

SHOULD BE LITERARY SHRINE

Room in London Where Rudyard Kipling, Thirty Years Ago, Wrote "The Light That Failed."

Thirty years make few changes in a London street, and Villiers street running down to the Thames past the smoke-smudged walls of Charing Cross railway station is much the same as when Rudyard Kipling lived in Number 19, the Embankment chambers, and struggled for recognition from the London editors, says Arthur Bartlett Maurice in "Literary Pilgrimages" in the New York Herald.

The third-floor rooms in the Embankment chambers where Kipling worked in his early twenties are the scene of nearly all the stories with a London background that he has written.

"For example, 'The Light That Failed.' The rooms shared by Torpenhow and Dick Helder were Kipling's own rooms. From the doorway of No. 19 poor Dick, stricken with blindness, groped down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames' damp and the feel of the ships that waited to his nostrils the pungent smells of the East. Lying across that doorway, Torpenhow first found Bessie Broke, the little street girl from 'south 'o the river,' who fell in love with him, and revenged herself on Dick for his interference by scraping away the face of the Melancholia. On a table of the Kipling rooms in the Embankment chambers, Charlie Mears, of 'The Finest Story in the World,' scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. The very table once had being. Kipling had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On the table had graven the words: 'Oft was I wrothy when I tolled at thee—the motto which the galley slave carved upon his oar.'

HAS GRUDGE AGAINST RADIO

One Person at Least Who Cannot See Anything in the Latest Popular Amusement.

"I'm through with Greenwich Village for good," the out-of-towner told her city cousin. "It was false to me in my hour of need. Furthermore, I'm haunted by wireless."

"You don't say so!" "At home I led a terribly conventional life. It was boring, but I managed to endure it. My brother is a rather clever talker, you know, and we were the best of pals—until he took up wireless telephony."

"So that's why you came to town so suddenly!"

"It is! My life was just one continuous discussion of radiophones, PDQ stations, antennae and wot not! But the thing I hated most was my brother's enchantment with the nightly radio concerts. Every time we settled down for a chat and he promised to reform from his wireless craze, he'd get word that there was a concert in Newark and off he'd dash to his wireless telephone."—New York Times.

Under His Hat.

The woman and the man from out of town were theater-bound, and at 8 o'clock both discovered that neither knew the street on which the particular theater was located.

"Let's go to a newsstand and get an evening paper," suggested the man.

"Let's ask a policeman," suggested the woman.

"Oh, that looks so out-of-townish," said the man, but as a big policeman hove into view the man went up to him to get the information.

"Lord love you," said the jovial policeman, "I can't keep all the theaters in my head any more than you can, but I do keep them in my hat." Then, winking amusedly, he removed said hat, or cap, to be correct, and extracted a tiny guide book which revealed, after a turning of numerous pages, the desired address.—Exchange.

America's Oldest Bell.

In the court house at Barnstable, Mass., is an old bell, cracked and silent, which may be, and probably is, the oldest bell in the United States. So thinks Alfred Crocker of Barnstable county.

The date 1675 is still plainly visible in a photograph recently printed. By this date, however, the old bell had seen nearly a quarter of a century of life in England before it came to America and began calling worshippers together in the church at Sandwich Town.

Gratitude bought the bell in England, for it came as a gift from Mrs. Peter Adolph, whose husband, Captain Adolph, was lost in the wreck of his vessel on the Massachusetts coast in 1687 despite the efforts of the people of Sandwich.—Boston Transcript.

Travel Lore.

The woman who sees had spring longings for a sea trip as she passed a department gay with travel literature.

A bright-looking boy was temporarily in charge. "Have you a booklet that outlines a trip including Jamaica?" the woman asked. He looked helplessly about and said, "Jamaica? Where's Jamaica, lady? The only one I know is Jamaica ginger."—Exchange.

—The "Watchman" gives all the news while it is news.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GOOD-BYE SPRING

"Good-bye, Spring, I must be going," said the blue Hepatica flower.

"Good-bye, dear little Hepatica," said the Spring.

Now the Spring was dressed in all her best. Oh, she was most gorgeous.

She wore a cap of beautiful olive green leaves, so fresh and pretty and new, and her hat was of many spring flowers. It was a lovely hat.

Her skirt was of soft green moss with new ferns decorating it, such dear little delicate ferns.

Her shoes were of green moss and her shoe laces were of lovely tall green grasses.

Her waist was of spring blossoms and was so pretty, and had sprinkled over her a perfume which all of the spring flowers and shrubs and trees and grass had given to her as a gift from all of them.

"I hate to see you go," said Spring, "but I know you must be on your way. This is the time for you to finish your blossoming or flowering."

"Yes," said the blue Hepatica flower. "I have been about really ever since December. I was under the snow, you know, and my fuzzy stem kept



"I Must Follow You."

me warm just as people will wrap their furs about their necks to keep themselves warm.

"And though I was but a bud I kept warm and the snow protected me too."

"Some of your family have different names," said Spring, "but I like to call you Hepatica best."

