

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

That the man in Bellefonte who has a beefsteak now, is naturally considered wealthy.

That a little widow, now and then, is playing havoc with a couple of Bellefonte's single men.

That a hen cannot lay a corner stone, neither can Isaac Wooster, the Bellefonte mason, lay an egg.

That Lew McQuiston, the Bellefonte carriage maker, says the best thing to clean "buggy tops" is a fine tooth comb.

That Taft is the kindest man in the world, says Charles T. Fryberger, of Philipsburg. He wouldn't kill a fly. No, not even a presidential bee.

That there is too much clean water in Bellefonte for anybody to go around having the scent of a pole cat.

That there is an army of cowards in Bellefonte who are afraid to say before your face what they say behind your back.

That when you get a bill from some of the physicians in Bellefonte you are reminded of the adage, "Physician heal thyself."

That often when a Bellefonte man asks your honest opinion you are compelled to lie in order to keep on speaking terms with him.

That Henry Brown, the Bellefonte scissor sharpener, brags that his business is most prosperous when things are dull. He must be getting rich now.

That the gossipers, in Bellefonte, were not sure it was a "case" until the young widow went to the train to see her off; now everybody is talking.

That it may not be immoral for a young lady to say "damn," but it affects a man just as it would to hear a dove or a canary bird shrieking like a parrot.

That Dr. Walter Kurtz, of Howard, will tell you that they have a large number of men in town who imagine they are pious when they are only bilious.

That "Jim" Schofield, the popular harness dealer in Bellefonte, says that he never asks money from a man who has but one shirt to his name because he knows he is short of change.

That the biggest fool in Bellefonte is the fellow who runs after a young lady who repeatedly insults him. No young man with any sand or respect for himself will continue to be humiliated in this manner.

That every married railroad man, whether in Bellefonte or elsewhere, should remain at home at night, with his family, instead of running around with kitchen cooks, and thus leading a double life. Tar and feathers are none too good for him.

That they say that there is a certain young lady in Bellefonte who is establishing quite a reputation for going out riding and making herself agreeable with agents as they come along. If all is true that is said about her she is the freshest "kid" on the turf.

That it is said that Coleville is becoming a mecca for Bellefonte married men who ought to be at home instead of being in the little suburban village at the midnight hour. Their wives could very appropriately sing, "Where are our wandering husbands to-night."

That many a girl in Bellefonte who spent several years in looking for a husband has discovered that even after she did get him she must spend most of her time looking for him. Marriage is a great game, and so is the stock market. In other words marriage is like a cucumber—it doubles you up.

That after a certain young man in Bellefonte closes the store at night he should keep it closed until the next morning, and not open up again at midnight for purposes too delicate to go into detail here. There are stores that have side doors and "hind" doors, just as well as hotels. Do you grasp the idea?

That rumor says a number of the would-be society young men, of Bellefonte, are quietly sneaking into a certain place in town and are having a dickens of a good time. They say the orders are but one at a time, but once in a while a cog slips when two or three meet there at the same time. From reports, they are always cleverly entertained.

That Thursday afternoon Thomas Beaver, of Bellefonte, was trying to do some acrobatic stunts on Geo. Beezer's Bulck at the depot. If the rear seat had tilted a little more his young lady friend, on the train, might have had to remain in the town for a day or so longer to attend a "wake" instead of a dance at State College.

That the other morning a young lady clerk in Bellefonte was overheard saying she did not get enough exercise. She should have some robust young man to hug and kiss her about six nights in a week and once on Sunday and she will soon get rid of that tired feeling. If she doesn't believe it let her ask some of her lady friends who have gone through this mill.

That every now and then students from State College come to Bellefonte and they are simply idolized by our girls, to the extent that the Bellefonte boys have to go way back and sit down. Last week, however, the Bellefonte girls were not in it for a minute, during commencement at the College, as there were too many other pretty girls from a distance to claim the attention of these young men. It serves them right.

