

**Why Not, indeed?**  
 If more than one house are called houses  
 And more than one mouse are mice,  
 Then why are two mice not mice  
 And why are two houses not mice?  
 If a letter is sent and it goes,  
 And we know it went when it's gone,  
 Why hasn't it smelt when it knows  
 Or the money we spent been spon?  
 If the vine that clings never changed,  
 But the joke that we spring is sprung,  
 Why isn't the bell that we ring rang-  
 ed?  
 Or the door that is banged shut  
 bung?  
 A word that we speak is spoken,  
 Why don't we say it is spake?  
 Our girl, when a pitcher is broken,  
 "Ach Louis!" she say, it is break!  
 If we lie when we say that we laid  
 And we lay when we said that we  
 lied,  
 Why don't we speak of the needles  
 we played  
 Or tell of the pieces we plied?  
 A fish that we catch isn't caught,  
 And the roof that we hatch isn't  
 thought.  
 Why don't we speak of a thought that  
 was thatched  
 Or hear of an egg that was haught?  
 If a picture that's hung isn't hanged,  
 But the man who is hanged isn't  
 hung,  
 Why isn't the song that we sing  
 sanged  
 Or any old thing ever thung?  
 —Maurice Smiley in Collier's Week-  
 ly.

**HOW THE B. AND M. QUEERED  
 ITSELF WITH CASSOPOLIS.**

When the B. and M. division shops were moved to Cassopolis there was great rejoicing. Rivalry in securing this railroad industry had been exceedingly keen and had engendered bitter sectional strife. At last, however, after a heated campaign, in which Cassopolis' "best" citizens had committed the general manager's office to the end of the limit, Cassopolis had won, and its population, from the tiniest tot to the most aged settler, was puffed up with pride and exuberant joy. By actual count Cassopolis had a population of 3,000, but it was feared some thing even to hint that there were fewer than 5,500 men, women and children within the corporate limits. And now the B. and M. shops would add another great industry to Cassopolis' already expanding commercialism, and what was even more important, would add 1,000 souls by actual count, and 2,500 for population statistical purposes. In due time the railroad company erected the car shops and Cassopolis welcomed the shopmen with customary Western hospitality. As is the custom where such institutions are established, the mayor and city council convened and passed a set of resolutions, in the course of which they did not fail to express their unbounded faith in the greatness, the wisdom and the humanitarianism of James J. Hill, who they were certain, was responsible for the location of the B. and M. shops at Cassopolis. Would Mr. Hill please remember that his kindness to Cassopolis would never be forgotten. The resolution, ornately framed and presented by the committee still adorns one of the walls of the general offices. As is customary also, the builders of the car shops did not neglect to provide that institution with a "siren" whistle. This particular "siren" needed no apology. It began operations at the bottom of the bass clef and ascended the entire lengths of two scales by screechy jerks and steamy pyrotechnics which precluded maintaining a soberly conducted graveyard within a radius of five miles. The "siren" did business every week day morning about the time that the roosters began to get active. After heralding the break of dawn with a series of unearthly shrieks it again ascended from the bass to the treble at 6 o'clock, descending always by the same course and dying away in a wail like the death chant of an Apache. At 6:30 there was another performance just to show that the engineer had steam up, and at 7 the "siren" did its final morning stunt, which was the most artistic of all. It so happened that the citizens of Cassopolis took great pride in the "siren" of the car shops, for like everything in Cassopolis, it was the superlative of its kind. Unfortunately, however, for James J. Hill's reputation, neither he nor the B. and M. officials were aware of this fact. Several years subsequent to the establishment of the shops the general officers of the Burlington chanced to stop at Cassopolis on their annual tour of inspection. In order to be where quiet reigned President George B. Harris had the special switched into an abandoned corner of the yards not far from the shop gates. At break of dawn the day following the advent of the general officers the "siren" reached the height of its artistic career. There was a full head of steam and the engineer and the "siren" had become well acquainted. The first crescendo brought the railway president standing in the middle of his room in the private car the allegro bar sent goose sples chasing up and down his

