

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT society women in Bellefonte are like salads—a good deal depends on the dressing.

THAT the fellow in Bellefonte who is fond of his rye should mix it with a grain of common sense.

THAT the reason some girls in Bellefonte are like music books is because they are full of air.

THAT in some of the boarding houses in Bellefonte the coffee, it is said, gives grounds of complaint.

THAT the man in Bellefonte who beats his wife is the man who will beat the butcher and the groceryman.

THAT there is no use in Raymond Lingle studying French as he can speak two languages now—English and baseball.

THAT John Gross, of Bellefonte, was asked the other day what pain he was taking the most light of. Window pane, of course.

THAT the most beautiful thing that could be said about some girls in Bellefonte is that their character is as lovely as their face.

THAT when it comes to doing damage it is a tossup between a bull in Henry Linn's china store and the one in the stock market.

THAT when a minister of Bellefonte marries a couple and gets a ten dollar bill as a fee, to make the splice, he gets the best of the bargain.

THAT even the pretty girls in the Bellefonte Telephone exchanges don't care to have too many callers at one time. That's strange, isn't it?

THAT the probable reason we haven't better telephone service in Bellefonte is that the companies are afraid they will be charged with speakasies.

THAT any man can be thankful for what he gets, but there are a number of investors in Bellefonte ought to be thankful for what they didn't get.

THAT some men in Bellefonte want the earth, but the fact that it still revolves on its axis is a sufficient guarantee that there will be enough left to go around.

THAT the red-headed feminine fortune hunters, of Bellefonte, should try their luck in Spain, red being at a premium among the gentlemen of the great peninsula.

THAT when you go into a store in Milesburg you will find that the only difference between pants and pantaloons is the price. If you don't believe us just ask Oscar Miles.

THAT Secretary Meserve, of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A., says this is the time of the year when baseball is at its best; a bowling game amounts to a little more than a row of pins.

THAT there is absolutely no truth in the report that a Bellefonter was caught kissing his stenographer the other day. There is not a man in the town who is dumb enough to let himself be caught.

THAT our good old temperance friend, Isaac Underwood of Bellefonte, was asked how he knew that the world was round. Because if it was square there would be a saloon on all the four corners.

THAT on hearing that Rev. J. B. Stein, of Bellefonte, had been made a doctor a young lady said that if he makes as good a physician as he is a minister the other doctors of the town would have to close up shop.

THAT Orin Kline, clerk in the Potter-Hoy hardware store, says that this is a poor time to buy thermometers; they are too high now. Winter is the time to buy thermometers, when they are low. Scratch his head.

THAT if reports are true, there are too many girls in Bellefonte who quietly slip to the rooms of agents after everybody is in bed. That's probably the reason some of them can dress so elegantly and put on so much style.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a number of young men who claim they do not like the girls, but did you ever see one of them going along Allegheny street, on a rainy day, looking at the flag staff on the First National bank? No, not on your life.

THAT Samuel Rine, superintendent of the Bellefonte water works, says he doesn't know what the residents on Linn and Curtis streets kick so about when they are out of water. There isn't one of them who hasn't a spring under their mattresses.

THAT there is a married man in Bellefonte who has been in the habit of taking a single girl to the Theatorium and the Electric Theatre, leaving his wife stuck at home to mind the babies. He had better cut it out or there will be something doing.

THAT the young man in Bellefonte who took his lady friend to the strawberry festival the other night and was too tight to treat her is ten times meaner than the young man who buttoned his collar to a wart on the back of his neck to save a collar button.

THAT they say that there is a married man employed in the West Ward, of Bellefonte, whose wife and children would enjoy the candy and peanuts, equally as well as the two single girls whom he has been treating to these dainties for some time past.

THAT Bellefonte has within it a curious genius of a man. He goes into a hotel or cigar store and buys 3-for-a-quarter cigars and then goes home and rips his wife up the back because she buys a decent hat, and for not economizing in general. A man like this is nothing more than a coward and blow horn.

THAT there is a young lady in Bellefonte who has lost her bean by a lot of smart talk she has been putting through her. That is, on several occasions, she gave some of her love secrets away. He rebelled and now she is going the rounds telling her lady friends how disagreeable the young man is. This, however, is only strong evidence that she is dead in love with him and has taken this method of preventing any other girl from claiming his affections.

There is a young and sprightly clerk in Bellefonte who should go back to a certain house in town and pay for the rocking chair he wrecked the other night. The old man doesn't object to the gas bill and furnishing the sugar for the cakes and fudge, but when it comes down to breaking the "spoon-holder," and then sneaking off without saying anything about it, he objects. He may treat this as a joke, but when he gets the bill of repairs, he will not; think it so funny.

BANK BIZZNESS.

(The following humorous selection in the Penna. Dutch dialect is from "The Hawthorne Press," Elizabethtown, Pa.)

Wile Ich olamof farkulbeerd war wun Ich un en blutz coom wu feel geld iss, hov Ich immer en obsei g'hot far bank bizzness du bis doch letsch wuch. Forbare hen mer unser geld matters oll derhame gamanagel. De Polly hut era dreshury in ma olda wul-shtump g'holda, und wun Ich anicher wexel g'hot hob hov en gude inera dara si-blose drawga kenna im hussa-sock.

