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LIFE AS IT SHOULD BE.

BY ERASMUS WILSON. Not what we have, but what we use; Not what we see, but what we cho

These are the things that mar or bless

The sum of human happiness. The things near by, not things afar: Not what we seem, but what we are-These are the things that make or break,

That give the heart its joy or ache. Not what seems fair, but what is true; Not what we dream, but good we do-These are the things that shine like gems

Like stars in Fortune's diadems. Not as we take, but as we give, Not as we pray, but as we live-

These are the things that make for peace Both now and after Time shall cease -Clarence Urmy.

> TOO GOOD TO KEEP. [By Eunice Martin]

Edgar Beverly, from the time he was born, was all boy. There was absolutely nothing feminine about him. When he was three years old a doting aunt presented him with a doll. His father was not in sympathy with this gift, averring that dolls were exclusively for girls. But the aunt insisted that boys, as well as girls, in their infancy played with dolls. So a doll was provided, with a china head, flaxen locks and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. Edgar accepted it, but showed a lack of intelligence as to what it was for. Ten minutes after it had been given him he took it by the ankles and brought the head down on a stone step, scattering fragments of the china

head over the garden walk. When Edgar was ten years old he lost his mother and was turned over to a bachelor uncle of thirty. Robert Cooledge, the uncle, had been a wild fellow and was just beginning to realize the chances he had taken and the time he had wasted in sowing his wild oats. He had barely escaped losing at the gaming table a fortune he had inherited and had just in time put a check on himself in too close association with the bottle. He had madly loved three different women, any one of whom, if he had married her, would have wrecked his life.

When Robert Cooledge assumed the care of his little nephew he had become fully aware of his own imperfections and realized by what a narrow margin on many occasions he had escaped calamity. His experiences with the women he had loved, or thought he loved, had caused him to believe that he was a very poor judge between good and bad women. Nevertheless he considered matrimony, the wife being a good woman, as a sheet anchor for men. Having convinced himself of his own inability to discover the good or the bad in a woman, and being horrified at the mistakes he had made, he eschewed matrimony for himself, while

For these reasons he determined that Edgar Beverly should be brought up very carefully, that some woman, who knew her own sex perfectly, should select a wife for the boy and that he should marry the girl selected, whether he loved her or not, when he came to manhood. He would bring the boy up to consider him more as a companion than an uncle, and in this way would be the better able to shield him from the dangers through which he himself had passed.

he advocated it for others.

When Edgar came to be eighteen years old he displayed the same proclivities his uncle had displayed in his youth. He was not bad, but reckless. He was very generous, and when his own interests came in collision with those of any one weaker than himself he would invariably give way. He did not conceal what he was doing from his uncle, and Cooledge had every advantage in guiding him, having from the first invited his confidence.

But it is one thing to have an advantage and another to attain success. Edgar benefited by the advice of his uncle so far as to escape certain pitfalls, but the trend of his disposition could not be turned. He had inherited the same wild oats fever as his uncle and it must run its course.

For several years the uncle was in a constant state of anxiety with regard to his nephew, for such was the relationship between them that Cooledge knew exactly what Beverly was doing. Finally he determined to make an effort to put in practice the expedient he had intended from the time when Edgar had come to him as a little boy. He would try to marry him to some good girl.

But, since he had failed to manage his own affairs in this respect, he did not see how he would have better success in managing those of his nephew. He determined to consult the wife of a friend of his, a Mrs. Jernegan. The lady heard his story and promised to think the matter over. Matchmaking, she said, was a risky and thankless task. In the case of a young man inclined to be wild it was very difficult. However, she would try to think of your nephew work?" asked the lady. some young woman of good sense,

tion for the purpose. Mrs. Jernegan was herself a woman possessing what is commonly called horse sense. She did not especially relish advising any girl to marry a man for the purpose of reforming him. He might make an excellent husband after being reformed, but suppose the reformation never took place? Mr. Cooledge had passed safely through the danger period of a man's life and had arrived at an age wherein he saw those dangers in their true light. The fascination of danger inherent in a manly | I got up this party for a summer outman had passed and left him a splen-

course and escape ruin.

