

BULL POUT QUITE AT HOME

Heroes of This Remarkable Fish Yarn Furnish Something New in Placatorial Stories.

One feels almost like apologizing for telling a fish story that isn't a bit like any other fish story ever told since the days of Jonah...

The streams and ponds around Elizabethtown have been famous in their day for speckled trout and more recently for pickereel, perch, black bass and bull pout.

Let the humble bull pout be the hero of this yarn, the "Sacramento cat," as he has been named in California...

In the days when the thing happened the young fellows of Elizabethtown used to go fishing for bull pout Saturday nights in Lincoln pond or in the "marsh" not far away.

Carl was tired and he just dumped his bull pouts with the grass in which he had carried them home...

That's where the story begins. The rest of it happened while Carl was asleep. You see, the grass overflowed with the water from the dishpan...

That's the story, and if you doubt that it happened in just that way you can ask Carl, who is now head of the Elizabethtown Hardware company, Inc.

A Secret Society.

"It would shock, or bore, or disgust the world in general, I suppose, if all the school teachers and office workers who want to marry suddenly tell the truth...

"Many of us, especially the older ones, would never admit our loneliness and disappointment, perhaps, even to ourselves; but the majority, I believe, have had to tell someone—some equally lonely woman friend—whether or not we told it in words, the story of frustrated hopes, of baffled instincts, of imprisoned powers.

"We form a kind of great secret society. The initiation is, mercifully, gradual; the dues are endless; the badge may be anything from a computation ticket to a Phi Beta Kappa key; the password, seldom uttered, is always the same—loneliness."—From "No Courtship at All," by Another Spinster, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Clever Smuggler Caught.

What is said to be one of the cleverest devices ever developed for smuggling was uncovered on Puget sound recently by federal officers, when a speedy power boat, believed for several months to be a successful smuggler of illicit goods from Canada into the United States, was captured at Seattle...

Climbs Fujiyama Top.

Maj. Orde Lees, British balloonist and Arctic explorer, has just completed a trip to the summit of Fujiyama, the celebrated mountain in southeastern Japan. It is said he is the first European to have reached the top of the mountain in winter, which is 12,985 feet above sea level.

Major Lees was accompanied by H. C. Irish of London, and accomplished his feat in 48 hours. The last 4,000 feet of the climb were made over slippery ice. Major Lees was a member of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition in 1914, and he and Mr. Irish are members of the British air mission to Japan.

Electric Sealing Machine.

A sealing machine, in which the wax is electrically melted and which is intended to meet the requirements of bankers, brokers, jewelers and large commercial institutions in the sealing of valuables, has made its appearance. The machine can be attached by a cord to any light socket and operated at a cost of one-half cent an hour.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Get your job work done here.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ROBBIE ROBIN

"It is so since," chirped Robbie Robin, "that almost every one knows me by sight at least. And most people know my voice when they hear it and the different songs and calls I have."



"I Do Enjoy Sprinkling."

"A snob is a creature who puts on airs and who thinks he is better than other creatures. And I know what I think of a snob."

"Do tell me," said Mrs. Robbie. "I think a snob is a foolish creature," said Robbie Robin. "Any creature who thinks he is better than some one else is foolish."

"How does he know he is better than any one else? He doesn't know it. Perhaps he may have more money or better clothes than the next person, but he may not have any right to be a snob."

"He may be mean and cross and selfish. Or he may be silly and vain. A snob is always rather apt to be like that. And those who have a right to be snobs never are."

"That sounds very strange," said Mrs. Robbie. "Pray explain."

"Well," said Robbie, "any one who is fine enough to be a snob is too fine to be a snob. A snob is such a silly, conceited thing that any one who has the right to put on airs wouldn't do it because that would make such a person at once become a silly, conceited person."

"Oh, I see, chirp, chirp, I see," said Mrs. Robbie.

"I would never be a snob," said Robbie. "I believe in being friendly and sociable. I'll go walking and hopping on green grass whether it is the grass of a person who owns a fortune or whether it is the grass of a person who has very few extra pennies lying around."

"But oh, Mrs. Robbie, how I do enjoy sprinkling myself. I wish that people would give me drinking dishes of water which are big enough for me to bathe in, too. A great many do this, and I am very thankful. It is kind of people to give us drinking dishes and bathtubs. But I also wish they would be quite careful to put these dishes where they are pretty sure that cats cannot get at them, for cats may come for us when we're not on our guard and when we're bathing and having a fine time."

"But dear Mrs. Robbie, though we are so fond of a good bath as often as we can get one we're very bad housekeepers. They say our nests are considered very dirty, for we don't bother much about how we build them. We build very carelessly and we use weed stalks or bits of dried grass or mud or anything else that is handy."

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Robbie, "but I am fond of my untidy home. I sit on two broods of eggs through the summer and sit on four eggs at a time."

"But I stay in the same nest. Even though it is a bit untidy I like it!"

"But I'm not a fancy creature."

"Oh, Mrs. Robbie, I've been told that there are some fine worms in the lawn three places down from here. Let us fly there and have a little meal."

"I don't believe it will be a little meal," said Mrs. Robbie. "We're not strong for little meals. We're great for big meals."

"How many worms we can eat! And how we love to gobble them down whole!"

"We have good appetites, you and I."

"Indeed we have," said Robbie. So they flew off and had a fine meal and then Robbie Robin sang a song of joy, and this was what he sang: I love the whole world and I love every one.

To sing and to eat are both lots of fun. I wouldn't be silly and act like a snob. For no robin would and, and least of all Rob!

"For that," he said, "is my name when I'm making up songs, as it rhymes more easily than Robbie."

Properly Refused Citizenship.

