

**Women Need Exercise.**  
The woman who does her own housework (and that is the fortune of the majority) is usually worn out at the end of the day. She is apt to conclude, therefore, that exercise is a word not intended for her. She couldn't make a greater mistake, writes Frances Frear in Leslie's. A woman needs a half hour's rest near the middle of the day, it is true, but she needs also systematic and stimulating exercise. One reason why women are so fatigued at the end of the day is that they lack muscle tone. Half an hour of brisk exercise suited to the peculiar needs of each individual, taken regularly, followed by a cold dash of water will serve to keep the whole muscular and nervous system in tone and work wonders in keeping the eyes bright and the color good, something that all women desire. The housewife who takes both a brief rest and systematic exercise daily will not find herself so much a prey to that tired out feeling at the day's end, and will be able to do all of her work the better.

**Removing Foreign Bodies in the Eye.**  
Usually the eye can take care of itself as the lid is very quick to close and protect it from foreign substances. But there are times when a tiny bit will get embedded and if you are far from a doctor, home-made helps must be applied. Occasionally you find a family medicine which contains an eyestone, but its use by an amateur is never recommended by an oculist. It has been discovered that the most comforting thing in the case of something in the eye, is to have a friend apply his or her tongue to the eyeball. It gives immediate relief; the foreign body is found at once and taken out, the warmth of the tongue is very grateful to the inflamed surface, and the secretions of the tongue are very healing, as is well known. The redness leaves in a few minutes. This safe suggestion is generally available and is worth remembering.

**Carbohydrates.**  
The carbohydrates were so named because they contain much of the substances carbon and hydrogen. Carbon, which forms the most of coal and wood which we burn to heat our houses and run our manufacturing, forms a great part of our food and vegetables, and after being eaten it is burned up, or oxidized, in our bodies to make the heat which helps us to digest our food, and stimulates our nerves to action, to the giving out of the energy required in daily life. The carbohydrates, or starches and sugars, include all the different kinds of bread and cakes, biscuits and crackers, cereal, and all the different kinds of sugar-containing sweets, preserves and pastries. This class includes, too, most of the fruits, which are made up of starches and sugar mainly, though some of them contain vegetable proteins.

**The Way to Boston.**  
Earlier in the day he had been 16 miles from Boston. He was now only 11 miles away. The condition of his pockets was such that there was no way for him to reach the city without further wear on his shoes. Several automobiles had rushed past him toward the city, but, although he had looked at them appealingly, the drivers had made no sign that they were willing to help the footsore pedestrian. He grew a little bitter as he put one foot up and the other foot down on the dusty road. Finally, he was hailed by the driver of a car that bore a Pennsylvania license number. "Hey, there, do you know the way to Boston?" "Yes, I do. Just follow me. I am going there." The driver grinned. The tramp reached Boston in 20 minutes.—Youth's Companion.

**Sovereignty.**  
The truth is this: All sovereignty is in God, in the moral law, in the providential design which governs the world—and which is gradually revealed by the inspiration of men of virtuous genius, and by the natural tendency of humanity in the different epochs of its existence—in the purpose which we have to attain, and the mission which we have to fulfill. There is no sovereignty in the individual, there is none in society except in so far as the one and the other conform to that design, to that law, and direct themselves toward the attainment of that purpose. An individual who rules is either the best interpreter of the moral law and governs in its name or a usurper to be overthrown.—Mazzini.

**Developing Algerian Iron Mines.**  
More than four million tons of ore a year are expected to be exported from iron mines in Algeria by French capitalists who have obtained concessions after more than ten years of effort.

**Valuable Telegraph Line.**  
The Borneo islands boast a telegraph line constructed of mahogany and ebony poles. This is no doubt the most valuable telegraph line in existence.

**Vision of Fear.**  
Fear is sharp sighted and can see things underground, and much more in the skies.—Cervantes.

**Optimistic Thought.**  
Better ask than so astray.

**TO HIS SOUL-MATE AFFINITY**

**Traveling Man's Confession to His Wife Was of a Different Sort From the Ordinary.**

Dear Girlie—Just in from Rochester and was a little disappointed at not finding a letter here from you. I know you are very busy dear, but this is a lonesome job at the best, and a line from a fellow's sweetheart brightens up the whole day.

Business is nothing exciting, owing to the season, and I find time to think of you once in a while, which is most of the while.

It gets kinder lonesome around here sometimes, and I sit by the window, stick up my feet, light my pipe and dream of you—and the kids and home, sweet home, and mighty pleasant dreams they are, too.

Say, I have been dreaming of an old sweetheart of mine today and was wishing I had her with me now.

She had a sweet, womanly face, deep blue eyes and wavy hair, a tall military girl, just the kind to make a fellow rave over.

Don't blame me for dreaming of this dear old sweetheart, for I can't help it. Confession is good for the soul, and I don't mind telling you I am dreaming of her all the time. I'm married now, but she is still my sweetheart and, what's more, she always will be, for to me there is nothing on earth half so precious.