These were some of the thoughts that passed through Mrs. Jernegan's mind before she acted upon Mr. Cooledge's request. Then when she had the matter all thought out she sent for a young lady friend of hers, Miss Laura Dudley, and the two had a long conversation on the subject of snatching young Edgar Beverly as a brand from

the hurning The next day Mr. Cooledge received an invitation to call on Mrs. Jernegan and upon doing so was informed that she had fixed upon a young lady who would be a fit person to reform his nephew. The only question was, Would she consent to make the effort? She was three or four years older than Edgar, but Mrs. Jernegan recognized the fact that very young men are more easily won by women older than themselves than by immature girls. She proposed that the young woman upon whom she had decided meet the uncle and the nephew, and after the meeting. if she consented to make the desired attempt, that Mr. Cooledge be informed of the fact and give her every opportunity to accomplish her mission.

The result of these interviews was that Mr. Cooledge, Mr. Beverly and Miss Dudley met at Mrs. Jernegan's at dinner. Cooledge kept a close eye on Miss Dudley to observe whether or no she seemed pleased with his nephew. He saw no evidence that she was pleased or displeased with him. As for Edgar, there was evidence that he was not averse to Miss Dudley. The dinner passed very pleasantly, and since Miss Dudley was to go home alone in Mrs. Jernegan's runabout, Ed-

gar Beverly accompanied her. A few days later Mr. Cooledge was informed that Miss Dudley had acceded to his request, and Mrs. Jernegan suggested that he call upon the young lady for the purpose of talking the matter over. He lost no time in making the call and found Miss Dudley in a very complaisant frame of mind.

"I was much pleased with your nephem, Mr. Cooledge," she said, "and since our mutual friend, Mrs. Jernegan, has apprised me of your intentions. we may as well begin where she left off. If I am to win your nephew I can only do it by being thrown a good deal in his company. This, of course, cannot he without management. Now, I propose that we make up a little party for the balance of the summer to go to the mountains. That there may be two men and two women I propose to invite a lady friend of mine-for chaperon if you like-and I feel great confidence that your plan of marrying your nephew will succeed before the end of

the summer." Mr. Cooledge fell in with the plan, and in due time a party of four was domesticated in a mountain hotel. Mr. Cooledge was somewhat surprised to find the lady who was added to the party to be several years younger than Miss Dudley, but the latter explained that she was the only one of her friends whom she could get to make up the party. She was scarcely out of as the "alms" or "poor" knights of the year seized with a periodical fit of and all other military decorations cut her teens and a very attractive young woman. She was introduced as Kate | the present one by William IV.-Lon-Millard, and the name Kate is often

synonomous with the word fascinating. The quartet passed a very enjoyable month together. But from the first the plan to marry Beverly to Miss Dudley went awry, because he preferred Kate Millard. Cooledge was much put out at the turn the affair had taken, for he approved very highly of Miss Dudley, but considered her friend of very light caliber. Instead of his nephew being attentive to Miss Dudley he was devoted to her friend. This left Cooledge and Miss Dudley in constant companionship. Cooledge after awhile instead of being troubled at this turn of his intentions was so delighted with Miss Dudley's companionship that when one day his nephew swung to her from his friend he showed his spleen perceptibly.

Not only did Beverly notice his uncle's being ruffled by his attentions to Miss Dudley, but Kate was immensely delighted with it. The two younger persons were evidently out for a frolic, and if they could get any fun at the older man's expense they were quite incline to do so. Beverly would for a time leave Miss Dudley quite free to receive the attentions of Mr. Cooledge. then he would veer about and appropriate her to himself. To make matters worse, Miss Dudley made no objection to being monopolized by the young scapegrace, and when he was devoted to her his uncle was left out in the cold.

