

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE HOME

If Thoroughly Competent She Makes Light of Tasks That Would Stagger a Man.

Modern inventions have now taken from woman that part of the burden which she has borne so faithfully, but I know for a fact that the average man would need a set of books, a bookkeeper and an office force to keep up with one-half the items that many a lone woman carries around in her mind in the managing of her household. She has trained herself to do this.

When I go for a visit to one of these women whose house is in perfect order, herself in order, too, and her children well cared for; who with quick steps goes many times from garret to cellar, making and keeping her home clean and beautiful; whose work is not limited to eight hours; who is on her job at any time, day or night, when her family needs her; whose sleep is interrupted many times each night with the insistent demands of her children; who must stop in the middle of almost every task to kiss a bump or tie up a wounded toe or comfort a little hurting heart; whose patience never gives out with the answering of unanswerable childish questions, and who chatters and chatters untiringly to teach the young ones how to talk, and who still finds time for charities and outside endeavors, I am overcome with wonder. Like the good men of all ages, I take my hat off to her. When I think of how much she has done and is doing, I do not wonder that she feels inclined to say "I can't" when it comes to prosy business.—Southern Woman's Magazine.

BIRDS SPOILED GOOD SCHEME

Woman's Ingenious Idea Failed Because She Was Unable to Take Them Into Her Confidence.

She planted some young fruit trees in her back yard last fall. Among them was a cherry tree, just a little thing that will consume several years in its valiant effort to acquire a reasonable standing in the community. But it is doing its best, and already it is large enough to attract attention. A man in the neighborhood has watched the career of that tree with much interest, and he has not lost a chance to jolly the woman about it. At least 4,000 times, thus far this season, he has asked her about the tree and about the prospects for the crop of cherries. The woman finally decided "to put one over" on him. She would show him that a young cherry tree could bear a full crop of fruit the first year.

She bought a box of nice, big red ripe cherries, and tied about twenty of them on the tender little limbs of the cherry tree with thread. When she had completed the work the tree loomed up bright and red as an anarchist flag. Then she sent word to the man, who lived two doors away, to come over and see what the tree had produced.

He was not at home at the time, but he arrived soon afterward, and he ambled over to have a look at the tree. But its branches were as bare of cherries as a Mexican desert is of ice water.

Birds had discovered the cherries and they "beat him to it." They had eaten every cherry. The woman does not know what to do next to convince the man that a young cherry tree grows cherries.—Indianaapolis News

His Duties.

When young Farmer Giles left the happy homestead and plowed fields to join the army there was not a prouder man in the land. The first time he was doing sentry go the officer of the guard came by, and called upon him to give up his orders.

"Orders?" shouted Giles. "Give up my orders?"

"Yes, certainly. What are you here for?" demanded the officer, sharply.

"Oh, I'm here to walk up and down, stand at attention, wink at the girls, look after Sergeant Murphy's bit of garden, and see that nobody pinches his spades; also to see you ain't about when they fetch the beer for the guard-room prisoners, and should you come on the scene to—"

But the officer had completely collapsed.—London Mail.

In the Garden.

Have either garden shears or a sharp knife to cut the flowers. Florists always use a knife and, as they cut hundreds each day, they naturally do the work in the easiest way. Another pointer worth knowing is that florists always cut their flowers in the late afternoon and place them in tall jars of water, the entire stem being submerged. They are then placed in a dark, cool place all night. When early morning comes they are ready for distribution to customers. The entire stem is filled with water and their lasting qualities preserved several days. Florists never sell fresh-plucked blooms, as they so soon fade. The stems, unless they are filled with water, have little stability.

Costs More.

"I've tried to teach my boy the value of money." "Good thing!" "Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he wants a quarter."—Life.

FEW PURE WHITES IN MEXICO

Remarkable Mixture of Races in the Inhabitants of That Much-Disturbed Country.

Of every 100 persons in Mexico only 39 are of a pure white race; 38 are Indians and the other 43 are a somewhat sorry mixture of various races, but chiefly of Indian and negro.

There are fully 15 times as many Indians in Mexico as dwell in the United States. An Indian was really the George Washington of Mexico, and the name of Benito Juarez is perpetuated in a town mentioned every day in the troublesome dispatches from that unhappy land.

The whites or real Mexicans are descendants of the Spanish conquerors. Those Spaniards didn't wish to share a good thing with anybody and so they shut out all other immigration. Hence it happens that today, with a population twice that of Pennsylvania, Mexico has only about sixty thousand foreigners dwelling permanently in the republic, "Girard" writes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

The mestizo is a common variety of the mixed race in Mexico. He is a son of a white father and an Indian mother.

A chinko is another prevalent type. He is the product of an Indian father and a negro mother. He is not a handsome specimen of the human race nor a reliable one.

