

THE OTHER ALICE.

"It's all the fault of my abominable hand-writing, and careless habit of never crossing my 't's," reflected Owen Barton, as he reread the prim little note of acceptance from a girl he had never invited.

"And I've no one but myself to blame," he added in acknowledgement of the fact that Alice Bart and Alice Bart did look very much alike.

"Of course, there's nothing to do but carry off the situation as if I had intended it that way, and take Miss Bart to the dance. I might have known she would be invited to the Darwin's dance on Tuesday. The Barts are an old family here—older, even, than the Barts, and the Darwins belong to the conservative set.

"But—why, the situation is ridiculous! I hardly know the girl." He searched his memory for recollections of Miss Bart.

It was fanciful fate that caused him to meet Alice Bart, the one of his choice, on his way home from the office that afternoon. She was standing in front of a jeweler's window.

"You are late," greeted she. "Guy Pilson has been before you, and I've promised to go with him to the dance Tuesday night." There seemed to be no doubt in her mind that he had intended to invite her.

"Procrastination has defrauded many a better man," retorted he regretfully.

"Oh, well, we'll all be at the same place," she returned lightly. Then the expression of her blue eyes changed to glittering hardness as her glance returned to the jewels.

"I must have them—the diamond and sapphire necklace!" He could see the slim fingers grind together. "Father has more than half promised me—"

Barton's eyes shone in responsive understanding. She seemed born for things like these, and it was his idea of serving the woman he loved to deck her with glittering jewels.

"Some time—some time, Alice, I hope to be in a position to buy things like these, and have the right to give them to you—" He spoke with hurried eagerness.

She laughed in response, but something in its quality disappointed him; there was more calculating appraisal than tenderness in her eyes.

As he presented himself at the old Bart homestead on the evening of the dance, he was met by Alice's mother.

When Alice appeared, dressed in a simple white dress, he exerted himself to please, and acknowledged to himself that though she was not the type he would have chosen, she was a girl any man might be proud to escort.

Yet when he arrived at the Darwin's and saw Alice Bart, his ardor for her flamed afresh. In a filmy chiffon gown over blue satin, she gave an effect not often seen in Edgetown, and about her throat was the necklace of diamonds and sapphires she had coveted in the jeweler's window.

During the evening Barton wandered out on the veranda for a cool breath and a quiet smoke. At first he thought he was alone, but in a few moments he discovered two men seated on a bench around the corner.

"For months I've foreseen this crash coming in Bart's affairs," said one. "For old friendship's sake, I'd have been willing to give him a loan to tide him over, if he'd shown any disposition to retrench in his personal expenditure. For with care and economy this might have been averted. But at his present rate of living I knew I might as well throw my money out in the street for all the real good it would do him."

"Yes, that's true," responded the other, and Barton recognized the voice of Matthews, the senior partner in the firm where he worked. "He's the sort that never denies his family anything—whether he can afford it or not. Why, only yesterday he bought his daughter a diamond and sapphire necklace."

"The one she's wearing tonight?"

"Yes, and the thing's caused much comment. Young Barton's been beaueing her around a good deal lately. But I noticed tonight he brought Paul Bart's daughter—Alice, her name is, too, I believe. A fine little girl!"

"The other girl would ruin any man," returned the other lightly, as he threw away his cigar and they returned to the ballroom.

A couple came out on the veranda and occupied the bench around the corner left vacant by the two men.

Then sudden perspiration stood out on his forehead, for the couple was no other than Alice Bart and Guy Pilson, a wealthy young fellow who was visiting in Edgetown.

And before he knew it, Barton was made witness to the latter's proposal of marriage. There was not much sentiment about it. It was evident that Pilson wanted a beautiful, accomplished woman to grace his millions, and Alice wanted millions to back her beauty and accomplishments.

Presently they returned to the ballroom, but Barton still sat in his shadowy corner—cutting dance after dance—and thinking. At last he noticed the guests were leaving and went in to find Miss Bart.