And so the game went on. Mr. Cooledge when his nephew was devoting himself to Miss Dudley declared that the plan was working out admirably. but he felt like throwing the young rascal over a precipice. Then when Beverly swung back to Kate Millard and

left the field to him he voted the boy a fool, but in his heart was delighted. When the autumn came round and the party returned to the city Mr. Cooledge one day received a message from Mrs. Jernegan asking why he had not called upon her. He at once put in an appearance, and the follow-

ing dialogue ensued: "How did the plan for marrying "It didn't work at all. Miss Dudley good character and amiable disposi- invited a friend of hers, a chit, to be of our party in the mountains, and the

chit got away with Edgar." "Indeed!" said the lady. "That was very hard on Laura, wasn't it? Who was the friend that Laura invited to

complete your party?" "A Miss Kate Millard."

"You mean Mrs. Kate Millard." "What?"

"Kate Millard is a widow." Mr. Cooledge was thunderstruck. "You wished to marry off your nephew, and I wished to give you a wife. ing myself. It was all arranged bedid fellow. But that was no reason forehand that Kate Millard should win

why his nephew could run the same your nephew and Laura Dudley should win you. The plan has been successful in both its parts. Edgar Beverly is engaged to Kate Millard, and you are engaged to Laura Dudley."

> "Well, I'll be jinged!" exclaimed Mr. Cooledge. "How did you learn that?" "From both Laura and Kate. It was too good to keep."

The Japs Work All the Time. Literally the Japanese work all the time. It is not at all uncommon to find Japanese men and women at work in their shops at 2, 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. They must work like this or starve. They live directly in the rear of their places of business. Their entire household equipment comprises a few mats, a few cushions and a little tableware. They go at their Job-whether it consists of making and carrying an umbrella, tied with a clogs or inlaid cuff buttons, and work and work and work until they are ex- at the lemonade stand. Every signal hausted. Then they sleep a little and on his lankness was flying him for a not. When the time came to make go back to work. It does not take a mark. Approach grafter and speech: Japanese ten minutes to eat his meal of rice and fish. He has his festivals. of course, and a good many of them. but he works the rest of the time, and in many households it must be a special and personal festival, connected with some individual or family gods. to lure him from his occupation. He needs the money.-Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

Mars and the Hand. There is a mount in the hands of persons who are said to be impressed more in music by marches of warlike character than anything else. It is a soft, cushion-like mount within the! center of the hand proper, but is generally developed toward the outer edge of the palm.

These persons are said to be under the influence of Mars and to have inherited warlike tendencies, but it more than usually shows an ordinary amount of courage that is possessed by most persons. These are the ones who would be thrilled by the "Marseil laise," the Russian national hymn, the "Watch on the Rhine" or the "Star Spangled Banner." Subjects of Mars seldom become proficient musicians or successful singers unless the other indications in their hands show other musical fancies.-Buffalo News.

Poor Knights of the Garter. The splendor that surrounds the Order of the Garter makes it almost impossible to believe there ever have been "poor" knights of the order or that these still exist today. Such, however, is the case. These now number eighteen in all, and their official title is the Military Knights of Windsor. They are divided into two "foundations," twelve being in the "upper foundation" and the remainder in the "low-When Edward III, founded the er." premier order of chivalry of the world he appointed one poor gentleman to act as a sort of attendant or squire to each knight, and twenty-six was the original number. These were known garter until the title was changed to don Standard.

Death to the Mosquito. The Panama canal was built by paraffin! The fearful mosquito plague, which once made life for the workers unbearable, and which was one of the factors which made the French relinquish their attempts to build the canal. was ended by the simple expedient of covering all stagnant water with a film of paraffin. Midges lay their eggs in stagnant waters, but the larvae which develop have to come to the surface frequently to get fresh air. The paraffin entirely cuts off the supply of air. the larvae are suffocated, and consequently there are no midges. Other parts of the world, formerly regarded as the graves of white men, have now become mosquito free by the same means.-Pearson's Weekly.

Positive and Comparative. In the lobby of a Cincinnati hotel. during an educational convention, one school man approached another and. by way of introducing himself, said: "I'm Beck."

"That's good,' replied the man addressed, taking the proffered hand. "I'm more so."

"You're what?" asked the first speaker. "I say I'm more so," repeated the second.

"What do you mean by that?" "Why, you say you are Beck." "Yes, I am. My name is Beck." "Well, my name is Becker."-Youth's Companion.

