Bellefonte, Pa., January 8, 1915.

THE FLOOR WALKER.

(Copyright.) It was the crowded-bar hour of five in the afternoon in the Old King Cole fluid-refection room of the Hotel Astor-Knicker. At the far end of the onyx bar a young man with irresolute eyes and the chin of a non-combatant began to weep silently but copiously into his highball.

The bareheaded attache of the refectory, who touched the weeper upon the shoulder within less than ten seconds after the beginning of the lachrymose manifestation, looked as good as one of those House of Splookenheimer clothing ads. He was tall, rangy and square-jawed.

He was the floor walker of the refectory; an evolutionized bouncer. It took him less than two minutes to condole with the despairing one and to guide him gently to the exit. The weeper was not bounced; he was conveyed to the outer air by a diplomatist, and went away with his misery as-

"Good eye," I observed to the calmeyed floor walker when he returned. "How did you spot that one so

"By keeping track of his in-dredges," said the floor walker. "I happened to remember that one. He's a three-shot Terry. That is to say, when he seeps three moisties into his bilge the overflow always begins to trickle from his wicks. Three for him, and the Joys do a bunny-trot away from him and the Glooms start in to turkey-mazurk all

'Then the saline solution begins to dribble from his orbs, which, of course, Is his getaway signal; for it wouldn't do to have a sad sog scattering salt spray over the place when the bar is cluttered up with merry-merries, who hate grief and who are trying the best they can to forget even their own woes, without reaching out for the sobskymusic of zigs who insist upon diluting their booze with their tears."

"But you are not giving me the arithmetical end of it," I said to the floor walker. "How can you keep track of the number of liquid inserts that each of them, buying rapidly, permits to percolate through his frame?"

"Practice, bo—practice, continued with that Argus stuff," replied the cafe floor walker. "After I get through with this job I'll be able to do a vaudeville turn as a lightning calculator. How many fervent Ferdies are there lined up there at the onyx now, would you calculate? A hundred, say you? Wrong again. There are a hundred and fourteen. Included in the bunch are 19 whom I've got classified on memory's yellow pages, Myrtle, as

dangerous. "Unsafe, that is to say, in different ways. Some of them are liable, if they go too far with the gimme-another request, to prong out the think that they're white hopes and stretch out their tentacles in search of mussiness. Others of the 19, if they stretch that please-refill-the-flagon thing too far, are likely to raise their pipes in unseemly protest on the subjects of religion, baseball and politics, thus throwing in a flat wheel, so to speak, on the cathedral calm that should prevail in a fluid philansterie of this pat-

'Two of them, if they overstep their gurgle limit, will fall to atomizing their weeps until the plant will feel like it's being sprayed by a Scotch mist. 'N so on, 'n so on, as Mr. Belasco says, nervously, when he does not wish to have you read the remainder of your play to him on the street.

"Well, I'm the Tabulating Tommy with those 19 unsafe boys. I know just how far down the damp road each and at the same time be quiet about it, re-enacted and the governor authorof them can go without getting his that the floor walker has to be consid- | lzed to hold 1,600 shares of stock in standing lights blurred, and I'm there erably jerry of his job in order to quiwith the mentally registered statistics as to just how many intakes each of guish the gooks who, after they've trod them has up to this moment eased into his facial orifice. Something at the top the insectivorous idea that they are of my dome does an inaudible click all alone in the madding crowd and each time any one of them creaks his that, therefore, they can and must go elbow in the act of sifting a perfectly

new and untried ball into his motor. "Thus, as each one of them treks along to the end of his little path, all I've got to do is the substraction stuff, that nobody else could get interested of their own in certain fever cases. far as I know, from experience, it medical attendance free. ought to be played, gets the sad and sweet shake of the barkeep's bean the next time he calls for one more, and that is all there is to it. If the one upon whom the box is turned resents the shut-down he is passed along to me, and I dish up to him whichever article of bunkological balm he seems most in need of.

"I am not saying, get me, that any one of the 19 dangerous ones is liable to try to leap the barricade or scale the citadel today. They may go days and days before they vat up to the point where they will feel impelled to pull their rummiferous specialty. But I am peg-posted here for the purpose of watching that none of the breezy ones departs from the normal, and, if so, to chaperon them, without any suggestion of the crude or coarse work,

into the open-" "But hold!" I interrupted. "How can you tell how many they've had before they swing in here?"

