FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT society women in Bellefonte are like salads-a good deal depends on the

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

THAT the reason some girls in Belle-

fonte are like music books is because they are full of air. THAT in some of the boarding houses

THAT the man in Bellefonte who beat 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 base-

THAT John Gross, of Bellefonte, was asked the other day what pain do we fardult fartzawgt g'feel'd. Mi idea wore make the most light of. Window pane, das wun mer he gaid far en account ufof 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 havn't better telephone service in Bellefonte is that the companies are afraid they will wut.

be charged with speakeasies. 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 there will be enough left to go around.

hunters, of Bellefonte, should try their secret agent, I suppose," hat ehr endlich luck in Spain, red being at a premium aw-g'fonga. Ich hob gawist das ehr mich among the gentlemen of the great penin-

ask Oscar Miles.

THAT Secretary Meserve, of the Bellefonte Y. M. C. A., says this is the en account ufmocha. Ich hob decide oll time of the year when baseball is at its mi geld in dinera bank holda." Der best; a bowling game amounts to a little manager but nimme so arnshtlich ga- Pat?" 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 dum enough to let himself be caught.

THAT our good old temperance friend, Isaac Underwood of Bellefonte, was

THAT Orie 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 rea-son some of them can dress so elegantly and put on so much style.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a number of

and Curtin streets kick so about when

equally as well as the two single girls es mocht nix ous," hov Ich g'sawt, "geb whom he has been treating to these mer drei sexter, sex finiter, finf sexter—

dainties for some time past,

gave some of her love secrets away. He rebelled and now she is going the rounds telling her lady friends how disagreea-ble the young man is. This, however, is only strong evidence that she is dead in love with him and has taken this meth-

od of preventing any other girl from slaiming 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.

B, J. LaPorte trustee to Presbyterian church Philipsburg; \$1.

D, M. Klibe adm. to Samuel C. Hoy, March 31, 1908, 201 acres 82 perches in Spring twp.; \$12000.

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Presbyterian church of Philipsburg; \$900.

Strawberries are overabundent in the eastern markets and prices are low The crop in this county is greater than ever.

BANK BIZNESS.

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

Wile Ich olamol farkulabeerd war wun Ich un en blotz coom wu feel geld iss, hov Ich immer en obshei g'hot far bank bizness du bis doh letsht wuch. Forhare hen mer unser geld matters oll derhame gamanag'ed. De Polly but era dreshury in Bellefonte the coffee, it is said, gives in ma olda wul-shtrump g'holda, und grounds of complaint.

That the man in Bellefonte who beat on gude inera dara si-blose drawga

kenna im hussa-sock. Ovver we unser waetza oll um morrick wore des yohr, hen mer drei und sechtsich dawler uf hond g hot, und Ich hob gawist das de bank der recht blotz iss far so feel geld. So bin Ich in's shtett'l und de bank uf-g'sucht, und we Ich neiga und de clerks hen uf-gagookt, hov Ich das wun mer he gaid far en account ufmocha, mus mer arsht de manager saina. Se hen ovver olles tsu fu'm counter nuf mit drod-fens. Ich hob en luch un ame bletz g'funna das "Teller" g'mark'd wore, so hov Ich gadenkt sell'r karl sawgt mer wos tsadu. "Ich daid garn der manager saina; kon Ich shwetza mit eme. erla?" hov Ich g'frogt. "With pleas-ure," hut ehr g'sawt, und hut ene ga-

brucht. Der manager hut mich bagookt. Ehr wora en sharf-g'sichtich'r mon, frish ga-bolweer'd Ich hob de drei-und-sechtsich per with figures on them to equal the dawler fesht in de fousht gadrickt.

"Bisht du der -manager?' hov Ich g'frogt. "Yes, sir." hut ehr g'sawt. "Kon Ich dich saina. erla?" hov Ich g'frogt Ehr hut mich arushtlich aw-gagookt. Es hut g'seem'ed ehr hut moodmawsa g'hot change now. When you get a dol-Ich het en grosa secret das Ich sawga

"Walk in here," sawgt ehr, und nemt mich in en shdub wu mer erla bi-'nonner wora. Dart hen mer g'huckt, Ich hob un ene gagookt und ehr un mich, ovver Ich hob net shwetza kenna. Es iss mer eicooma, doh huck Ich amohl bi ains fun a handful of pumpkin seeds and handder grosa bixa wu afforda kenna so wide earth, but the fact that it still revolves on fun hame gae das Konadaw, wun's nodits axis is a sufficient guarantee that wennich iss. Si di'monds hen uf si'm That the red-headed feminine fortune das gallus-gnep. "You are a Guv'rment awgookt for ebbes abodich und mi kup hut awfonga shwimma das wun Ich wos-That when you go into a store in ser uf em harn het. "Well, nay," hov Milesburg you will find that the only difference between pants and pantaloons. Ich bin ken agent mae. Ich hob ols he would get a rise out of his parishis the price. If you don't believe us just | book'l-wae liniment und gra-awga druppa farkawit, ovver de agent bizness iss ivverdu. Ich bin cooma dich saina far gookt, ovver Ich hob's farmark'd das ehr now main'd Ich were in der freindshoft like yours?"

