



The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee

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CHAPTER VI.
SIMPLE NEEDS.

WHEN we buy a bird of the fancier, the good man tells us briefly that is necessary for our new pensioner, and the whole thing—hygiene, food and the rest—is comprehended in a dozen words. Likewise, to sum up the necessities of most men, a few concise lines would answer. Their regime is in general of supreme simplicity, and so long as they follow it all is well with them, as with every obedient child of Mother Nature. Let them depart from it, complications arise, health fails, gaiety vanishes. Only simple and natural living can keep a body in full vigor. Instead of remembering this basic principle we fall into the strangest aberrations.

What material things does a man need to live under the best conditions? A healthful diet, simple clothing, a sanitary dwelling place, air and exercise. I am not going to enter into hygienic details, compose menus or discuss model tenements and dress reform. My aim is to point out a direction and tell what advantage would come to each of us from ordering his life in a spirit of simplicity. To know that this spirit does not rule in our society we need but watch the lives of men of all classes. Ask different people of very unlike surroundings this question: "What do you need to live?" You will see how they respond. Nothing is more instructive. For some aboriginals of the Parisian asphalt there is no life possible outside a region bounded by certain boulevards. There one finds the respirable air, the illuminating light, normal heat, classic cooking, and, in moderation, so many other things without which it would not be worth the while to promenade this round ball.

On the various rungs of the bourgeois ladder people reply to the question, "What is necessary to live?" by figures varying with the degree of their ambition or education, and by education is oftenest understood the outward customs of life, the style of house, dress, table—an education precisely skin deep. Upward from a certain income, fee or salary life becomes possible; below that it is impossible. We have seen men commit suicide because their means had fallen under a certain minimum. They preferred to disappear rather than reverse. Observe that this minimum, the cause of their despair, would have been sufficient for others of less exacting needs and enviable to men whose tastes are modest.

On lofty mountains vegetation changes with the altitude. There is the region of ordinary flora, that of the forests, that of pastures, that of bare rocks and glaciers. Above a certain zone wheat is no longer found, but the vine still prospers. The oak ceases in the low regions; the pine flourishes at considerable heights. Human life, with its needs, reminds one of these phenomena of vegetation.

At a certain altitude of fortune the financier thrives, the clubman, the society woman—all those, in short, for whom the strictly necessary includes a certain number of domestics and equipages as well as several town and country houses. Further on flourishes the rich upper middle class, with its own standards and life. In other regions we find men of ample, moderate or small means and very unlike exigencies. Then come the people, artisans, day laborers, peasants—in short, the masses—who live dense and serried like the thick, sturdy growths on the summits of the mountains, where the larger vegetation can no longer find nourishment. In all these different regions of society men live, and no matter in which particular regions they flourish, all are alike human beings, bearing the same mark. How strange that among fellows there should be such a prodigious difference in requirements! And here the analogies of our comparison fail us. Plants and animals of the same families have identical wants. In human life we observe quite the contrary. What conclusion shall we draw from this if not that with us there is a considerable elasticity in the nature and number of needs?

Is it well, is it favorable to the development of the individual and his happiness and to the development and happiness of society, that man should have a multitude of needs and bend his energies to their satisfaction? Let us return for a moment to our comparison with inferior beings. Provided that their essential wants are satisfied, they live content. Is this true of men? No. In all classes of society we find discontent.

I leave completely out of the question those who lack the necessities of life. One cannot with justice count in the number of malcontents those from whom hunger, cold and misery wring complaints. I am considering now that multitude of people who live under conditions at least supportable. Whence comes their heartburning? Why is it found not only among those of modest though sufficient means, but also under shades of ever increasing refinement, all along the ascending scale, even to opulence and the summits of social place? They talk of the contented middle classes. Who talk of them? People who, judging from without, think

that as soon as one begins to enjoy ease he ought to be satisfied. But the middle classes themselves—do they consider themselves satisfied? Not the least in the world. If there are people at once rich and content, be assured that they are content because they know how to be so, not because they are rich. An animal is satisfied when it has eaten; it lies down and sleeps. A man also can lie down and sleep for a time, but it never lasts. When he becomes accustomed to this contentment he tires of it and demands a greater. Man's appetite is not appeased by food; it increases with eating. This may seem absurd, but it is strictly true.