"That," replied the floor walker of the high-grade fire-water foundry, "is where the Argus section of my sketch comes in. I can tell that by peeking them over when they zephyr in. I take an unobtrusive but Hawkshawish slant at each and every patient as he nudges through the door, for the pur-

pose of making a guess as to how nany imbibings he has bestowed upon his concealed mechanism before getting this far up the line.

"If their maps don't reveal the story, then their chirps will. When, for instance, I accidentally overhear a justarrived smudge telling the buddy with him that none of the folks at home, including his spouse, understand him, log-gone the luck anyhow, then, even If I never have binocularized him betore, I know that he has been hurling wetties into his diaphragm not alone. yea, at one, but at several other points turther down the line, and I get the mental chalk on him and attend to it that he doesn't reach the glug-glug stage of it through any fault of mine or the house. The sog who unlimbers It to his trudge-mate, at an early stage of the proceedings in a damp drum, that the wife of his bosom cannot and does not and will not understand him -that sog, if the act is permitted to proceed undisturbed, will fall to lamenting lachrymosely all over the upper and lower bar rails just as sure as aigs ain't eggs. As you yourself have lust seen, there is nothing sadder or more dispiriting to be observed in a groggery-de-luxe than the spectacle of a male person who shaves engaged in distilling his own tears into perfectly good booze, guaranteed under the Pure

Food and Booze act of 1906. "And when the weeper is doing it because, as he says in a tone loud enough for other persons to hear, he is deeply and darkly and sadly misunderstood at home, the said weeper frames into such an enticing figure to be booted all over the works and then out into the open, and the shoe-leather of so many men so twitches to do that same to him that it is highly desirable to get him out of the place just as soon as possible, if not by the conological method, then by the 'raus-mit-em'

"It is the business of the floor walker in a Valenciennes-lace maison de redeve of this character to analyze the chatter of each of the patients who looks unsafe, all the time pretending, of course, that he couldn't hear a president's salute from a battleship if he was shining bright-work on the main deck, and to see to it that the chirper who manifests a tendency to become boisterous along the line of his particular specialty shall not reach the point where he imagines that he is in the spotlight down-stage, with all of the rest of the purchasers merely standing around acting the parts of the supernumeraries.

"You would be surprised to know how many zigs there are, who outside of that are all right, that fall to imagining, after they've tossed just one or two over their average number of hooters past their tonsils, that they are alone in a pleasant and animated little circle of one or two hundred fellow rums, many of whom entertain the same quaint idea.

"Since the merely taciturn or morose neling stimulants into their frames. object to being reminded in a place like this of a cage filled with whitecrested parakeets just arrived from Paraguay, it keeps me busy shaming the spotlighters into submission or picturing to them the hygienic advantages of a trapes on the flag-stones that run

past the door. him like what she used to have, no vehicles, 20 cents, horse and rider six matter what he does for her and the life of a queen with nothing ever to do until tomorrow or even then-

"There are, I say, so many surly visitors at a nose-paint pension of this over their Plimsoll capacity, develop as far or farther than they like with personally conducted tete-a-tete members bearing on and appertaining to a needed stimulant in cases of nervlittle matters concerning themselves ous breakdown and have tonic virtues waft the wigwag to the barkeep, and in except on the payment of a large the one who has played his string as salary with house rent, forage and

Newsies Are High Gamblers.

Patrolman Hook was walking along Broadway between Fifth and Sixth streets the other day when he heard the shrill cry: "Give two, I got high

game." "Gimme low."

"Gimme Jack." "Aw, how much you got for game?" And then came a great dispute over 22 and 24 and other totals.

The patrolman looked all around, for those are the disputes of cardplayers. He could see no one. The wrangle continued. It seemed to be coming from above.

the building at 529 Broadway he found after an engagement in which he saw a game in full progress, newsboys con- the officers about him slaughtered by testing every point that might be debated.

The boys were arrested and several decks of cards confiscated.—Los An- war Brig. Gen. Franklin Pierce of New geles Times.

Serves 'Em Right. "Critics have become exceedingly

unpopular," said the manager. 'Yes," replied the bill poster. "I understand they won't even let the military critics get anywhere near the theater of war."

RETAINED FAITH IN GHOSTS

Eaglishman of High Position One of the Few Who Believed in Such Visitations.