I'm told it isn't wise to write to one's wife concerning old sweethearts, but I must confess that the one of my dreams is really the only one I ever had; the others were merely flames.

She is married now to a traveling man and every week I drop in at her home to see her. Don't be cross at me, dear. You see, she's my affinity.

Good-by, until Saturday.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**FINED FOR GETTING MARRIED**

**Members of Many Organizations in the Old World Are Under Penalty to Defy Cupid.**

There are certain sections and communities who penalize marriage and regard it in the light of a punishable offense.

It is the rule, for instance, at All Souls' college, Oxford, England, that a fellow forfeits his fellowship if when studying the classics he should take unto himself a wife. In such an event he must not only pay the penalty, but must also present his college with a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, with the further condition that on the cup shall be inscribed in Latin, "He backslid into matrimony."

Many readers have doubtless read of the Bachelors' club in London. When a member so far forgets the principles of the club as to marry he is promptly expelled.

There is a similar organization in Germany—the Jugessen club. Whenever there comes to the officials of this club any intimation that a member contemplates matrimony, he is immediately summoned for trial in the club court, with the president as judge. The culprit is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offense, and upon his skill in presenting such plea depends the amount of his fine, which ranges from £20 to £200.

**Building the Kitchen Fire.**

A good way to build a coal fire in a range is to crush paper and place it in the empty firebox, lightly placing on it finely split wood laid like lattice work. On this arrange a second layer of slightly larger kindling of hard wood. Replace the covers and light the paper from underneath. See that all dampers are open and checks closed.

When the wood begins to burn, which should be in about three minutes, add two shovelfuls of coal so placed as to rest on the burning wood. When this ignites add coal to fill the box to within one or two inches of the covers—never above the top of the oven, otherwise there will not be air space to cause a draft.

In a few minutes, usually about five, depending on the strength of the draft, close the smoke damper so as to send the heated air around the oven and up the chimney. Keep the lower draft open till the coal begins to look red in a few places, then close all drafts.

**Dolls of Long Ago.**

The prehistoric Peruvians, according to a writer in the Mothers' Magazine, had pieces of bone wrapped in cloth, a male doll being identified by the blanket over his shoulders, the female by a petticoat.

Horace makes mention of the stick horses of the Roman children. Missals of the middle ages picture little people still astride such makeshift steeds, and the ordinary riding horse of the ordinary child remained a stick with a horse head until late in the seventeenth century. One hundred years later we find horse forms with curtains around them, so that the child may run on his own legs beneath the sheltering drapery, just as clowns in the circus do today.

**Knew All About It.**

In a certain small town an old minister was in the habit of paying unexpected calls at the school, and putting the pupils through a little examination. On one such occasion he asked the class if there were any prophets nowadays. This was a poser to the majority, but one bright little fellow eagerly held up his hand. "Well, my boy, are there any prophets?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "My father says that there are small profits and quick returns."

**VARIED DIET FOR CATTLE**

**In Several Parts of the World the Feeding of Fish and Mutton Has Proved of Benefit.**

The use of fish and mutton as food for cattle is, it seems, not uncommon in certain parts of the world. Dry, salt fish is fed to cattle, sheep and horses in Shetland and Iceland. The cattle kept for displays of strength at the village festivals in certain sections of Madras are prepared for the show upon a diet of mutton. And in the same section bandicoots (the two-foot-long India rats) are also often ground up into stock food. Over sixty years ago experiments were carried out at Rothamsted, the great English agricultural experiment station, in raising pigs upon a diet of dried Newfoundland codfish.

The Madras fisheries bureau has recently conducted similar experiments upon heifers. In this case controls were maintained in the shape of an equal lot of heifers fed on a vegetable diet. At the end of six months it was found that the fish-fed heifers had increased 54 pounds in weight, whereas the controls on a normal diet showed a 70-pound increase. From which it seems to follow that, as a fattening ration for cattle, meat is not desirable. The director of the Madras station suggests, however, that in regions where fish are plentiful and low in price the surplus might to advantage be used as a stock food. It requires a little time and patience to educate the cattle to the new food, but once this is accomplished they consume it with apparent relish.

**POETRY AT SLUMBER TIME**

**Right Kind of Reading Will Compose the Mind for Proper and Satisfying Rest.**

An exchange recommends the reading of a fine soul-felt poem before retiring for the night's rest. It tends to compose the soul and put it in harmony with the truth and goodness of things. A novel will not do that, nor a newspaper, nor anything that sets the mind in a flutter. Reading a poem—one of the good old kind that goes into the heart and has a nice time there, is like floating down a quiet stream, past the fragrance of mowers and the song of the birds. Never had that experience, eh? Now, very shiftless, indeed!