During the ride home, her quiet, gentle presence acted as a balm on his overwrought nerves.

"Matthews is right—she's fine and would be a true helpmate to any man, and something in her soft, dark eyes as she said good night gave him hope. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)"

GREAT HARDNESS OF WATER

Try It by Putting Your Arm Overboard When Riding in a Speed Boat.

Here is a fact which is probably novel to the average man who has not spent much of his life thinking about motor speed boats. This is what we may call the hardness of the water when a boat is running at speed. Water at 50 miles an hour is not the limpid liquid we are accustomed to bathe in. If you put your arm overboard from a hydroplane running at 50 miles an hour and strike a wave crest the probability is that you will break your arm or wrist, because at that speed the water has not time to give, not time even to change shape, and striking it is like striking so much metal.

In the great hydraulic mining nozzles, where a stream of water under enormous head is used to wash down hillsides, a swordsman, in attempting to cut into one of these streams, will shatter the sword without being able to penetrate the water. The stream is like a bar of iron. The fact that water at relative speed is so hard—or that its inertia is so great, to be a little more accurate—is the reason why a skipping stone travels over the surface, and is the reason why a hydroplane boat slides over the surface instead of plowing its way through.

The picture we must have in our minds, then, of a speed boat is that it is traveling not in water, as we ordinarily understand it, but over the surface of a semi-solid, very much as a sled travels over snow. The hardness of water at 50 miles an hour we might compare with the hardness of cheese—at rest.—American Magazine.

Women Naturally Seek Matrimony More Than Men Because of Teachings of Generations.

Women have the marrying habit; men do not. This is not strange, for generations of girls have been taught that every woman should be married, and that to remain unwed is a disgrace. Being a "married woman" has been a sort of boast of superiority on the part of wives. Naturally, because their mothers and almost every other person of their own sex put a great deal of emphasis on the desirability of being married, and none at all on the desirability, which sometimes exists, of remaining unmarried, girls looked on marriage as the goal of ambition, and bent their whole energies to getting husbands.

Rather than endure the unjust stigma of being "old maids" they took the first man who gave them a chance. Their object was not love, not a husband, but simply to acquire the status, privileges and deference which they had been taught were denied to all of their sex except the "married woman."

Can you imagine anything more disastrous?

Yet this is only half the story. The other half consists in the fact that the very same mothers who fairly drive their daughters to marry are singularly reluctant to see their sons wed. The mother who is employing all the arts and craft of the chase to entrap some other woman's son for her daughter's husband, will weep at the announcement that the other woman's daughter has shackled her son.—Mother's Magazine.

QUEER THINGS ABOUT DEBT

Only Thing That Goes Contrary to Nature's Laws—Every Debtor Is a Creditor.

Debt is the one thing which goes contrary to the laws of nature, because you can contract and expand it at the same time. Nothing exceeds like debt.

Everyone is always in debt to some one else. Every debtor is a creditor, every creditor is a debtor. There being no clearing house of humanity, the thing goes on from day to day getting more complicated.

When you borrow money from a man who is willing to lend it to you, you are his creditor to the extent that you have favored him with an opportunity.

Everybody starts by owing the government his part of the interest on the national debt. As this is increasing all the time, the fatal habit some people have of putting off the day of their birth counts against them.

It is declared to be immoral for poor people to borrow money. Rich people, who have inherited money which really doesn't belong to them, can, however, borrow all the money they can get, a practise considered highly proper.

Debt is a poor sleeping companion. He won't stay hitched. If you put him off in a room by himself and draw down the blinds, he always breaks loose and interrupts you just when you are beginning to enjoy yourself. If you fail to pay his board and lodging, he grows larger and eats more. And what a witless companion he is!—Life.

Too Much Decoration.

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow architect. They strolled along together. To keep their minds in working trim, the two men patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed.

Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, father," he said scornfully—"look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"—Everybody's.

Depew on the War.

Former Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who has long been an ardent admirer and personal friend of the Kaiser, severely censured the German ruler in an interview with the *World* correspondent.

"This war is the crime of all centuries," said Mr. Depew with impressive earnestness. "It is a crime of ambition—the dream of a man who thinks himself another Napoleon.

"Ten million men will die as the result, directly or indirectly, of this crime, and for generations Europe will suffer incalculably.

"It is almost incredible to think," continued Mr. Depew, "that one man could throw the whole world back into the sixteenth century. Something is wrong with the Kaiser. Either his environment is at fault, or there has been a complete reversal of his mental processes.

"This war will mean the greatest impulse for socialism that history records. It will mean an end to all kings with real powers and an end to all bully bureaucracies."

It is recalled that on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's reign, Mr. Depew's speech in honor of the German monarch attracted world-wide attention as a model of expression.—*Gazette Times*.

"Prevention is better than cure," says the familiar proverb. So familiar indeed is that proverb that we lose its force. We need to be reminded that prevention is better than cure because it saves us time, money and suffering. We also need the reminder that prevention is a great deal easier than cure. Many times disease which might have been prevented cannot be cured at any cost. About one-sixth of the deaths of this country are due to consumption. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved thousands and thousands of men and women who suffered from obstinate cough, bronchitis, "weak lungs," bleeding of the lungs, and similar ailments, which, if neglected, or unskillfully treated, lead to consumption. Ninety-eight per cent. of those who give "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial, are permanently benefited. There is nothing "just of good" as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

—They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Pure Rich Blood Prevents Disease

Bad blood,—that is, blood that is impure or impoverished, thin and pale,—is responsible for more ailments than anything else.

It affects every organ and function. In some cases it causes catarrh; in others, dyspepsia; in others, rheumatism; and in still others, weak, tired, languid feelings and worse troubles.

It is responsible for run-down conditions, and is the most common cause of disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest purifier and enricher of the blood the world has ever known. It has been wonderfully successful in removing scrofula and other humors, increasing the red-blood corpuscles, and building up the whole system. Get it today. 59-34

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By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

EVERY dollar spent in advertising is not only a seed dollar which produces a profit for the merchant, but is actually retained by him even after he has paid it to the publisher.

Advertising creates a good will equal to the cost of the publicity. Advertising really costs nothing. While it uses funds it does not use them up. It helps the founder of a business to grow rich and then keeps his business alive after his death.

It eliminates the personal equation. It perpetuates confidence in the store and makes it possible for a merchant to withdraw from business without having the profits of the business withdrawn from him. It changes a name to an institution—an institution which will survive its builder.

It is really an insurance policy which costs nothing—pays a premium each year instead of calling for one and renders it possible to change the entire personnel of a business without disturbing its prosperity.

Advertising renders the business stronger than the man—dependent of his presence. It permanentizes systems of merchandising, the track of which is left for others to follow.

A business which is not advertised must rely upon the personality of its proprietor, and personality in business is a decreasing factor. The public does not want to know the man who owns the store—it isn't interested in him but in his goods. When an unadvertised business is sold it is only worth as much as its stock of goods and its fixtures. There is no good will to be paid for—it does not exist—it has not been created. The name over the door means nothing except to the limited stream of people from the immediate neighborhood, any of whom could tell you more about some store ten miles away which has regularly delivered its shop news to their homes.

It is as shortsighted for a man to build a business which dies with his death or ceases with his inaction, as it is unfair for him not to provide for the continuance of its income to his family.

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Shoes.

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Misses' and Children's Coats in white and all the new dark colors.

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Our Silk department is now at its best. New stripes, plaids and brocades, for street and evening wear. Brocaded chiffons for the new blouse. All the new weaves in the woolen fabrics in stripes, plaids and plain for suits and dresses.

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