

Bellefonte, Pa., March 27, 1914.

**Tricked Him.**  
It was pay day at the Consolidated Coal and Lumber works, and a mine worker was returning home with his monthly envelope. He met a bad man with a pistol, who demanded his wages. The worker handed the money over.

"Now," said he, "my wife will think that I've gambled or drunk. Won't you shoot a hole in my coat, so that I can prove that I was attacked and robbed?"

"Why, certainly so," answered the robber.

The worker held out his coat while the other punctured it with a bullet.

"Another," begged the worker, and the other fired again.

"Another," and there was another hole in the garment, another and still another.

"That's all the cartridges I've got," said the robber.

"All the cartridges you've got?" said the worker, picking up a rock. "Then give back that money. Hand over your pistol and whatever else you happen to have."—National Monthly.

**Whistler and a Supper.**

Though frequently hard up, Whistler had an income which seemed princely to students who lived on nothing at all. If Whistler had money in his pockets, Mr. Ionides says, he spent it royally on others. If his pockets were empty, he managed to refill them in a way that still amazes M. Oulevey, who, in proof of it, told us of the night when, after the cafe where they had squandered their last sous on kirsch had closed, he and Lambert and Whistler adjourned to the Halles for supper, ordered the best and ate it. Then he and Lambert stayed in the restaurant as hostages while Whistler, at dawn, went off to find money to pay. He was back when they awoke with 300 or 400 francs in his pocket. He had been to see an American friend, he said, a painter, "And, do you know, he had the bad manners to abuse the situation; he insisted on my looking at his pictures."—"The Life of James MacNeill Whistler," by E. R. and J. Pennell.

**Methuselah Practiced It.**

Says Benjamin Franklin in his little essay "On the Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams":

"It is recorded that Methusalem, who being the longest lived, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air, for when he had lived 500 years an angel said to him, 'Arise, Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live 500 years longer.' But Methusalem answered and said: 'If I am to live but 500 years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house. I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do.'"

This dialogue is not reported in the fifth chapter of Genesis, to be sure, but it is reproduced here out of respect to Franklin as evidence that outdoor sleeping is no bad, but a wise return to the manners of our ancestors.—Harper's Weekly.

**Profit In Arresting Deserters.**

"The members of the police department are continually on the watch for deserters from the army or navy," explained the man about town. "The reason is that the government sets a price of \$25 upon the deserter's head. Of course policemen are anxious to gain the reward and are on the watch. The Bowery is the district most frequented by deserters, and that is the first place in the city where search is made for them. A score of deserters are picked up along this thoroughfare every year."

"Before a member of the police department can accept the reward for catching a deserter his claim must be approved by the commissioner. Even then he does not draw the entire amount, for the usual deduction for the police pension fund is made."—New York Sun.

**An Arab Visit of New York.**

An Arab who visited New York city is said to have sent this letter home: "People in America travel like rats under the ground [meaning the subway], and like squirrels in the air [meaning the elevated railways], and the buildings are so high that people have to be put in square boxes and pulled to the top by heavy ropes [meaning the elevator]. In the day the sun furnishes the light the same as in Morocco. At night the light is as strong as the day, but people here do not seem to have much use for sleep, as the streets are just as crowded at night as in the day."—Outlook.

**Misfit Tails.**

It was Robert's first visit to the zoo. "What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben. "After a critical inspection of the exhibit the boy replied: 'I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails.'—Youngstown Telegram.

**That Held Him.**

Wife—Henry, you need a rest. Let us go to Bongtong Springs. Hub—That place! Why, it's only fit for women and fools. Wife—I know it. Let's go there together.—Boston Transcript.

**Athletic.**

"I don't think," said an old lady, "that bookkeeping is a very sedative employment. There must be so much exercise in running up the columns."

**She Remembered.**

Aunt Jane is quite absent minded and when she started on a short journey, a few weeks ago, each member of the family labored to impress on her that she must not forget any of her parcels or belongings. When she reached her destination she wrote at once of her safe arrival and closed with the following postscript:

I remembered what you said about forgetting and tried to be as thoughtful as possible. I neglected, though, to have my trunk rechecked at the junction, and think I must have left my lunch at the window when I bought my ticket.