spine, and by the time the "siren" put the finishing touches in its dying wail every officer on the special was chasing upon down the aisle and the president was begging for mercy. "Brown," said the president to the general manager, "what in the name of the Creator was that?" "You can search me," replied Brown. "You heard it first, it's all yours." Slumber again settled down upon the occupants of the special before the "siren's" second assault upon the harmonies, and at her third attempt a half dozen sleepy railway officials gave it up as a bad job. During the breakfast hour President Harris said, "Gentlemen, no railroad company on earth, no matter how big a monopoly it possesses, has the right to torture fellow beings in this manner. It is infamous, and I wonder that the citizens of this town haven't risen en masse long ago and burned down the shops. Every American citizen has the right to peace and quiet during the still hours of the night." By unanimous vote it was decided that the railroad company had unwittingly been perpetrating an outrage upon Cassopolis and an order was issued putting the "siren" out of business. Imagine the presidents amazement when upon his return home he received a letter signed by the mayor and executive committee of the city council of Cassopolis. It read: "Honored Sir:—The Mayor and the City Council of Cassopolis desire to protest against the action of James J. Hill in depriving Cassopolis of one of its public institutions. We refer, honored sir, to the car shop's whistle, by whose mellifluous tones our citizens have gone to bed at night and risen at morn for the past five years. In our recent resolutions regarding James J. Hill we believed what we said therein. We are, therefore, utterly amazed to discover that Mr. Hill in his strenuous efforts to conserve economy upon the railroad systems which he controls, has been fit to begrudge the steam necessary to the operation of the car shop's whistle. It is the purpose of our city government, therefore, to offer to the railroad company to pay from the public exchequer the expense of the operation of said whistle. We await anxiously your early and, we hope, favorable reply." It only remains to be said that all of the "public institutions" of Cassopolis are now in full operation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A LOST INVENTION.**

**Fortune for Discoverer of a Metal of Ancients.**  
 "Fame and fortune await the lucky individual who can rediscover the combination of metals from which the Egyptians, the Aztecs and the Incas of Peru made their tools and arms. Though each of these nations reached a high state of civilization, none of them ever discovered iron, in spite of the fact that the soil of all three countries was largely impregnated with it. Their substitute for it was a combination of metals which had the temper of steel. Despite the greatest efforts, the secret of this composition has baffled scientists and has become a lost art. The great explorer Humboldt tried to discover it from an analysis of a chisel found in an ancient Inca silver mine, but all that he could find out was that it appeared to be a combination of a small portion of tin with copper. This combination will not give the hardness of steel, so it is evident that tin and copper could not have been its only component parts. What ever metals have been the nature of the metallic combination, these ancient races were able so to prepare pure copper that it equalled in temper the finest steel produced at the present day by the most scientifically approved process. With their bronze and copper instruments they were able to quarry and shape the hardest known stones, such as granite and porphyry, and even cut emeralds and like substances. "A rediscovery of this lost art would revolutionize many trades in which steel at present holds the monopoly. If copper could thus be tempered now its advantage over steel would be very great and it would no doubt be preferred to the latter in numerous industries. It is a curious fact that though this lost secret still baffles scientists, it must have been discovered independently by the three races which made use of it so long ago." The above item from a Sunday paper is an example of many such floating about which both reflect and impress an exaggerated sense of the importance of a so-called lost invention or art. The writer says: "A rediscovery of this lost art would revolutionize many trades in which steel at present holds the monopoly." Why would there be any revolution? Is any man sighing for a copper razor, or does any boy want a brass jack-knife blade? There is no evidence to prove that the tempered copper tools of the ancients were capable of holding a keen edge like steel; on the contrary, they were probably very crude and unsatisfactory substitutes for what we now have. The United States government board appointed twenty-five years ago to test iron, steel and other metals reported through their chairman, Prof. R. H. Thurston, in that portion relating to copper-tin alloys, that alloys of copper 72.89, tin 26.55, tin 29.88, copper 65.53, tin 37.26, copper 67.87, tin 32.10, copper 65.35, and tin 34.47 were all so hard that they could not be turned in a lathe with steel tools. These and other hard combinations have been generally known to the trade

