

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT many a girl in Bellefonte who looks like a peach is really a lemon in disguise.

THAT Charles Glenn, of Bellefonte, says it doesn't do a photographer any good to break the record.

THAT the face of some girls in Bellefonte is their fortune if they are able to land a millionaire.

THAT the woman in Bellefonte who believes all she hears is the woman who tells all she knows.

THAT some men in Bellefonte who imagine they were cut out for politicians are mighty poor fits.

THAT the hens in Bellefonte and Centre county are now working in the interest of the poor man.

THAT Bellefonte has entirely too many dogs. They are a nuisance to any community in more ways than one.

THAT Fred Bussler, of Bellefonte, is not such an enthusiastic automobilist since his machine slipped a cog.

THAT you should beware of the woman in Bellefonte who talks about Heaven in church and about her neighbors on the street.

THAT the average man in Bellefonte may have sprung from a monkey, but the average woman will spring from a mouse.

THAT there is a young lady in Bellefonte who has the reputation of being a cat, and yet she is terribly afraid of a mouse.

THAT Levi, the Bellefonte chiropractor, doesn't charge by the foot anymore than D. K. Musser, the dentist, charges by the aches.

THAT "Dutch" Otto, of Bellefonte, says that a base ball team can't very well win in a walk, it has to have at least one run.

THAT the fellow in Bellefonte who had been kicking because he thought summer was not coming, is now kicking because it is here.

THAT Frank Bartley, of Bellefonte, says that getting barrelled is what makes a fellow all bunged up. Of course, he isn't talking from experience.

THAT the fellows in Bellefonte who got on the water wagon on the 1st of January have fallen off and they now look like the last rose of summer.

THAT there is a gentleman in the South ward who should remember that smiles cost less than electric light and make the home much brighter.

THAT E. E. Ardery, one of the mail carriers in Bellefonte, says that a postage stamp is no good when it is stuck on itself. Neither is any young man.

THAT the young man in Bellefonte who would rather fight than eat, should marry one of our girls who are found on the street from early morning until late at night.

THAT if a certain young man in Bellefonte wants something to talk about we will be under the painful necessity of furnishing him a subject. He musn't get on his high horse, or he might topple off.

THAT there is an old maid in Bellefonte who looks under the bed every night she goes to bed, expecting to find a man there. It is amusing where some people will look when trying to secure a husband.

THAT E. R. Chambers, Esq., of Bellefonte, is of the opinion that Harry Thaw is pretty certain to be at liberty soon. Harry has positively declared that his lawyers will not get a d-cent until he gets out of the asylum.

THAT "Billy" Rowe, of Bellefonte, wanted to go to Pittsburg the other day but someone set her both feet down on the proposition and he didn't go; that's the way it goes with a fellow who is tied to a girl's apron strings.

THAT on Friday morning "Sam" Rumberger, of Bellefonte, was delivering eggs on a bicycle. Had he made a miscue eggs would have gone down, all right, and they would have stayed down. It would have an egg effect on the market.

THAT it is said that within the last week Geo. Beezer, of Bellefonte, has been doing some amusing stunts with that Buick. They say he has often been seen riding along on top of a stake and rider fence or hanging on a telephone pole. He needs about a ten-acre field in which to turn.

THAT some girls in Bellefonte are anglers and some are high-flyers. Two of the latter were overheard mentioning the name of a young fellow in Bellefonte who would dislike very much if the truth was uncovered. These girls shouldn't talk over their secrets so loud as they walk along the road.

THAT they say a young lady in Bellefonte missed getting a most excellent husband just by listening to a number of gossiping women who makes it a point to attend to everybody's business except their own. The girl who hasn't more back bone than to listen to such clack bags ought not to get married; they deserve to get left.

THAT instead of "Hassie" Taylor, of Bellefonte, talking to Ruger, he wants to talk to Jessie Derstine with reference to a very serious matter. It isn't right for "Jess" to try and butt in and claim the affections of a beautiful girl whom "Hassie" worships as his own lile. The quickest way for them to settle it is to fight it out with the gloves, the best man the winner.

