

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT it does seem a pity that so many Bellefonte girls run to wait.

THAT the man or woman in Bellefonte who fears death, its a sign that they are not living right.

THAT every newspaper man in Bellefonte is not so poor that he can't give somebody a roast.

THAT some of the charities in Bellefonte that begin at home never get outside of the house.

THAT some girls in Bellefonte are like a bumble bee. Mighty nice to look at but dangerous to handle.

THAT if you lend some people in Bellefonte money they will always be under lasting obligations to you.

THAT some young men in Bellefonte shouldn't be a door mat for other men, they should get up and dust.

THAT the head of a Bellefonte man who forgets to get his hair cut at the proper time looks like a hay loft.

THAT there have been more hops in Bellefonte this season than at any time in its history—Crisman's and Otto's dancing schools.

THAT we would like if Paul D. Fortney, Esq., would rise and define what is meant by a pair of twins. They say he's a good arithmetician.

THAT John Benner, of Centre Hall, says that it was a case of a farmer writing up a farmer, and that he wrote up his superior beautifully.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a number of people who ride in automobiles who would give their autos if they could push baby carriages of their own.

THAT they say that Hiram Fetterhoff, the careful watchman in the Centre County Bank, is a light sleeper, but he can sleep just as well in the dark.

THAT if a prisoner should break out of the county jail, would it be right for Sheriff Kline to say that he was trying to make himself entirely too free?

THAT a lazy man of Bellefonte always wants to fall in love with some woman who is used to a wash tub, and doesn't object in using it to make a living.

THAT when a certain gentleman in Bellefonte goes to Philadelphia he always seeks out some place where he can get the best lunch with a five cent glass of beer.

THAT it is said a young married woman in Bellefonte was farsighted enough to make clothing for twins, but it has since developed that she missed her guess. The best way is not to count the eggs until they are hatched.

THAT Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, of Bellefonte, is one of the most successful practitioners to be found any place, but they say that he is getting so that he cannot even look at a book without having a desire to remove the appendix.

THAT a certain young lady in Bellefonte should remember that there is no personal sacrifice so great as that of a misguided woman, who married a drinking man to reform him. She should be wise enough to take a little kindly advice.

THAT the young man and lady who met the other night at the tank, below the Pennsylvania roundhouse, are known and it wouldn't take a deep thinker long to figure out their mission at that time of night. Pulling down the hat over the eyebrows didn't fill the bill.

THAT there is a certain gentleman in Bellefonte who shouldn't get the idea under his hat that the people of this community think as much of him as he thinks of himself. He should put his ear to the ground and he would find out better what they think of him.

THAT Prof. Henry Rothrock, who for years has been the popular school teacher at Boalsburg, says that if the foolkiller is onto his job, he ought to close in on the fellow who advocates that courtship should be taught in the schools. Wouldn't that be a bonanza for the school teachers?

THAT the parties who drove into the cook house at the fair ground are known, just as quiet as you keep it. It is said that if the woman wants some of her belongings she can call at the engine house and some of the boys will be glad to restore them to her. There is no use in talking, murder will out.

THAT there are young men in Bellefonte who may have made a strong reputation as choppers, but they have no right to block up the public highway by standing on the street corner waiting for girls to come along in whom they are deeply interested. They want to cut that out. The street motto in Bellefonte is, "move on and don't kid the kidders."

THAT Col. John A. Woodward, of Howard, who has always been interested in agricultural pursuits, solves the farmers' help question in this wise: "The farmer of Centre county, who is onto his job, will have three or four nice looking girls boarding at his house during harvest. Then he will have no trouble keeping male help. We always thought the Colonel was a philosopher, and now we know it."

THAT "Shorty" Knisely, of Bellefonte, isn't digging his grave with his teeth on two meals a day. Neither is John D. Sourbeck, and where can you find two more robust looking chaps? And there is our friend George T. Bush, claims to eat but one meal a day, but the trouble is with George he commences to eat this meal when he gets up in the morning and never stops until midnight. He has his friends guessing as to where he puts all the stuff.

THAT it is stated that a young man, from a distance, makes frequent trips to Bellefonte to see a young lady on whom he has become badly struck. His affections have become so centered on her that instead of going to a hotel he remains with her all night. When they get tired caressing each other they go to sleep on the sofa in the dining room. If this is correct, it is soon time they be up a story monkey business, and get a howl of their own.

THAT it is said that a gentleman in Bellefonte wanted to butcher on Thanksgiving, and in order to make the hogs look large enough to kill he went and got a boozie on. They were then magnified so that he swore that the three would weigh 2100 pounds, when in reality it would have taken them busy to balance the beam at 500 pounds. It took a good deal of moral persuasion to convince the gentleman with the swollen eyesight that about Christmas was a better time to lead the porkers to the slaughter. It is marvelous what a little boozie will do.