Robert H. Benson, whose death is recorded, was one of the few remaining men of high intelligence and education who believed in the old-fashioned ghost. It may have been his opposition to modernism, leading him to renounce the faith of his father, the archbishop of Canterbury, in favor of Catholicism, that impelled his preference for haunted houses of the old style, with malignant apparitions tramping on the stairs and clanking chains in the deep watches of the night, and dissipating themselves in revelries that include groans, moans and the passing of cold fingers across the throats of uneasy sleepers. The "manifestations" of Professor Hyslop and his mediums were not at all Mgr. Benson's ghosts. And he had noth- forks. ing in common with Sir Oliver Lodge's hope of establishing intercourse with disembodied spirits across the ether, or with Henri Bergson's elaborate telepathic arguments.

But he was willing to consider theories of ghostly visitations that would not impair the old-fashioned concepthe effect of some violent emotion around the scene of its original generation and penetrates the consciousness of visitors. Or it might be the "astral body" believed in by the theosophists. Scientific help was not needed to account for ghosts in these ways, and psychologists were dispensed with, excepting when they yielded to Hamlet's or Macbeth's conceptions. Those conceptions are, in fact, more comfortable and satisfying than the scientific spec-New York Times.

WERE MEN, AND GENTLEMEN

Cowpunchers of the Old West Have Been Rightly Depicted in the Pages of Romance.

"The old West," says Edgar Beecher Bronson, author of "The Vanguard," 'was just as romantic in real life as It appears in fiction. Possibly it is the only case of romance standing the test of one's being actually on the spot. And the cowpunchers were gallant as courtiers.

"There is a story of the Cheyenne coach when a man, a gentleman he called himself, from a big Eastern city, got exceedingly drunk and started to annoy a girl school-teacher who was going out to the school.

"A cowpuncher who was the only other passenger on the coach, promptly shoved a gun in his face and made him behave himself. Living out there in the open, the only good women they could remember were their mothers and sisters, and that's what good wompersons who do not care to shout en represented to them always. So some of the Western fiction isn't too romantic, after all."

Mr. Bronson may be regarded as an authority on the matter, for he was a working ranchman for 14 years.

Before the Days of Steam. Ninety-six years ago the people of Pittsburgh and Birmingham were rejoicing over the completion of prepara-"There are so many sulky, self-con- | tions for the opening of a bridge across tained, mean-spirited men coming into the Monongahela at Smithfield street a flagon factory of this sort who don't by the election of a gatekeeper and fixcare to hear that Ty Cobb has it ninety | ing of a rate of tolls. Foot passengers ways on Alexander the Great, or that | were to pay two cents, vehicles with the wife of the Chinful Charlie next four wheels and six horses 621/2 cents, to him hasn't the same old affection for | two-horse vehicles, 25 cents, one-horse cents, horse alone six cents, cattle coughs up all his dough and gives her three cents, and sheep two cents. A bill had been enacted by the legislature in 1810 for the erection of bridges across the Monongahela and the Allegheny. The war of 1812 intervened and sort who desire to throw off dull care | it was not until 1816 that the bill was each bridge for the state. Work on the construction was begun in June, 1818. The cost of the bridge was \$110,000.

> Frozen Food for Nerves. Whereas once upon a time "ices" (although not ice) were considered unsuitable for invalids, some doctors have now decided that they supply

But the frozen dainties should be carefully prepared and contain only the finest ingredients, and it should be impressed on the invalid that he or she should eat of the ice creams, etc., only very slowly, in smal sips from the end of a teaspoon, and, reedless to say, with the express permission of the physician.

The most wholesome of drinks is grapefruit juice squeezed into aerated water and iced. Frozen eggnog and frozen custards have their virtues, but are not so palatable as cream ices, which likewise afford a good deal of nourishment.

Historic Fainting Spell.

Prince Oscar, the kaiser's fifth son, who has just returned to duty with the He investigated, and on the roof of German army, left the fighting line Turcos and himself collapsed from what has been pronounced a severe attack of heart trouble. In the Mexican Hampshire fainted while in action from the pain of an injury sustained when his horse fell on him. This incident—this unmanly fainting at a time when other people were getting killed-was used unmercifully to make Pierce a target for ridicule in later years when he ran for the presidency. -Hartford Times.

Altogether Too Many Americans Are Open to Criticism in This Respect.

