

TOMMY BIFFBY, THE AUDACIOUS.

By J. B. DUBOIS.

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"Success, gentlemen! Say, I'll tell you what constitutes the essential and elemental requisites of true success. It's stupendous audacity linked by an endless chain of enthusiasm to eternal activity," and Tommy Biffby banged his daintily gloved fist directly in the center of a wet spot on the cafe table.

"An example, please," said Dunkin, the general manager.

"An example!" roared Tommy. "An example! Me! I'm the example! Here am I, only five feet three in height, with a slot machine weight of 135 pounds, I'm narrow chested, stoop shouldered and toe in when I walk. My complexion is of the bilious yellow hue and embraces a mole, two warts and a squint, yet look at me! Am I not a success?"

"Tommy," said Dunkin, "I will confess that commercially you have framed up far beyond the most sanguine expectations of everybody connected with the Brooklane Woolen company; but, tell us, without wading into etheral trills, how have you done it?"

"How?" replied Tommy. "I'll tell you how. First by employing the principle of stupendous audacity as exemplified in vests. Each one of my vests costs \$15, and I buy them by the dozen. Now, then, for a specific case. Last week a new western agency man came in for the first time. We became friendly. We became familiar, and after awhile he said to me:

"Tommy, that vest of yours is a bird."

"Do you like it?" I asked. "It's a dream," said he. "It's yours," said I, taking it off and handing it to him. Say, that fellow went away my friend for life, and what's the consequence?"

"He will go home and spend his time asking everybody if he knows Biffby."

"Biffby is all right," Biffby is say, Biffby would give you the clothes off his back," Biffby would. And I tell you, gentlemen, that if you stop to analyze my modus operandi you will find—what? Audacity, enthusiasm and motion. Say, take it from me, if you want a thing bad enough you can get it, but you have got to get it in your head before you can have it in your hands."

The next morning Mr. Brooklane left for a three weeks' southern trip, and that afternoon, to the surprise of all the clerks, Miss Edith Brooklane, the president's only daughter, called and sent her card in to Mr. Biffby. They were closeted in the latter's office for some time, and when they came out Mr. Biffby accompanied Miss Brooklane to her carriage.

Before the week was over Miss Brooklane had called on Mr. Biffby three times, and each succeeding call had marked the earnest subject of their conversation.

By the end of the next week one of the clerks in the foreign department reported having seen Biffby leave the Brooklane home the evening before as late as 10:30, and, wonder of wonders, during the third week of Mr. Brooklane's absence Mrs. Brooklane called and held a long conversation with Mr. Biffby. It was the first she had visited the office in five years.

President Brooklane returned on the Monday following, and late in the afternoon Dunkin received a message to come to his office.

"Dunkin," said he, "you remember my telling you about Biffby's business proposition? Well, I told Mrs. Brooklane and Edith all about it that night at dinner, and my wife enjoyed it as much as I did, but Edith, why never so much as a smile, asked, 'Why not?' and did I not consider you fellows capable of running this business. Then she wanted to know all about my income outside of this business and finally cornered me in the admission that I had actually promised for five years in succession that I would spend the winter with them in Europe. Then she wound up by asking why I should not consider Biffby's proposition seriously."

"But what's the use, Dunkin? When a man's family gets at him on a subject of this kind they usually win. Mrs. Brooklane joined forces with Edith, and while I was in the south Biffby actually convinced them that the entire thing was practical. The end of it all is that I have seen my attorney, and he is to help you fellows whip the new organization into shape, and hang it all, I'll finance it according to Biffby's plan. Anyway, the boy surprised me when those out of town chaps were here. Every time I tried to talk business they said, 'Much obliged, Brooklane, but Tommy for ours.'"

That night Dunkin went home to do some tall thinking as he expressed it. His time had come. Biffby's hare-brained proposition by a miraculous combination of circumstances had gone through, and he, Dunkin, was as good as president of the company.

Biffby was certainly clever, and he would suggest to Mr. Brooklane in the morning that Tommy be promoted to the position of general manager in the new company.

Within a few days the preliminary papers had been drawn for reorganization, and Mr. Brooklane invited the three gentlemen into his private office.

"Boys," said he, "I'm off to Europe just as soon as I can fix you fellows up. What have you decided to do about officering the new company?"

"Why, we—er—have not concluded definitely," said Schmidt. "You see—er—Biffby's been awful busy, but—er—Mr. Dunkin and I have talked the matter over, and I'm quite sure that Mr. Biffby will consent with me when I say Mr. Dunkin will make a very capable president, sir, and—er—that is

your opinion, is it not, Mr. Biffby?"

