

STEALING THE STYLES.

The object of the modern millinery pirater is by some means to get hold of the new fashions well in advance of the coming season...

Last spring the proprietor of one of the smartest shops in the west end of London noticed a lady walking in the park attired in a dress almost an exact copy of a brand new model of his own...

Her birth and position were less impenetrable than the state of her finances, and she had accepted the offer of a Berlin firm to dress her on condition that she supplied it with the very latest creations that found their way from Paris to London.

Another lady detected in a similar trick by the manager of a Regent street firm was very cleverly punished. Upon her next visit she was received with the same cordiality as ever and taken into the showroom...

But, though she frequently boasted that the people were perfect treasures and that her bills amounted to next to nothing, she steadfastly refused to disclose the name.

Hotels, too, find the lady tout most useful. Last autumn a very pretty girl arrived at a certain Scotch health resort establishment with her mother. She was smart, well dressed, a clever musician—just the sort of girl to be thoroughly popular with both sexes.

A Fine Mixup. "What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser. "What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the paper.

Cynical. "Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?" "Yes, it exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Joyful. "I should like some rather joyful hoisery," said the slangy young man. "Yes, sir. How about a check?" said the brisk haberdasher, thinking of what always brought most joy to himself.—Buffalo Express.

His Closeness. Visitor—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown today. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him. Hostess—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him.—Puck.

Experience joined with common sense to mortals is a providence.—Green.

A Nice Old Chicago Lady Who Was a Baseball "Fan."

I remember being on a Chicago street car, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, sitting beside a nice old lady in mourning a year or so ago.

"Well," she asked, "can you tell me who they are putting in the box today?"

In Chicago they all talk baseball from the cradle to the grave. Up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon during the baseball season no one talks about anything but the game of the day before.

A Story a Painter Told About the Artist Constable.

A well known New York painter told at a luncheon a story about art criticism.

"All art criticism is tolerable," he said, "except that which is insincere. The great Constable at a varnishing day at the Royal academy paused before A's picture and said:

"Very good, especially the sky. The sky is superb."

"Then he passed on to B and said: 'A's picture is very bad. Go look at it. The sky is like putty.'

"So B went and looked and then exclaimed as if to himself: 'Why, I like the sky!'

"Well," cried A, the painter of the picture, 'why shouldn't you like my sky?'

"But Constable said it was like putty," B explained confusedly.

"So A in a furious rage strode up to Constable and shouted:

"Constable, you're a humbug. I never asked for your opinion about my picture, yet you came to me and praised it. You said that especially you liked my sky. Then at once you go off and tell some one else that my sky is like putty."

"Constable listened, with a smile. He was not at all confused.

"My dear fellow, you don't understand," he said; 'I like putty.'—Los Angeles Times.

A Fresh Start.

A girl came in and sat in front of them at the play, she and her escort.

"What a lovely profile!" said he. "Beautiful! Delicate little upturned nose, small mouth, deep, pretty eyes; isn't she beautiful—beautiful?"

"Beautiful," said she, "but not half so much so as the man she is with. Isn't he the handsomest chap you ever saw? Look at his color, his mustache, his lovely head of hair. So many men are bald or beginning to be bald. I do love to see a fine head of hair on a man."

"You know," he whispered, "it always makes me sore to speak of people beginning to be bald, and you know why."

"Will you let up on the pretty profile if I cut out the bald head?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"All right," said she.—New York Press.

Born to Starve.

Many years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "monstrilla."

It is a small crustacean akin to the cyclops so common in ponds. But, while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey nor any digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system and organs of sense; it lacks only what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The monstrilla is doomed, therefore, to natural death.—Exchange.

Yellow Fever.

"Every one knows that when a man has once had yellow fever and recovers he never contracts the disease again, no matter how much he exposes himself to infection," said Dr. Fred S. Williams of Havana.

"This ability to resist the minute organisms which cause the malady is called immunity, and in tropical countries where yellow jack is always present it is turned to profit in various ways.

"Thus during the Spanish-American war regiments of immunes were enlisted in the south for service in the fever ridden country about Santiago. Again, during an epidemic in New Orleans many persons purposely exposed themselves to infection because the disease prevailed in a very mild form, and they concluded that if they were infected they would quickly recover and would be immune during severe epidemics in the future."—Washington Herald.

Re-enforced.

"What is an ossified man, pa?" "I'm not certain, but I think that is what they call one who has turned to concrete."—New York Press.

He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.—Gladstone.

It Reacted on the Players the Captain Was Training.

In an article on baseball training camps Hugh S. Fullerton, in the American Magazine, recounts the following joke played on "Cap" Anson, the leader of the famous old White Stockings, during a training season some years ago:

"Anson was one of the most tireless runners in the world, and training under him was a nightmare to his players. Anse would drive his men for three hours in practice, then lead them in long runs, placing himself at the head of the procession and setting a steady, jogging pace. If he felt well the morning training was a Marathon route. I have seen players resort to all kinds of tricks to avoid those killing runs.

"One afternoon in New Orleans years ago Anson ordered ten laps around the field after practice. A job on the old grounds was nearly ten miles. The afternoon was hot, one of those witting southern spring days that sap the life out of men fresh from the rigors of a northern winter. The players fell into line, grumbling and scowling. Back of left field a high board fence separated the ball grounds from one of the old cemeteries, and near the foul line a board was off the fence. The first time the panting athletes passed the hole in the fence Dahien gave a quick glance to see if Anson was looking; and dived head first through the gap into the cemetery. The others continued on around the lot, but on the second round Lange, Ryan, Kittridge and Decker dived after Dahien and joined him in the cemetery. The third trip saw the line dwindle to four followers, with Anson still leading. The fourth found only Anson and poor Bill Schriver, who had the bad luck to be directly behind his captain, plodding on, and on the next trip Schriver made the leap for life.