DER PENNSYLVANIER

Richter Drucker! — So, die Jagd is nau ziemlich nächst vorbei, un nau tumme noch die Jagd-Stories. Die Wohret zu sage, hab ich desmol net en einziger Has gefehne, aber ich hab Kerls häre sage, daß je so hoch wie en Dujed an eem Dag geschosse hätte. Istohrs, fell tann ich glabbe woann ich will, oder ich tann's ah sein losse. Ich hab aver en schene Storie gebeert dun so en bar Jäger, was fo viel Hafe hrembringe. Dr Dschahn, was Bierdreiner is, hot se mir ver-gählt. Segt er zu mir do d'r anner Dag: "Wie Du weescht, sen am Lef-schenbag die Salubns geschosse un do hot dann ah d'r Biermann en Feier-dag. Weil's so en schener Dag war, hab ich gedentt, ich wot ah mol uf die Jagd gehne, un fo bin ich dann frieh am Morge abgefahrt. Ich bin inner Berg un Thal un dorch d'r Busch, aver tee Schwanz war zu fehne. Wer hot gemeent, die verbotte Luder's hätte gewiß, daß ich un d'r Weg war. So geigt Mittag bin ich nach Willersbüdel tumme. Sunatig war ich net jufst fo arg, aver dorchtig wie en Fisch. Ich hab en Mann gefrogt, eb net ergeb's en Blah war, no mer ah am Lefschendbag femt en Glas Bier oder en Driml Whistie kriege. Schuhr, hot er ge-sagt; bei uns werb's mit d'r Loh net so genau genumme un mir verrotte enanner net. Geh jufst en Stid weit do die Stroh nuf, dort hot die Wiffes Bumpenidel en Werthschaf — Du werst ihr Sein schun fehne. Dort is des Hedquarters for all die Jäger aus d'r Stid un ich dent, Du werst en ganze Kraut finne un ah was Du jufst jufst. — Ich hab mich bebant un bin trecht vorwärts, bis ich en fell Sein getumme bin, un ohne mich lang zu befinne bin ich in's Haus nei. Gelloh, Dschannie, wie tummst dich dann Du doher! Hot es aus d'r Stid ge-truere, eb ich net tann en Has schiefte, sag ich; aver erscht sot ich en Driml hawe, ich bin vun dem Wind ganz verledert. — Mamma, ruft en Annerer, bring dem Mann do mol en bidtiger Schnaps. Do hot Dich die, Dschannie, fannst ah mitseile, woann Du wot; die Hafe werre schun tumme. Ich hab en Driml oder zwee genumme un dann gehe wele, aver se hen mich net gelocht. Dummer Kerl, hot's geberre, bleib doch be. Was wot Du Dich dann mieb kaffe, die Kleeder un Schuh derrehe un doch nig kriege. So Karre sen mi net. Mir hen en all herum gute Zeit do bei d'r Mamma, blendy is esse, zu drinte un fufst Herz was begreift. En bar Baurebume sen ahweil drauf im Busch un woann se Dweeds telumme, sen se gelade mit Hafe un Du kunnst so viel derbawt schiefte wie Du wilt for en Bertel des Stid. Sell is d'r Wea, wie mir jage gehne un Du hoscht uns noch nie fehne leer beertumme. — Sell war mit ebbes Reies, fellerey hab ich noch nie tee Hafe geschosse. Aver nodhem se mit noch en bar Driml's ufgeschwächt g'hat hen, do is es mir selwert vortumme, as wann sell en verbotlt händiger Weg wot for zu jage. So bin ich dann ge-fenne un hab ewe gedu wie die An-nerer ah. Nichts, Tu ds sen die Bume tumme mit ebout fufstunwansig Hafe — eb se geschwert wore oder net, des weescht ich net — un ich hab ah drei mit beertumme. Mir Wilt hot gemeent, des mir des becht, was ich noch gedu hit uf d'r Jagd. Ja, sag ich, ich hab ewe Stid aebat un en guter Blah gefunne. Es hot mich verbotlt gettigelt, wie se nach! Morge d'r Nach-ber gerufe un ihr wor die Heng die schene Hafe gewiefe hot, was ich ge-schosse dab. Un so lang se die Hafe hot un ich d'r Spah, so is es jo all-recht. Aver meind, Hansjörg, des sag ich jufst zu Dir. Nau mach tee Dummheete un geb des Ding net weg. Die Annerer büte grad wiffe, daß es un mir tummt un do nar dann d'r Deibel los. Wer weescht, was se mit mir büte. — Istohrs hab ich ihm ver-sproche, daß ich mei Kraut halte wiff. D'r Hansjörg.

Vicarious Punishment.