THAT a large number of the friends of Boyd Sampel, the careful driver at Jno. Olewine's hardware store, are trying to figure out the reason he has punched so many holes in his hat. They are probably there to leave the hot air escape or some day he might go up in the air like a balloon. They say a hot-headed fellow generally gets cold feet, and Boyd wants to prevent that if it's in the wood. That would cause trouble, you know.

THAT the citizens of South Thomas street have been considerably agitated over a stolen fern from the home of Ross Parker. It is valued at something less than \$10.000. The young lady to whom it belonged, and by whom it was prized very highly, was carefully saving it to assist in decorating the church on her merry wedding day, thus her loss was keenly felt. If she had gotten a search warrant out she might have secured the fern a few hours after she had missed it.

THE SWEETEST LIVES.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread.

Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells—

The book of life the shining record tells. Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life workings. A child's kiss—

Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad. A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich—

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong. Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest.

—Mrs. Browning.

Green Peas Makes Girls Flirt.

Girls who eat green peas are bound to flirt; they can't help it. Cabbage and cauliflower make people vulgar and stupid. And the cure for a bad tempered husband is to fill him with boiled carrots.

These are a few of the laws of vegetable therapeutics as laid down in the recent pathological congress in Paris. After many experiments, the investigators laid down broad laws.

Potatoes, for instance, should be eaten by judges, magistrates, editors and those actively engaged in similar occupations; they develop the reasoning faculties, give great mental balance and calmness of reflection. Overindulgence, however, produces apathy, indifference, laziness. Confirmed potato eaters are likely to possess more reasoning powers than warmth of heart.

Carrots will cure bad temper. They are especially good for bilious and peevish folk. Persistent eating of boiled carrots will cure jealousy, melancholy, feelings of wrath and revenge.

Spinach is good for men of action. All great generals have devoured it in large quantities. It develops will power, decision, ambition, energy, and it is the ideal food for sickle and hesitating people.

Green peas, as has been said, are dangerous in the extreme. They develop frivolity. They make women capricious and reckless. Men and women who eat green peas are given to flirting and—if they eat many—are not to be trusted. According to pathologists, green peas are responsible for the majority of divorce cases and similar scandals in high life.

The white haricot bean is all right. He is the king of the vegetable world. He gives brain and brawn. White haricot beans, however, should never be eaten save with butter or oil.

The Marshal's Advice.

While Wilbur Nesbit was finishing his humorous novel, "The Gentleman Ragman," he was spending a few weeks in a country town in Indiana. He had sent nearly all of the revised manuscript to the publishers, but certain details of the completion of the plot had been the subject of discussion between himself and a friend connected with the publishing house.

One day a telegram for Nesbit was received at the village telegraph office. It read:

"What are you going to do about Annie Davis and Pinkney Sanger?"

Annie is the heroine of "The Gentleman Ragman." Pinkney is the villain. If there is one in the book. The local telegraph operator personally delivered the message, and Nesbit wrote this reply:

"Will marry Annie Davis and shoot Pinkney Sanger as soon as I return to Chicago."

The operator stared at Nesbit wondering when he read the message, but Nesbit did not fathom that stare until the morning when he took the train home, when the village marshal stepped up to him and said meaningly:

"Mr. Nesbit, I would advise you as an officer of the law, sir, not to do anything rash when you get to Chicago."—Harper's Weekly.

When Hayes Was a Student.

While Rutherford B. Hayes was a college student he went out walking one day with two of his chums and met an old farmer coming along the road. The future president addressed him in this manner:

"Good morning, Father Isaac!"

Then his two friends spoke to the old tiller of the soil, one calling him Father Abraham and the other, Father Jacob.

"Gentlemen, you are mistaken," said the old man solemnly. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, who was sent out to find his father's asses, and, lo, he has found them."—Judge.

Men Not Fair.

Mrs. Belle de Rivera, president of the Equal Suffrage League of New York, said at a recent dinner: "We'd have had the suffrage, we women, long ago were it not that, where women are concerned, men incline to be a little unfair a little churlish. Their treatment of women is on a par with old Hiram Doolittle's treatment of his wife. He made her keep a cash account and he would go over it every night, growling and grumbling like this: 'Look here, Hannah—mustard plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, \$2. There's \$2.50 in one day spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I'm made of money?'"