for years, but of what good are they? Copper and its alloys are more costly than the ordinary grades of tool steel, and the only apparent advantage possessed is that they are incorrodible. It is difficult to understand that this would be the cause for any revolutionary change, and we are forced to the conclusion that such statements are what, in current slang, is known as "hot air."—Machinery.

**JAPANESE SUFFERING POVERTY.**

**Business Retarded by Heavy War Taxes—People Sacrifice Everything.**  
 "Thousands of people in Japan are suffering intense poverty on account of the war," said N. W. Werry, an Englishman, who, in a trip around the world, left Japan a month ago. "We found in Japan," he continued, "among those left at home no great grief for relatives at the front. Every person deems it an honor to have a part in the struggle. We found that poverty grows daily in Japan and that business is retarded by the heavy war taxes which have been placed upon the country. "Yet there is no sorrow. In passing through Japan or in living there casually, you would not know that a war was going on, draining the best in the population. Now and then flags are displayed, and in cases of great victory there is a celebration, but otherwise there is little outward sign of conflict. The condition of poverty that I have mentioned is, of course, beneath the surface. When the wounded soldiers return large crowds meet them at the station, and they are regarded as the greatest heroes of all time. "The Japanese are the most patriotic race imaginable. The glory of their country is the religion of those who fight in the field. The women have banded themselves together to help. Every day hundreds of them go voluntarily to the hospitals to cut up lint. Every material for the comfort of the troops is thought of, and the busy hands of the women act as a fitting complement to the bravery of the men. "In Japan they are sure of ultimate victory. With this faith they are willing to sacrifice everything in the country to make it possible. They believe that the war may last four years and are prepared for all that comes."—New York Evening Post.

**WOMAN'S FANCY.**

**If It Inclines to Fine Clothes, She'll Have 'em, Sure.**  
 The "new woman" has been exploited and discussed, both pro and con, so extensively that the world is rather familiar with her now. It has found that because she is inclined a little toward athletics she is none the less a woman; that because she has developed somewhat the practical side of her nature she is none the less charming as a feminine enigma; that because she is a little more independent than in the good old days of the "clinging vine" she is even more fascinating. People can become accustomed to anything, and the new woman has probably come to stay. The world is now admitting that the active and enthusiastic young girl on the links, climbing the hills or daubing pell mell along country byways on horseback is much more admirable than the trembling, cringing young parlor plant of the elder day. But there is one feature to the new woman idea that is so decidedly at variance with the popular conception of womanhood that the world has not yet accustomed itself to the change. There is a very manly movement on the part of a portion of the fair sex which is affiliated with the Woman's Club Federation that is somewhat disconcerting to most men and must be positively frightful to most women. There is a disposition to question woman's right—her divine right—to finery. It is now claimed that elegant attire is expensive; that plain clothes are just as warm and do just as well. Now, really, isn't that becoming just a little bit too practical? Who ever heard of striking down any portion of the woman kingdom because it was too expensive? Portions have been demoted because they were deemed too cheap—but too expensive, never! We are constrained to seriously question the propaganda against elegant attire for women. Old Mother Eve and her immediate daughters taught the world to look upon the woman as a peacock—radiant, proud, and beautiful. And through all the changing years from Egypt and Rome down through the dark ages and on until today the mind of woman has turned toward clothes. And we are glad of it. There is nothing in creation so disgusting as a slovenly dressed woman; nothing so dainty and attractive as one becomingly gowned. And so we raise our masculine voice in protest against this rather unusual movement of the Federation of Woman's Club.—Terre Haute Star.