Over we unser waetza oll um mofrick wore des yohr, hen mer drei-und-sechtich dawler uf hond g'hot, und Ich hob gewast das de bank der recht blutz iss far so feel geld. So bin Ich in's shtet'l und de bank uf-g'sucht, und we Ich neiga und de clerks hen uf-gagookt, hov Ich fardult farzawgt g'feel d. Mi idea wore das wun mer he gaid far en account uf-moos, mus mer arisht de manager saina. So hen over olles tsu fu'm counter nuf, mit drof-fens. Ich hob en luch un ame blutz g'funna das "Teller" g'mark'd wort, so hov Ich gadenkt sell' karl sawgt mer was tsadu. "Ich daud garn der manager saina; kon Ich shewtsa mit eme, erla?" hov Ich g'frog. "With pleasure," hut ehr g'sawt, und hut ene gabrecht.

Der manager hut mich bagookt. Ehr wore en sharf g'sichtich'r moon. Frish gabolwer'd Ich hob de drei-und-sechtich dawler fesht in de fousht gadrickt.

"Bisht du der-manager?" hov Ich g'frog. "Yes, sir," hut ehr g'sawt. "Kon Ich dich saina, erla?" hov Ich g'frog. Ehr hut mich arnshtlich aw-gagookt. Es hut g'seem'd ehr hut moodawssa g'hot Ich het en grosa secret das Ich sawga wuch.

"Walk in here," sawgt ehr, und nent mich in en shub wu mer erla bis manager wore. Dart hen mer g'huakt, Ich hob ene gagookt und ehr un mich, over Ich hob net shewtsa kenna. Es iss mer eicooma, doh huck Ich amohi bi ains fun der grosa bixa wu afforda kenna so wide fun hame gae das Konadaw, wun's mowennich iss. Si di'monds hen uf si'm hemmerbus'm rous g'shtucka so grosa das gallus-gnep. "You are a Guvment secret agent, I suppose," hut ehr endlich aw-g'fonga. Ich hob gewast das ehr mich gawast for ebes abodich und mi kupp hut aw'fonga shwimma das wun Ich wore uf em harn het. "Well, nay," hov Ich g'sawt, "du bist lets. De fact iss, Ich bin ken agent mae. Ich hob ois book'l-wae liniment und gra-awga drupp farkawit, over de agent bizzness iss ivverdu. Ich bin cooma dich saina far en account uf-moosha. Ich hob decide oil mi geld in dinera bank holda." Der manager hut nimme so arnshtlich gagookt, over Ich hob's farmar'd das ehr now ma'd Ich were in der freindsht mit em Vanderbilt.

"A big account, I presume," hut ehr g'sawt. "Tzimlich grose," hov Ich baondwart. "Ich will now drei-und-sechtich dawler uf deposit du, und farleicht siwa dawler mae wun de Polly era arshoft grickt." Der manager hut de deer uf-gamocht und der clerk garoofa. "Mr. Brown, this man will open an account and wishes to deposit sixty-three dollars, Good-day," hut ehr g'sawt. We Ich uf-g'shtonna bin, wore der manager fart. En grosa etsa deer wore of anera side un der wond. Ich hob nous wella und bin dorch g'shrit, und b'holda, Ich bin grawd in der refrigerator galuffa. "Hold on," hut der clerk g'sawt, "come out of that safe." "Du musht mich excusa," hov Ich g'sawt. "Ich hob nous wella. Sawgsht du sell iss en safe?" "That's a safe, sir," sawgt ehr. "Well now, Ich hob gadenkt sell iss der refrigerator wu de bank era kelt cash drin holdt," hov Ich g'sawt, und mi kup iss widder darnlich warra. Ich bin over un der conter galuffa mit mi'm waetza geld. "Doh nem's," sawgt Ich tsu m clerk.

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"No, no," hut ehr g'sawt. "do you want it in fives or tens?" "Oh, es mocht nix ous," hov Ich g'sawt, "geb mer drei sexter, sex fufter, finf sextar—goldast!" (Ich bin so fardudel: watter das Ich gamain'd hob de gons bank shwimm'd for mina awga.) Ich hob over g'saina das ehr de hend for's g'sicht haelt, un dale hen grawd rous galocht. "Geb mer drei-und-sechtich dawler," hov Ich g'sawt. Ehr hut's rous g'atza'd und Ich bin g'shwind tsu de nuns. Taidder sel'm hov Ich ken bank bizzness gade. Ich holt mi wexel in der saina olda si-blose, we dafor, und de Polly hut era dreshury im saina olda wul shtump.

Der manager hut mich bagookt. Ehr wore en sharf g'sichtich'r moon. Frish gabolwer'd Ich hob de drei-und-sechtich dawler fesht in de fousht gadrickt.

"Bisht du der-manager?" hov Ich g'frog. "Yes, sir," hut ehr g'sawt. "Kon Ich dich saina, erla?" hov Ich g'frog. Ehr hut mich arnshtlich aw-gagookt. Es hut g'seem'd ehr hut moodawssa g'hot Ich het en grosa secret das Ich sawga wuch.