"Why, I think that we had better vote upon that matter later on, in the regular way," replied Biffby.

"Of course, gentlemen, I can assure you that the twenty-eight shares of stock which, by virtue of our agreement, will remain in my family will be voted according to the decision you arrive at. That will be satisfactory to you, will it not, Mr. Biffby?"

"Why—er—I trust that you will appreciate my position, Mr. Brooklane, but I frankly confess to aspirations for that office myself."

"But, Biffby, don't you understand?" began Schmidt. "Dunkin will have twenty-four shares, I will have twenty-four shares, and with the twenty-eight shares pledged by Mr. Brooklane you see the matter is virtually settled by a majority that—"

"Hardon me, gentlemen," said Tommy, with great dignity, "but perhaps Mr. Brooklane will kindly inform us who owns the twenty-eight shares of stock he speaks of."

"Certainly I will. They are in the possession of my daughter Edith."

"Well—er—excuse me, Mr. Brooklane, but—er—that is, with your permission, sir, I expect to control that stock shortly," said Tommy, with immense dignity.

"What?" gasped Mr. Brooklane.

"Yes, sir, that is—er—you see, Miss Edith—"

"Say, young man, have I your permission to take my daughter to Europe?" asked the president, looking Biffby through and through.

"Oh, yes, sir, you see, it will be two years at least before we—er—we—"

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Mr. Brooklane, addressing the question apparently to himself. Then he looked at Dunkin and Schmidt, and from their expressions he turned his gaze upon Tommy again, and, finally, turning back to Schmidt and Dunkin, he said:

"Gentlemen, if you will shake hands with your new president I will shake hands with my prospective son-in-law."

Then the three gentlemen adjourned to the cafe.

"Tommy," said Dunkin, "you will admit that several almost miraculous circumstances have conspired to help your cause in this little deal, won't you?"

"I'll admit nothing of the kind," said Tommy.

"Well, how about those out of town buyers who arrived the very day you had picked out to talk to Mr. Brooklane?"

"Oh, bosh!" said Tommy. "You fellows are from the provinces. Why, say, man, every one of those chaps has worn one of my vests at some time or other, and I simply wrote them to come on and make good."

"I say, Tommy, what was that spiel you gave us about success?" asked Schmidt.

"Success! Gentlemen, success is stupendous audacity linked by an endless chain of enthusiasm to eternal activity," and Tommy banged his fist into a wet spot so hard that he splashed a small pool of liquid refreshment all over one of his fifteen dollar vests.

Dumas' Wealth and Poverty.

Alexandre Dumas' rise to wealth and luxury was almost as marvelous as that of his most celebrated hero. He built a magnificent chateau, which he named Monte Christo. There he entertained all comers, friend and stranger alike, with more than oriental magnificence and sometimes with oriental mystery. His purse was open to all who sought it, and the day came when he experienced Timon's fate without acquiring Timon's disposition. He could not become a misanthrope, though his fortune disappeared almost as suddenly as it came, and then he learned the ingratitude of men. His last days were passed not in poverty, but in narrow circumstances. He left Paris in the fall of 1870 just as the German army was closing in to besiege it and when France was feeling its deepest woe. To the last he preserved his gayety and youthful spirit. "I had but one napoleon in my pocket when I first came here," he said. "I go away with two, and yet they call me a spendthrift."

Very Devout.

A new parson was presented to a living in a remote agricultural district and was anxious to make himself at home with his flock as soon as possible. He therefore began his pastoral calls at once. Among the first recipients of these attentions was Farmer Jones, whose family the new parson had noticed to be very regular and apparently very devout attendants at church. Farmer Jones was out, but his wife received the parson, when the following dialogue took place: "I am your new rector, Mrs. Jones. I have noticed with great pleasure your regular attendance at church and have lost as little time as possible, you see, in calling and improving our acquaintance." "Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Jones; "we're 'bliged to be regular at church, for if we didn't go Farmer Smith claims that pew, and we're not goin' to give it up for the likes of him. So my son Peter stands at the door half an hour before service begins to keep 'im out."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Big Hats in Colonial Days.

The question of high hats at public places was of some moment, even in colonial days. In 1769 the church at Andover, Mass., put it to vote whether "the parish disapprove of the female sex sitting with their hats on in the meeting house in time of divine service as being indecent." In the town of Abington in 1776 it was voted that it was "an indecent way with the feminine sex to sit with their hats and bonnets on in worshipping God." Still another town voted that it was the "town's mind" that the women should take their bonnets off in meeting and hang them on the pegs.

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother, with much depression of spirit, that she had "falied again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid; "but, you know, we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up. 'Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,' and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer to be fair."

The Cautious Kind.