And the fact that those who make the most outcry are almost always those who should find the best reasons for contentment proves unquestionably that happiness is not allied to the number of our needs and the zeal we put into their cultivation. It is for every one's interest to let this truth sink deep into his mind. If it does not, if he does not by decisive action succeed in limiting his needs, he risks a descent, insensible and beyond retreat, along the declivity of desire.

He who lives to eat, drink, sleep, dress, take his walk—in short, pamper himself all that he can—be it the courtier basking in the sun, the drunken laborer, the commoner serving his belly, the woman absorbed in her toilet, the profligate of low estate or high, or simply the ordinary pleasure lover, a "good fellow," but too obedient to material needs—that man or woman is on the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal. Those who follow it obey the same laws as a body on an inclined plane. Dupes of an illusion forever repeated, they think, "Just a few steps more, the last, toward the thing down there that we covet; then we will halt." But the velocity they gain sweeps them on, and the farther they go the less able they are to resist it.

Here is the secret of the unrest, the madness, of many of our contemporaries. Having condemned their will to the service of their appetites, they suffer the penalty. They are delivered up to violent passions which devour their flesh, crush their bones, suck their blood and cannot be sated. This is not a lofty moral denunciation. I have been listening to what life says, and have recorded as I heard them some of the truths that resound in every square.

Has drunkenness, inventive as it is of new drinks, found the means of quenching thirst? Not at all. It might rather be called the art of making thirst inextinguishable. Frank libertinage, does it deaden the sting of the senses? No; it even envenoms it, converts natural desire into a morbid obsession and makes it the dominant passion. Let your needs rule you, pamper them, you will see them multiply like insects in the sun. The more you give them

the more they demand. He is senseless who seeks for happiness in material prosperity alone. As well undertake to fill the cask of the Danaides. To those who have millions, millions are wanting; to those who have thousands, thousands. Others lack a twenty franc piece or a hundred sous. When they have a chicken in the pot they ask for a goose; when they have the goose they wish it were a turkey, and so on. We shall never learn how fatal this tendency is. There are too many humble people who wish to imitate the great, too many poor workmen who ape the well to do middle classes, too many shopgirls who play at being ladies, too many clerks who act the clubman or sportsman, and among those in easy circumstances and the rich are too many people who forget that what they possess could serve a better purpose than procuring pleasure for themselves, only to find in the end that one never has enough. Our needs, in place of the servants that they should be, have become a turbulent and seditious crowd, a legion of tyrants in miniature. A man enslaved to his needs may best be compared to a bear with a ring in its nose, that is led about and made to dance at will. The likeness is not flattering, but you will grant that it is true. It is in the train of their own needs that so many of those men are dragged along who rant for liberty, progress and I don't know what else. They cannot take a step without asking themselves if it might not irritate their masters. How many men and women have gone on and on, even to dishonesty, for the sole reason that they had too many needs and could not resign themselves to simple living! There are many guests in the chambers of Mazas who could give us much light on the subject of too exigent needs.

Let me tell you the story of an excellent man whom I knew. He tenderly loved his wife and children, and they all lived together, in France, in comfort and plenty, but with little of the luxury the wife coveted. Always short of money, though with a little management he might have been at ease, he ended by exiling himself to a distant colony, leaving his wife and children in the mother country. I don't know how the poor man can feel of there, but his family has a finer apartment, more beautiful toilets and what passes for an equipage. At present they are perfectly contented, but

soon they will be used to this luxury—rudimentary after all. Then madam will find her furniture common and her equipage mean. If this man loves his wife, and that cannot be doubted, he will migrate to the moon if there is hope of a larger stipend. In other cases the roles are reversed and the wife and children are sacrificed to the ravenous needs of the head of the family, whom an irregular life, play and countless other costly follies have robbed of all dignity. Between his appetites and his role of father he has decided for the former, and he slowly drifts toward the most abject egoism.