Like Son Was Father, All through the long sermon little Johnny had been restless, and his mother had to keep pinching him in order to keep him in anything like order. Still his fidgeting continued

"Can't you do something with that boy?" whispered the wife to her hus "Yes," said the husband. "I second

his motion to adjourn."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch. A Subtle Mexican Drug. The Mexican Indians derived from their ancestors, the Aztecs, the method

of making the poison of Talavatch. It is a subtle drug, the constituents of which are not known. The peculiar mind while only slightly affecting the body.

An Old Saw Strikes a Nail. Mr. Scrappington (musingly) - As the people all the time and all the people some of the time- Mrs. Scrappington (briskly)-But you can't fool me any of the time!

SURELY WAS HIS LUCKY DAY PROVED HIMSELF BEST MAN THOUGHT HIM FELLOW GUEST

Just What a Narrow Escape He Did Have.

A grafter had been short-changing hicks with a small circus, and the packing was poor. The outfit hit the South; no cotton money, and with a bunch of one-day towns to show where money was as scarce as violets on a weedy siding. And it was miles to the land of promise, and every man

stony, and nothing coming. Just before the concert, one afternoon in a jay jungle, the grafter lamped a Rube coming out of the big top. He had on new jeans, a city hat, was eating popcorn out of one hand, shoestring, in the other. He hesitated "Surely you are not going, neighbor? Show's not 'arf over, an', neighbor, you mustn't miss the concert. Some gem, boy!"

"Gotter catch the three-forty-eight," was the answer, fragrant of pink and pasted popcorn.

"Sure not." said the shorter. "Wait. for the real show—the boomerang throwers and the ceiling walkers, and -whisper, cull!-them French dancers -nights in Paris!"

The farmer took out a wallet, and it was crowded with ones, twos, fives, to know which, and to know why I tens and twenties. The grafter saw the green and gold outlay and dreamed he was working in a bank. Then he dived into his own pockets for a comeon; but he hadn't a red. He whistled and called for help; but nothing doing on coin—the first time in his honest career, and no twisted bills between the fingers. Finally the Rube got tired, closed the wallet, and jammed it in his inside pocket with:

"Gotter be goin' stranger." The grafter burst out crying, and grabbing him by the whiskers, shouted: "Gee, but you're a lucky guy!"

MADE LIVING BY SLEEPING

Londoner of a Couple of Centuries Ago Seems to Have Had Something of a "Snap."

In these lean and strenuous times one might do worse and emulate the example of Nicholas Hart. He had no need to work for a living, had Nicholas. He slept for it. On Au- now known as the Rogues' March. The gust 9, 1711, the following advertisement appeared in the pages of the London Daily Courant: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's hospital, intends to sleep this year in the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain"

Addison that very competent journalist, was attracted by the advertisement and took up the matter in the tion that Nicholas Hart "is every sleeping, which begins upon the 5th off his uniform, and then being of August and ends on the 11th of the same month. That on the first of the month he grew dull, on the 2nd apheard to snore, on the 7th turned himhis former posture, on the 9th fell astretching, on the 10th, about midnight, awoke, on the 11th, in the morning called for a little small beer." The result of this sleep was that Hart earned "enough to support himself for a twelvemonth."

Valuable Moleskin.

The skin of the mole is much sought for the manufacture of furs, and those made use of in this country have been heretofore imported from Europe, but it is entirely likely that we shall supply this demand by the home product at no distant time. The biological survey of the United States has recently made some examinations into the quallties of the domestic mole for this purpose, and it has been discovered that the animal of the northeastern part of this country is superior to the foreign animal, the fur being finer and having other advantages. A report of the investigation has been printed and the cultivation of the mole for its fur is recommended as a profitable indus-

The Deity in Four Letters.

A remarkable fact regarding the name of God is that it is spelled with four letters in most of the languages of civilized peoples.

In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian. Idga; Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; East Indian, Esgi or Zenl; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi: Scandinavian, Odin: Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Magyaran, Oese; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

In Anglo-Saxon the three-letter name means "good," which has four letters.

