

POLITENESS ON THE WIRE

Really Seems to Be a Fact That Good Manners Are Forgotten by Telephone Users.

"I don't understand why anybody is impolite over the phone," remarked a woman visiting in New York, "unless he is cowardly or unless the phone, like wine, brings out the real character of people. And I especially don't see why women should be impolite to women."

"The most provoking instance I have had in many days occurred right here in New York. An old and dear friend of mine whom I had not seen in years had married and come to New York to live. Her married name was Blankleigh, let us say, but I did not know her husband's initials and I had no idea where she lived. It was my first visit to New York and I wanted to see her."

"My only hope was that she was in the telephone book and to it I went. I found six Blankleighs, any one of whom might be she, but which one? It was for me to find out and I began with the first one."

"I asked for Mrs. Blankleigh and she came to the receiver. I apologized and explained why I had called and asked if she were my old friend. The way she snapped out that she wasn't and rang off was something awful."

"The following three were variants of the first, not much better and not any worse. Only one of them was a man and he just laughed and said there wasn't any Mrs. Blankleigh in his house at present, but if I—and then I rang off."

"The fifth was the one I sought and I didn't have to seek any further. Now I am thinking whether or not to call up the sixth and see if she is any more polite and considerate than the others. And it would have been just as easy to have been polite and nice about it and tried to help me, wouldn't it?"

CHANGE NAMES OF STREETS

Frenchmen Find Time for Small Things in Midst of a National Crisis.

The French are a curious compound of earnestness and lightness. No matter how imminent a crisis, or how threatening the ruin, they never fail to pay all due attention to the correct outward form. In the present tremendous crisis of French affairs one would think that the last thing the Parisian authorities would concern themselves about would be the naming of streets. And yet, according to recent dispatches, the city council, upon hearing of the brave defense made at Liege, passed an ordinance changing the name of the Rue de Berlin to the Rue de Liege.

This was more than duplicated in 1870. After the catastrophe of Sedan, the ruin of Napoleon III's empire and the establishment of the infant republic, the national assembly, sitting in Paris on matters for the safety of the country, while the Prussians were thundering down upon the city, concerned themselves largely with changing the names of things from "Imperial" and "Royal" to "National." Among others, they passed, after a heated debate, a decree changing the name of the royal Bengal tiger in the Paris zoo to that of the national Bengal tiger, and instructed the custodians to see that the signs were changed at once.

Water Power Running to Waste.

Five and half tons of coal are burned each year for each undeveloped horsepower available from our rivers and streams. At the low rate of two dollars per ton this shows a waste of \$11 a year for each undeveloped horsepower. The extent of the total yearly waste from this source alone is said to be worth the price of 30,000,000 tons of coal. The waste is helping a lot to increase the price of coal, the demand for which is continually increasing, due to increasing factory, shop and home demands. There is hardly a waterpower of any size in this country that cannot be harnessed to electric generators and its power transmitted to nearby cities and villages for manufacturing purposes. Transmission lines of 200 and 300 miles are not unusual.

He Saves Freezing Horse.

Mrs. William Bonner, a nurse, of Copake, Dutchess county, New York, was sitting up last night with a patient when she looked from the window and saw a horse, unharnessed, standing in the snow at the railroad station.

An hour later the horse was still there, and, fearing he would freeze, kindly Mrs. Bonner telephoned to Constable Reynolds. He left his warm bed, walked three miles through the snow and threw a blanket over the animal, saying:

"Whoa, boy, I'll take care of you." When Reynolds started to lead the animal away he discovered it was a wooden horse consigned by freight to a local harness maker. Curtains.—New York Herald.

Painful Truth.

Mrs. Portly (weight 225)—The cat! I'll pay her for that speech if it takes all winter!

Miss Portly—Why, ma; what did she say?

Mrs. Portly—She told me she'd heard I passed my vacation largely in the mountains.—Puck.

ART HAS ITS COMPENSATION

Philosophical View as Taken by This Man Seems to Have Much to Recommend It.

He was a lively old chap of past seventy at a lobster palace table with a glass of plain water for tipple.

"Of course," he was saying to the younger men with him, "I am not as long for this world as you chaps are, if you live to be as old as I am, but I have a satisfaction in life that you haven't. I know because when I was in my forties every time I had anything the matter with me I got scared."