That the other day a gentleman met us on a street of Bellefonte and asked us if "Domino" claimed his flying machine would revolutionize travel. We told him not exactly, but we have observed that it will travel upside down as well as right side up. Some day George will go up in his aerial auto and, like Enoch of old, he may be transfigured to play a harp and walk the golden streets. However, we will not speculate here on the harmony of music that will exist while he is fingering the strings.

That the other afternoon Earle C. Tuten, of Bellefonte, with several of his friends, took a little jaunt to the top of Muncy mountains. While going through a field he stepped on a briar which flew up and pricked him on the side of the leg. Believing he had been bitten by a copper head snake he at once became as pale as a ghost, and if ever he wished for a gallon of "snakebite" it was then, because he was certain that his time had come, and before two days would roll around there would be singing at his house and he wouldn't hear it.

SHLOFE, BUBBEL SHLOFE.

"Shlofe, Bubbell, Shlofe, Der Dawdy heet de shofe, De Mommy shiddeit der Shlummer-Baum, So folt zu deer en Kindheit's Drawn, Shlofe, Bubbell, Shlofe."

Uft wun Ich somehow lonesum feel Und wun's mer ivv'l gaid, Wun oil de weld seem'd folsch und kolt Und 'sis mer sheer ferlade Don coomt mi glainer shtroov'l-kup Und neshelt uf mi brusht, Und bletslich fill'd mi hartz gons uf Mit leeb und frisha lusht.

Wun's bowera dull seem'd oile dawg Und geld in hond iss knops, Mit dafelich darra shuits far kusht Und barrick-tay far shnops, Don denk Ich un mi bubbell doh, Und in ame awra-blick, Dut olles changa tsu blesser Grawd we en Magic Trick.

De weld iss rou und grub und kolt, Und rennd' em he und hare, Seht ken trost und mitgafeel, Era lobe und leeb iss rare, Over in der oida hamet doh Iss oile lusht und fraed, Far wun mi bubbell singt und loecht Sin engel um der waig.

Wos ware des duch en lara weld Mit gor ken bubbell drin! 'Sdald seema we en Desert Lond Wu gor ken blumma sin, Ken glaina arem um der hois, Ken seeza kindheit's fraed, Ken kisses fun mi'm bubbell,— Oh, sell ware hartz laed!

Wun bizness mich fun hame ois nemt, (Far'n bowera coomt aw nous,) Und 'sis ken kindt bi on'ra leit, Iss ebbes lezt im house, De hamet iss nuch net complete Wu gor ken bubbell sin:

Sell ware das wun der Himmel dart Het gor ken engel drin, Geb meer en glainer shtroov'l-kup, Si'sheel-soch uf em floor, Mit dimplin in de boeka rum Und jelly in de bawr.

Far wun Ich level feel derhame Und main Ich shoop sheer druf, Und hare mi bubbell singa dart, Sell tuned mi oit hartz uf, "So shlofe, Bubbell shlofe, De grossa shtarna sin shofe, De glaina shtarn, a sin immer, Ich denk, Und der moon, shofe-headar in Firmament, Shlofe, Bubbell, Shlofe."

By Solly Hulsbuck, (the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethtown, Pa.)

Heavy Damage Suits. Papers were filed in Clearfield on Monday instituting a series of damage suits against several well known corporations operating in this section of the state.

Three of these suits were filed by Gordon & Boulton against the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., involving \$30,000 damages alleging rebating and discriminations. The plaintiffs in the different actions are Chas. D. Lorraine, of Philipsburg, L. Milton Wilson and John Benson, each claiming \$10,000 damages.

R. D. Swoope, Esq., for the Osceola Silica Brick Co., in which several Philipsburgers are stockholders and officers, also instituted two suits against the New York Central Railroad Co., alleging discriminations and asking for damages in the sum of \$26,200.

Murray & O'Laughlin, attorneys, have brought action against the Morrisdale Coal Co., alleging misinterpretation of leases and unpaid royalty. The amount sued for aggregates about \$15,000.

The Corset's Triumph. Shall a man have the right to beat his wife for retiring to her couch with her corsets on? Decidedly not, for that is what Mr. Extrand did, and for doing it has just been fined \$10 by a New England justice.