This forgetfulness of all responsibility, this gradual benumbing of noble feeling, is not alone to be found among pleasure seekers of the upper classes—the people also are infected. I know more than one little household which ought to be happy, where the mother has only pain and headache day and night, the children are barefoot, and there is great ado for bread. Why? Because too much money is needed by the father. To speak only of the expenditure for alcohol, everybody knows the proportions that has reached in the last twenty years. The sums swallowed up in this gulf are fabulous—twice the indemnity of the war of 1870. How many legitimate needs could have been satisfied with that which has been thrown away on these artificial ones! The reign of wants is by no means the reign of brotherhood. The more things a man desires for himself, the less he can do for his neighbor, and even for those attached to him by ties of blood.

The destruction of happiness, independence, moral fitness, even of the sentiment of common interests—such is the result of the reign of needs. A multitude of other unfortunate things might be added, of which not the least is the disturbance of the public welfare. When society has too great needs it is absorbed with the present, sacrifices to it the conquests of the past, immolates to it the future. After us the deluge! To raze the forests in order to get gold; to squander your patrimony in youth, destroying in a day the fruit of long years; to warm your house by burning your furniture; to burden the future with debts for the sake of present pleasure; to live by expedients and sow for the morrow trouble, sickness, ruin, envy and hate—the enumeration of all the misdeeds of this fatal regime has no end.

On the other hand, if we hold to simple needs we avoid all these evils and replace them by measureless good. That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old story. They spare him who observes them many a misery that saddens existence. They insure him health, love of action, mental peace. Whether it be a question of food, dress or dwelling, simplicity of taste is also a source of independence and safety. The more simply you live the more secure is your future. You are less at the mercy of surprises and reverses. An illness or a period of idleness does not suffice to dispossess you; a change of position, even considerable, does not put you to confusion. Having simple needs, you find it less painful to accustom yourself to the hazards of fortune. You remain a man, though you lose your office or your income, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your horses, your goods and chattels or your money. In adversity you will not act like a nursing deprived of its bottle and rattle. Stronger, better armed for the

struggle, presenting, like those with shaven heads, less advantage to the hands of your enemy, you will also be of more profit to your neighbor. For you will not rouse his jealousy, his base desires or his censure by your luxury, your prodigality or the spectacle of a sycophant's life, and, less absorbed in your own comfort, you will find the means of working for that of others.

CHAPTER VII.
SIMPLE PLEASURES.

DO you find life amusing in these days? For my part, on the whole, it seems rather depressing, and I fear that my opinion is not altogether personal. As I observe the lives of my contemporaries and listen to their talk I find myself unhappily confirmed in the opinion that they do not get much pleasure out of things. And certainly it is not from lack of trying. But it must be acknowledged that their success is meager. Where can the fault be?

Some accuse politics or business, others social problems or militarism. We meet only an embarrassment of choice when we start to unstring the chapter of our carking cares. Suppose we set out in pursuit of pleasure. There is too much pepper in our soup to make it palatable. Our arms are filled with a multitude of embarrassments, any one of which would be enough to spoil our temper. From morning till night, wherever we go, the people we meet are hurried, worried, preoccupied. Some have split their good blood in the miserable conflicts of petty politics; others are disheartened by the meanness and jealousy they have encountered in the world of literature or art. Commercial competition troubles the sleep of not a few. The crowded curricula of study and the exigencies of their opening careers spoil life for young men. The working classes suffer the consequences of a ceaseless struggle. It is becoming disagreeable to govern because authority is diminishing; to teach, because respect is vanishing. Wherever one turns there is matter for discontent.

