

CACTI FOR TELEPHONE POLES

Scheme for a Government Line in Arizona Desert Which is Believed to Be Feasible.

Sahuara poles for telephone and telegraph poles is the latest idea and one that is to be tried out. It sounds plausible and it is believed that it will be more economical than the old style of poles.

The government is to build a telephone system for the forestry service of the Coronado forest reserve. The first of these lines to be built out of Tucson is to be used into the Catalinas, and it is there that the Sahuara experiment is to be tried.

The giant cacti will not be sawed off and set up nor will they be transplanted, but the growing plant will be used as a pole where it is found practical. Where they can be found in what approaches alignment, so that the line will not have to zigzag too much, the sahuara up there in the canons through which the line will pass are to be utilized for the purpose of attaching brackets to which the wires will be fastened.

AS A MAN SHOULD ANSWER

For Once a New Yorker Rose to the Occasion and Was There With Apt Response.

Two men somewhat alike as to build, dress and general appearance entered an upper West side restaurant within a few minutes of one another the other evening, says the New York Press.

Presently there entered a well-dressed, good-looking woman, somewhat in a hurry, if one were to judge from her manner, and a trifle distraught. Glancing hastily around the room, she seated herself at the table which one of the men had selected.

He merely lifted his eyes from his paper for an instant, in the disinterested manner New Yorkers adopt, and fell to reading again, while the woman seized the menu card and began studying it. It took her a couple of minutes to decide what she wanted. Having found it, she laid her hand on the arm of the man. As he looked up at her a curious expression came over her face.

"Why—why, you're not my husband, are you?" she gasped. "I am sorry, madam," he replied gallantly, "that I am not."

Then both of them laughed, which aroused the man at the other table from his paper long enough to permit him to announce his self.

Sleepers Effectually Roused by Threatened Danger in Which They All Felt a Share.

"I am no foe to whiskers. Indeed, in cold weather, I regard whiskers as a blessing. They protect the throat."

The speaker was De Wolf Hopper, the comedian. From his corner table in Delmonico's he resumed:

"And reverencing whiskers as I do, I shall never cease to regret a joke I once perpetrated in Nola Chucky."

"We were playing in Nola Chucky during a campaign, and one evening on my return to the hotel I was amazed to find the whole place packed and jammed with sleeping and bewiskered farmers."

"They had come in, you see, from miles around to vote, and now, utterly worn out, they lay snoring everywhere. Yes, the entire floor space of the hotel was covered with sleeping farmers. All were whiskered, and their whiskers, sticking up in the air, caused the hotel halls to resemble fields of grain. Those upstanding whiskers in the draughty corridors waved in the breeze, for all the world like fields of nodding grain on a windy day."

"Then I played my joke. I shouted at the top of my lungs: 'Hit the one with the whiskers.'"

"And instantly every blessed farmer leaped to his feet with doubled fists."

Old Festival Retained.

With an unbroken record dating back to 1682, the quaint and picturesque rush-bearing festival was observed at St. Oswald's church, Grasmere, Westmoreland, England, recently. The ceremony is a survival of the days when rushes were employed to protect worshippers from damp floors while kneeling. Each year the inhabitants conveyed to the church a new supply of rushes. Nowadays the vicar of the parish received a kind of memorial gift of rushes and a special service marks the occasion.

BOUND TO HAVE THAT PARTY

Little Thing Like Dizzy Walk in Air Couldn't Fease Ardent Bride Devotees.

Nothing short of devotion to bridge could have nerved a party of women to do what this party of women did. Half an hour before the time set for the playing to begin in the tenth-floor apartment something went wrong with the dynamo, and all elevators stopped running for, anyhow, a day and a half. When the bridge hostess learned that she nearly fainted.

"Nine flights of stairs to climb," she said, "and every woman I have invited is fat. They'll never get here."

She implored everybody about the house to suggest some way out of the trouble. Nobody could, except to walk; there was no alternative. But the hostess did not give up so easily. She looked across at the neighboring apartment house, whose tenth-floor windows faced her windows. An abyss fifteen feet wide yawned between the two buildings, but to a woman in her predicament fifteen feet dwindled to fifteen inches.