Baby Thrown From Car.

The other morning as a Pennsylvania trackwalker was patrolling his route between Nesbit and Nippeno park, he was startled to see the body of an infant lying along the side of the tracks. Picking up the man found the body to be that of a child about two or three weeks old. A stout cord was found about the innocent victim's neck.

The only theory yet advanced by the authorities is that the murdered baby's body was thrown from one of the Pennsylvania fast night trains passing this point.

DER PENNSYLVANIER



Mischer Drucker!—Es is merkwürdig, was es in d'r Welt all fer neue Sache gebt, wo mer frieher nig derbun gewiht hot.

Ich will zugene, daß viel vun die neue Inventischens arg hänbig fen. Was is es so schee, wann mer ergebnig hiegehe will un fann sich juchst in die Letztit Car neihede. Es locht bishubt allemol fünf Cent, amer mer spart sell an Schubleter un ruht sich aus derbei. Un was hot es fer Maschineweser for allerhand Erwet zu schaffen, wo sich frieher die Mensche schier ben misse zu Tod quäle dermit.

Was hot mer sich plage misse domols, wie mer d'r Rogge un Weege noch hot mit d'r Siegel abschneide misse. D meit, was hot em d'r Budel als so weh gebu. Un was war's en Erwet mit dem Dresche mit Flegel. Rau werd fell all mit d'r Maschin gebhu, schafft juchst so gut un zehmol geschwinde.

So gebt es allerweil kunnerte vun Maschine, wo mer anno dazumol nig gewiht hot derbun. Dheel sage, daß fell die Schuld war, daß viel Zeit tee Erwet hawe, amer ich jot denke, daß es ah viel daufer Mensche nemmt for all die unnerschiebliche Maschine zu mache. Wann ich eijse fann, daß en neue Inventisch en Impruhment is vun alte Weg, derno bin ich allemol in Fader vun so ere Inventisch; fann ich amer net eijse, daß se ebbes bott ober wertlich ebbes werch is, dann sehn ich ah ten Vertand drin. Do hab ich for Instens in ere Fildelfier Zeitung terlich en Advertisment gelese, was mich arg gepoffelt hot. Es ware Schöpfungset for Weisheit angeindigt.

Erst hot ich gemeent, ich hat's net recht gelese ober es miht schuhr hejse Pehntingset, for ich hab schun oft geheert, daß dheel Weisheit ihr Gesicht verschmierz mit weiß un roth Beht. Ich hab drum mei Brill abgebuht un es nochomol beguckt, amer schuhr genugs es hot geberge Schöpfungset. Erst hot es mich, wie geacht, gepoffelt, derno hot es mich gelächert, for ich hab gedent, was d'r Deikenter hawe dann die Weisheit zu schäfe. Ich hab dann unfer Schullemeister gefrogt, weil seler meiner wech vun Weisheit un ihre Steils un Bedernisse, wie unferrens.

Jeh, segt er, fell is allrecht, die Wäd in die große Städt juchse Schöpfungset. — "For was denn?" hab ich gefrogt. "Well, segt er, Du hoidst doch schun geheert, daß mer ebber wofcht, ohne ihn noch zu mache." Des is max ebbes uf selle Art. Die feine Lädies gleiche ihr Händ net nah zu mache, drum seefe se sich ei mit ere Brosch, stad wie's d'r Barber dhut, nocher terwe se sich ad mit eme feine Schwamm ober weede Lumpen un mit d'r Seef summt ah d'r Dres runner. — "Du fagst doch net? Amer worum mache se's net, wie seler jung sterl, was sei Gesicht mit Rahm eigeschmiert un dann d'r Rah gerufe hot, daß se ihm mit em Rahm ah den Bart abgeleckt hot." — Sell dat net gebe, hot d'r Schullemeister gemeent, befohs ere Rah ihre Jung war borchtig un dat die Wädel frage im Gesicht. Dann hab ich ihn noch gefrogt, eb er denke dat, daß en Wädel, was so en Schöpfungset juchst, noch seiner Auslegung vun d'r beifische Sproch wertlich gewasche war.