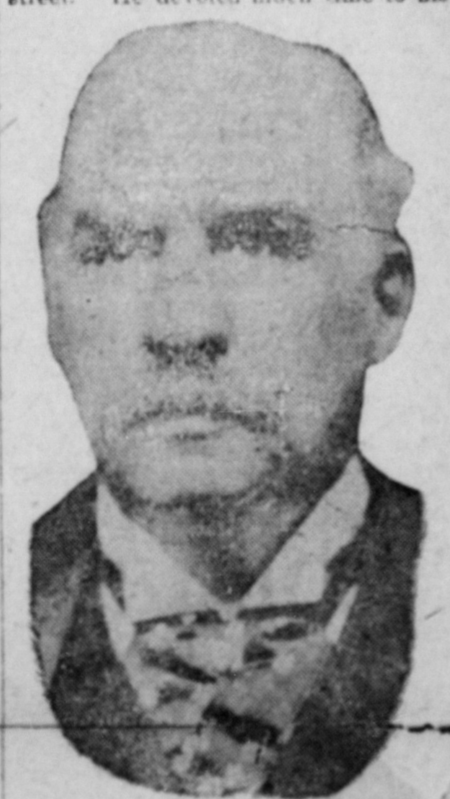
A mother brought her little boy to school for his first time and said to the teacher: "This little boy is very delicate, as he is after a fit of harmonya on the loongs, but if he does anything bould-and I know he will—bato the wan next to him, an 'twill frighten him."

Food for thought is hard on an empty stomach.

Banker Morgan.

Great Financier, Who Pre-scribed For Wall Street's Ills and Fought Against the Fever of Distrust.

OUT of the mists of distrust and panic in the recent crisis in Wall street one figure loomed large and strong—that of the great banker, yachtman and art connoisseur, J. Pierpont Morgan. It was Morgan to whom the lesser financiers turned when the tide of misfortune and ruin seemed sweeping against them. It was at his mansion and art gallery that they gathered for conferences extending far into the night in efforts to devise means of reassuring the public and preventing solvent institutions from being forced into bankruptcy through lack of power to realize fast enough on their assets to meet the demands of depositors. When the tide of mistrust seemed stayed and the first week of the panic passed without the serious results to finance and business that many had feared, it was to Morgan that the chief credit was given. When the stock market was disturbed last spring Mr. Morgan did not take any hand in the situation. He left the Standard Oil coterie to go it alone, remembering grimly the treatment he had received at 20 Broadway during the troubles of four years ago. The stock surries of the summer months did not feaze him in the least. He himself had more cash than stocks, and it was understood he had practically given up active work in "the street." He devoted much time to his



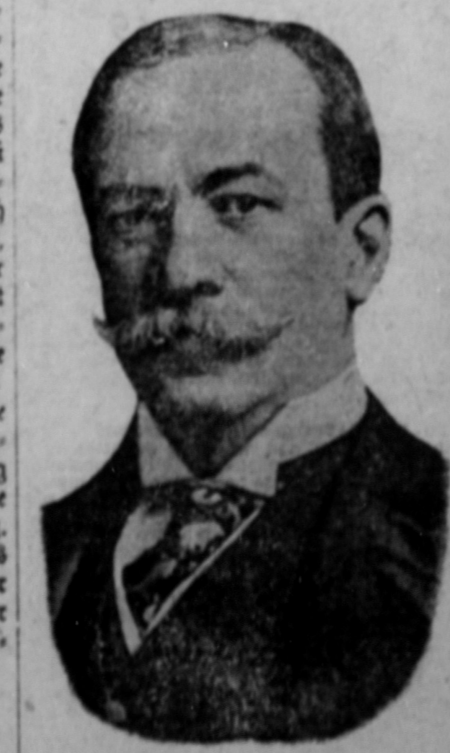
J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

rubber of whom at the Metropolitan club. He went to Europe and bought more pictures, and when he returned he spent \$5,000 or so in rent for two or three weeks of a Virginia mansion as his home while a delegate to a church convention. But when the storm broke and real disaster to general business seemed impending the stern visaged survivor of many financial tempests no longer refused his aid. He was not the possessor of the most millions. In that respect at least

AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, Recently Ap-pointed to That Post.

In the appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill as ambassador to Germany President Roosevelt has selected a man of extensive attainments in the fields of diplomacy and scholarship. He is fifty-seven years old and has been president of two colleges, Bucknell university and Rochester university, and has filled the post of first assistant secretary of state. He was sent to Switzerland as our representative in 1903 and in 1905 became minister at The Hague. While Dr. Hill was president of Rochester university the small daughter of his mathematical colleague was very



DR. DAVID JAYNE HILL.

fond of him, and she had a great habit of picking up long words and making him tell her what they meant.