I must have forgotten my umbrella, too, when I changed cars, but I cannot imagine what could have become of my shawl. I suppose I neglected to put my comb and brush back in the bag after using them, but I feel confident that some one stole my jet brooch, as I do not see how I could possibly have mislaid it.

I got on quite nicely, though, and had a real pleasant journey.—Youth's Companion.

**Double Duty.**

An English sportsman—they call a man sportsman in England when he has money and nothing to do—has hit upon a very clever idea. He owns an automobile and a yacht. When he wants to use his yacht he runs the automobile aboard and harnesses it to the propeller. Then he tips off the self starter, the auto gets busy, the propeller churns the water, and the plain yacht becomes a fast motorboat. When the sportsman gets where he wants to go he ties up the yacht, runs the auto ashore and garly whizzes along the good roads. Of course, to be perfectly fair about it, the sportsman should take the yacht aboard the auto when he is on land, but up to the present time he has shown no willingness to display any such form of altruism. He's got a good idea, however. Pampered autos have too long been permitted to go aboard as stowaways. It's high time they were compelled to work their passage.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**An "Absent Minded Beggar."**

In "Bohemian Days in Fleet Street" is this anecdote of Phil May, the artist:

Phil was at one time ordered horse exercise. It was thought that this mode of progression would insure his safe and early return to the domestic hearth. But it did not always work.

One afternoon Phil was riding home from Fleet street to his house in Kensington, and, in passing through Leicester square, thought that he would drop in at the Cosy club. He gave his horse in charge of an urchin to hold for him. It was then 4 in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock in the morning a police constable entered the club to inquire whether one of the members had left a horse in charge of a boy outside. The secretary remembered that May was the proud possessor of a steed. But May had left the club at midnight. He had forgotten all about his horse, and had driven home in a hansom.

**The Dancing Disease.**

The "dancing disease" was an epidemic nervous disorder, apparently allied to hysteria and chorea, occasionally prevalent in Germany and Italy during the middle ages. As it has been in every instance chiefly propagated by physical contagion, like chorea, there is every reason to conclude that it had a like origin. In 1734, during the celebration of the festival of St. John at Aix-la-Chapelle, the streets became crowded with men and women of all ranks and ages who commenced dancing in a wild and frantic manner, many losing entire control over themselves and continuing to dance until dropping down from fatigue. The mania spread to Cologne, Metz and Strasburg, and gave rise to much imposture, profligacy and disorder.

**Not Animals.**

The negro teamster had been arrested for using his whip too freely on the public street.

"You are charged with cruelty to animals," said the judge. "How do you plead?"

"Why, judge," answered the prisoner. "I wa'n't cruel to no animals. Them beasts dat I wuz lickin' war mewls."—Buffalo Express.

**Alaska's Coast Line.**

The coast line of the mainland of Alaska is more than eight thousand miles in extent, greater than the entire Atlantic coast line of the United States. The coast line of the mainland and contiguous islands is over four times as great as the entire coast line of the United States.

**Something of a Curiosity.**

"What made you send our friend, Mr. Bumshus, the Russian alphabet?" "I thought it ought to interest him," replied Miss Cayenne. "It is the only thing I ever heard mentioned that he did not assume to thoroughly understand."—Washington Star.

**Evolution.**

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper so successfully that friends raised a subscription and educated him for grand opera. Now he sings under the name of Signor Tommasino Tuckerino and is a famous lion.—Pittsburgh Post.

**Cats.**

Felix (the alley cat)—Don't it get your back up? Selim (the house cat)—What? Felix—Hearin' them scrappy dames call each other cats.—Kansas City Star.

Luck whines, labor whistles. Luck relies on chance, labor on character.—Richard Cobden.

**The Creative Impulse.**

The creative impulse does not itself know the next step it will take or the next form that will arise any more than the creative artist determines beforehand all the thoughts and forms his inventive genius will bring forth. He has the impulse or the inspiration to do a certain thing, to let himself go in a certain direction, but just the precise form his creation will take is as unknown to him as to you and me. Some stubbornness or obduracy in his material, or some accident of time or place, may make it quite different from what he had hoped or vaguely planned. He does not know what thought or incident or character he is looking for till he has found it, till he has risen above his mental horizon. So far as he is inspired, so far as he is spontaneous, just so far is the world with which he deals plastic and fluid and indeterminate and ready to take any form his medium of expression—words, colors, tones—affords him. He may surprise himself, excel himself; he has surrendered himself to a power beyond the control of his will or knowledge.—John Burroughs in the Atlantic.