**Barbers at Work in Streets.**

The topsy-turvy methods of China are curiously illustrated in the case of the Pekin barber who, instead of waiting for customers, goes out to seek them. He carries his shaving apparatus and a stool with him and, like an American milkman, rings a bell to attract the attention of likely customers. The man who wishes to be shaved holds the barber, who places his stool on the ground for the customer's use, puts a bowl of water on the little stove he carries, and, having lathered his brush, sets to work. The charge is not high. For a sum equivalent to a halfpenny he shaves the customer's head and smooths out his eyebrows.—Tit Bits.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

The Chicago man who is seeking a divorce because his wife hit him with an iron skillet is varying the Chicago custom. Under such circumstances the average Chicago husband would seek a policeman, concludes the Washington Post.

The Family Doctor says the humor race is forgetting how to laugh. The seriousness of today may be found to have its root in the great pushfulness of men, the fiercer eagerness to move up in the scale of wealth and comfort, together with the temper which this begets, the discontent, the weariness, the fever, and the fretting which kill the capacity for a whole-hearted abandonment of simple pleasures.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was conceived in battle and written by the light of the "rockets red glare," and while bombs were "bursting in air," and is pitched to a high key of patriotic fervor, declares the Baltimore Sun. It is a battle song, difficult, perhaps, to read as it is to sing. But it is a hymn of proud exultation over the defeat of the country's foes, and there is no blot in any of its lines or sentiments.

The Japanese, while praising Stoessel's gallant defence of Port Arthur, criticize his conduct in accepting parole instead of staying with his army in captivity as unsoldierlike, says the New York Tribune. This is a somewhat novel view, but the chivalry which inspires the criticism is manifest, and breathes a spirit of heroism and patriotism such as has made Japan great.

Not quite everybody knows that the very dignified name of "tachyphagia" has been invented by the doctors for the very undignified habit of gobbling down food after the manner of the hastier and hungrier animals, but practically everybody does know—or fear—that this method of eating is a hygienic crime for which, sooner or later, heavy penalties will be exacted by the "little Marys" that suffer such maltreatment.

Iconoclastic scholarship seems to be as common in Britain as it is in America, and on occasion it goes farther there than it does here. A case in point is the declaration of Edward Jenks, an historical writer of some reputation that the Magna Charter was "a positive stumbling block," states Public Opinion. Wrenching the charter from the hands of King John, says this writer, was not a victory for the people and the barons, but almost entirely for the barons; it was opposed to the interests of the community, and "delayed the coming of fuller freedom. Only five of the twenty-seven concessions it contained were in the interests of the plain people." Here even our Chicago professors have been clearly outdone. We have discarded Washington's hatchet and similar historical properties, but no one has had the temerity to trample on the declaration of independence.

So far the applications to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission number over 20,000, says the New York World. Although established less than a year ago, the knowledge of the undertaking spread rapidly and the statements and affidavits poured in in such a flood that the commission has been unable to prepare a list of awards.

From all sections of the United States recitals of heroic deeds have been submitted with a view to securing substantial awards for the heroes. The range of subjects covers everything imaginable, and the stories in the great majority of the cases appear to be truthful and without exaggeration.

Heroism is more common in daily life than the few published recitals would make out. It is in the ordinary walks of life, in the humbler vocations, in the everyday happenings, that true heroism most often appears, not as the result of deliberation but as a matter-of-course impulse. "Every man that wears a uniform is not a hero," said Wellington, but there are plenty of heroes who wear no uniforms.

Human nature is a funny mix-up. The average man and woman seem to be made up, for a good part, of complaints—"kicks," and when they travel they especially enjoy turning them loose, remarks the Four Track News.

The man who is accustomed to wood bottomed chairs at home is the man who complains most about the hard seats on the train.

The woman who finds most fault if she ever does have to stand is the one who, when the opportunity comes, expects to occupy two or three seats with parcels.

The man who loafs away three-quarters of his time is the one who is the most unreasonably impatient if the train is a few minutes late.

