

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Court convenes on Monday.

We are having delightful weather. Cleveland Mitterling lost a young mare colt on Friday night through death.

After June 1st, the address of Rev. R. R. Jones will be Lutzville, Bedford county, Pa.

Harold Durst, son of Mrs. John H. Durst, has been quite ill during the past week, but is now improving.

Mrs. Robert McCummon, of Altoona, visited her sister, Mrs. V. A. Auman, several days the past week.

Mrs. Maynard Meeker and Mrs. Elizabeth Mitterling went to Baltimore, Md., last week to visit relatives.

F. V. Goodhart has already begun work on the erection of his furniture store building at the lower end of town.

Prof. and Mrs. N. L. Bartges and daughter motored to Nippenose valley on Tuesday to spend the week with relatives.

Ernest A. Frank, a student in the State College High school, has been confined to his home in Centre Hall for the past two weeks from a severe case of quinsy.

The "Dues Social" of the W. C. T. U. will be held in Grange Arcadia, Saturday evening. Every member is earnestly requested to be present and bring a friend.—Secretary.

A State road truck driven by Musser Coldron and a new Studebaker car owned by a Bellefonte party collided at the crossing at Pleasant Gap, on Tuesday, doing considerable damage.

A reception for Rev. J. M. Kirkpatrick, the new Presbyterian pastor for Centre Hall, was held in the church on Tuesday evening. A number of out-of-town people were present.

Undertaker F. V. Goodhart brought the remains of Mrs. Annie Parker, who died in the Lewistown hospital last week, to Spring Mills, on Wednesday evening. Burial was made at Spruce-town on Saturday.

Few persons attending the graduating exercises in Grange hall last Friday evening were aware that a State "cop" in civilian clothes was in the audience. However, the order was so good that there was no need of his services.

Mrs. James W. Runkle and daughter, Mrs. J. R. G. Allison, who went to New Castle, Kentucky, a few weeks ago to visit the latter's son, Gross R. Allison, took ill while there and were forced to return home, arriving here Saturday. Their stay was shortened, owing to the drinking water not agreeing with them.

James McClenahan, aged eleven years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClenahan, who has been a cripple since birth, was taken in charge of the Red Cross, with the consent of his parents, and taken to Harrisburg this week with the thought of restoring the child to full strength and the use of his limbs.

Among those who are attending the annual sessions of the Grand Castle, K. G. E., and the sister organization, the Ladies Temple, at Easton, this week, are the following: A. C. Ripka and Mrs. Kryder Frank, from Centre Hall; A. B. Lee, Mrs. D. M. McCool, from Spring Mills, and Mrs. Cora McClellan, from Millheim.

Bazaar and Exchange sale will be held at the livery barn of D. Wagner Geiss, at Bellefonte, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month until further notice. Persons having articles for sale, including live stock, potatoes, produce, furniture, anything, bring it to the sale barn any time. Persons desiring such articles may buy on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

Delegations of high school students from various parts of central Pennsylvania will gather at Penn State next Saturday for the twelfth annual Inter-scholastic Day. A large tract and field meet open to all high schools in Pennsylvania will be the big feature of the day, and teams have been entered by more than a dozen schools. In addition, the college buildings will be thrown open on that day and the entire plant will be open to inspection by the visiting delegations.

Borough council calls attention to the matter of speeding and the use of cut-outs on the streets of Centre Hall, and means to enforce the ordinance which forbids these things. Nine times out of ten the offender is a citizen of the borough, and there are a few cases in particular where the ordinance is regarded with such contempt that the guilty ones believe there is no in the town has the courage to punish them. Council will be commended if they put teeth in this ordinance and close down on the first one who attempts to give them the ha! ha!

George F. Weaver, of Curtin township, this county, enjoys the distinction of having a great-grandchild who is older than his youngest daughter, and Weaver himself is not an old man. In fact, he is just 68. He has been married twice and is the father of eighteen children, thirteen of whom are living. His first matrimonial venture was made when quite young and his oldest daughter's oldest daughter married Edward Askey of Liberty township. Their oldest son, Charles, is 13, and Weaver's youngest daughter by his second marriage is a few months younger than the Askey boy. In fact she is great aunt to the lad who was born before she was. Weaver is regarded as the "Daniel Boone" of Curtin township, as he probably has killed more deer and bear than any resident of that locality.

