

FRANCIS SPEER'S Breezy "That" Column

THAT it matters not how many papers. You weekly may peruse. You'll find the Centre Democrat at the top. In giving you the news. THAT the young man in Bellefonte who kills time is a fool. THAT all the soap in the world would not give some men in Bellefonte a clean record. THAT Mame—surely ought to have a husband, as she has a strong propensity for real nice boys. THAT Jimmy Cornelius, of Bellefonte, says that you can always depend upon a gas meter filling the bill. THAT when a girl in Bellefonte begins calling her gentleman friend by his first name then it is all up with him. THAT the wise man in Bellefonte is he who goes through life blushing a full house on a pair of cuff-buttons. THAT some people in Bellefonte think that when a man is married he shouldn't have a club. That's just the time he often needs one. THAT when a certain man in Bellefonte is blowing in hard earned money for Calibooze whiskey, his children are squealing for something to eat. THAT many parents in Bellefonte who are discouraged can generally get their daughters married by having lights in their parlors that suddenly go out. THAT some of the old maids in Bellefonte will stop carrying handbags on the street for fear naughty boys might imagine they are imitating Ollie Teller's example. THAT some of the young ladies who attended the leap year dance in City Hall, Bellefonte, on Thursday night, were beautifully gowned. You could hardly call them dressed. THAT Jake Lyon, of Bellefonte, is raising a mustache for the purpose of keeping his nose from freezing up. He says it costs too much money to secure a plumber every time it needs thawing out. THAT the other day Rash Irwin, of Bellefonte, was asked when a baby was not a baby. After twisting the conundrum around in his mind about ten minutes he replied: "When it is a little bare." Good—go to the top of the class. THAT it is stated that there will be a leap year wedding on east High street, Bellefonte, in the near future. The young man will be getting a wife who is worth her weight in gold, thus he is more fortunate than the majority of benefactors. THAT Solomon was the wisest man in his day and the fellow who comes next to him in wisdom is our friend "Tidley" Blackford, of Bellefonte. If you don't know it, all you have to do is to ask him—He gets "er right, "all righty, righty." He's a wonder. THAT when any person in Bellefonte reads anything in this column that sort of rubs the bristles the wrong way the best thing to do is to act like a mouse in the corner—keep quiet. To get hot under the collar is the strongest evidence that the shoe fits. THAT the other night at the installation of Gregg Post No. 95, G. A. R., Laird Curtin made the speech which might send him to Congress one of these days. According to the old saying, he surprised the natives. He made the American eagle soar high. THAT it is said that a young lady and gentleman called at a certain parsonage in Bellefonte the other day and when the parson asked the young man his mission he replied, "Here's a girl I'd like to get copyrighted in my name." Naturally the minister collected his fee. THAT "Billy" Doll, the Bellefonte baker, has made so much money since he has been in business on High street that it was converted into silver dollars it would take one of Tom Beaver's patent dumping wagons to haul it away. When he goes to bank he can do more than draw his breath. He is Andrew Carnegie the II. THAT it is stated that a young man in Bellefonte has broken away from his best girl because he thought that she may really be too good for him. She evidently took him at his word as the young man has been trotting all over the town with other girls. It is not often you find a young man who is so truthful and fair to a young lady. The majority try to fool 'em. THAT it is said that the other day a lady with ornamental curls around her head entered the Bellefonte Trust Co's bank to which Maurie Jackson said: "You will have to be identified before I can cash this check, madam." Her reply was: "My name is Miss Prunes and I can identify myself." She then took from her satchel a mirror and looked into it and the young banker then had the appearance of being shot at and missed. THAT Bellefonte has in it a woman who is having a gay and festive time behind closed doors. The house she lives in is simply polluted with her deeds of infamy and shame. The home is looked upon as respectable, but it isn't by a long shot. The fellow who is aiding in debauching the home is no better than a half-breed and should be taken out and horsewhipped. The woman, in question, should be ducked in a barrel of water like you would a "cloak" that wanted to hatch. THAT Bellefonte has a handsome lot of young men from which the girls could make a leap year selection, but they would rather place their affections upon some dudsish college student whose life and character are unknown. On this question some of our girls act like brainless idiots. It is said that at dances and other social functions given here the college boys are the preferred class, while the Bellefonte boys are only a sort of convenience, or as a slice of ham—to be sandwiched in, once in a while. THAT Ed. Robb, clerk in the Bellefonte First National Bank, will commence housekeeping in the house formerly occupied by Miss Shoemaker, along the pike, south of the former home of T. A. Shoemaker. It will then be love in a little cottage. Sure, it is a nice place in summer, but who will answer for the young banker's cuss words when he has to walk a mile with the snow twenty inches deep, the wind blowing a gale at the rate of 120 miles an hour, with the bottom entirely out of the thermometer?