(To be Continued.)

Few men can be intensely interested in anything without letting their neighbors know it.

Ivan the Terrible.

Some of the reasons why Ivan, czar of Russia, was called "the Terrible" have been retold by K. Walliszewski in his book. Persons who displeased him he would saw asunder by the constant rubbing of a rope around their waists or sprinkle alternately with ice cold and boiling water. He marked his sense of a bad jest by deluging the perpetrator with boiling soup and then running him through with a knife. He rebuked an unmanly envoy by summoning a carpenter and ordering him to nail the man's hat on his head. There were also wholesale orgies, as at the punishment of Novgorod, when he had a hundred persons roasted over a slow fire by a new and ingenious process and then run down on sledges into the river to be drowned. At Moscow the czar had a disappointment. There was to be a great execution of 300 victims who had already been tortured to the last extremity, and loyal subjects had been summoned to the execution. "To Ivan's astonishment the great square was empty. The instruments of torture that stood ready—the stoves and red-hot pinchers and iron claws and needles, the cords, the great coppers full of boiling water—had failed to attract this time.

"But there had been too much of this sort of thing lately, and the executioners were growing too long armed. Every man sought to hide deeper than his neighbor. The czar had to send reassuring messages all over the town. 'Come along! Don't be afraid! Nobody will be hurt!' At last out of cellars and garrets the necessary spectators were tempted forth, and forthwith Ivan, inexhaustible and quite unabashed, began a lengthy speech. Could he do less than punish the traitors? But he had promised to be merciful, and he would keep his word! Out of the 300 who had been sentenced 180 should have their lives! Torture and execution were, however, in the case of Ivan very much more than the mere instruments of barbaric justice. They were his recreation and delight. As a boy his amusement was to throw dogs down from the top of one of the castle terraces and watch their dying agonies. As a man he used to go the round of the torture chambers after dinner. One of his first crimes was the execution of his earliest friend, Feodor Vorontsov. One of his last was the murder of his own son.

According to Walliszewski, it was the recognized thing in Russia for the upper dog to make things as uncomfortable for the under dog as knots and slow fires could make them. So "the Terrible" only talked of his subjects in the language they could most readily understand. Ivan was by no means unpopular with the people. In many ways he was an enlightened and progressive monarch. He took the first steps toward the founding of Russia's great eastern empire. He made more or less successful attempts toward political and legal reform, and he had a certain gift of leadership and instinct of statesmanship which he used to the best advantage. Personally he was a coward, as was shown at the siege of Kasan, when he kept diligently to his devotions in spite of the repeated entreaties of his men to come out and help them.

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CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 28, 1904.

READ DOWN	Stations	READ UP
No. 1 No. 5 No. 3		No. 6 No. 4 No. 2
8 a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m.		8 a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m.
10 16 40 40	BELLEFONTE	9 20 5 10 9 40
7 21 6 51 2 41	Night	6 07 4 27 9 27
7 28 6 58 2 46	Osceola	9 01 4 51 9 21
7 33 7 03 2 51	HECLA PARK	8 53 4 45 9 15
7 35 7 05 2 53	Dunk	8 53 4 45 9 15
7 39 7 09 2 57	Huntersburg	8 49 4 38 9 09
7 43 7 13 3 01	Snyderstown	8 44 4 34 9 05
7 45 7 15 3 03	Nittany	8 44 4 34 9 05
7 47 7 17 3 05	Houston	8 42 4 28 9 00
7 53 7 23 3 11	Lamona	8 39 4 25 8 57
7 57 7 27 3 15	Clintondale	8 36 4 22 8 54
8 01 7 31 3 19	Mackeyville	8 32 4 18 8 51
8 07 7 37 3 25	Cedar Spring	8 28 4 14 8 46
8 10 7 40 3 28	Salona	8 20 4 08 8 38
8 15 7 45 3 33	MILL HALL	8 15 4 00 8 33

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899.