Bei uns do ufem Land glabbe die Wäd noch an frisch Springwasser; se fen ah net bang, es anzugreife un zu juchse un se den Bade so roth wie die Ebel. Die Stadtmad amer, was allfort ah die erste fen, was Wasser bregige, fen inens bang, sich dermit zu wäsche. In unfer ganze Nocherberchaft do hawe wech ich teen enig Wädel, was so en Schöpfungset juchse dat, un es is juchst en Wädel do, was en Pehntingset juchse fennt, un sell is die Sällie. D'r amner Sundag, wie se an d'r Dunter-Nieting an's Winber's war, hen alle Leit gewunnert, wie es summe dat, daß die Sällie so blohe Bade hat. Wie mer heert, gleicht d'r Fränt se so arg, daß er mit eme Boh net zufriede is, funbern se ah noch in die Bade beift. For selle Liewesblade zu verbede, sgit die Sällie nothwendig en Pehntingset hawe. Des beift, se braucht net, wann se net will, befohs es fen ihre eigene Bade un wann se selerweg zufriede is, dann gebt es Niemand nir an. Ich weit, som Stadtmad bäte sich gern bloh beife losse, wann juchst so en bifscher Wuh, wie d'r Fränt ener is, samt. Amer wer werd dann bei so eme ungewaschene Wädel anbeife welle.

In dem do Fall schafft drum die neimobig Erfinding net zum beschte. Es is drum besser, wann die Stadtmad sich wieder wäsche.

D'r Sansjörg.

KNOWS HIS SUBJECT.

O. Henry, the Popular Short Story Writer and His Travels.

Sydney Porter, better known by his pen name of O. Henry, whose short stories have recently attained so wide a popularity, is a native of Texas and knows the scenes which appear so often in his writings about the west and southwest as only one who has lived the life of the plains and mining camps can know them. The author is conversant not only with the great west of the United States, but with Latin America and many other parts of the world. He has been cowboy, sheep herder, merchant, miner and druggist as well as contributor to magazines and daily and Sunday papers. He can make his readers laugh or cry at his will, and few short story writers of today have so large and enthusiastic a following. Among the best known of his books are "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp" and "The Heart of the West."

Mr. Porter once told how he encountered what he described as unfair competition in the literary field.

He was in the office of a big magazine and witnessed the return to a dejected looking young fellow of a couple of manuscripts. "I am sorry for



O. HENRY.

that fellow," said the editor. "He came to New York from New Orleans a year ago and regularly brings some stories to our office. We can never use them. He doesn't make a dollar by his pen, and he is getting shabby and pale." A month or so later O. Henry saw the same writer in the same office, and the editor was talking to him earnestly. "You had better go back to New Orleans," said that gentleman. "Why?" asked the young man. "Some day I may write a story you may want." "But you can do that just as well in New Orleans," said the editor, "and you can save board bills." "Board bills?" ejaculated the young man. "What do I care about board bills? I have an income of \$20,000 a year from my father's estate!"

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A Cheerful Victim.

Hon. Wilfred Hosford and his wife did not believe in nicknames, nor did they intend their boy to have one if they could prevent it.

"I was never known as Will or Willy," said Mr. Hosford, with dignity, "and I see no reason why my son, Wilfred Sawtell Hosford, should receive either of those names or the still more objectionable one of Bill."

Wilfred Sawtell Hosford was delicate for the first ten years of his life and received his education at the hands of a grave young tutor. He grew stronger as time went on and at the age of twelve entered the public school.

On his return from the first session he was solemnly questioned by his parents.

"The boys are going to like me, I guess," said Wilfred eagerly. "They've got a nickname for me already."

Mrs. Hosford shuddered, and the father looked stern.

"Do you mean to say you enjoy being called Willy or Bill?" he asked in his deepest tones.

"Oh, they've got a better name than those," said the boy, with a broad grin. "The smartest fellow in the class, Sandy Lane, thought it up almost right off as soon as he heard my name. They're going to call me Saw-Hoss."

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