TOOK HIS WORK SERIOUSLY

Harvard Professor of Greek Insisted That His Students Should Give Best Efforts to Studies.

A scholar of unusual appearance and manner was Professor Sophocles of Harvard, whose genuine love of Greek left him no patience with indifferent students and sometimes led to the charge that he dealt unjustly with the young men in his classes. This anecdote of him appears in Mr. John Spencer Clark's life of John Fiske.

One day a backward student called to explain his remissness and to assure the professor that he did love his Greek study.

"Then name two of your favorite passages," said the professor.

The student named one in the Iliad and one in the Oedipus. Professor Sophocles handed him the books, saying "Find those passages and read them to me."

The student, in his reading, made several serious mistakes.

"Young man," said the professor, brusquely, "you do not understand Greek! You have no love for that noble language! You murder it! Enough! I want no more to do with you."

There was much complaint in the class of '83 that the professor's marks were incorrect, and particularly in the cases of three students entitled to widely different marks. When they complained, Professor Sophocles replied:

"I can't distinguish between you gentlemen. You must take your chances as to what you get."

OCEAN'S LAW MOST STRICT

Among Fishes the Important Fact of Life Seems to Be, "Eat or Be Eaten."

In the Dublin museum a stuffed angler fish, commonly known as a fishing frog, may be seen, its stomach still swollen by an enormous cod which it had swallowed. In the stomach of the cod were found two large herrings. In each herring were several sprats, while each sprat, in turn, contained a number of tiny crustaceans, or shell fish.

In the salt seas, it is eat or be eaten. The fishing frog, a fish shaped like a gigantic legless frog, and provided with a luminous bait which it dangles from a long feeler over its wide mouth, has the most prodigious appetite. As many as 20 flounders have been found inside one fishing frog; another contained 90 herrings.

Each fish has its special prey. Pollock assemble in shoals and pursue the close formations of young cod. They surround the cod, drive them to the surface and devour them. Whiting, in similar fashion, pursue and devour the herring shoals, while hake feed upon sardines.

Mackerel will eat any small fish. They devour enormous quantities of fry, being especially fond of young mackerels. The John Dory's favorite food is sprats, while rays are not particular; they will devour any fish that comes their way.

Self-Reliance.

Now is the time for every one who wants work to think up something for himself. Don't depend upon somebody else. The integrity of life consists in self-reliance. Be your own proprietor, if it is of nothing else but an acre and a little shop. We know the difficulty and do not discard the sympathy. But regard rather that independence and high purpose that make up the real manhood. Men will have to work for others while time lasts, but there is nothing so noble in the hearts as the aspiration to be one's own man and direct one's own destiny. Society is divided in classes these days, each one striving to outwit the other, but the grandest class of all is the man himself, with his own destiny in his fists. With all our organized industry, there never was a time when individual enterprise had a better chance than now. If you are articulated in some great industry, keep in the heart the hope that you will be your own master some day.—Ohio State Journal.

Few Fine Pearls Found.

New fine pearls are rarely found nowadays because the demand has been so great and the fisheries have been worked so continuously that the pearls are not given time to grow. If a fine pearl is found, it is rarely one that has not been in the market for many years and passed from one dealer to another. Dealers today depend to a large extent upon purchases of pearls from collections of rajahs and princes in India and of old families in Europe. They declare that every time a large and really fine pearl appears in the market a hundred wealthy persons bid for it. Consequently the best pearls are beyond the reach of any but the wealthiest people.

Quips Which Tickle Travelers.

Nature seems occasionally to have been in an imish mood of jocularity when she was about her work of shaping and molding things. For instance, why did she make the Dalmatian side of the Adriatic one mass of islands and creeks, which are just so many hiding holes for any power that has designs on Italy, and at the same time lay the Adriatic seaboard of Italy as bare and flat and plain as she could plan it? Was it to make the Italian people wide-awake and watchful and resourceful? Besides, the modern world in its pride must never forget that the peninsula produced the Roman.