"It is my favorite name of all I have," said the blue Hepatica flower. "Sometimes we're called Liverwort, and sometimes we're called Squirrel Cups, and sometimes we're just known as Hepaticas, which is my favorite name as I've said."

"Some of us wear blue and some of us wear lavender. Some of us wear white, and some of us wear pale pinks, and some of us have a different style of grouping ourselves together. We don't dress just the same, and we don't care if we're all in Hepatica style."

"By that I mean we don't care if we all do just as the other does. Real Hepatica style, among the Hepatica flowers, means to dress differently and as we please and to look as lovely as each one of us can."

"That is what we try to do."

"And that is what you really do," said Spring.

"Thank you, dear Spring," said the blue Hepatica.

"Some of us wear perfume and some of us don't," said the blue Hepatica. "There is no special rule about that either."

"It doesn't make any difference whether we wear blue, or pink, or white, or lavender, whether we add perfume or not. It is just as our own little group feels like doing."

"But the same family wears perfume year after year."

"You see my mother plant wore perfume and I thought it was so lovely that I wanted to wear it too. That is always the way with the Hepatica flowers."

"We do what our mothers have done, and if they have used perfume, so do we. It is natural that we should for we like our mothers' perfume, and we wanted to have some of it when we grew up!"

"Yes, dear Spring, I must go."

"And before long I must follow you," said Spring. "Summer is coming along you know."

"But," said the blue Hepatica, lifting its little star-like petals up and gazing at Spring, "I'll come and see you again next year if you want me."

"Darling little blue Hepatica, Spring wouldn't be happy if you didn't come to the edges of the woods to smile at her and to say:

"Here I am, dear Spring. Spring really wouldn't be Spring without you."

"Blue Hepatica will open her eyes to greet you next year, Spring. Good-bye, dear Spring. Good-bye, lovely world, all dressed in your new clothes."

And the warmer breezes of summer came along and whispered:

"Blue Hepatica was right, Good-bye Spring!"

A Rare Guess.

Professor to Student—Mr. Blank, tell us something of the occurrence of calcium carbonate in nature.

Student (unprepared)—Well, sir, it—it is very rare—

Professor—Very good, sir, for a guess. But you failed to mention that the Appalachian mountains are composed quite largely of this rare substance.—Science and Invention.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

By L. A. Miller.

Being the possessor of corns or bunions means that your sufferings are beyond computation. And the ones so afflicted surely have the sympathy of the writer; he has been there and knows what he is talking about. Not one fashionable young lady out of a hundred has the courage to go on the street with a pair of broad-heeled, flexible-soled shoes. They prefer to go crippling along like a boy with a stone bruise, suffering at every step. Some say they experience no discomfort or inconvenience in wearing fashionable shoes. This may be true, but it is probably because they have never experienced the convenience and comfort afforded by such as those worn by their mothers. If young ladies could only realize how much a comfortable shoe adds to good looks and amiability, they would certainly give this article of dress more attention.

Just take your own case. What is more disagreeable, annoying and irritating than an angry corn, an ingrowing nail, a bunion or general tenderness of the feet? How often does one of these spoil a good sermon, destroy all the pleasures of the opera or make you as cross as a bear with a sore head? You can recall the frequency with which you swear, or have sworn, under your breath as you walk the streets, and how much better and more amiable you feel when you get rid of your alleged comfortable foot gear and your feet stowed away in an old pair of shoes or roomy slippers! Of course, you know all this, and more too, perhaps, yet it does no harm to recall familiar facts occasionally.

Did you ever see an individual who could appear truly amiable while suffering with neuralgia or tooth-ache? Of course not, it is not to be expected, because it would be contrary to nature. The face is the mirror in which the feelings are reflected, whether of pleasure or displeasure, comfort or discomfort, joy or sorrow. Suffering whether mental or physical, is always seen in the face, and often unconsciously to the sufferer. Care may be taken to hide it with powder or paint, or dispel it with a forced smile, yet it shows plainly enough to be noticed by strangers as well as by acquaintances. Not only does it show in facial expression, but in manners and disposition. An individual cannot be as pleasant and agreeable when suffering pain, be it ever so slight, as when enjoying perfect physical comfort. Are corns and bunions painful? If so, the discomfort they cause must be reflected in the face, and shown in the disposition. You may strive ever so hard to appear bright and happy, when your corns are at their best, but you cannot keep the furtive frown from settling on your brow. It will come in spite of you, your mind wanders from the conversation to your feet, the thread of the story is lost and your sighs and uneasy movements are liable to be construed by your company into a hint to go.

There is no doubt whatever that many a good match has been broken off by corns and bunions. Cupid has none, and seems to have no sympathy with those who have. One real lively corn will drive all the love and sweetness out of the best hearted individual alive, shroud a sweet face with a stern mask and convert an angel into a virago. It has been said that a dyspeptic cannot be a christian because he is incapable of solemn reflection. If there is no salvation for the dyspeptic, what will come of the possessor of corns and bunions?