New York's New Tunnel To Brooklyn.

FROM the Battery to Brooklyn by subway—that is the newest route between the two great boroughs of New York city. The old New York, now known as Manhattan borough, and the former City of Churches form the two main divisions of the commercial capital of the continent, but the East river, flowing between, has long proved a barrier to their complete union under one municipal banner, with other less populous boroughs—the Bronx, Queens and Richmond—taking their proper part in the consolidation. But there are now two bridges over the river and three more in course of construction, and two tunnels under the river have been completed. The first to be finished was the Belmont tunnel, from Forty-second street, Manhattan, to Long Island City, and cars were run through this tube last autumn. But no system of interborough rapid transit by this tunnel has yet been established. The tunnels at Thirty-third street, Manhattan, for the use of the trains of the Pennsylvania-Long Island system will not be ready for about a year, so that the Battery tunnel, as it is called, is the first to give under-river transportation between Manhattan and Brooklyn boroughs. Its opening has been long and more or less impatiently awaited, and the difficulties met with in the construction of a tube under so large a body of water as the East river have necessitated the postponement several times of the date for starting trains for the general public. Nevertheless it is the first among the many tunnels constructed from Manhattan Island to Long Island and New Jersey to be ready for use in the expansion of New York's transit facilities. The Battery tunnel was begun over four years ago, and the first train was run through the tube with a party of city officials and others specially invited for the occasion on Nov. 27, 1907. For the present the trains to be operated for the accommodation of the general public will be run through only one of the two parallel tubes constituting the tunnel. In a short time the other will be used for rapid transit, and then the service will be more frequent. From the station at Bowling Green, Manhattan, to the station at Borough hall, Brooklyn, is a distance of one and six-tenths miles. Five minutes are allowed for the trip, though it can be made a little under this time. The Battery tunnel forms a branch of the big subway now extending the length of Manhattan Island and into the borough of the Bronx. The Brooklyn subway is completed now only as far as the borough hall, the present Brooklyn terminus, but in a few months it will be finished as far as the Flatbush avenue station of the Long Island railroad, where connection will be made with the seashore and the suburbs in which so many commuters dwell. The capacity of the new line will be about 30,000 passengers an hour, with trains running on a two minute headway. Sixty steel cars built after the latest plans for such use have been constructed for the under-river traffic, and eight car trains will be run. At times during the trip under the river passengers are about 100 feet beneath the surface of the water. Ferryboats ply to and fro far above them, but the days of the ferryboat on the East river are almost numbered. In the case of a tube beneath a river ventilation is a problem that has to be dealt with in the most efficient manner. There is no smoke in the tunnel, of course, electricity being used for power, but thorough ventilation is needed nevertheless, and at the water's edge on both the Manhattan and Brooklyn sides large ventilating shafts have been sunk. They contain machinery so powerful that in case of a short circuit all of the smoke caused by it in the tunnel could be driven out in a few seconds. At the Bowling Green station is a model of the subway under the river which indicates to the man in charge of it just where every train is as it proceeds. He has absolute command of the system in this way and in case of trouble can stop every train and locate the difficulty at once. The subway is also equipped with the very latest in automatic devices for safeguarding against accidents.

The "Angel of The Crimea" at Eighty-eight.