The woman who hates children is the one who thinks it brutal that she isn't permitted to take her dog into the chair car.

The man who "eats around" at the 25 cents restaurants is the surest "kicker" in the dining car.

The man who is in a business that considers 20 per cent profit legitimate is the one who walls loudest about extortionate fares.

The woman who lives in a four-room flat is the one who finds most fault with the close quarters of the sleeping car.

**PROTECTION AGAINST A WITCH.**

**Law Invoked to Keep Woman From Supernatural Detective Work.**  
 Once or twice a year some extraordinary piece of evidence finds its way into the papers of the survival of the most primitive forms of witchcraft, and of the belief in the same, in parts of Ireland.

As a rule these cases transpire when the law is broken by persons ill-treating the supposed witch, as when last year an unfortunate woman was held on the fire to drive an evil spirit out of her.

But the last few days have shown a novel case, in which the protection of the law was invoked to protect certain persons against a witch.

An old Irish peasant woman had suffered from the theft of a small sum of money. Being unable to discover the thief or thieves, she had made a straw image, dressed it up, stuck it full of pins, and placed it on a pier, and proceeded to hold a "wake" or funeral party over it. She then declared that her intention was to bury this image, with suitable invocations, with the certain result that as the straw of which it was made decayed it would so would the body of the thief waste and dwindle.

Certain of the neighbors (possibly with guilty consciences) asked that the police might stop this experiment in witchcraft, as it gave them great uneasiness.

**Horse Counts by Watching Eyes.**

Dr. Carl Stumpf, professor of psychology at the University of Berlin and a member of the Royal Academy of Science, and two colleagues, Dr. C. von Hornbostel and Dr. O. Pfungst, have ended months of experiments with Von Osten's horse Hans.

They find that the secret of the animal's replies is in its powers of observation, which enable it to perceive while it looks at its questioner the instant it has reached a correct answer. Thus they found the horse was unable to tap out a correct answer to a question when the person putting it did not know the answer, for example: "How many persons are in the group behind me?"

The questioner not looking himself did not know the number and Hans was unable to give a correct reply, nor was he able, when wearing blinders, to calculate or perform the simplest counting. Stumpf does not doubt the good faith of Von Osten and his assistants.

**Rainy Day Game.**

Tear a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players, and on each piece write some number representing an hour in the day. As there are only twelve hours, there can be only twelve numbers, but if more than twelve are playing, you can make some of the figures half-hours until there are the required number.

On one piece mark a cross and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing one out. The one who gets the slip with the cross on it is "it," or "wolf," while the other players are called the "sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out, "What time will you dine to-night, old Wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of. The sheep who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf starts to run. If he can get around the ring three times before being caught by the wolf he is safe; if not, he must be "wolf." The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being "wolf," and this does not take long, for the wolf is not supposed to call the same number twice.—Exchange.

**Peanut Contest.**

Place peanuts across one side of the room at intervals of about three feet. Give each contestant a toothpick. At a given word they all commence to roll the peanuts across the room with the toothpicks. The one who first gets his peanut across the room is the victor. Another row of contestants then take their places in the same way. After all are through the victors in the different contests have a final contest.

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**TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.**  
 7:38 A. M.—Train 61. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 7:50 A. M.—Train 62. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 8:00 P. M.—Train 63. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 8:22 A. M.—Train 26. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 8:30 P. M.—Train 27. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 1:23 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 1:30 P. M.—Train 13. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 4:45 P. M.—Train 22. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 4:55 P. M.—Train 23. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 8:10 P. M.—Train 24. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 8:20 P. M.—Train 25. Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia. 5:33 A. M.—Train 3. Daily for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and intermediate stations, with passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester. Week days for DuBois, Bellefonte and Pottsville. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia. 10:00 A. M.—Train 81. Daily for Look Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville and the West, with through cars to Tyrone. 1:11 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville, Canandaigua and intermediate stations. Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Philadelphia. 5:36 P. M.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations. 10:07 P. M.—Train 67. Week days for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia. 9:10 P. M.—Train 92. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