"There is a way," she said. "How about those long planks on the roof? Lay them across to the opposite roof, make a handrail of ropes, and my guests can go up in the elevator to the roof of that house, cross the bridge, and walk down one flight to my apartment."

Employees of both houses gladly assumed the role of bridge builder, a hallway was stationed in the lobby to explain matters to arriving guests, and a few minutes later a procession of scared but determined women gasped and clutched on their aerial way.—New York Press.

KEEP THEIR MEMORY GREEN

Frenchmen Delight in Pilgrimages to the Tombs of the Great or Notorious.

The chapel tomb of Honore de Balzac at Pere la Chaise was visited this afternoon by a group of admirers who make a yearly pilgrimage to the spot on August 18. There "friends of Balzac" keep the novelist's memory green in an essentially Parisian manner, leaving cards and bead wreaths on the tomb and delivering speeches and eulogies that are listened to reverently by a fair audience.

During August innumerable American tourists visit the different cemeteries of the city, and many happened to be at Pere la Chaise this afternoon at the time of the little ceremony. The French themselves have a veritable cult for ancestors that must be second only to that of the Japanese, and on every fete day anniversary or holiday they "precipitate themselves" (to use their own expressive word) to the cemeteries, leaving always some mark of their presence in the shape of a bouquet, large or small. The tombs of public men and women are yearly the object of special demonstrations.

Helene's tomb is perhaps one of the most favored by foreigners, but that of the original Dumas' "Dame aux Camellias" is the best cared for, as every day in the year it is visited and carefully dusted by a half-crazy woman with dyed yellow hair and thread gloves, who enters freely into conversation with all visitors and loves to relate the history of this "Marguerite."—Paris Correspondence London Evening Standard.

Sleep the Fountain of Youth.

Any number of women who are cutting ruthlessly into their allowance to swell the cash drawer of the beauty parlors could solve the riddle of appearing fresh and animated if they would but make a practice of taking the proper amount of sleep.

The value of sleep as a restorative and as a fountain of youth is unbelievable until one has bathed regularly therein. It almost seems magic in its effect and many a woman who has discovered the secret is the envy and admiration of her beauty parlor friends.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight for play is the old rule. Up to now no one has improved on this proportion. If you care more for the preservation of your youth and attractiveness than of your pleasure take not less than the allotted eight hours of sleep from the 24.

Quail Hatches Chicken.

An incident of some interest is reported from the Woodland neighborhood. Last week on the farm of W. L. Riley of that vicinity a quail's nest was found in which a hen had laid an egg. With this was found the usual number of quail eggs.

The last of the week the hen egg hatched and the quail seemed to lose all interest in her own eggs and turned her attention to the chick, leaving her nest and disappearing with it. Some of the quail eggs were broken and showed that they would have been hatched in another week.—Morningfield Post.

Turkey Leads in Good Work.

From benighted Turkey comes news through the state department of an invention calculated to make the dishonest milkmen of all the world quake in their boots. The invention consists of a can fitted with valves which permit a liquid to be poured out but not in. There is an opening, of course, by which the can is filled, but as soon as this is done and scientific inspectors have tested the contents and pronounced them unadulterated and unwatered milk, the opening is automatically sealed. After the milk is ready to be sent to the consumer.

HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM

Apparently Captor Need Not Have Been Afraid That His Prisoner Would Escape.

Billy Oswald of the Cleveland out door relief department was sent up to Detroit the other day to bring back a prisoner who had escaped from the workhouse. Full of the sense of his responsibility, Billy had handcuffs slapped on the man and stuck valiantly by his side, leaving no possible chance of escape. When an hour out from Detroit, homeward bound on the D. & C. boat, the prisoner suggested that Oswald relax his vigilance.

"Whatchu keepin' these things on me for?" he asked. "You don't think I'm goin' t' jump over in the middle of Lake Erie, do you? Can't get away now."

Billy saw reason in the argument, released his man from the irons and gave him leave to stroll about deck. When the boat neared port, however, early next morning, the prisoner wasn't to be found. Oswald looked the boat over from engine room to bridge, but in vain. When the boat slid alongside the dock Billy was the first man off, stationing himself where he could see every person coming ashore.