Before the customer paid his bill the hotel stenographer tore several pages out of her notebook and handed them to him. "Only the notes of his letters," she said to the next customer. "He is one of the cautious kind. There are not many like him. About once in six months somebody comes along who keeps such a watchful eye on his correspondence that he won't even let a stenographer keep his notes. Of course it is nothin' to us, and we always give them up when asked to. I don't know what the cautious folk do with them. Destroy them, maybe. Anyhow, there is no record of foolish utterances left in the stenographer's books."—*New York Sun.*

Little Worries.

In Chesterton's "Ireneous Trifles" is this: A friend of mine who was visiting a poor woman in bereavement and castin' about for some phrase of consolation that should not be either insouler or weak said at last: "I think one can live through these great sorrows and even be the better. What wears one is the little worries."

"That's quite right, mum," answered the old woman, with emphasis, "and I ought to know, seeing I've had ten of 'em."

Truth.

In troubled waters you can scarce see your face or see it very little till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.—*Selden.*

Ridicule is the first and last argument of fools.—Simmons.

Paced Too Rapidly.

"Waiter, ask the orchestra to play something different."

"Any particular selection, sir?"

"Something slower. I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909.

READ DOWN		STATIONS		READ UP	
No 1	No 3	No 6	No 4	No 2	No 5
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
7:05	6:55	3:20	BELLEFONTE	9:10	5:05
7:15	7:05	3:30	Neshanic	8:57	4:52
7:27	7:17	3:45	HECLA PARK	8:51	4:47
7:39	7:29	4:00	Dunkin	8:45	4:41
7:51	7:41	4:15	Hubersburg	8:39	4:34
8:03	7:53	4:30	Snyderstown	8:33	4:29
8:15	8:05	4:45	Nittany	8:24	4:23
8:27	8:17	5:00	Huston	8:18	4:18
8:39	8:29	5:15	Lamar	8:12	4:13
8:51	8:41	5:30	Clinton	8:06	4:08
9:03	8:53	5:45	Kridler'siding	8:00	4:03
9:15	9:05	6:00	Mackeyville	7:54	4:00
9:27	9:17	6:15	Cedar Spring	7:48	3:55
9:39	9:29	6:30	Salona	7:42	3:50
9:51	9:41	6:45	MILL HALL	7:36	3:45

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

11:40	8:53	Jersey Shore	3:09	7:52
12:15	9:30	Arr. PHILADELPHIA	2:35	7:29
12:29	11:30	Lve. PHILADELPHIA	2:30	6:50

7:30 6:50 PHILADELPHIA 10:35 11:30
10:10 9:00 NEW YORK 9:00
p. m. a. m. Arr. (Via Phila.) Lve. a. m. p. m.
† Week Days.
WALLACE H. GEHART,
General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910.

WESTWARD		STATIONS		EASTWARD	
Read down.	Read up.	† No 5	† No 3	† No 2	† No 4
p. m.	a. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
2:00	10:15	6:30	Bellefonte	8:59	12:50
2:07	10:20	6:35	Coleville	8:40	12:40
2:12	10:25	6:40	Morris	8:21	12:31
2:17	10:30	6:45	Stevens	8:05	12:25
2:21	10:30	6:46	Hunter's Park	8:31	12:31
2:26	10:34	6:50	Fillmore	8:28	12:28
2:30	10:40	6:55	Brady	8:24	12:24
2:35	10:45	7:00	Wadley	8:20	12:20
2:40	10:50	7:05	Krumrine	8:07	12:07
2:45	10:57	7:12	State College	8:00	12:00
2:50	11:00	7:20	Straub	8:45	3:30
3:00	11:10	7:30	Bloomers	7:40	3:20
			Fine Grove Mt.	7:35	3:20

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Shoes.

Yeagers Shoe Store

THE MISSION
OF THE
PLA-MATE SHOE

Is to make a nation of men and women to whom walking will be a pleasure and with whom perfect feet will be the rule rather than the exception.

Could parents be brought to realize the importance of starting the child's foot right, there would be little or no suffering in later life from foot blemishes.

As nature forms the child's foot, each toe lies flat and straight thus providing the human foot with the power to balance the body, the spring to make walking easy.

Unfortunately few children reach maturity without cramped, pinched and misshapen feet. This is usually caused by shoes sold by unscientific shoemen to thoughtless parents.

The Pla-Mate Shoe is designated by students of the human foot to allow the bones and muscles to grow in the shape that nature intended.

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Dry Goods.

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Ladies Dongola Oxfords \$1 to \$3.50.
Ladies Pat. Leather Oxfords \$1 to \$3.50.
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Children's Oxfords and Slippers 75c up.

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