

HE CAUGHT A TARTAR

BOOK AGENT MADE MISTAKE IN TACKLING LAWYER.

Now He Knows How It Feels to Have to Listen to a Long, Prosy Harangue Delivered Much as Parrot Talks.

Having succeeded in gaining access to the lawyer's private office without disclosing the object of his call, the agent for the greatest history of the world ever compiled started in to gain the favorable attention of his prospective customer.

"Histories make men wise," Lord Bacon said," began the salesman, and—"

"I see," interrupted the lawyer, "that you have called to invite my attention to the desirability of adding to my library a set of someone's superlatively marvelous history of the world, bound, no doubt, in cloth, in sheepskin and in full morocco.

"You have told me that Bacon says histories make men wise," he continued, "and no doubt you will tell me, also, that Bolingbroke said 'History is philosophy teaching by examples,' that Lamartine said 'History teaches everything, even the future,' that Cicero said 'Not to know what has been happening in former times is to continue always a child,' and that Carlyle said, 'History is a mighty drama enacted upon the theater of time, with suns for lamps and eternity for a background.'"

"When you have finished quoting these more famous gentlemen you will no doubt begin then to give me some of your own reasons why I should no longer deprive myself of the liberal education to be gained by the mere association with such a set of books as you have done me the honor to introduce.

"There are several reasons why I do not care to subscribe," the lawyer proceeded, "but I scorn to reply to the eminent authorities you have quoted by simply giving the opinions and reasons of an obscure twentieth century New York lawyer. Instead, permit me to remind you that Napoleon said, 'What is history but a fable agreed upon?' Also that Goethe said, 'Sin writes history; goodness is silent.' Likewise that Voltaire wrote 'History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.' Furthermore that Lord Chesterfield said, 'History is only a confused heap of facts.' And, lastly, that Horace Walpole wrote, 'Anything but history, for history must be false.'"

"I thank you for your kind attention," concluded the lawyer, "and I trust you will encounter no difficulty in finding your way out."

Ovens Are Capacious.

Since the Dyckman farmhouse at Broadway and Two Hundred and Forty-second street, New York, has been turned over to the city, visitors are flocking there to view this old relic of the old Dutch days and its immense Dutch ovens. In restoring the house to the form and detail of the time when the great-granddaddies of the Holland society boys used to visit Jan Dyckman, the architect had workmen with pickaxes break through the wall in the basement kitchen on either side of the fireplace, and the ovens, black with the bakings of centuries, were disclosed. People who live the gay kitchenette life have little idea of the size of a Dutch oven, and just no idea at all of how many five-cent loaves of bread can be crowded into one of them. About fifty loaves may be stowed away in the ovens. All of which shows that the good old Dutch did not have stingy ideas about the appearance of the bakings.

Twisting a Message.

One of the methods of communicating from one officer to another in the trenches of the present great war is to give the message to one of the privates and tell him to "pass the word along" the line until it reaches its destination. viz., the officer at the other end. The following story will show how a serious message can be distorted on its journey from mouth to mouth:

Lieutenant A., in charge of one end of the British line, told the private in front to "pass the word along" to Lieutenant B: "We are going to advance; can you send us re-enforcements?"

When Lieutenant B. received the message it was like this: "We are going to a dance; can you lend us three and fourpence?"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Marines to Carry Canes.

Maj. Gen. Commandant George Barnett of the United States Marine corps has sanctioned the carrying of swagger sticks by marines when ashore in uniform or out of garrison. The idea is borrowed from Cousin "Tommy Atkins" of the British army, and it is thought that the carrying of the sticks will add distinction to the marine's already attractive uniform.

Quite Suitable.

"I have found out that our doctor is a poet. Rather at variance with his profession, isn't it?" "Not at all. On the contrary, quite consistent. Isn't poetry a drug in the market?"

NO ROMANCE IN BUSINESS?

Treasurer of a Big Powder Company is a Living Denial of the Statement.

A few years ago the man who was the dominant interest in a certain big powder company happened to be in Dayton, O., on business, writes Edwin Lefevre in the Saturday Evening Post. He got on a trolley car there and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The conductor didn't happen to have the change, as he had just taken in another large bill from a passenger, so he told his fare please to wait until he could make change. The powder man arrived at his corner and got off, forgetting the change that was coming to him.