mit em Vanderbilt. "A big account. I presume." hut ehr The Exception. g'sawt. baondwart. sechtsich dawler uf deposit du, und far- the merits of the old time circus with leicht sivva dawler mae wun de Polly era arbshoft grickt." Der manager hut de asked how he knew that the world was deer uf gamocht und der clerk garoofa. round. Because if it was square there would be a saloon on all the four corcount and wishes to deposit sixty three been knowledged dat de John Robindollars, Good-day !" hut ehr g'sawt. We son circus am de best in de world." That on hearing that Rev. J. B. Stein. Ich uf-g'shtonna bin, wore der manager of Bellefonte, had been made a doctor a fart. En grosa eisa deer wore uf anera Jackson repiled. "Der am only one ciryoung 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.

Side un der wond. Ich hob nous wella und bin dorch g'shrit, und b'holdya, Ich bin grawd in der refrigerator galuffa.

"Hold on," hut der clerk g'sawt, "come where it say 'greatest show on where it say 'greate out of that safe" "Du musht mich ex- where it say 'greatest show on cusa," how 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 refrigsomethin' else." erator wu de bank era kolt cash drin holt," hov Ich g'sawt, und mi kup iss widder darmlich warra. Ich bin ovver un der connter galuffa mit mi'm waetza S-E-P-T 1, 'cept one-an' dat one am geld, "Dob nem's," sawg Ich tsum de John Robinson circus." - Lippin

missa und mi nawma in en buch shreiva. young men who claim they do not like Ich hob nimme gawist wos Ich du. "Iss the girls, but did you ever see one of them going along Allegheny street, on a "Yes. sir," sawgt der clerk "Oll recht. rainy day, looking at the flag staff on the First National bank? No, not on your life.

Yes, sir, sawgt der clera don the don will Ich en check ous-shreiva," how one day, puttin him on red to see him turn red and on blue to see him turn turn red and on blue an on green to see him turn green. That Samuel Rine, superintendent of the Bellefonte water works, says he doesn't know what the residents on Linn doesn't know what the residents on Linn with the doesn't know what the residents on Linn with the residents of the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we mer sous-shread and the resident of the Ring week. But we were the resident of the Ring week. But we were the resident of the Ring week. But we we were the resident of the Ring week. But we were the res dear man, you don't want to take it all they are out of water. There isn't one of them who hasn't a spring under their mattresses.

dear man, you don't want to take it all out again?' hut ehr g'frogt, und heslich arshtound gagookt. Es iss mer derno yusht ei-cooma das Ich dreiund-sechtich THAT there is a married man in Belle- druf g'shrivva hob unshtots fun drei fonte who has been in the habit of tak- dawler, ovver Ich wore tsu hart farkula- John's Memory. ing a single girl to the Theatorium and beerd far's now on'rshter mocha. De the Electric Theatre, leaving his wife stick 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 feetival the other night and we mit gradonka widder, with the position of the strawberry of sawt, und we mit gradonka widder, how Ich grant with the strawberry of sawt, und we mit gradonka widder, how Ich grant with the strawberry of sawt, und we mit gradonka widder klora ting tranguilly in the waiting room. festival the other night and was too g sawt, und we mi gadonka widder klora tight to treat her is ten times meaner sin warra, hov Ich aw-galust das wun Ich than the young man who buttoned his fartzarnt ware. "How"ll you take it? collar to a wart on the back of his neck hut ehr g'frogt. "Geb mer's in cash, to save a collar button." how Ich g'sawt. "No, no, what denomi 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 a mations? hut ehr g'frogt. 'Oh," how Ich g'sawt. "Ich bin Lud'rish, de Polly iss Et ngalish, der Jecky iss en Republikon, de Till—" "No. no" hut ehr g'sawt. "do you want it in fives or tens?" "Oh. mer drei sexter, sex finfter, finf sexter-That Bellefonte has within it a curious genius of a man. He goes into a hotel or cigar store and buys 3-for aquarter cigars and then goes home and rips his wife up the back because she buys a decent hat, and for not economising 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 beau 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.

Real Estate Transfers.

H. E. Gramley et ux to Manasses Gilbert, March 24, 1908, 145 perches in Miles twp; \$662. Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to B. W.

Hess, Aug. 9, 1904, land in Rush twp.; B. J. LaPorte trustee to Presbyterian

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

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, per with figures on them to equal the amount of change due. Gil looked at

lar'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 ed 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 ioner as he met him going to work. "Good morning, Pat."

"Mornin', father." "How do you like your 'ginny' boss,

"Oh, all right, father. How do you

"Tzimlich grose," hov Ich two old negroes, gazing at a many colored circus poster, were comparing

"Der am no argument necessary,"

somethin' else.' "What else it say?"