To Help the Insane.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene is said to be one of the most effect of the poison is to destroy the important of the national betterment organizations. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt read a book by Clifford W Beers called "A Mind That Found Itself" and became interested in the work. She will give \$10,000 annually for five Lincoln said, a man may fool some of years to the organization and Mrs. A. A. Anderson of New York will give the same amount. One object of the committee is to bring about the enactment of more enlightened laws for the treatment of the insane.

Farmer Probably Never Will Realize Attitude of Quiet Student Satisfied Coach as to Selection to Make for the Crew.

> A few seasons ago, says a prominent crew in Outing, two men were competing closely for a seat in the "varsity" boat. One day I called them together, and said:

"Just now you two men are working equally well in the boat, but one has a better scholarship standing than the other, and to me that seems to indicate that one of you has a little more personal pride than the other." As a matter of fact, the man who was not up to the scratch in his work was a bit better of the two, as far as smoothness in the boat was concerned. I thought the incident might cause him to pick up in his classes. It did a final selection of the eight I again called the pair in to see me.

"It's still hard to decide between you two. I would just as soon have you throw a coin to decide the winner." I said.

The man with the poor scholarship

record was the first to speak. "That's all right with me," he said. The other man thought for a minute. I saw his mouth go tight. Then he said:

"No, sir, that doesn't suit me. One of us must be the best man. I want am not the best man."

Some people would probably have thought that fellow conceited, but not if they knew what it means for a youngster to put in months and months of hard training for a crew. The second man was of a quiet type. but after he spoke I knew the thing that every coach is most anxious to find out-that he was the kind who would be pulling hardest when his lungs were feeling like bursting in that last hard half mile. You can guess which man got the place. The man who did not was too easily sat-

ROGUES' MARCH IS OLD TUNE

Believed to Have Been Played by the British Army Earlier Than the Eighteenth Century.

A very characteristic and lively military quickstep, which dates from early in the eighteenth century, is what is name was given to it because it was customary to play it when a soldier was expelled or drummed out of the English army. This was the penalty incurred for various crimes, that of theft being the prevailing offense that gave the air its especial name of the Rogues' March. The ceremony that took place when such an offender was to be punished is quite ancient, and Spectator. He found upon investiga- consists in the culprit having the buttons bearing the regimental number marched to the music of drums and fifes playing the march to the gates of the barracks and then kicked or peared drowsy, on the 3d fell to yawn. thrust outside. The exact date of the ing, on the 4th began to nod, on the inauguration of this military punish-5th dropped to sleep, on the 6th was ment is not known, but is conjectured to be older than the eighteenth cenself in his bed, on the 8th recovered tury. It is still in use in the British army, and the air of the march always played on such occasions has been occasionally utilized for such old songs as "Abraham Newlands," "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Tight Little is a remarkably early one, too, and a Island."

Austrian Naval Stronghold.

Since the Austrians made the city of Pola their chief base in 1848 they have accomplished wonders there. It is claimed that with the assistance of submarines and aircraft Pola is virtually impregnable. Its commodious harbor, almost land-locked, has been enlarged so that it easily contains the entire Austrian fleet. It is divided into two basins by a chain of small islands. The entrance is strongly defended, and an extensive system of fortifications on the hills enclosing the harbor insures complete protection. There is a good roadstead in the large channel of Fasana, which separates the mainland from the Brionian islands. The marine arsenal of Pola is a vast establishment with all the requisites for a large fleet. Artillery laboratories and powder magazines are situated on the north shore, and behind the arsenal is San Policarpo. with huge barracks and hospitals.

Someone Swiped Overdrafts.

Bert Mitchner, a deputy bank examiner, tells this story, according to the Kansas City Star: "Not long ago a bank in a small town elected a new president. The man had been president but a short time when the banking department received a telegram from him asking that an examiner be sent at once. The examiner went, but feeling certain that the bank was in good shape, went direct to the president, who was not an active officer, and asked the cause of his anxiety. 'Why,' exclaimed the man, 'when I was elected president of the bank the overdrafts, according to the books, were about eight hundred dollars. Yes, sir! Well, I was in there yesterday looking over the books and they showed the overdrafts only a little over two hundred dollars. What's become of that six hundred dollars?"