"I was afraid that either it would kill me with only half my life lived or that it was some lingering disease that would make thirty or forty years of my life a burden. Nor was I alone in thinking that way. Every man of my age had the same feeling. I think that comes to most men when they are about thirty."

"Youth's carelessness lasts only a very short time and a man mighty soon begins to wonder what will happen to him next, or how long he will stay in good shape. When a man reaches my age he begins to be careless again. Most of what will happen has happened, and he is through with it, and what is to happen next doesn't make much difference because in the nature of things it can't last long whatever it is and the finality comes as a resting spell and a cessation from the worries of the flesh."

"I know some old men who don't take the same view of themselves that I do, and I am sorry for them, because a man owes it to himself, I think, to quit bothering about giving up when he knows he has to do it whether or no."

NONSENSE TO STAY IN RUT

Ability to "Rise" in Life is More or Less Present in Every Human Being.

In every business there are many who know nothing about their possibilities. They live humdrum lives, plodding along in the same old ruts from day to day, but in a business sense they are practically dead and finish their business careers without waking up—they just exist. They see an occasional man rise up from the mass on the wings of fortune or fame. He is a nine-day wonder, and then the rest of the community settle down again and wait for something to "turn up" for them.

The hidden forces for rising out of the ruts are to be found in all "ordinary" folk. All that is needed to put those forces to work is an awakening—a realization that great effort is behind great accomplishments. Fame and fortune do not come unbidden. They come only by reaching out and grasping them as they pass by.

The man who is satisfied with things as they are, will never rise above his fellows, but the man who reaches out and grasps every opportunity is the man upon whom good luck will smile.

The hidden power is in you, all right, and there it will stay until you wake up and go out in the world and make yourself known. Modesty may be a virtue, but merit that vaunts itself occasionally is the kind that brings home the money to the wife and children.

Love.

Love has no doubts. To itself love is the very substance of reality. The phenomena of sight, sound, touch and their fellows, are but the conditions under which life has made a foothold for itself in this bolsterous world; the senses know nothing beyond their own functioning, they have nothing to say regarding the end or purpose of life. But to love—all the labor and effort of all the universe, with all its sidereal systems, with all its ethereal immensity, has been for the sake of producing love. Of what consequence is it, whether insensible matter endure a myriad years, or assume infinite bigness? In the absence of consciousness, an infinity of matter is as nothing. One flash of conscious life illumined by love is worth all the patience, all the effort, all the labor, of unconscious energy throughout an infinity of time. Consciousness is but a minister of love, to the love that is to be.—Atlantic.

Boring Thin Glass.

Everybody who has tried understands how difficult it is to bore a hole in a strip of thin glass. The following method is said to be very successful: Press a cake of wet clay upon the glass and then make a hole through the clay of the desired size, laying bare the glass at the bottom of the hole. Then pour melted lead into the hole, and it will drop through the glass, making a rough aperture. The explanation is that the sudden application of heat cracks the glass in a circle corresponding in size with the hole in the clay.—New York Tribune.

Borrowing Eliminated.

The new play was in rehearsal, and a delegation of actors approached the manager. On being received, the spokesman said: "Sir, we have come to ask that a portion of Mr. Brown's part be cut out."

"What's all this about? What do you want cut out?" asked the manager.

"The part where he, as the disguised, borrows \$5. Every time he thinks any of us has any money he calls a rehearsal."—Chicago Daily News.

A Woman's Story.

A woman's story is very often a story of suffering if it deals with the period of maternity. A great many such stories have begun with suffering and ended with smiles of happiness because Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription had cured the pain and restored the health. The following is one woman's story:

Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm (Enosburg Center), Enosburg, Vt., writes: "Your kindly advice and medicines have brought me great relief. During the past year I found myself pregnant and in rapidly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm.) I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy confinement, and have a healthy baby boy."

The Sultor.

Young Wilmarth sought an interview with Mr. Carpenter. "I'd like," said the young man, nervously, "to marry your daughter, sir." "Well, I've got six," responded the obliging father. "Take all you want."

Brainy. Brains of Chicago men who desert their wives are to be examined and no attention is to be paid to the pulchritude of the deserted wives. These new methods set one to thinking.—Chicago News.

CASTORIA Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hardware.

Don't forget our Annual Inventory Sale that Begins Saturday, Jan. 16. There will be some Great Bargains.

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co. BELLEFONTE, PA.

How to Write Advertising Copy

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

A SKILLED layer of mosaic works with small fragments of stone—they fit into more places than the larger chunks.

