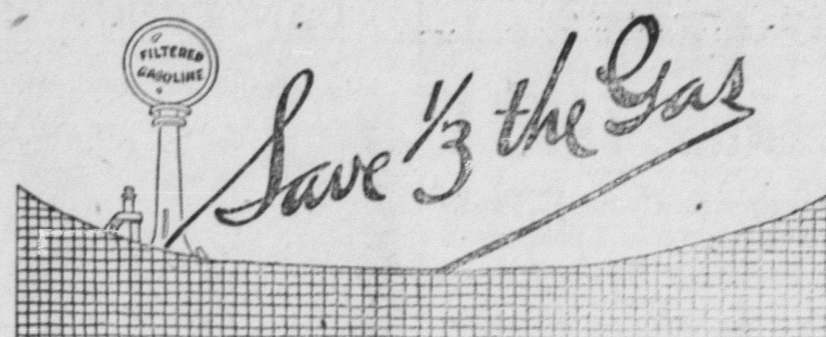
The Indians followed the direction given them by these pointing leaves, and told the white men about it. This plant belongs to the family of the Compositae, and looks very much like the sunflower. It has a strong, resinous odor, somewhat like turpentine, and sometimes goes by the name of "turpentine plant."

**One of Noah's Pets.**

It was swamped around Denver 2,000,000 years ago, according to Prof. J. D. Figgins, director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History. The traveler who wants to hobnob with the monsters of long ago can do so in the city park collection, in Denver, where the skeleton of an animal closely related to the present-day rhinoceros is on exhibition, one-half of it covered with an imitation hide.

**Natural Qualification.**

"Oliver Twist was always asking for more," remarked Senator Sorghum. "Yet he became a worthy citizen," observed the admirer of Dickens. "Yes. Probably he grew up eventually to be a tax collector."



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