Dyspeptics have solemn spells, but such is not the good fortune of the corn raiser. He frequently has fits of profanity, and may occasionally grow tired of the world and of life in general, but never feels solemn and resigned. A painful corn is always regarded as a sufficient excuse for indulging in mild profanity. Even the ladies are permitted to "darn" a corn, anyway," when they would not be allowed to "darn" anything else.

Preachers have been heard to say that the tender of their sermons is sometimes so changed by the little monitors upon their toes, that instead of dwelling upon the painless lives of the saved they do up the sufferings of the other fellows in a most realistic manner. For a moment think of it. There is no end of mischief that may be done by a corn.

It robs a fair face of beauty. It encourages profanity. Sours sweet tempers; destroys domestic bliss; mars the beauty of the opera; makes church going people undesirable; interferes with Cupid's operations; changes the tender of sermons; snarls the disposition of teachers; makes walking a painful exercise; supports street railway monopolies; converts angels into viragos; fills the community with growlers; develops bachelors; throngs the earth with old maids; spoils the beautiful in nature; darkens the fire-side; creates ill-feeling in a crowd; destroys the interest in poker; keeps the mind in unrest, and renders life a burden. There are many more ills that may be charged to corns and bunions, but they will readily suggest themselves to the sufferers. Why do people have corns? Because they wear ill-fitting shoes. Some contend that they are the product of tight shoes. This is not correct. They are caused by the rubbing of leather against the foot, not by close fitting. The two combined produce the finest specimens. A very close fitting shoe may be worn providing it is the exact shape of the foot.

Owing to the great difference in the shape of feet it is impossible for every one to wear the same style of shoe. The majority of shoemakers seem to be ignorant of this fact, and make the shoe to fit the last instead of the foot. Corns have to be raised; they will not come voluntarily; and when they do come they must be cultivated or they will go away. They do not care for exterminators so long as you insist upon their company. They are real good about staying.

Heap on me, heavier, the hate of all mankind, Load me with malice, envy, detestation; Let me be horrid to all apprehension, And the world shun me, so I but 'scape scorn.—Lee.

JACKSONVILLE.

George Hoy and family, of Howard, were callers at the Luther Fisher home on Sunday.

Miss Clara Butler, of Howard, has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Confer, with their daughter Ruby and some friends, all of Howard, were pleasant visitors in this section on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Brungard visited this week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. W. E. Weight, and also with the family of George Rodgers.

Many people from this vicinity attended the festival at Howard on Saturday night and report a most enjoyable time. A festival will be held at Marion tomorrow night and everybody is invited.

Mrs. Clyde Yearick spent Monday at Unionville picking cherries at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brower. During her absence the Leon Monteith family looked after her poultry and other household affairs.

Harry Hoy had a unique though exciting experience last Thursday. His bees swarmed and the queen alighted on the first point of vantage she reached, which proved to be Mr. Hoy's hat. Of course the entire swarm followed suit and it was only a matter of seconds until he was covered with bees. But he was equal to the emergency. He quietly removed his hat and laid it on the ground then just as quietly moved away and the bees all left him and congregated on the hat. Mr. Hoy did not receive a single sting, hived the bees successfully and is none the worse for the adventure.

Shoes.

Shoes.

5c.

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5c.

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CORSETS

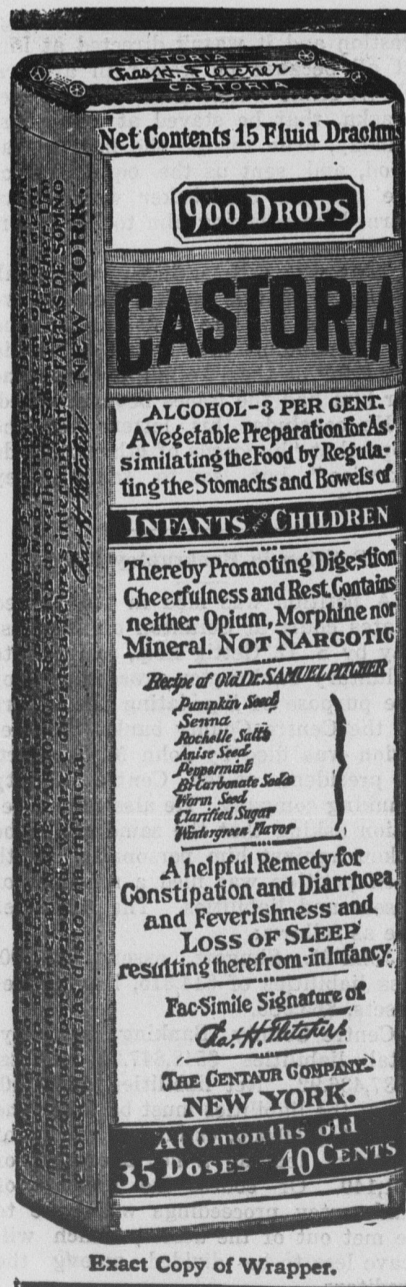
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