

THE FLOOR WALKER.

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 iridescent 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 console 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 assuaged.

"Good eye," I observed to the calmy-eyed floor walker when he returned. "How did you spot that one so promptly?"

"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 over him.

"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 sobsky-music 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 mussness. 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 fat wheel, so to speak, on the cathedral calm that should prevail in a fluid philanthropic of this pattern.

pose of making a guess as to how many 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 just-arrived smudge telling the buddy with him that none of the folks at home, including his spouse, understand him, fog-gone the luck anyhow, then, even if I never have binocularized him before, I know that he has been hurling wetties into his diaphragm not alone, yea, at one, but at several other points further 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 lachrymously all over the upper and lower bar rails just as sure as sags ain't eggs. As you yourself have just 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 boot ed 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' route.

"It is the business of the floor walker in a Valenciennes-lace maison de redeye 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 speciality 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 persons who do not care to shout about themselves while they are funneling stimulants into their frames, object to being reminded in a place like this of a cage filled with white-crested parakeets just arrived from Paraguay, it keeps me busy shaming the spotlighters into submission or picturing to them the hygienic advantages of a trap on the flag-stones that run past the door.

"There are so many sulky, self-contained, mean-spirited men coming into a flagon factory of this sort who don't care to hear that Ty Cobb has hit ninety ways on Alexander the Great, or that the wife of the Chinful Charlie next to him hasn't the same old affection for him like what she used to have, no matter what he does for her and coughs up all his dough and gives her 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 sort who desire to throw off dull care and at the same time be quiet about it, that the floor walker has to be considerably jerry of his job in order to quiescently quell and exgently extinguish the gooks who, after they've trod over their Plimsoll capacity, develop the insectivorous idea that they are all alone in the madding crowd and that, therefore, they can and must go as far or farther than they like with personally conducted tete-a-tete members bearing on and appertaining to little matters concerning themselves that nobody else could get interested in except on the payment of a large salary with house rent, forage and medical attendance free."

"Newsies Are High Gambiers. 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 card-players. He could see no one. The wrangle continued. It seemed to be coming from above.

He investigated, and on the roof of the building at 529 Broadway he found a game in full progress, newsboys contesting every point that might be debated. The boys were arrested and several decks of cards confiscated.—Los Angeles 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

Englishman 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 reveries 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 nothing 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 conception. A ghost might, for example, be the effect of some violent emotion which, like an aroma, still lingers 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 speculations of the modern "highbrows."—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 women 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 preparations for the opening of a bridge across the Monongahela at Smithfield street by the election of a gatekeeper and fixing of a rate of tolls. Foot passengers were to pay two cents, vehicles with four wheels and six horses 62½ cents, two-horse vehicles, 25 cents, one-horse vehicles, 20 cents, horse and rider six cents, horse alone six cents, cattle 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 it was not until 1816 that the bill was re-enacted and the governor authorized to hold 1,600 shares of stock in 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 in cases of nervous breakdown and have tonic virtues of their own in certain fever cases. 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 small sips from the end of a teaspoon, and, needless 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 German army, left the fighting line after an engagement in which he saw the officers about him slaughtered by Turcos and himself collapsed from what has been pronounced a severe attack of heart trouble. In the Mexican war Brig. Gen. Franklin Pierce of New 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 under the mahogany and again rests them on the foorail of a lunch counter, "and I want to know why some people who eat among civilized beings 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 forks."

"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 strange hold on his fork as though he wanted to wrestle his food with it, the other grabbed it as he might grab a shovel handle, and the woman had 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.

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 citizen 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." 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-It

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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 unmindful of the importance of that tooth as to advise extraction. We need to educate not only parents but members of the profession that it is as important to preserve these teeth as 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 I know." "You are rather hard on Gadson." "But it's the truth. He can't even operate the family phonograph."

Costly New York Habit. 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 Tribune.

She Knew Her Rights. "Yes, grandma," murmured the little 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 sleep regular."

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