Water Conservation in Australia. Water conservation on a comprehensive scale now forms part of the policy of the government of Victoria, Australia. The ministry has authorized an expenditure of nearly six millions of dollars on works in connection with water storage

Doctor's Appearance Misled Traveling Man Who Had Put in a Bad Night.

In a Nebraska town there was once a hotel that all traveling salesmen avoided except when they couldn't. There was no heating system, the only warmth in the house being supplied by a small stove in the office.

One howling night, when the wind was making about thirty knots per hour and the mercury was 20 below zero, a traveling man shivered beneath the insufficient bedclothes in his drafty room until about 3 a. m. Unable to stand it any longer, though he dreaded to leave the bed, he leaped out, seized his clothes and ran to the office. There he shuddered into his garments, and then began building up the fire.

The fire-poking aroused the landlord, who came out and said: "What're you gettin' up this time o' night fer? You left a call fer six-thirty."

'What did I get up for?" shouted the traveling man. "I couldn't stay in bed any longer in that room of mine! I was freezing!"

The landlord defended his hostelry and the traveling man assailed it in a regular quarrel.

During the disagreement an old doctor of the town, who had been out in the inclement night and was almost frozen, saw the light in the hotel office and came in. The old man's long whiskers were covered with frost and festooned with enormous icicles. As the traveling man turned from his quarrel and saw the old man's condition and the pendant ice, he exclaimed: "Heavens, man! Which

MEN WHO DO GREAT THINGS

room did you have?"-Judge.

In the Main Are Those Who Consistently and Persistently Press Forward in Life.

"The race is not always to the swift." It is surely a strange philosophy that substitutes anything for fast running as a qualification for winning a foot race. But it was a wise man who said that, and it is probably true, even though there are times when we scorn and despise such a doctrine. They used to speak of David Livingstone as "the man who would go on." And it described him very accurately. Like many another man there were a number of good stopping places in his life, but he never seemed to see them. But men make name and enduring fame for themselves just because they cannot see stopping places, but keep their eyes fixed on the great luring road ahead of them. It is the man who will go on who is going to win the goal, no matter what kind of goal it may be. The pace of the running makes very little difference. The theologians used to talk about the perseverance of the saints and it was ject to talk about, just as perseverance is not a bad quality for a saint to have. Probably there are not very many saints made without its help. That is probably one of the great reasons why we have so few saints.

Why Does a Baby Smile?

An interesting mental process with physical manifestations which is found in every healthy baby is smiling. It child of a month old will often show a distinctly pleased smile when its little face is patted or it is tickled. At first the smile spreads very slowly over the tiny features, then, as time passes, flashes up on the face and dies away again with equal celerity, and by the time the first three months are past is accompanied often enough by little chuckles of glee.

But laughing comes later, often much later, and many children never really laugh until they are a year old, or even more. It is, indeed, very rare to hear laughter before the first six months are accomplished, and when it is heard it should be regarded as a symptom of unusual intelligence, maybe gratifying to a mother's pride, but most certainly not to be excited or provoked.

Relics of Old Persia.

Shuster, the old capital of Persia, is one of Iran's wonder cities. In the dawn of Persian civilization it took a leading part. On the bank of the only navigable river the country can boast. the city gets its name from the famous ruler. Shapur, who built great irrigation dams and a noble bridge across the Kurun, now wrongly credited to the Emperor Valerian. Sixteen hundred years have left the great bridge, a quarter of a mile in length, with yawning gaps, but the water of the river runs today through the channels and tunnels made to fertilize a land that had not yet been overrun by the Arabic barbarians, who destroyed the culture of Persia.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

A dreadful beast is jealousy. Sometimes it has a beautiful look, a dazzling kind of fascination. like some glittering reptile. This is because it is sometimes associated with quite another idea-the idea of love. Of course, jealousy and love have nothing to do with each other. Love is a wish to give. Jealousy is the lowest form of selfishness. So that when she plays with jealousy she is tempting a poisonous

bite from the deadly serpent. She may think just to tease the serpent. But when it is aroused the consequences are often sad enough. One nip from the serpent has been known to kill love.