**Proper Way to Walk.**

In walking, your feet should point straight ahead and come down flat, heel first. Writers who advise that the ball of the foot should touch the ground first, in common with the calisthenics instructor at school who likely as not advises the same thing do not know anything about the practical side of walking. The former doubtless have in mind the ballroom, and the latter the gymnasium. On a long walk you will naturally fall into the proper way of handling your feet. Let your arms swing naturally also, and for their benefit carry a stout stick—not a stout staff, which is too long and awkward. Keep this stick moving, in one hand or the other, and it will exercise your arms better than the mere act of swinging them will. Keep the shoulders down, the chest up and the body erect. The right posture of the body is as important a factor while walking as it is in the schoolroom.—From "The Boy Scout's Hike Book."

**He Explained.**

There was in Broadminster, says the "Lighter Side of English Life," a resourceful parson who invented plausible answers to questions when he did not know the right ones. He had been talking to a lady about a "Breeches" Bible picked up by a brother parson for sixteen, when she asked what a "Breeches" Bible was: "A 'Breeches' Bible?" he cried. "Oh, a 'Breeches' Bible is the one that was carried by Cromwell's troopers in their pockets. It was made specially for carrying about—small, you know, and compact. I remember reading that several of the soldiers had their lives saved owing to the bullets having lodged in the volume in their breeches pocket."

"Not really!" said the lady. "How very interesting! I do believe that I heard something like that having happened, I forget where."

**A Tip to the Poets.**

His (Richard Hovey's) voice was admirable, sonorous and colorful, and he used it excellently whether to read or recite. It was a novelty to editors, when they asked him to submit a poem, to have him ask "Perhaps you'd like this?" Forthwith he would recite the poem he had to offer, not faltering in a line and bringing out the thought and feeling of it all magically, as we read the first poets gave their soul to rapt listeners. In case the poem happened to be unsuitable for the purpose Hovey would smile unperturbed and proceed to recite his second choice. If the poem were accepted on his recital he would go back to his apartment to write out a copy of it and send it to the editor.—Richard Duffy in Bookman.

**Scottish and Smart.**

John Clerk, Lord Eldon, was of a very convivial disposition. Once the author of "Law and Laughter," after a Bannatyne club dinner, "where wit and wine contended for the mastery," tumbled heavily downstairs on the way to his carriage and broke his nose. When he reappeared in public, looking somewhat odd about the face, some one asked how the accident happened. He said it was the effect of his studies. "Studies!" ejaculated the inquirer. "Yes," growled the judge; "I've heard, nae doot, about 'Coke Upon Littleton,' but I suppose you never before heard of 'Clerk Upon Stair!'"

**The New Nurse.**

"Now, nurse, please do not say anything to the child about bugaboos." "Certainly not, madam. And one question, please."

"Well?" "Do you wish the infant to have any instruction at this time on the subject of germs?"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

**Wrong Preposition.**

"People are so careless about the proper use of prepositions." "Yes, I know they are. Fred told me he and his bride were going to live with the old man when he really meant on the old man."—Baltimore American.

**Just Looking.**

When a man looks at a woman it is because he wants to look at her; when a woman looks at a man it is because she wants him to look at her.—London Tatler.

**Sometimes.**

Tommy—Pop, a man and his wife are one, aren't they? Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son; sometimes one too many.—Philadelphia Record.

All's to be feared where all's to be gained.—Byron.

**Given Away.**

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**Daily Thought.**

If we find but one to whom we can speak out our hearts freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground for quarrels with the world or God.—Stevenson.

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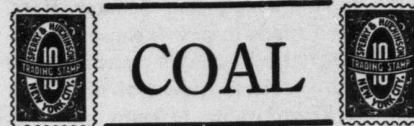
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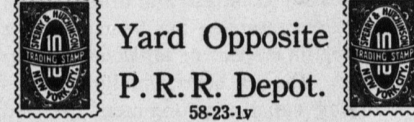
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