**LEWISBURG AND TYONE RAILROAD.**

**WESTWARD. Week Days. EASTWARD.**

P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
1:28	9:40	Montandon	9:15	6:35
1:48	9:50	Lewisburg	9:35	6:45
1:56	9:58	Hell	9:43	6:53
2:05	10:06	Vicksburg	9:52	7:02
2:13	10:14	Millmont	10:00	7:10
2:20	10:21	Millmont	10:08	7:18
2:28	10:29	Glen Iron	10:16	7:26
2:36	10:37	Faddy Mountain	10:24	7:34
2:44	10:45	Coburn	10:32	7:42
2:52	10:53	Zerby	10:40	7:50
3:00	11:01	Ridge Springs	10:48	7:58
3:08	11:09	Penn Cave	10:56	8:06
3:16	11:17	Centre Hall	11:04	8:14
3:24	11:25	Gregg	11:12	8:22
3:32	11:33	Linden Hall	11:20	8:30
3:40	11:41	Oak Hill	11:28	8:38
3:48	11:49	Lemont	11:36	8:46
3:56	11:57	Dale Summit	11:44	8:54
4:04	12:05	Penn Gap	11:52	9:02
4:12	12:13	Bellefonte	12:00	9:10
4:20	12:21	Bellefonte	12:08	9:18

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:20 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 1:15, 5:25 and 7:50 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7:40, 9:27 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 4:30, 8:40 p. m. and 8:12 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 9:25 and 10:21 a. m. and 4:45 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 9:25 a. m., 10:05 a. m. and 4:45 p. m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. B. WOOD,  
 General Manager, Pass. Traffic Mgr.  
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**CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.**  
 Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down.	June 15, 1904.	Read Up.	
No. 1 No. 2	No. 6 No. 8	No. 6 No. 8	
A. M. P. M. P. M.	LV. BELLEFONTE	AT. P. M. P. M.	
10:02	10:40	9:15	9:53
11:12	11:50	10:24	11:02
12:22	13:00	11:34	12:12
1:32	2:10	12:44	1:22
2:42	3:20	1:54	2:32
3:52	4:30	3:04	3:42
5:02	5:40	4:14	4:52
6:12	6:50	5:24	6:02
7:22	8:00	6:34	7:12
8:32	9:10	7:44	8:22
9:42	10:20	8:54	9:32
10:52	11:30	10:04	10:42
12:02	12:40	11:14	11:52
1:12	1:50	12:24	1:02
2:22	3:00	1:34	2:12
3:32	4:10	2:44	3:22
4:42	5:20	3:54	4:32
5:52	6:30	5:04	5:42
7:02	7:40	6:14	6:52
8:12	8:50	7:24	8:02
9:22	10:00	8:34	9:12
10:32	11:10	9:44	10:22
11:42	12:20	10:54	11:32
12:52	1:30	12:04	12:42
1:02	1:40	1:14	1:52
2:12	2:50	2:24	3:02
3:22	4:00	3:34	4:12
4:32	5:10	4:44	5:22
5:42	6:20	5:54	6:32
6:52	7:30	7:04	7:42
8:02	8:40	8:14	8:52
9:12	9:50	9:24	10:02
10:22	11:00	10:34	11:12
11:32	12:10	11:44	12:22
12:42	1:20	12:54	1:32
1:52	2:30	1:04	1:42
3:02	3:40	2:14	2:52
4:12	4:50	3:24	4:02
5:22	6:00	4:34	5:12
6:32	7:10	5:44	6:22
7:42	8:20	6:54	7:32
8:52	9:30	8:04	8:42
10:02	10:40	9:14	9:52
11:12	11:50	10:24	11:02
12:22	1:00	11:34	12:12
1:32	2:10	12:44	1:22
2:42	3:20	1:54	