THE Crimean war seems almost as far away in the past to the rising generation in this country as the war of the American Revolution, yet there are some still living who participated in it. Among them is Florence Nightingale, whose deeds of mercy and heroism will live in history along with the charge of the famous Light brigade. The fact that Miss Nightingale is still in the land of the living was recently called to attention in a conspicuous manner by the gracious act of King Edward VII. in decorating her with the Order of Merit. This order was founded in June, 1901, by King Edward VII, and its cross is given for distinguished services in war. It has given universal satisfaction that the first woman to receive this high honor should be the one who founded the science of nursing as practiced in connection with war and whose labors for the wounded and sick amid the horrors of the battlefield have placed her among the foremost of the world's heroines. The insignia of the Order of Merit were taken to Miss Nightingale by Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson on behalf of the king. She was unable to receive the royal envoy, but dictated the following message: "Miss Florence Nightingale desires to express to his majesty her gratitude for the honor he has done her by graciously appointing her to the Order of Merit. She feels keenly what honor it is to be associated with the distinguished men who are already members of the order." Miss Nightingale was some years ago admitted as Lady of Grace of the noted Order of St. John of Jerusalem, an order introduced into England during the twelfth century. She will be eighty-eight years old in May next and has long been an invalid, but has nevertheless retained her interest in nursing as a profession and in the institutions and societies with which she has been connected. She was about eighty when the Boer war broke out, but the British government sought her advice in respect to the care of the sick and wounded in its army in South Africa, and she exerted herself to the utmost in their behalf. Miss Nightingale comes of a family of wealth and position and was edu-