"It say, 'greatest show on earth'

Ehr hut's ganumma, und derno hov Ich de sum uf em shtickli bo beer marka Tried to Make Good.

"What's become ob dat little chame-

leon Mandy had?" inquired Rufus, "Oh, de fool chile done lost him," reput him on a plaid, an' de poor little thing went an' bust himself tryin' to make good."-Everybody's.

A perspiring man, laden with bunting 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

"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?"

"Everything was fine," said the farmer when he got back home from his first visit to the city-"everything was fine except the light. They kept the light burning in my room all night long, a thing I ain't used to, and I latter's son, General Rufus King, 1814couldn't sleep on account of it."

"Why didn't you blow it out?" asked his wife. "Blow it out? How could I? The blame thing was inside a bottle!"

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. A

HE 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 other suburbs, some within, some just without, the lines of the enlarged city. All this represents in a way a sociological and economic evolution, because it signifies the breaking away from the congested conditions of the past and more

healthful distribution of population. With present transit facilities one may travel from Jamaica to the Battery in twenty-five minutes; hence the watchword "Twenty-five minutes to Broadway." It was very different from this when in 1790 Washington journeyed from New York to Jamaica or when dispatches were sent back and forth during that momentous period in the early days of the Revolution when the British were threatening Long Is-



KING MANOS, JAMAICA, AND RUFUS KING. land and planning the seizure of New York. To get from the Battery to Jamaica was then a half day's journey by ordinary methods of travel.

King park, where the chief ceremonies of the subway celebration take place, is associated with numerous characters and events famous in the early history of the country. King Manor, which stands in the center of the park, is believed to date back to about 1650, making it one of the oldest structures on Long Island or in New York state. It came into possession of the King

family about the beginning of the last century. This family has taken a leading place in the history of the nation. Rufus King was one of the great men of the Revolutionary era and that immediately succeeding. He was born in Maine in 1755 and died in 1827. He served in the Revolution, was twice minister to England (first under Washington and a second time under John Quincy Adams), was offered the post of secretary of state by Washington, was the Federalist candidate for president in 1816 and was prominent in the Continental congress, introducing the resolution prohibiting slavery in the northwest territories and being an ardent advocate of the federal constitution. He sat in the United States senate from New York for about twenty years altogether. It was on his return from his first sojourn in England as minister to the court of St. James that the now historic place at Jamaica came into the family. After his time it descended to his son, John Alsop King, born in 1788, died in 1867. He served in the war of 1812, was prominent in congress in Clay's time as a Whig and was governor of New York from 1857 to 1859. Another of Rufus King's sons, Charles King, 1789-1867, was president of Columbia college. The 1876, won distinction in the civil war as commander of the famous "Iron

Benedict Arnold is said to have plot-ted to betray his country at King Manor.

He Kept the Secret. When the teacher was absent from the schoolroom Willie Jones wrote on

the blackboard: "Willie Jones can hug the girls better

than any boy in school.' "William, did you write that?" asked the teacher upon her return,

"Yes, ma'am." "Well, you may stay after school as punishment.'

"Got a licking, didn't you?" asked one boy when Willie came out.

"Nope." "Got jawed?" asked another.

"Nope." "What did she do?" "Shan't tell, but it pays to adver

Good Little Girl. A Christian mother was once show ing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers

were pushing their children toward "There, Carrie," said her mother "this is what I would have done with

you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus; I'd to to him without pushing."

Malicious Adiposity. "Fat men are no account for soldier ing," said the late General Shafter. "They pant, they wheeze, they snort, they choke, they grunt, they groan, they waddle, they slouch through the world. Not a particle of good on earth, fat soldiers. Would not have one of 'em around if I could help it."

"Er-but-er-you would not exactly er-call yourself slight, would you general?" a venturesome major asked. "Hell, no! I've been a fat, blobby old nuisance ever since the day I tipped the beam at over 200 pounds, and right then I ought to've been court martialed and cashiered for outrageous and malicious adiposity, sir, for scandalous corpulence to the prejudici of military discipline!"

An Amiable Musician.

Edward Rice relates that when Herr von Bulow was in Boston Napier Lowthion, musical director of the Boston theater, introduced him, saying, "Herr von Bulow, this is Mr. Rice, a Boston man who knows nothing about music whatever, but who has written two operas." "So?" said Von Bulow interrogatively. "Ve haf also in Europe a shentleman vat knows nothing about moosic und haf written already plenty pperas-Meester Verdi."-Argonaut.

A Graceful Act.

After one of the many charitable performances which Mme. Yvette Guilbert has given the priest of the village where it had been held entertained all the company at lunch. Mme. Yvette found an egg on her plate, broke it and ten gold pieces fell out.

"You don't know my tastes quite well yet, M. le Cure," she said. "I adore boiled eggs, but I eat only the white. I never touch the yolk, and I must leave it to you for your poor people."

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