Attractions of a Pastoral Life.

A philanthropist sent a child from the New York slums to the country. To this child, raised among slum horrors, all the beauty and poetry of a pastoral life was offered. One day the man went to see the little girl. He took her on his knee, glanced with approbation about the quaint old farm kitchen and said:

"And do you find the country very beautiful, my dear?"

"Oh, beautiful," the youngster answered.

"And what have you seen during the week's sojourn here?"

"I've seen eighty-seven turkeys killed and a man's nose broken in a pumpkin raffle."

THE ETERNAL CIRCLE. If this great world of joy and pain Revolve in one sure track; If freedom, set, will rise again And virtue, flown, come back; Woe to the purblind crew who fill The heart with each day's care Nor gain from past or future skill To bear and to forbear! —Wordsworth.

Coin of the Realm.

During civil war times Gilman Fay, a local character known by all as Gil, went to the general store in Fayville, Mass., kept at that time by Colonel Dexter Fay, to make his purchases. The amount was 68 cents, and Fay tendered the clerk a dollar bill. Change being scarce in the store, as was often the case during those strenuous times, the clerk passed him some slips of paper with figures on them to equal the amount of change due. Gil looked at the change and then at the clerk and slowly said, "What's all this?"

"Why, that is what we are giving for change now. When you get a dollar's worth we will redeem them," replied the clerk, and Gil went out.

A day or two later Gil went to the store again for some tobacco. The clerk passed out the plug, and Gil put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of pumpkin seeds and handed them to the clerk, saying:

"These are what I am using for change now. When you get a dollar's worth I will redeem them."

Priest and Parishioner.

There was a priest who had among his parishioners an Irishman who, with a lot of others, was digging a ditch under an Italian boss. The priest thought he would get a rise out of his parishioner as he met him going to work.

"Good morning, Pat?"

"Mornin', father."

"How do you like your 'ginny' boss, Pat?"

"Oh, all right, father. How do you like yours?"

The Exception.

Two old negroes, grazing at a many colored circus poster, were comparing the merits of the old time circus with those of the up to date performance.

"Der am no argument necessary," said Iastus emphatically. "It have been knowledget dat de John Robinson circus am de best in de world."

"What fo' you talk like dat, man?" Jackson replied. "Der am only one circus worf mentioning, and dat am de Barnum & Bailey greatest show on earth. Look at de picture, man! See where it say 'greatest show on earth'?"

"Shore Ah sees dat, but you neglect 't look in de far corner where it say somethin' else."

"What else it say?"

"It say, 'greatest show on earth' S-E-P-T I, 'cept one—an' dat one am de John Robinson circus."—Lippin cott's.

Tried to Make Good.

"What's become ob dat little chameleon Mandy had?" inquired Rufus.

"Oh, de fool chile done lost him," replied Zeke. "She wuz playin' wif him one day, puttin' him on red to see him turn red and on blue to see him turn blue an' on green to see him turn green, an' so on; den de fool gal, not satisfied wif lettin' him enough alone, went an' put him on a plaid, an' de poor little thing went an' bust himself tryin' to make good."—Everybody's.

John's Memory.

A perspiring man, laden with bundles, bustled into a railway station, upset a small boy, carried away half a yard of founce from the skirt of a lady and finally stopped, panting and exhausted, beside a small woman sitting tranquilly in the waiting room.

"John!"

"There, now, I know what you are going to say, Jane—that same old question. My dear, I forgot nothing!"

"But, John!"

"No, I did not forget to buy the fruit or the towels or the seven and three-quarter yards of cambric or the spool of silk. There you are—the whole list; not a thing missing."

His wife smiled up into the triumphant face and said, "Yes, dear, but in which shop did you leave your hat?"

And then the train came in.

Wealth and Marbles.

"Why get together any more money?" asked a friend of the late Russell Sage. "You can't eat it. You can't drink it. What good will it do you?"

"Ever play marbles?" Uncle Russell asked.

"Yes, when I was a boy."

"Couldn't eat 'em, could you? Couldn't drink 'em, could you? No use to you, were they? What did you play marbles for?"

King Manor

Historic Home Which Figures In Long Island Subway Celebration at Jamaica, N. Y.—The Eminent Services of Various Members of a Noted Family.

THE Long Island subway celebration at Jamaica, Queens borough, New York city, calls to mind important events in Revolutionary times that transpired in the vicinity of the place where the victories of peace in the form of extensions to great rapid transit systems are soon to be signalized. Long Island has enjoyed an eventful history. The celebration at Jamaica beginning on June 4 and lasting three days is in honor of the establishment of subway connection between old New York, now called Manhattan borough, and Long Island, especially those parts included in or lying contiguous to the Greater New York. With the completion of the so called Battery tunnel under the East river and the extension of New York's subway system to the Long Island railway station at Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn borough, one may travel by electric trains over the tracks of the subway and the Long Island road away out into the environs of the metropolis, to the Rockaways and to Hempstead and to