The skilled advertiser works with small words—they fit into more minds than big phrases.

The simpler the language the greater certainty that it will be understood by the least intelligent reader.

The construction engineer plans his roadbed where there is a minimum of grade—he works along the lines of least resistance.

The advertisement which runs into mountainous style is badly surveyed—all minds are not built for high grade thinking.

Advertising must be simple. When it is tricked out with the jewelry and silks of literary expression, it looks as much out of place as a ball dress at the breakfast table!

The buying public is only interested in facts. People read advertisements to find out what you have to sell.

The advertiser who can fire the most facts in the shortest time gets the most returns. Blank cartridges make noise but they do not hit—blank talk, however clever, is only wasted space.

You force your salesman to keep to solid facts—you don't allow them to sell muslin with quotations from Omar or trousers with excerpts from Marie Corelli. You must not tolerate in your printed selling talk anything that you are not willing to countenance in personal salesmanship.

Cut out clever phrases if they are inserted to the sacrifice of clear explanations—write copy as you talk. Only be more brief. Publicity is costlier than conversation—ranging in price downward from \$10 a line; talk is not cheap, but the most expensive commodity in the world.

Sketch in your ad to the stenographer. Then you will be so busy "saying it" that you will not have time to bother about the gewgaws of writing. Afterwards take the typewritten manuscript and cut out every word and every line that can be erased without omitting an important detail. What remains in the end is all that really counted in the beginning.

Cultivate brevity and simplicity. "Savon Français" may look smarter, but more people will understand "French Soap." Sir Isaac Newton's explanation of gravitation covers six pages but the school-boy's terse and homely "What goes up must come down" clinches the whole thing in six words.

Indefinite talk wastes space. It is not 100% productive. The copy that omits prices sacrifices half its pulling power—it has a tendency to bring lookers instead of buyers. It often creates false impressions. Some people are bound to conceive the idea that the goods are higher priced than in reality—others, by the same token, are just as likely to infer that the prices are lower and go away thinking that you have exaggerated your statements.

The reader must be searched out by the copy. Big space is cheapest because it doesn't waste a single eye. Publicity must be on the offensive. There are far too many advertisers who keep their lights on top of their bushel—the average citizen hasn't time to overturn your bushel.

Small space is expensive. Like a one-flake snowstorm, there is not enough of it to lay.

Space is a comparative matter after all. It is not a case of how much is used but how it is used. The passengers on the limited express may realize that Jones has tacked a twelve-inch shingle on every post and fence for a stretch of five miles, but they are going too fast to make out what the shingles say, yet the two-foot letters of Brown's big bulletin board on top of the hill leap at them before they have a chance to dodge it. And at that it doesn't cost nearly so much as the sum total of Jones' dinky display.

Just so advertisements attractively displayed every day or every week for a year in one newspaper will find the eye of all readers, no matter how rapidly they may be "going" through the advertising pages, and produce more results than a dozen piking pieces of copy scattered through half a dozen papers.

(Copyright.)

Shoes.

Shoes.

Yeager's Shoe Store

"FITZEZY"

The Ladies' Shoe that Cures Corns

Sold only at

Yeager's Shoe Store,

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

58-27

Dry Goods, Etc.

LYON & COMPANY.

Clearance Sale

—) of all (—

WINTER STUFFS.

Our entire stock of

Ladies' Coats and Suits, Children's and Misses' Coats

must be sold now. This will mean a Coat or Suit at remarkable reductions. We have a large selection and all sizes. Coats that sold at 15, 18 and \$20 now sell at \$10.00. Coats that sold at 25, 28 and \$30.00 now must go at \$15. This same reduction will be made in Ladies' Suits, Misses' Coats that sold at 10, 12 and \$15 now must go at \$5. Children's Coats that sold at 5, 7 and \$9 now must go at 3.50 and \$4.50.

Furs.

Furs.

We have put the knife in the prices of Furs. Furs reduced 1-3, 1-2 and more. Mink, Fox, Red and Light, Black Fox and Pointed Fox, in fact a very good assortment of all fine furs in black and white, at big reductions.

Everything is now on the reduction list during this yearly clearance. We invite every one to come in and get our prices and see that we mean a big saving on the low prices. Watch for the Rummage Table next week. We are getting ready for our big White Sale.

Lyon & Co. 57-34-1y Bellefonte