In a couple of minutes he spied his man. But he wasn't trying to slip off unobserved. He came along boldly, lugging Oswald's baggage in one hand and his own in the other.

"Aw, there you are!" he sang out. "I've been lookin' all over the boat for you the last half hour."

BEWARE THE CARELESS MAN

Wise and Up-to-Date Grandmother Hands Out Some Good Advice to Engaged Girl.

The pretty girl was talking about her fiance. "He never seems to notice how I dress," she said, rather well pleased. "He tries to look interested, but I know from his expression that he does not recognize one gown from another, and once he told me I always look all right to him, no matter how I am dressed."

"Then don't marry him," advised a youthful grandmother of 60 almost tartly and wholly disregarding grammar. She was herself of the trim, smartly gowned variety of women who refuse to grow old. "Take my advice. If a man does not care how you look he never will provide the money for you to dress as well as you will wish to. A man ought to care how his wife is dressed. Not that it is the most important thing in life but that it has to do with the whole tone of their home. There is something wrong with a man who does not wish his wife to look her best. If your fiance is tractable I advise you to begin a course of instructing him at once. If not—" she shook her head warningly, smoothed down her slim hips, gave her satin walking suit a little flip and left for her constitutional in the park.

To Try Trapping Sparrows.

Agents of the department of agriculture, it was announced, have been for the last two months experimenting with devices to trap English sparrows.

From Maine to California an agent of the department has traveled during those months. Many machines have been tried out, but as yet one has not been perfected which officials say will do the work successfully.

Dr. Charles J. Fisher, who has the work in hand, said that the English sparrows are a nuisance and that they harm bearable fruit trees in the spring.

"Take young apple and peach trees, for instance," Dr. Fisher said. "The sparrows eat into the buds and destroy the cores. It then becomes impossible for them to bear fruit."

"We are doing no experimenting in Washington at this time. In several parts of the country, however, we have agents at work with devices. From what I have heard these machines have not as yet been perfected."

Artist's Habits.

Leonardo da Vinci was erratic in his methods of work. Some interesting reminiscences are preserved in one of the novels of Bandello. "He used often to go early in the morning and mount upon the platform, and from sunrise until the dusk of evening, never putting down his brush, and forgetting to eat and drink, paint without ceasing. Then two, three or four days would pass when he would not touch it, but remained for one or two hours together contemplating, considering and examining within himself, judging his figures. I have seen him, too, according as his caprice or humor moved him, go off at noonday, when the sun was in Leo, from the Corte Vecchia, where he was composing his stupendous horse of clay, and come straight to the Grazie, and, mounting the platform, take a brush and give one or two strokes to one of the figures, and straightway depart and go elsewhere."

Remembered the Great Napoleon.

The last French woman who met Napoleon I. face to face died recently at Troyes, aged one hundred and two. She was Mme. Miles, a widow, whose parents were on the domestic staff of the Palace of Fontainebleau. She was five when Napoleon, shortly before taking leave of his guards, spoke to her in the palace park. Mme. Miles retained a vivid recollection of this meeting until the day of her death, and on that account she was something of a local celebrity.

A Runaway.

When a team runs away it is usually the result of carelessness; the reins are loosely held, the horses break away and in a short time are beyond control. There is a runaway disease called "galloping consumption," and that runaway, like the other, is usually the result of carelessness. The neglected cold, the cough unchecked, bronchial affection developed, depleted vitality, blood too little in quantity and too poor in quality to nourish the body and renew the wasting tissue; Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently commended as a cure for the diseases of respiratory organs; obstinate coughs, bronchitis, "weak lungs," spitting of blood and like forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption.

He Wondered.

The Benedict—I see only about one in every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary.

The Bachelor—Do you suppose they get tired of living?

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Medicine for the Blood is Needed Now

Because the unhealthful modes of living during the winter have made the blood impure, causing loss of appetite and that tired feeling, as well as the sores and eruptions that occur at this time. Be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring. It combines the great curative principles of roots, barks and herbs, so as to raise them to their highest efficiency in the treatment of all blood humors, blood disease and run-down conditions. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. All druggists.

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