"What's the difference between gastro-nomy and astronomy?" she asked one day. "Astronomy," replied the president, "is the science of the heavenly bodies. Dorothy. Gastro-nomy is—er—well, a heavenly science of the earthly body."

Panic Doctor.

Captain of Industry, Art Lover and Yachtsman, Who Had More Cash Than Stock When Crash Came.

a half dozen men stood higher up than he, but it was generally recognized that he was the only one possessing the brains, courage and other qualities necessary to financial generalship.

Mr. Morgan hates publicity as to his domestic and private affairs, and for that reason pictures of him and his family and data about them seldom



MRS. MORGAN.

get into print. His wife is said to be an estimable woman, but the world in general knows little about her. Her photograph, from which the accompa-nying picture is reproduced, was taken while she and Mr. Morgan were abroad recently, and she was standing at the time with her friend, the Viscountess Escher. Mrs. Morgan before her mar-riage was Miss Frances Louise Tracy and is a daughter of Charles Tracy, a noted lawyer. One son and three daughters have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and there are several grand-children, of whom the veteran finan-cier is exceedingly fond. As illustrat-ing his aversion to camera artists, it is related that on his return from Euro-pe on one occasion he was greeted by a battery of about twenty photog-raphers, and one of them stepped up and asked:

"Excuse me, Mr. Morgan, would you mind if I took your picture?"

The financier stepped from the group of friends with whom he had been talking and replied: "What! Take my picture? I'd rather lose a million dol-lars."

Whereupon one of the other camera men spoke up and said: "You've lost \$15,000,000 already. Mr. Morgan, for we have about fifteen pictures." And Mr. Morgan joined in the laugh.

NEXT MARYLAND SENATOR.

Ex-Governor John Walter Smith, the Choice of Democrats at Primaries.

This year was the first time that the primary plan of choosing United States senators was tried in Maryland, the Democrats voting in accordance with



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN WALTER SMITH.

this plan and the result being the choice of ex-Governor John Walter Smith for one of Maryland's seats in the senate. The Democrats will con-trol the legislature and will elect Sen-ator William Pinkney Whyte to fill out the unexpired term of the late Sen-ator Gorman and Mr. Smith for the full term. Mr. Whyte was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Senator Gorman's death.

Mr. Smith was his party's nominee for senator in 1896. He was born in 1845 in Snow Hill, Md.; received his education from private tutors and at the Washington academy and has been identified with politics for many years. He served several terms in the legisla-ture, was elected to congress and in 1900 was chosen governor.

Afraid of Himself.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, once told this story to a friend:

"I was coming down in the elevator of the Stock Exchange building, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know yours got in. He greeted me very warmly at once, said it was a number of years since we had met and was very gra-cious and friendly, but I couldn't place him for the life of me. I asked him as a sort of a feeler how he happened to be in New York, and he answered, with a touch of surprise, that he had lived there for several years. Finally I told him in an apologetic way that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me for a moment and then he said very quietly that his name was U. S. Grant."

"What did you do, Joe?" his friend asked.

"Do?" he replied, with a character-istic smile. "Why, I got out at the next floor for fear I'd ask him if he had ever been in the war!"

Shy on Smelts.

"Great Scott, what do you call these, Helen?" asked Dan Foss. He was gaz-ing at an elaborately garnished plat-ter which held two tiny fish.

"You wanted smelts. I didn't know how big they were. I never heard of smelts in the west. You know I got two mackerel last week, and they made a nice little meal, so I thought two smelts would be enough. Our fish man's been sarcastic since that day I phoned for a halibut and he ex-plained a halibut was too large for two people—it occasionally weighs 100 pounds. Today he began to be funny about the two smelts. I got freezingly, dignified and hung up the receiver. The boy had gone before I looked at them. I knew right away, Dan, I had made a miserable blunder, only I boiled eggs, you see, to make out a meal."

"All right, little woman," laughed Dan. "They're a nice appetizer. Only next time order twenty anyway. Fif-teen's about my limit on smelts."—Suc-cess Magazine.

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HIGH TIME IT'S HIGH TIME to be thinking of Winter Shoes, and making your selection and we'll say that there never was a better time to get just the Shoes you should wear. THE BEST TIME to select Shoes is early in the season when all lines are full and when every width, size and style is at your command. BY THIS TIME we're sure that you have learned that this is the Shoe store that gives you the best all round Shoe satisfaction—best styles—and best prices. WEVE TIME to show you anything in Men's, Women's, Misses, Children's or Infants' Footwear you care to see. THE TIME that it will require to convince you that this Shoe store for you to tie to, will not be long. Banisters—Douglas—Cousins—Queen Quality. MINGLE'S SHOE STORE, BELLEFONTE, PA.