HEARD THE YANKS WHISTLE

In Verdun on Armistice Night It Was the Only Sign of Peace Correspondent Found.

We rolled into Verdun long after dark, on the day of the armistice, and found no celebration there, Williams Slavens McNutt writes in Collier's Weekly. There were no shells falling in the town, but otherwise the martyred city was as we had known it during the war. No lights showed. The narrow streets were filled with the rustling sound of many soldiers passing in the dark, talking in low tones.

And yet there was something strange about Verdun, something different, some change that forced itself upon my attention, and yet one which I could not determine. An American soldier stopped near the car to light a cigarette. He had been whistling "Annie Laurie," and after a long whiff went on whistling. And then I knew what made me feel different in Verdun that night.

Everywhere, all over the city, Americans were whistling! They were whistling casually, unconsciously, one this tune and one that. But they were whistling! One could pick out the Americans in the dark all over the city, because where there was an American one heard the shrilling of some old American tune or newer rag. The French don't whistle casually on the street at any time, and never before had the American generally practiced his habit in Verdun. And that night going about their various tasks in the dark old city, the Americans were whistling.

Hearing that cheery, familiar sound, my mind for the first time really took hold on the end of the great war as an understandable fact.

BOY HAD QUEER ASPIRATION

California Youth Believed He Would Make an Ideal Lady's Maid, but He Weakened.

"Bert A. Baldwin, lady's maid." Sounds funny, doesn't it, especially as Bert is a farmer's boy, but the police vouch for it.

Here's the story: Detectives Joseph Lawrence and David Broderick, being of an inquisitive nature, sighted Bert as he sauntered into a pawnshop. They watched him go in with two heavy suitcases, and watched him come out. In went Joe and Dave to find out about it.

"What did the young fellow want in here?" they demanded of the pawnbroker.

"Wanted to sell a complete outfit of women's clothes, cors— well, everything," replied the shopkeeper. That was enough for Joe and Dave. They set sail for Bert and soon corralled him. Off to jail went Bert. Then came the story:

Bert blushed, stammered and confessed. He had offered the women's attire so that he could impersonate a lady's maid. He longed for adventure. He heard there were lots of jobs for lady's maids. Hadn't the boys back at Sioux Falls told him he looked like a girl? Hadn't he a girlish face and couldn't he talk like a girl? Sure he could, he concluded. However, his nerve failed him, so he tried to pawn the clothes.—Los Angeles Times.

Use for Unneeded Explosives.

Prof. de Quervain, the well-known Swiss seismologist, has made a suggestion which deserves the very careful attention of our military authorities and of scientific men in this country. There are at present large stocks of high explosives in every country which cannot be preserved and must be detonated or exploded. He suggests that 50 tons should be exploded at definite times and under various atmospheric conditions and that observers in all the surrounding area should be requested to listen for the sound. Such tests could not fail, says Nature, to throw far more light than accidental unprepared explosions on the many problems presented by the transmission of sound-waves by the atmosphere.

Postage Then and Now.

Persons who thought the raise in the price of letter postage from two to three cents a "big jump," at the time of our entrance into the war, should consider the colonial and early government rates of postage. On March 3, just 72 years ago, the United States issued its first postage stamps, just seven years after England had adopted them.

These first American stamps were of the 5 and 10 cent denominations, and naturally enough bore the likeness of Washington and Franklin. Previous to this time postage was paid in cash, usually by the receiver of the letter. The earliest rates were from 5 to 25 cents.

Poisonous, but Valuable.

Before America went into the war there were discussions with reference to the cultivation and sale of medicinal herbs; afterward the interest paled before the necessity of raising vegetables "to beat the Kaiser." So many weeds are sold to be made into medicine that it would be difficult to name them all. Even the Jimson, short for Jamestown, called also devil's apple and several other names besides stramonium, has its value. We remember how as children we were warned in a loud, stern voice: "Don't touch that weed, it's poison!" It is still as poisonous as it ever was, but the leaves sell from 2 to 5 cents a pound, and the seeds also are used as medicine.

MATTERS THAT ARE APART

Woover Discovered That Business Methods and Lovemaking Are Things That Will Not Mix.