Then there is the zambo, also numerous, and he is the son of a negro father and Indian mother.

These three types of mixed races, plus the ordinary mulatto, form the major portion of nearly half the Mexican population.

It is a curious thing that the Indian blood does not mix well with the African and it seems to depart further from the original than does the negro.

If American missionaries seek a fertile field for education they may find it among Mexican Indians. The red men of that republic are so backward in modern science that 50 out of every 100 children die in infancy.

WISDOM CAN COME TOO SOON

Grave Error in Allowing Child to Become Acquainted With Knowledge of the World's Troubles.

Many children are made old in wisdom and knowledge of the world's troubles ere they are advanced enough to see and understand the reason of these crosses, all this trouble and grief. The consequence, then, is an embittered, soured life. They have known no happy childhood's days; all are sordid, black and unhappy memories of what should have been the happiest, brightest years of their life.

Naturally as such a girl grows up she is old beyond her years, a regular little old woman; and, in consequence the heart of a young child is not in her, the games of frolic and innocent youth are not entered into, not enjoyed by her. The games of other children of her own age seem frivolous in her eyes; they are not palatable, her tastes have grown too old, she is constantly with her elders and her ambitions lie in the same direction as theirs.

If mothers and fathers were wise, they would encourage their children to remain as children, not make them old beyond their years. A Cinderella in every family is a thing to be deplored; there should be no particular slavery amongst brothers. All the children of a household should share and share alike; the plain one should not be kept in the background because she is plain. No one should be considered the "ugly duckling"; provided they are, they should not be made to feel or realize this. In fact, any counterbalancing good quality or talent should be fostered, brought forward to make up to such a child.

Is This the Modern Child?

The child has changed; it is no longer the creature that, pointing to an animal in the field, said: "What's that?" and the reply being, "A cow," asked "Why?" The child is perilously close to asking whether the animal is carnivorous or herbivorous.

That makes coercion very difficult. But I do not think that the modern parent desires to coerce as much as did his forbear. Rather, he desires to develop the child's personality, and in its early years this leads to horrid results, to children being "taught to see the beautiful," as "being made to realize the duties of a citizen."

We are in for a generation made up half of bulbous-headed, bespectacled precocities, and half of barbarians who are "realizing their personality" by the continual use of "shall" and "shan't."—W. L. George, in Harper's Magazine.

Country's Weakness and Danger.

One hundred years ago the world's output of copper was only about 2,500 tons per annum. Today the United States alone produces over 500,000 tons each year. One hundred years ago the world produced between two and three million tons of iron per annum. One hundred years ago the world produced about \$50,000,000 tons of coal per annum. The United States now produces about 550,000,000 tons per annum.

Attention is called to these figures, not as an evidence of strength, but of weakness and danger, writes William L. Saunders, in the Engineering Magazine. How long can the United States continue to supply these raw materials which may be called the sinews of prosperity in peace and of strength in war? For we must not forget that in coal, iron, copper and other metals America leads the world.

WHEN THEY PLAYED CROQUET

Writer Tells About the Game That Fascinated the Young People of His Generation.

In this age I fear everybody has nearly forgotten about the dear old-fashioned game of croquet. I remember the time back when it was the thing, says a writer in the Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Why, we used to gather over at Cheatham's hotel on a fine afternoon round at the shady side, and we village lads and lassies were in our glory.

Knock went the mallet against the ball, and we waited breathless for the ball to roll through the wicket.

Ah, such moments the excitement was intense. Every eye was fixed upon the result of the stroke and we thought the whole world was interested.

By cricket, we were some pumpkins. I tell you, at the old game. We didn't know anything about your modern baseball games, nor football games, nor polo, nor hockey, nor golf, nor motor-boat racing, nor motor-car racing, nor horse racing.

No, we didn't care anything about knowing, I bet you. As long as Susie Green was my partner and we beat the other side, we didn't care whether school kept or not.

All we knew was that the game was exciting to us, and the birds sang for sheer joy in the magnolias and the roses nodded from the old front porch. The long, long days of youth were ours and no business cares infested our world of dreams.

The old croquet game! It would seem pretty tame to you of this fast age and you would chuckle and make fun of our enthusiasm, but we were happy, for we didn't know any better.

ORIGIN OF THE NECK RUFF

Said to Have Been Devised by a Spanish Princess for a Very Particular Reason.

It is said that the neck ruff, the sort worn by Queen Elizabeth, which may be considered as the ancestor of most of the modern starched muslin neckwear, was devised by a Spanish princess to cover a scar or blemish on her neck.

These dainty articles of apparel were considered a tremendous extravagance when they were first introduced into England. For they could not be worn after washing. England knew nothing of the art of starching and the starched muslin was imported from the continent.

