

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Fate is the February sky
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind swept forests seem to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

510 BEARS KILLED IN STATE DURING SEASON.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 25.—Forty thousand hunters in Pennsylvania enjoyed the sport of bear hunting last year, and 510 bears were killed, an average of one bear to about 79 hunters, according to a report made to the American Game Protectors' association by Seth E. Gordon, secretary of the Pennsylvania game commission.

The report shows how the black bear family in the State has increased under the protective laws of Pennsylvania, the first of which went into effect in 1905, when the State had become almost depopulated of bears.

The black bear is very much discriminated against, Mr. Gordon declares. Its diet generally consists of vegetables, berries, insects, nuts and honey. It is only the occasional bear that develops a fondness for young livestock.

The plan of removing bears from areas in which complaints of depredations are made, followed last year in this State, is believed to be the first attempt of its kind in America.

State Forest Area is Large.

Harrisburg.—Figures compiled by the Pennsylvania Department of Forestry show that there is about 13,000,000 acres of forest land in this State, which is more than 45 per cent. of the State's total land area.

The forest area of this State is greater than the combined forest areas of Italy and Greece; more than ten times as large as the aggregate area of Belgium, and almost equal to the total forest areas of Italy, Switzerland and Belgium.

Seven counties, McKean, Potter, Clearfield, Centre, Lycoming, Clinton and Elk located in a block in the north central part of the State, contain more than one-fourth of the total forest area of Pennsylvania.

The department of forestry has made the following classification of the State's forest lands:
Farm woodlots, 4,043,902 acres;
State forests, 1,126,236 acres; and
outside of farm woodlots and State forests, 7,876,418 acres.

Washington's Rebuke.

"Washington," said a Senator, speaking in the city of Washington, "was not a cynic, yet he sometimes said things so wretchedly true that they had a cynical note. Thus, rebuking a certain type of churchgoer, he once wrote:
"The church's feasts and fasts are marvelously well kept up. The rich keep the feasts and the poor the fasts."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Let us today say what today thinks in hard words.
And tomorrow say what tomorrow thinks in hard words again.
That is the only way to make progress. —Emerson

A picturesque and amusing way to celebrate the great man's birthday occurring on the 22nd of the month is by a cherry tree social.

The keystone of the affair is, of course, the celebrated tree which the Father of His Country cut down.

Note paper (or cards) decorated with sprays of cherries are easily obtainable at this time of year in the shops. Or the hostess may prefer to decorate for herself.

Verses, however lame, make a variation on the ordinary notes, and in these also suggestions of the tree and the fruit thereof could abound.

An indifferent example of such versifying, which readers of this department will know how to improve upon and to extend, follows:

Next Friday eve, at half past eight,
We pray you meet and celebrate,
Great George and the immortal tree
Which mark his truth for you and me.

The great point of interest to guests entering the parlor or hall at the time appointed is a huge, flourishing cherry tree, laden with especially large and red fruit.

Any large sized bough (dead will serve equally well) can be used as the basis of the tree. It should be planted firmly upright in a wooden garden tub such as is used for palms.

When gifts are used it is better to have these as impersonal as possible so as to fit a recipient of either sex, without necessity of exchange.

The gifts or fortunes distributed, or decided, a drawing contest might occupy the attention of the guests. Little tablets red backed, if possible, and in any case having red pencils attached with cherry colored ribbon, are distributed among the company.

Each player is called upon when the bell sounds to begin drawing "a picture of George in the act of cutting down the cherry tree."

Five minutes only is allowed for the artistic endeavors of the company and all drawing must be discontinued at the second bell ringing.

The pictures are then collected and judged by some disinterested person. The most successful artist could receive a box of candied cherries.

Or the time limit might be ten minutes and the task that of describing the action, motive and heroism of the great man at the time of the cherry tree incident in rhyme.

Washington, according to tradition, could not tell a lie and the amusement of the next game is founded on this proposition. Players without being informed of the nature of the hoax are invited to draw their chairs up to form a circle and "see who can tell the most improbable story."

The hostess, or a committee of three members of the household are appointed to judge the various yarns and listen gravely to the recital. No story must require longer than five minutes to narrate, otherwise there are no restrictions.

At the conclusion of the contest the prize is awarded to the surprise of the company, for the poorest fiction. "Washington was a poor hand at telling stories," announces the judge gravely, "and all patriotic persons should endeavor to imitate him."

One of the little candy boxes shaped like a hatchet which every candy store can supply in February will afford another exciting round.

The company is divided into two divisions, one of which adjourns to the hall or to a neighboring room, while the other half hides the hatchet, filled, by the way, with sweets.

The other division is then recalled and endeavors in five guesses to locate the hidden booty.

The Scrap Book

FOUNTAIN IS WORK OF ART

Beautiful Features of New Attraction Soon to Be Put in Operation at Dallas, Tex.

A stream of water spurting 75 feet in the air, beautifully illuminated by ever-changing colored rays from four powerful incandescent searchlights, hidden beneath plate glass at the base, will be the outstanding feature of what promises to be America's most spectacular fountain, which has just been erected in the sunken garden of Ferris plaza, facing the new Union station at Dallas, Tex.

It will be known as the plan-chromatic illuminated fountain, states the Edison Sales Bldg. Colored flood lights have been used before in illuminating fountains, but never before has the scheme of using 5,000,000 candle power incandescent searchlights with constantly changing colored screens been attempted.