So it is now the law that woman has the right to woe a straight-front Morphus and she will, to sink into constricted slumber soothed by her creaking lacings' lullabies, to dream sweet, hipless dreams unmarred by stayless nightmares, and after a night's resilient rest to awake refreshed to the restricted joys of a new day, to luxuriously stretch her strong young whalebones, drinking in shallow sips of the morn's pure compressed air, and then rise ready dauntlessly to breast responsibilities which she cannot shoulder, ready to prove that she can live unobtrusively at higher pressure than any boasting business man, and yet squeeze the utmost out of life.

Hello Girls' Novel Strike. Because the curtains were put on the windows in such a manner that they could not look down into the street at the passers-by, the girls employed in the United Telephone Company, Sunbury, went on a strike the other day. They said that shutting off their views of what was going on in the street was a hardship they did not mean to endure.

About the same thing occurred in Bellefonte several years ago, when the managers of the Pennsylvania Telephone Exchange frosted the large window in the exchange located in the Bush Arcade. The young lady operators made things so warm about that "shack" for about twenty-four hours that the best way to lower the temperature was to have the frosting taken off, which was done the next day.

Warning to Others. It took a jury only a few minutes on Wednesday afternoon in the Armstrong county court, at Kittanning, to find a verdict of guilty against the supervisors of Gilpin township, indicted for misdemeanor in not repairing a road that had been washed out by high water. They made the defense that the township could not afford it.

A Knotty Point. "Mister," said Broncho Bob as the traveling man got off the railway train, "are you a lawyer?" "No."

"Do you think there's a lawyer on board?" "I don't think so. What is the trouble?" "Well, Crimson Gulch has been puttin' on some style lately, and it's gettin' us plumb confused. What we want to find out is whether it's legal to lynch a man for stealin' an automobile the same as for stealin' a hees"—Washington Star.

Olympic Laurels.

The Great Games in the Stadium at London in July—Commemoration Medals—American Team and Its Prospects.

IN the athletic world no event can compare in interest this year with the Olympic games which are to be held in London in July. From nearly all the countries of the globe amateurs representing the muscle and endurance and skill of their respective nations will gather at the British capital to battle for the world supremacy in the way the Greeks did in the days of their pristine vigor. When the Olympic games were established, some hundreds of years before the Christian era, the Greeks took themselves the only people worth taking into consideration and other nations only "barbarians." Since that time a good many other nations have come to count for something, but the Greeks are still in many respects a great nation, as those who attended the Olympic games held at Athens in 1906 discovered.

The United States will send a splendid team to contest with the other athletes in the various events of this year's games. It will be made up largely of men from the colleges, in this respect being different from the team sent to Greece two years ago, for then the games were held at a time which made it difficult if not impossible for college men to compete. July is a month when they can easily take part, being right in the middle of the usual college vacation. The games form part of the Anglo-French exposition which is being held in London this summer and are to take place in a great stadium which has been erected for the purpose and which cost \$390,000. It will hold 70,000 people and will be opened by King Edward VII. on July 13. The games begin the next day and continue until July 25. There will be 105 events, the most popular of which will be the twenty-five mile Marathon race, which is to start in the king's palace at Windsor and end at



VERSE AND REVERSE OF COMMEMORATION MEDALS.

the stadium. There would be 25,040 entries in the games if all the countries entitled to representation in each event sent men to fill the allotted places. Of course they will not. Nevertheless the contestants will form a very large and distinguished looking lot of men. Great Britain will spend a great deal of money in entertaining the visitors. The medals alone will cost \$12,500. They are now on exhibition at the London Royal academy and are the work of the noted sculptor Bertram Mackennal. The prize medals are struck in gold, silver and bronze for first, second and third prizes respectively and the commemoration medals in silver and bronze. The inscription on the obverse commemoration medal gives the name of Elis, where the ancient Greeks held their games, and the places at which they have been held since their revival in 1896. The design represents a Greek runner returning home from victory. The reverse of each medal, designed for use on the occasion of the London Olympiad only, is a beautiful figure of Fame, typifying the modern revival of the games. On this side are the words, "In Commemoration of the Olympic Games Held in London, 1908."