There was no sentiment about the young man. His had been a business training, and he carried business methods into his social life.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked, bluntly.

The girl looked startled.

"I'm not much of a lover," he added, "but I guess I'll make a pretty good husband. I might give you a whole lot of soft talk, but what's the use? Marriage is a contract and should be settled on a business basis. When I want anything in business I go after it bluntly. I generally know what I want, too, and I want you."

She gasped, but presently regained her composure.

"Fortunately," she said, "I've had a little business training myself, so we can discuss this proposed contract properly and dispassionately."

"I'm glad to find you so sensible," he told her.

"I can give you nothing better than a second option," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"I might tell you that I am conscious of the honor you do me, but that I am already engaged," she explained. "That, with a suggestion that it is very sudden, would be the sentimental way, but I will merely say that the first option is already taken."

"Then there is no hope?"

"How foolish," she commented. "As a business man you ought to know that a first option does not necessarily mean a closed contract. If you don't want to take a chance on a second option, say so; if you do, I'll drop you a line if I find myself on the matrimonial market again."

"That's sort of cold-blooded," he complained.

"That's business," she asserted.

"I—I don't believe I like business as well as I thought I did," he remarked.

"Very likely," she returned.

"I'd rather have a first option."

"A first option never has been and never will be secured by business methods."—Brooklyn Eagle.

STAND ON SITE OF TRAGEDY

Ancient Willow Trees Believed to Be Near Scene of the Deportation of the Acadians.

Whoever has read Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline," will be interested in visiting the land of Evangeline, the Annapolis valley in Nova Scotia, Canada and the country about Wolfville, which is the center. Grand Pre, the little village which was the scene of the deportation of the Acadians in 1755, is only a short distance from Wolfville, but little is left of the village where the tragedy told of by the poet was enacted. The chief object of interest in what was once Grand Pre, are the mammoth, gnarled ancient willow trees, known as Evangeline's willows, which stand a conspicuous group, amid the fertile green meadows and serve as a windbreak. They show their age, these ancient trees, and were undoubtedly planted by the French Canadians, for the Acadians invariably planted willows wherever they settled, and these trees are perpetual memorials of them. Beside the willows, there may be seen at the site of Grand Pre the old well, portions of the foundations of the church of St. Charles, and some stones that mark the site of the priest's house. These willow trees are always visited by tourists, and although history does not exactly tally with the poet's account of the deportations of the Acadians, and though there may be a division of opinion as to the justice of the act by the English in the deportation of the Acadians, the old willows tell no tales, but stand, sturdy and strong, and are slightly landmarks still hale and vigorous.

Poetical Inspiration.

It is not about great events that great novels are written. The same is true of great poems. Not "the 15 decisive battles of the world," but such relatively unimportant ones as Balaklava, Ivry, Hohenlinden and Blenheim have inspired the poets. Waterloo was considered to be the greatest battle of modern times, but the lines Byron inserted in "Childe Harold" constitute the only memorable poem ever written about it. The only ballad of the Civil war, which became fixed forever in people's minds, related to no great battle but to Stonewall Jackson's march through the little town of Frederick.

The great events are peaks in the mountain ranges of time, that leave little to the imagination. Literature thrives by the streams of legend and glory that run down from them and by the lanes and roads of emotion, aspiration, passion and endeavor that lead up to them. The side lights and side issues and everyday events make literature, as they make life itself.

Insects in Amber.

The proverbial "fly in amber" is strikingly exemplified in a collection of red amber from Burma recently presented to the British museum by R. C. J. Swinhoe, of Mandalay. The amber is unusually rich in insects, including, according to Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell, who has examined the material, 81 new species, of which five are types of new genera. Most of these are found in a block of amber rather larger than a man's fist. This has been cut into slices about half an inch thick. Nearly every large order of insect is represented with the exception of ants.—Scientific American.

WANTED—White girls over sixteen at Mont Alto, Hamburg Sanatoria, for kitchen, dining room, cleaning. Apply to Katherine Mullin, State Dept. of Health, Harrisburg, Pa. 31

FOR SALE—A Chevrolet car offered for sale. Inquire of W. E. Bartges, Centre Hall, R. 1. Bell phone 77R12.

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