Thirty-seven applicants for American citizenship were recently rejected in the federal courts of Boston, Mass., on the grounds that all had claimed exemption from military service during the World war on the plea that they were aliens. The list included Greeks, Swedes, Russians, Irish, Norwegians, Turks and Armenians.

ORIGIN OF WORDS

Entertainment and Knowledge in the Search.

In the End, It Will Be Found That Explanations Are in the Nature of a Guess.

Most people take their words (and their phrases, too) ready made; that is, they learn a small vocabulary from hearing other people talk, and afterward, finding the same words in books and dictionaries, they are emboldened to use them in their speech and writing. If they ever wonder where these words came from originally it is in a vague, listless way, rather like the way they look upon mysterious astronomy.

If one pins a comparatively small class down to their actual knowledge of the English language one can learn something more definite, but still nebulous. This small educated class really has heard of the Angles and Danes who impinged their language on the Picts and thus started the Anglo-Saxon boom. It will tell you also how Julius Caesar brought his cohorts into Britain and almost succeeded in making it a Latin-speaking island.

Coming down to the year 1066, the same cultivated persons explain by means of the Conquest the large number of French words that have been more or less Anglicized that we use every day. And when we ask why there are so many German words in our tongue it is only necessary to recall the fact of a common Teutonic origin of the sailors and beachcombers who lived either in the fens or along the shores of Europe and England. They spoke what may be called a common language.

After Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Sam Johnson and other notable writers had introduced more Latin, Italian and French words into the language and invented a few of their own English may be said to have been finished. Really every language, including English, is extraordinarily conservative and resents new words. All the same new words do get into them. These words are sometimes required to describe new things in the arts, sciences, etc.

When Morse invented his code a handy word had to be made and so arose telegraph and a variety of derivatives. The airplane has given us in turn several new words. Slang gives us a novel word now and then.

For instance, the word "boycott" had no trouble at all in finding its way into our tongue and into most European languages. It arose from the treatment of Capt. Boycott of Lough Mask House in the County Mayo in 1880. "Boston," a new word for a new card game, got into the language earlier. It comes from the siege of our city of Boston in 1775-76 and the moves of the game follow all the strategic moves in this military history.

Pompe, meaning a solemn procession, comes from the Latin word pompe, which verb pempeln, which means to send. Meddle, to mix, is a distortion of the word middle, but it has as good a place in the language now as its forbear.

Who knows where the word haberdashery comes from? Ask any man who sells neckties, collars and other little things to adorn (perhaps) the person of man and he hasn't the least idea. Look up the word in the standard dictionaries; the search will not be rewarded.

Quite otherwise is the origin of the word humble pie. It comes from the eating by servants long years ago of pie made from the umbles, or entrails, of the deer.

There is considerable entertainment and not a little knowledge to be gained by looking up the origin of words. Why not add it to the list of popular indoor sports?—New York Herald.

Long in Public Life.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon's announced intention to retire from service in congress at the expiration of his present term, completing forty-six years in the house, has called attention to the length of service of other house members.

Burton of Cleveland and Longworth of Cincinnati are the veterans of the Ohio delegation, each now serving his ninth term. The Cleveland, however, in addition, has served one term of six years in the senate.

Fess, of Yellow Springs, is serving his fifth term; Cooper of Youngstown, and Kearns of Bavaria, their fourth; and Cole of Findlay, Foster of Athens, Moore of Cambridge, Murphy of Steubenville, Stephens, of Cincinnati, and Thompson of Defiance, their second. The others are all first-termers.

Tone Producer for Violin.

It is said that a modern violin, of any ordinary make, can be converted into the equivalent of a Stradivarius, or other violin of Italy's golden days of string-instrument making, by the attachment to it of a newly invented tone producer. The device, according to an illustrated article in the March Popular Mechanics Magazine, is applicable to any kind of string instrument, is made of specially prepared wood, and is so constructed that it conforms to the shape of the instrument to which it is attached.

Edmonton Has a Gusher.

A new gas well north of Edmonton, Alberta, is gushing at a rate of 40,000,000 cubic feet a day and the roar of the gas can be heard at a distance of fifteen miles. Men working in the vicinity have to wear masks.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Spring Debility

Loss of Appetite, that Tired Feeling and Sometimes Eruptions.

Thousands take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine for that tired feeling, nervous weakness, impure blood and say it makes them feel better, eat and sleep better, and "makes food taste good."

Spring debility is a condition in which it is especially hard to combat disease germs, which invade the system here, there and everywhere. The white blood corpuscles, sometimes called "the little soldiers in the blood," because it is their duty to fight disease germs, are too weak to do good service.

Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens the "little soldiers" and enables them to repel germs of grip, influenza, fevers and other ailments; relieves catarrh and rheumatism. It has given satisfaction to three generations. Get it today, and for a laxative take Hood's Pills. 67-11

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When W. L. Malin was doing the "heavy work" in the first Bellefonte telephone exchange back in 1880, he was a Pioneer.

He did not wear a coonskin cap nor carry a rifle. But he was "one who goes before, as into the wilderness, preparing the way for others to follow."

Every development of the telephone has been a pioneering feat. There have been no guide posts to point out the way; no route maps to show which were the smooth roads and which the rough ones.

And Bell Telephone "pioneers" who are today planning for millions of subscribers five, ten and twenty years hence are "preparing the way for others to follow."

Every community served by the Bell System profits by this arrangement. A discovery in New York or California or Florida is at once available right here in our own state. If the pioneers in our company find something to improve telephone service it is at the disposal of every office in the system where it might properly be used.

Only by such an organization has the Bell System of today been made possible, and only by its continuance is future progress assured.

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