READ DOWN	Stations	READ UP
No. 6 No. 2 No. 4		No. 3 No. 1 No. 5
4 p. m. a. m. a. m. p. m.		4 p. m. a. m. a. m. p. m.
4 00 1 30 6 30	Bellefonte	8 50 2 25 6 30
4 07 1 37 6 37	Osceola	8 40 2 10 6 15
4 10 1 40 6 40	Morris	8 37 2 07 6 12
4 15 1 45 6 45	Stevens	8 35 2 02 6 08
4 21 1 51 6 51	Hunter's Park	8 31 1 55 6 03
4 28 1 58 6 58	Filmers	8 28 1 51 6 00
4 31 1 02 6 05	Briarly	8 24 1 45 5 55
4 38 1 09 6 12	Waddles	8 20 1 40 5 50
4 40 1 11 6 14	Krumpholtz	8 17 1 37 5 47
4 45 1 16 6 19	State College	8 00 1 15 5 37
4 50 1 21 6 24	Strubens	7 45 1 10 5 30
4 55 1 26 6 29	Bloomsdorf	7 40 1 05 5 25
5 00 1 31 6 34	Pine Grove Cro.	7 35 1 00 5 20

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.
On Sundays there is one train each way on the morning train leaving Tyrone at 8:00 a. m. and the afternoon train leaving Lock Haven at 8:45.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 29th, 1903.

Mix Mix	Stations	Mix Mix
8 00 9 30	Bellefonte	9 30 4 25
5 10 10 01	Mileburg	7 30 4 15
5 20 10 10	Snow Shoe Int.	7 15 4 10
5 30 10 20	School House	6 55 4 05
5 40 11 30	Snow Shoe	6 30 4 00

* stop on signal. Week days only.
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Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 29, 1904.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 5:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 3:50 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:06 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2:10 p. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m.
VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00, at Altoona, 7:05, at Pittsburg at 10:50.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone, 11:05 a. m., at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10:47 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1:09 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2:10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 4:23 a. m.
VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.
Leave Bellefonte, 1:25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m., arrive at Buffalo, 7:40 p. m.
VIA LEWISBURG.
Leave Bellefonte, 9:32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a. m., leave Williamsport, 12:35 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 1:25 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:10 p. m., leave Williamsport, 4:15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7:17 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9:15 p. m., leave Williamsport, 1:35 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 4:15 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 7:17 a. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

NORTHWARD.				SOUTHWARD.			
EXPRESS	MAIL	EXPRESS	MAIL	EXPRESS	MAIL	EXPRESS	MAIL
7:01	7:05	8:11	8:15	9:01	9:05	10:11	10:15
7:15	7:19	8:25	8:29	9:15	9:19	10:25	10:29
7:29	7:33	8:39	8:43	9:29	9:33	10:39	10:43
7:43	7:47	8:53	8:57	9:43	9:47	10:53	10:57
7:57	8:01	9:07	9:11	10:07	10:11	11:17	11:21
8:11	8:15	9:21	9:25	10:21	10:25	11:31	11:35
8:25	8:29	9:35	9:39	10:35	10:39	11:45	11:49
8:39	8:43	9:49	9:53	10:49	10:53	12:05	12:09
8:53	8:57	10:03	10:07	11:03	11:07	12:25	12:29
9:07	9:11	10:17	10:21	11:17	11:21	12:45	12:49
9:21	9:25	10:31	10:35	11:31	11:35	13:05	13:09
9:35	9:39	10:45	10:49	11:45	11:49	13:25	13:29
9:49	9:53	11:00	11:04	12:00	12:04	13:45	13:49
10:03	10:07	11:14	11:18	12:14	12:18	14:05	14:09
10:17	10:21	11:28	11:32	12:28	12:32	14:25	14:29
10:31	10:35	11:42	11:46	12:42	12:46	14:45	14:49
10:45	10:49	11:56	12:00	12:56	13:00	15:05	15:09
11:00	11:04						