"I eat in a variety of places," said a broker who sometimes puts his feet unmindful of the importance of that under the mahogany and again rests tooth as to advise extraction. We them on the footrail of a lunch counneed to educate not only parents but ter, "and I want to know why some members of the profession that it is as people who eat among civilized beings important to preserve these teeth as don't learn better table manners.

"This evening I had dinner at a restaurant where one may eat his fill for 50 cents up, according to the market, and at a table near me sat three men and three women. Very respectable looking people they were, too, and they were paying considerably more than 50 cents per person for their repast. Their general manners were all right and it wouldn't be fair to say they weren't ladies and gentlemen as that term is promiscuously applied. But you should see how two of the men and one of the women held their

"There is only one way to hold a fork properly and the person of good breeding always holds it that way. I won't tell you how that is, because it would be a reflection upon your breeding. But one of those men took a strangle hold on his fork as though he wanted to wrestle his food with it, tion. A ghost might, for example, be the other grabbed it as he might grab a shovel handle, and the woman had which, like an aroma, still lingers her fingers twisted around hers until you didn't know just exactly what she would do with it.

> "Really, don't you know, under some circumstances bad manners are worse than bad morals, for the bad morals can be concealed from public view."

> > Medical.

ulations of the modern "highbrows."— Doubt Cannot Exist

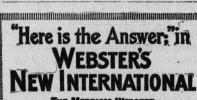
INVESTIGATION WILL ONLY STRENGTHEN THE PROOF WE GIVE IN BELLEFONTE.

How can doubt exist in the face of such evidence? Read here the endorsement of a representative citi-

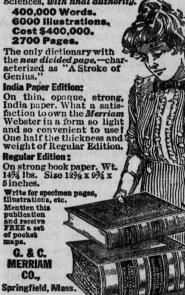
zen of Bellefonte. Mrs. John Mignot, E. High St., Bellefonte, says: "I suffered from a dull ache across the small of my back for several weeks. At times when I bent over or lifted, a sharp pain shot through my back. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I knew that they were good, so I began taking them, procuring my supply at Parrish's drug store. They cured me" cured me.'

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Mignot had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 60-2-1t

Books & Magazines.



Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harden?" You seek the location of Loch Katrine or the pronunciation of jujusts. What is white coal? This New Creation answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.



59-48-4t



Save the First Molar.

There are many medical men who do not recognize the importance of the first permanent molar. Further than that, I believe many dentists are so it is to have a clean mouth.-Dr. W. A. Home of Rochester before the Dental Society of the State of New York.

That Scares 'Em. Tourist-You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows annoy you a great deal?

Farmer-Oh, not to any extent. Tourist-That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows. Farmer-Oh, well, you see, I'm out

here a good part of the time myself. A Rare Case.

"Gadson is the most inefficient man know. "You are rather hard on Gadson." "But it's the truth. He can't even

Shoes.

perate the family phonograph."

We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room

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sleep regular."

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The costliest of New York habits is

that of keeping a supply of subway or

L tickets in your pocket. If you have

no ticket you have an even chance of

not being stuck for the fare; if you

have tickets, you say, as the other

man makes for the window: "Come on.

I've got tickets." It's a bum game;

you simply can't win.-New York

She Knew Her Rights.

tle girl drowsily, "I'll be a good girl

and let you rock me to sleep, but

you got to wake me up when mamma

comes home so she can rock me to

Little Hotel Wilmot.

The Little Hotel Wilmot

PHILADELPHIA

IN PENN SQUARE inute from the Penna Ry. Station

"Yes, grandma," murmured the lit-

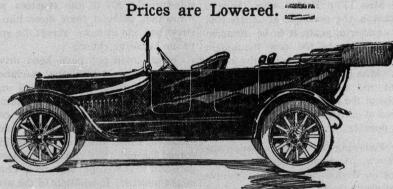
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Timkin Bearings, Full Floating Rear Axle, Crowned Fenders, Non-skid Tires on Rear, Wagner Separate Unit Starting and Lighting, Dimming Head Lights, Switch Locking Device, Hot Jacketed Carburetor, One-Man Type Top, Oversize tires.

The equipment on all models includes the Wagner separate-unit starting and lighting system, Gasoline gauge, dimming attachment for head lights, switch locking device, antirumble gasoline tank in dash, crowned fenders, Shibler carburetors and non-skid tires on rear wheels

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