DER PENNSYLVANIER



Wischer Drucker!—Nau is ah die Lefschien wieder mol berbei for en Johr un fell is ah en gut Ding. Do bei uns hore is es lebhaft hergange un es war net schie, wie se enanner nimmergeriffe hen. For en bar Woche sen die Candidate bun beede Seite im Cauntly rungejoge, hen Spietsches gemacht un ewe enanner wieslerlich gejuht. Was enner iwer b'r enner gewiht hot zu sage, bat net uf en Stuhhaut gehe. Wann ich juchst des Geld hat, was se gelpebt hen, dann bat ich en Deihenter drum gewe, weller as gelekt worre is. Awer enihau, ich bat net gleiche, wann ebber un mir so Sache gefahrt hat, bun d'r dheel bun die Candidate sen verzight worre. Es schein, wann en Mann wisse will, was er for en schlechter Kerl is, dann braucht er juchst zu lahfe for en Offis un se sage ihm Alles, iwens was sei Doit, sei Grohdoy un sei gange Freindtschaf gebbu hot, bun d'r Zeit an, wo d'r William Penn b'r Staat Pennsilvanien entbedt hot. Es is schredlich! Wann Gener mol gefehne is worre, en Glas Bier drinke, dann is er en Siffel un net fit for Offis. Hot er als en junger Burfch mol uf eme Widnid mit die Mad Koppenegen gespielt un eens bun die Mad gebot, wo schun lang Niemand meh dran gebent hot, wo heft es bei d'r Kampehn, er war en Madeljager un mer kenne ihm net traue. Geht er in die Kerch, dann sage se, er war en Hippotrit un bat juchst in die Kerch gefe for Bisnis — en Weg ober d'r anner. Geht er emer net in die Kerch, dann is er en Heid un ten Christenmensch derf ihm en Wort glabbe was er segt. Des sen juchst en bar Sampeks un es gebt allfort Leit, was do drei Stod nemme. Dann gebt es awer viel Stimmgeber, was ganz anner Argumente net hore, sunbern sehne un fiehle welle. Wann se am Lefschienwage ziege solle, dann muh d'r Wage gut mit Kampehsmalz geschmirt sei. Wer am beste schmirt, selder fahrt gewohnlich ah am beste. Bisnis is Bisnis, heft es bei feller Sort. Do kumme so Kerls zu eens bun die Candidate un erpehne, dah se ihr ganz Zounschip im Wefesad drin hatte un wie sie es hawe motte, bat die ganz Kraud timme. Awer uflohrs, so Erwet niht gut bezahlt werre. Un d'r Candidat, was so en Bargen macht, is net emol schuhr, eb er net mit seim eegene Geld verfahr werd. Bisshur, unig d'r neie Lefschien-Loh bun Pennsilvanien berfe so Transakshens net meh gemacht werre. En jeder Candidat, eb er nau gelekt werd ober net, muh noch d'r Lefschien en Report mache un drauf schwore, wie viel Geld es ihn gefofcht hot un for was er's ausgewe hot. Awer fell is all dumm Heig. Juchst Rinner un Rarre sage die Wohret, heft es im Spridwort, un es gebt wenig Leit, was net glabbe, dah die ganz Lefschien-Loh en verbolster Humberg is; wie will mer dann erpette, dah se an so en Lah glabbe? Un enihau, es kann ten Lah gemacht werre, was im Stand is, die Mensch ehrlid zu mache. Sell is mol mei Glabbe. War es net d'r Dscheneral Scherman, was mol gefahrt hot, d'r Krieg war die Hell? Well, so en Lefschien, wie mir se destmol do bei uns gebat hen, is schuhr ah uf d'r annerer Seit rum Himmel. Un wie d'r Krieg, hot se ah Geld, noch emol Geld un dann erscht recht viel Geld gefofcht. Ei, en armer Mann, un wann er d'r beftst bun d'r Welt is, kann heitigsdags gar net meh for en Offis lahfe. Do werd als noch gefchwagt tum Washington. Net emol Constabler kenne er alleweil werre, wann er net sei Geldbeutel uf-mache bat. Nocher niht er erscht noch berzu schwore, dah er ehrlid in's Meinte kumme war. Es is schuhr weit kumme! Un net juchst misse se raus-ride mit em Geld, sunbern se misse ah noch hunnert un een Verpredunge mache, dah se des un fell dhun, den un selder appointe welle, wann se in bi Offis reitumme. Do heft es awer: Bisshur ufepast, dah es Niemand sunscht horet, sunscht mecht es Lumperei gewe. Ich mag es begude, wie ich will, so kummt es mir dor, as iwens des ganz Lefschienwese en verbolster Humberg war. Drum sag ich, was ich schun frieber gefahrt hab: Wer tee Geld hot, is en Rarr, wann er for en Offis raustummt, un wer Geld hot ober en Bisnis, wo er en Reive berbei mache kann, is noch en viel grohretter Rarr, wann er sich in die Politiks miht. Uf-tohrs, des is en frei Land un en Jeder kann dhun wie er will. D'r Hansjörg.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution. The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold. Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature. It will help you to avoid taking cold. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

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BATTERY TUNNEL TRAIN STARTING FROM BOROUGH HALL STATION.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

ated in nursing by the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. She was about thirty-four years old when the great war began in the Crimea. Her work during that bloody contest in relieving the sufferings of the soldiers is an unforgettable part of the history of modern Europe. The testimonial which she received after the war, amounting to about \$250,000, she devoted to establishing the Nightingale Home For the Training of Nurses. Miss Nightingale's London residence in Park lane was crowded recently by friends anxious to congratulate her on receiving King Edward's decoration. She is by no means forgotten, though it is now so long ago that she became a popular heroine. She had a sweet face as a young woman, and in old age her brow has few wrinkles, and her countenance is serene. The recent honors accorded the "angel of the Crimea" recall the way she was received on her return from her labors as a nurse in the field over fifty years ago. Queen Victoria invited her to Balmoral and presented her with a cross set with diamonds, and parliament voted her the great sum which, as already noted, she devoted to the education of nurses. Not long before his death the late Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage visited Miss Nightingale, and in writing of the interview he said: "Miss Nightingale is a very wonderful woman in appearance. She lies prostrate upon a lounge and seldom if ever walks across the floor. Apparently she is in perfect health, and her countenance is an illumination of kindness, sympathy and tenderness such as I never saw in any other. It is impossible for a person like her to have been forty or fifty years engaged in the alleviation of suffering without having it radiate in her countenance. She said she did not want to die while there was so much suffering in the world."