"Majestically alone, Anson toiled on, while the onlookers writhed with delight. Perhaps their behavior aroused suspicion or the absence of following footsteps attracted 'Cap's' attention. He stopped, looked at the vacant field; a grim grin overspread his red face, and he resumed the jogging. Straight to that fence he plodded, and, sticking his head through the hole, he beheld his team leaning against the above ground tombs, smoking and laughing. Just for that he marshaled them into line again and, sitting in the stand, watched them grimly until every man had completed ten rounds."

A Skylark For the Shelley Class.

I have heard of a professor of English in one of our universities who evidently felt that his department was laboring under disadvantages. Finding that his scientific colleagues were getting appropriations of astonishing liberality for illustrative apparatus, he put in his annual report a request for

\$5,000 for an aviary. When the president asked him to explain he said that it was impossible for him to teach poetry properly unless he had an aviary connected with his class room. "Then," he said, "when the class is reading Shelley's 'Skylark' I reach my long handed net into the cage, catch a lark and hold it up to them. And when we are studying 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' my assistant will be stationed in the gallery with a cross-bow to shoot a real, live albatross on the platform, thus giving the students opportunities for observation that doubtless Coleridge himself never had."—Independent.

The Orang Outang.

It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arms and, grasping the boughs opposite, seems first to shake them as if to test their strength and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring, as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger is present. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath.

The Poppy Bee.

The poppy bee is the artist of the honey makers, though she builds her nest in a hole in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large hole and lines it gloriously with the scarlet petals of the red poppy. She cuts and fits the gorgeous tapestry perfectly, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets and covers the hole so that it cannot be observed, leaving the baby bee to look after itself in its rosy nest.

How Inspiration Works.

"This sea poem of yours fairly smacks of the salt gale. It is palpably the result of genuine inspiration. You evidently planned it while upon the bounding deep."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the poet, "I got the idea one day while sitting in a shop having my shoes cobbed."—New York Journal.

Could Have Got It More Easily.

Mrs. Newlywed—People are saying that you married me for my gold. Mr. Newlywed—What nonsense! If I'd simply wanted gold I could have got it with far less hardship and suffering in South Africa or Alaska.—Scraps.

There is nothing so powerful as example. We put others straight by walking straight ourselves.—Mme. Swetchine.

Groceries.

Groceries.

Sechler & Company

COFFEE

When goods advance on the market the retail price usually follows. But in regard to the recent advance in Coffees we have not followed the ordinary course, either by marking up the price or reducing the quality.

If you are using a Coffee at 20 cents per pound try our 18 cent grade.

If you are paying 25 cents for your Coffee try our 20 cent goods.

Or if you are buying at 30 cents try the high grade goods we sell at 25 cents per pound.

This is a severe test but we are very confident we can make good. Give us a trial, and please mention in which paper you saw this advertisement.

Sechler & Company,

Bush House Block, 55-1 Bellefonte Pa.

The Pennsylvania State College.

The Pennsylvania State College Offers Exceptional Advantages

IF YOU WISH TO BECOME

- A Chemist A Teacher
An Engineer A Lawyer
An Electrician A Physician
A Scientific Farmer A Journalist

Or secure a Training that will fit you well for any honorable position in life.

TUITION IS FREE IN ALL COURSES.

TAKING EFFECT IN SEPT. 1910, the General Courses have been extensively modified, so as to furnish a much more varied range of electives, after the Freshman year, than heretofore, including History; the English, French, German, Spanish, Latin and Greek Languages and Literatures; Psychology; Ethics, Pedagogic, and Political Science. These courses are especially adapted to the wants of those who seek either the most thorough training for the Profession of Teaching, or a general College Education.

The courses in Chemistry, Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Mining Engineering are among the very best in the United States. Graduates have no difficulty in securing and holding positions.

YOUNG WOMEN are admitted to all courses on the same terms as Young Men.

For specimen examination papers or for catalogue giving full information respecting courses of study, expenses, etc., and showing positions held by graduates, address THE REGISTRAR, State College, Centre County, Pa.

Shoes.

Shoes.

Yeagers Shoe Store

Johnnie's New Pants.

Johnnie told his mother that his new pants were much tighter than his skin. Why, how could that be? Well, I can sit down with the skin on and I cannot with the pants on.

That is the trouble with the average ladies shoes, they are too tight that they cannot sit down or stand up.

Come and be fitted with a pair of Fitzzey Shoes, they are made without linings and can be worn tight with comfort. They are just like a kid glove, they give with every movement of the foot.

Corns will vanish when you wear them. Your bunions will be relieved at once.

We guarantee to give you immediate comfort or refund the money.

Ladies, if you have foot trouble come to us.

SOLD ONLY AT

Yeager's Shoe Store, Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Dry Goods.

Dry Goods.

LYON & CO.

Shoes Shoes

LYON & CO.

Come to our store to buy your Shoes.

Our line is always complete.

- Men's Working Shoes from \$1.50 to \$4.
Men's Fine Shoes from \$1.50 to \$5.00.
Boys' Working Shoes from \$1. to \$3.00.
Children's Shoes from 75 cts to \$2.00.
Ladies Dongola Oxfords \$1 to \$3.50.
Ladies Pat. Leather Oxfords \$1 to \$3.50.
Ladies Tan Oxfords from \$1.25 to \$3.50.
Children's Oxfords and Slippers 75c up.

DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, &c.

A full line of Dress Goods and Silks. Carpets, Linoleums and Lace Curtains. We are agents for Butterick Patterns.

LYON & COMPANY, Allegheny St. 47-12 Bellefonte, Pa.