Did you ever try reading "Snow-Bound" on an evening when the snow was piling up the "silent deep and white"? Well, try it, when the weather allows. Whittier will give one something for any evening. Tennyson's Idyls are a little more urgent, but they are as tranquillizing as a gentle arm around you. Wordsworth is great, but takes too much thought; Browning, too, and Lowell, but Longfellow not so much. But as easy as smiling is the humorous kind, like Riley. But there are hundreds of poems floating about as sweet as a bush of roses. Take them in and read them before going to bed.

**Grow Trees in Bottles.**

Run a stout piece of thread through the middle of an acorn and suspend it by the thread half way in a bottle. Drop in a few pieces of charcoal and fill the bottle with water until the water almost touches the acorn. Cover the mouth of the bottle with paper and stand it in a warm room. In time the acorn will sprout, producing roots that will feed upon the water, and finally a stem and leaves will appear. Replenish the water from time to time and change it occasionally. This is a splendid object lesson for children.

When well rooted the oak can be potted in a small pot and grown as a house plant. The leaves will drop in the autumn, when water should be withheld. Early in the spring knock the ball of earth from the pot, carefully removing the old soil, shorten the roots by cutting with a sharp knife and repot in a slightly larger pot. In this manner the oak can be grown as a miniature for years.

**Birth of the Needle.**

When the idea occurred to some prehistoric man of putting a hole through the butt end of a sharp bone bodkin, or stylet, such as we know that the Aurignacians were already accustomed to use, and of thrusting a string through the hole in order that it might be drawn into the perforations of the garment, the needle was born, from youthful human genius, and so well born that it has undergone no essential improvement in all the countless ages that have since rolled away. Look at one of these prehistoric bone needles in some archaeological collection and you will better appreciate the merit of that unknown but glorious Aurignacian Edison, whose highest thought, perhaps, was to please and delight his wife!

**Way Out of Difficulty.**

Alice was paying a visit to her grandfather, whom she dearly loved. The morning after her arrival she entered the dining room with a small rosebud in her hand, remembering her grandfather's habit of always wearing a buttoniere. Beside her grandfather at the breakfast table was seated a young uncle of whom she stood in not a little awe because of his merciless teasing. "Good morning, Alice," said her grandfather as she appeared, "who is the rose for?" "She will give it to the one she loves the best," said her uncle in a gruff voice. Just an instant the little girl hesitated, then looking from one to the other, she said, "Wait, I'll get another."

**Money Under False Pretenses.**

The pavement artist had departed earlier than usual, and apparently in a hurry, for he had not rubbed out his glaring efforts. I was speculating as to why he should have decamped so suddenly, when I saw a ragged and very dirty boy stealthily take up the artist's position. After a careful look round he took off his cap and held it out in the true professional manner. He had, in fact, to the uninitiated, become the pavement artist. I never saw a smarter or more impudent trick. Two pennies (neither was mine) were dropped into his cap, and then the authentic artist was observed to be returning to his own. The boy was off like a shot and as he passed me he winked.—London Chronicle.

**Any Excuse, Etc.**

Margaret was fond of eating at her Aunt Daisy's, but had been told not to go there too often for her dinner after school. When one excuse didn't work she would try another. So one day she thought she would stop and borrow an umbrella as it looked a little rainy. Of course she accepted Aunt Daisy's invitation to dinner. The next noon, however, when she called her mother on the phone and said she was going to stay to dinner her mother remonstrated. "Why, you were just here yesterday." To which Margaret replied, "I know, but, mamma, I forgot to thank them for the umbrella I borrowed yesterday and I came this noon to do it."

**A Sugar Plant.**

An herb, called by the natives caa ehe, but botanically Eupatorium rebaudianum, grows wild in Paraguay. It is remarkable for its sweetness. Indeed, the native name means the "sugar plant." It grows along the border of the river Amambahi, and attains a height of only about five inches. The smallest bit of this plant when placed upon the tongue produces a surprisingly sweet savor, which, it is said, lasts for hours. The saccharine power is much greater than that of sugar. Recent investigations indicate that the nectareous element in this plant closely resembles that of the Licorice root.

**Astonished Minister.**

The proud father had come up from the country to see his sailor son on board his ship. He had never seen a battleship before, and accordingly marveled thereat. Just as he caught hold of the two ropes which hung over the side to assist sailors to the deck, he was somewhat surprised to hear a clanging of bells—the eight bells of seamen's time. As he stepped on deck he met the officer of the watch. He saluted him and said, timidly: "I beg your pardon, sir, I've come to see my son Jack, but, 'pon my word, I didn't mean to ring so loud."

**Lost Time Made Good.**

During the courtship a girl is often unable to explain her thoughts, but she makes up for lost time after marriage.

**How to Remove Putty.**

To remove old putty with little work and trouble, pass a hot soldering iron over it. This softens it and it is easily removed.

**Seemed to Be All There.**

"So you went to church last Sunday?" asked the doubtful one. "Then to prove it, what was the text?" "The text was 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'" "You're all right. How many of the congregation were there?" "All the beloved, it seemed to me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Restaurant.**

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