Later some clever person, on the lookout for a new vocation, took lessons in starching, and set up a starching shop in London. Even then starched neckwear was considered a vanity. Philip Stubbes, who wrote many clever and satirical words on the fashions of his day—and published his writings in 1583—spoke of starching as the "devil's liquor."

In those days, as in these, the collar that flared high and wide at the back of the neck was held out with supports or underpropps of wire, covered with gold thread, silver or silk.

Gets Bible Lost in War.

Romance that seems like fiction attended the restoration of the old Bible lost by Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Markham of New Orleans, La., to the owner, Mrs. Carrie E. Kirschmann of Reading, Pa., had the book for many years, but never knew until a few days ago to whom it belonged. There was a name in it, but no address.

Doctor Markham was chaplain general of the Confederate veterans' organization for many years. He served throughout the Civil war in the Confederate army and lost the book on a battlefield. It was picked up by a northern soldier, and 12 years after the war Mrs. Kirschmann's father bought a lot of old books at auction. The Markham Bible was in the collection.

Recently Mrs. Kirschmann visited in New Orleans. While there she attended a wedding in Lafayette Presbyterian church, and asked the name of the clergyman officiating. She was surprised to hear the name T. R. Markham, the same as in the old Bible at home, and communicated with Doctor Markham.

When Kilts Are Dangerous.

A Scotch Highlander, in the Walker hospital, Fraserburgh, states that at the battle of Loos his regiment and several others of the Scottish division, advanced to the attack with practically nothing on them except their kilts. The reason for so doing was that, in getting to the Germans wire entanglements, their kilts were torn to pieces, and impeded their progress.

Another military patient at the hospital was one of the twelve men blown into a dug-out by a shell explosion. The roof collapsed and entombed them, and they lay there unconscious for seven hours before their comrades could effect their rescue.

Used Same Shoes 17 Years.

Using one pair of shoes for 17 years without repairs Mrs. Nathan Messick of Georgetown, Del., declares she has the oldest pair of shoes in continued use in the country.

Seventeen years ago she purchased the shoes from William G. Bryan, who kept a crossroads store between Georgetown and Laurel. Since that time Mrs. Messick can recall few Sundays when she has not worn them, which means their employment for 834 days, or nearly two years and a half of solid use.

Mrs. Messick prizes the shoes highly and from appearances declares they will last her five or six years more.

Wood Pulp an Example.

In these days practically all the 25,000 tons of paper which we manufacture daily is made from wood pulp. The writing and bond papers, and a few other high-priced papers, contain more or less "rag," but the paper on which dailies, weeklies, magazines, and books are printed is made from wood. The quantity of the former is but a drop in the bucket of the latter. The wood is made into pulp, and the pulp into paper. This pulp is selling at a price nearly three times that of 18 months ago.

A few years ago pulp was put on the free list, with the result that, while our population and the corresponding consumption of paper has steadily increased, there has been very little increase in our pulp-mill capacity. A pulp mill costs from one million dollars up. The war has prevented the normal import of paper and pulp from Canada, Norway, Germany, and Russia to such an extent that the paper used by dailies costs double what it did two years ago. In fact there is a good prospect that many one-cent dailies will have to charge two cents, and some magazine publishers are confronted with the necessity of raising their price at least five cents a copy.

Old Paper Sold at \$1.65 and \$2.60 Hundred.

The paper famine was reflected in an auction sale in New York on Tuesday, of old paper, ordered by David Ferguson, Supervisor, of the City Record. One lot of 9000 pounds, composed of

unsold copies of the City Record, brought \$1.65 a hundred pounds. Another lot of unsold paper weighing 6000 pounds brought \$2.60 a hundred. Normally, sales of such paper bring from twenty cents to fifty cents a hundred.

Light-weight togs made for football Players.

Since speed has become of greater importance than mere weight, and the tactics of the game have been completely changed, football players have adopted lighter togs. The cumbersome bulkily padded uniforms, worn in the days of close formations, center rushes, and incessant line bucking, are being superseded by suits and armor of reduced weight that permit freedom of movement and quick action, without sacrificing their fundamental purpose of protection.

A complete outfit, weighing only about five pounds, is the recent development of a coach and conference official of national reputation. It more nearly approximates the baseball uniform in lightness than approved paraphernalia of previous design, and undoubtedly gives the wearer greater protection against serious injuries than did the old costumes of double the weight. In place of the felt, hair, and leather-covered paddings of several seasons ago, fiber has become generally accepted.

Only One of Many.

Occasionally a typographical error adds piquancy to a sentence, as, for example: "He intends to trace the false rumor to its liar."—Boston Transcript.

A Difference in Heels. "I'm afraid these Louis XV heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones—say about Louis X would do, I think."—London Opinion.

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