Several months afterward he again found himself in Dayton on business, and again took a trolley to reach his destination. Before the powder man could find the nickel the conductor said with a pleasant smile, "You're not going to give me another five-dollar bill and forget your change, are you? It's been waiting for you."

The powder man entered into conversation with the conductor, became interested in the young man and offered to give him a job with the powder company. The conductor accepted. He was young, married and had several children. Also he was a street car conductor. It isn't very long ago that he was ringing fares on a Dayton trolley car; today he is treasurer of the powder company and has put through some of the big deals.

Two or three months ago the company had \$23,000,000 in cash and looked for investments. The directors appointed a committee to invest the money. The treasurer was intrusted by the committee with the job and bought large blocks of stocks in companies that have been turning out war material. These large investment purchases have so reduced the floating supply of many of these stocks that it is easy to understand why relatively small buying orders can cause fluctuations of thirty or forty points. The former street car conductor, I am told, is worth today \$5,000,000. No romance, what!

Peculiarity of French Flag.

It is not generally known that the three strips of color that make up the French national flag are not equal in width. When the tri-color was first authorized, 1792, the positions and proportions of the three colors were not stated, and such a variety of flags was seen that two years later the national assembly declared that the national standard should be formed of "the three national colors in equal bands placed vertically, the hoist being blue, the middle white, and the fly red."

For years the flag was made in this way, but though the bands were equal, they never looked equal owing to an optical illusion, the blue appearing wider than the white, and the white wider than the red.

At last, after many experiments, it was officially decided that in every hundred parts the blue should be thirty, white thirty-three and red thirty-seven.

The Optimist.

Gilman Hall, magazine writer of New York, said of the war:

"It doesn't pay to be optimistic in considering this horrid war. Yes, it's a pretty rotten world that will stand for a war like this.

"Optimists, anyway, come to a bad end. A preacher in a poorhouse said as he buried an optimist the other day:

"Ah, what an optimist the world loses in deceased! Once he failed in business, but thanked heaven he had his health. Another time he failed in health, but thanked heaven he had his business. Then, just before he entered here, he failed in health and business simultaneously and said: "Oh, well, what good is the one without the other?"—Washington Star.

Shark Pulls Man's Tooth.

The shark commonly known as the "hog shark" in native waters is now fully qualified as a dentist; or, in other words, the big fish recently pulled a molar in real approved style. A local bank official was the man who underwent the experience of having his tooth whisked out of his face. Here's the way it happened:

He is P. F. Gleason of the Germania bank force. He was in a launch in Warsaw sound. While fishing he placed the line in his mouth, holding it between his teeth. There was a sudden terrific tug as a shark grasped the bait and the tooth, exactly in the front upper gum, was torn out.—Savannah Dispatch to New York World.

Both Smiled.

The editor sat at his desk. A candidate entered the room and handed him a manuscript. The editor smiled. The candidate smiled. They both smiled. However, their smiles emanated from entirely different sources. The candidate was smiling because he wanted, and really thought, his manuscript was going to "get across." The editor was smiling because he knew there wasn't a chance in the world.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Information.

"I'm just beginning to understand why they label this window 'Information.'"

"Can you find out what you want to know?"

"No. But it's a place where you can always go and inform somebody about what you happen to have on your mind."

WARSHIPS' GOOD WORK

FRENCH VICTORY OVER INVADING SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

British Vessel Also Met and Destroyed Sea Monster That Had Caused Fear—Norwegian Fleet Found Its Task Too Big.

Not all the tasks warships are called on to undertake have to do with war and the destruction of human life and property.

A couple of French warships were sent out into the Mediterranean some years ago to wage war against a school of porpoises which were doing an immense amount of damage to the fishing industry in those waters. After three days' hostilities, during which quick-firing guns were used with considerable effect, the vessels returned to port triumphant, having practically annihilated the enemy.

A year or two ago a warship of Great Britain's Australian fleet was given the strange job of capturing or destroying a mysterious sea monster which had been reported off the Falkland islands.

It is pretty safe to say that the officers, if not the crew, entertained grave doubts of the actual existence of the frightful creature which had been described: it was too terrifying, hideous, gigantic and ferocious.

But shortly after the ship arrived in the waters where the monster was supposed to lie in wait for vessels, the officer of the watch described a strange-looking beast making toward his ship, and it was immediately guessed that this must be the substance of all the alarming tales. And a pretty good substance it proved, too.