In the outer water of the large basin are eight small jets, each illuminated by a colored floodlight from beneath. In the small basin, spurting water toward the main stream, are eight dolphins. Underneath the inner basin, which has a plate glass ceiling, is a circular chamber 14 by 8 feet.



HE'S RIGHT

"Why don't y' try t' swim under water, sis?"
"I don't like to wet my hair."
"Ah won't hurt it. Salt sets the color."

Trick Elephant Now Financial Expert.

A sagacious elephant, Hassan, at the Budapest "zoo," refuses to work any longer for depreciated Hungarian kroners, according to the London Daily Mail correspondent.

A child who wished to have a ride on the elephant's back was surprised at having a kroner note returned with a disgusted snort.

A possible explanation is offered by Hassan's keeper, who points out that the new and unpleasant chemicals used in printing the new issue kroner notes may offend Hassan.

East Indian Laborers Slow.

A story is told of a British army officer in India who watched some native workmen making packing-cases. Their slow progress irritated him so much that thinking he might get them to make a spurt, he told the superintendent that one English carpenter would turn out more cases in a day than ten of his native workmen.

Fish Imprisoned in Can.

During the war empty powder cans were thrown overboard at Sewall's point from the naval base of Cape Wray, N. J. A short time ago a fisherman got a bite and on pulling in he found he had caught a can but it was not empty, for a fish's head protruded and it had the hook in its mouth.

Long-Lived Family.

A correspondent from Lunenburg, N. S., writes: "Here are the ages of five members of one family, four sisters and one brother: Mrs. Samuel Herman, ninety-four, Lunenburg; Mrs. David Seaboyer, ninety-two, Bridgewater; Mrs. Ellen Acker, eighty-four, Second Peninsula; Mrs. Gaetz, eighty-two, Lunenburg; George Acker, eighty, Second Peninsula. Average eighty-six years.

Very Much Out of Season.

A Nova Scotia reader says he found a strawberry blossom, in full bloom, on November 4, on a farm in East Amherst. He also says he picked a handful of ripe wild raspberries on the same farm on September 18 and September 25.

Some Turnips.

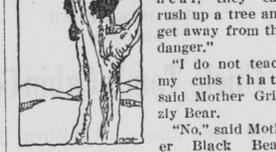
Four turnips raised by a farmer at Northwest, three miles from Lunenburg, N. S., each weighed 14 to 15 pounds, the size of a peck measure, just making a bushel.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MOTHER BLACK BEAR

"When I am free," said Mother Black Bear, "the very first thing I teach the cubs when we have come out of our winter den is to climb trees."



"Up a Tree."

"I don't teach my cubs that," said Mother Grizzly Bear. "No," said Mother Black Bear, "you have different ways from mine. You keep your cubs with you a second winter, and you take them into your winter den to sleep by you."

"My children are able to look after themselves at the end of the first summer. I think one of the reasons they are able to do so is because they know how to climb trees. They learn that so quickly."

"Well," said Mother Grizzly, "I do not like to trust my children to look after themselves until they are a little older. I like to look after them for a longer time. I feel it is better that way."

"Well, we each have our own way of bringing up our children," said Mother Black Bear. "But of course I think my ways are best, you see."

"I like to be ready each year to welcome more little cubs into the world, so I can train them to grow up into beautiful black bears," said Mother Black Bear.

"I don't feel I can train children so quickly," said Mother Grizzly. "Every other year," she continued, "I welcome little cubs. Not any oftener, because I want to give at least a year and a half of training and schooling and teaching and mother love to every little set of cubs."

"Of course," said Mother Black Bear, "I feel my children are much smarter than yours, because they are able to look after themselves at the end of the first summer."

"I don't agree," said Mother Grizzly. "I am simply being very careful of mine, very, very careful. I will not let them leave me any sooner."

"Ah," said Mother Black Bear, "I remember when I was free and the little ones used to be rocked to sleep in my arms."

"That was before we came out of our winter dens. I would sing them sweet songs which went like this:
'Go to sleep, my dear little bear cubs,
Go to sleep, dear little children.
I'll keep you warm,
I'll keep you from harm,
Lie close in my arms, in my nice furry bed
And Mother will kiss each dear little head.'

"How often," Mother Black Bear said, "I used to sing that song. It was one of their favorites. And then I had another I used to sing to them, too. It was like this:
'As the days pass along
You'll grow good and strong,
You'll be soon climbing trees,
In the warm summer breeze,
You'll grow to be smart,
Which will gladden my heart.
Dear little wee ones!
Mother's daughters and sons!'

"They used to like that song, too," Mother Black Bear said. "Of course your ways were all right for little grizzly bears, but my ways were the right ways for little black bears."

"Every one to their own ways," said Mother Grizzly.

"There is Ivan waving his arm to the keeper, asking for more bread," said Mother Black Bear after a moment. "What an eater he is."

"He says he 'Asking for More.' doesn't eat as much in the winter as in the summer, the way it is with the rest of us here in the zoo, but as far as he is concerned I do not see that he does without much food."

"I can't go without too much," said Ivan, "for I must think of my strength and of my power. And health is power, the wise ones say, wool, wool."

"Wool, wool, growl, ha, ha," said Mother Black Bear.

That's All.
A six-year-old girl submitted the following composition on "People" to her teacher:
"People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women. Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married. Men who don't get married are no good either. Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap. My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown-up girl with children. My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

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