An attack was made upon it, and after some hours' fighting with harpoons and quick-firers, the mysterious monster, which proved to be a sea-éléphant between 13 and 14 yards long, was slaughtered and taken aboard.

Some years ago the Norwegian government sent out a powerful little fleet of warships, armed with mines, torpedoes and quick-firing guns, to exterminate a vast horde of seals which was denuding the sea on the northwest coast of all fish life.

But the government had reckoned upon tens of thousands of seals, whereas there were millions. So unending was their number that the fleet had eventually to admit itself defeated, with the loss of one man and two slightly wounded, owing to an accident, and to "retire in order," having exhausted its entire supply of ammunition.

Pleasure Boats for South America.

In Uruguay, Argentine, Chile and parts of Brazil there are great opportunities for the sale of small sailing craft such as catboats or canoes and light rowing boats with outriggers. Many of the larger cities of these countries, situated near the water, have boating clubs and hold annual regattas. These sailing and rowing contests are international in their character and attract visitors from each of the countries sending contesting crews. The Tigre river, about ten miles outside of Buenos Aires, is lined with boat clubs and is a favorite resort for Argentinians during the summer months.

One man could handle the entire line of commercial and pleasure boats, and I am sure could make a profitable initial trip through these countries. I would also suggest that he carry a complete side line of accessories, such as anchors, blocks, rope, varnish, bunting, sail cloth and the like.—Leslie's.

Much Gold Overlooked.

The sequence of events so often observed in the history of gold-mining camps has been repeated in the Willow Creek district, Alaska. The earliest prospectors, in 1897, were primarily interested in the search for placer gold, and having found it, were too busily engaged in mining to trace the stream gold to the veins from which it originally came. It was nearly two years later that the first of the valuable quartz veins that now yield most of the gold mined in the district was discovered. Since 1906, however, quartz mining has progressed steadily and has rested upon a substantial basis.

Preaches in Gray Work Shirt.

Declaring "the reason only two per cent of workmen attend religious service is because 70 per cent of the ministry is out of sympathy with the cause of labor," Rev. C. H. Holcomb, Barberton, O., preaches to his congregation in a gray work shirt, without coat and with a red bandana handkerchief in his hip pocket. "Some people think that everything with a long-tailed coat is a preacher," he said. "They forget that men in long tails open street doors in department stores and that the cry of 'Cab, sir, cab,' comes most frequently from a dusky person likewise clad."—Milwaukee Journal.

For Exhibition of Pets.

"By all means let us have a children's pets exhibition," enthused Jack London.

"The only way for man to understand himself is by an understanding of all life about him. Pets for children serve to begin this instilling and to set them on the path of understanding. Indeed, an animal pet for a child is more effective in this matter, than scores of books after the child has become an adult."

For eyes to last a lifetime



All the winter day you look forward to the evening, to serving supper, to seeing the family gathered in the sitting room—father reading, the young ones getting their lessons done, you yourself sewing—all surrounded by a soft flood of light from the beaming lamp on the center table.

That same lamp is important, for upon the light it casts depends the good eyesight of your family. To avoid any possibility of eye strain and the headaches and nervousness that follow, make certain that each room—sitting room, parlor, kitchen—is lighted by Rayo Lamps.

And to get the very best results, fill them with Rayolight Oil. Rayo Lamps are mechanically perfect—they never flicker nor smell, but they do throw a flood of soft, mellow light—a light that is ideal for reading, sewing or playing. And the Rayo is a beautiful lamp—special designs for special rooms—but every Rayo Lamp can be easily and quickly cleaned.

Of course, Atlantic Rayolight Oil does best in Rayo Lamps, but it will improve the light of any lamp. Really the best for heating, lighting and domestic uses. It burns without smell or smoke, and it burns economically.

As a result of our widely advertised request, thousands of careful housewives tell us that Atlantic Rayolight Oil is the very best thing they know for polishing windows and mirrors, brightening faded carpets, restoring linoleums, etc. Naturally, for this kind of work, it is important to get the very finest grade of kerosene—so be certain to ask your dealer for

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Useless Question.

"Would your wife vote for you as a candidate for office?" "I don't think there's any use of my bothering my head about that," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't believe Henrietta would let me run in the first place."

Meat Market.

Get the Best Meats.

You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere. I always have DRESSED POULTRY Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want. TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street. 34-34-1/2. Bellefonte, Pa.

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Dry Goods, Etc.

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