It is fortunate that the American Olympic committee has been able to secure the cream of the college talent for the London meet, for it will make it certain that America will have even a stronger team than was sent to Athens two years ago. It will be particularly strong in field events. Star athletes will be furnished from all parts of the United States, and there is every reason to hope that they will bring back laurels of which their countrymen may well be proud.

MRS. MAE WOOD. Woman Who Claims That Senator Thomas C. Platt Made Her His Wife. Mrs. Mae Wood, who brought a suit for divorce against Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York, found herself quickly transferred from the position of plaintiff to that of a defendant by the action of the court. The judge dismissed her suit, and because of the sworn statements she had made in it she was charged with perjury, remanded for the consideration of the grand jury and in default of bail was committed to jail, being released later. Mrs. Wood said that Senator Platt married her at his apartments in the

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A SNAPSHOT OF MRS. MAE WOOD. Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, Nov. 9, 1901, and she presented to the court an alleged marriage certificate and a statement purporting to be an acknowledgment by Senator Platt that she was his wife. The senator swore that this was fraudulent, that he had never signed any such statement, had never married her or asked her to marry him and that the document purporting to have been signed by him must have been obtained through typewriting the words it contained on a sheet of paper blank except for his signature, which he often gave to persons desiring it as a souvenir.

Senator Platt's first wife died in 1901, and somewhat more than a year later, when he was about to be married again, demand was made upon him, according to the testimony of his son, Frank H. Platt, for \$50,000 in return for certain letters alleged to have been written by him to Mrs. Wood. The demand was made through A. H. Hummel, the lawyer who recently served a term in prison and who is now in Europe. The letters contained no promises of marriage, according to the testimony of the younger Mr. Platt nevertheless it was deemed best at the time to pay \$10,000 in the hope of getting rid of the woman's claims.

Mrs. Wood formerly held a government position at Washington, and as she is a lawyer she promises to cross examine Senator Platt herself, if the court will permit, when her case comes to trial.

MRS. RUTH BRYAN LEAVITT.

The Talented Daughter of the Noted Democratic Statesman. The newspapers keep William J. Bryan busy denying something or other about his daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bryan



Leavitt. The Democratic statesman does not like this tendency of a certain class of papers to make free with his family affairs. He does not care what they say about him, but he considers that the rules of the game are violated when all sorts of yarns are invented about members of his household. He has had to deny one silly story to the effect that Mrs. Leavitt was going to take the stump next fall against Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. It appears that neither of these ladies is going into the lists as a political campaigner. Then there was the report that Mrs. Leavitt was going to get herself elected a delegate to the Denver convention from Colorado and rise in her seat at the proper time and make a speech seconding her father's nomination for president. It did not take long to settle that fabrication. But they keep coming. Mrs. Leavitt returned not long ago from a visit abroad with her mother looking very fresh and blooming. Her husband, William H. Leavitt, now maintains a studio in Paris.

The Well Groomed Girl.

She never has a missing button. Gloves are unripped and immaculately clean. Shoes are polished and never run down at the heels. Clothes are brushed when taken off; then there is no temptation to wear them unbrushed the next time because of hurry. Ribbons, laces, ruching, always look as if new. If they are not, they are made to appear so by careful renovating. Her clothes never miss connection. Belts are fastened securely in place; books and eyes do not gap; collars are not plumed awry or with pins that do not match.

Her underclothing is suitable for the occasion on which it is to be worn. She is never guilty of wearing a bedraggled white petticoat under a cloth suit. Ragged finery is an utter impossibility to the well groomed girl. In fact, finery at all, except in its appropriate place in the house or at more or less formal entertainments, is avoided.

Knew His Father.

"Elnathan," asked the teacher of a boy at school, "if your father borrowed from you \$100 and should agree to pay you at the rate of \$10 per week, how much would he owe you at the end of seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars," said the boy. "I'm afraid you don't know your arithmetic," said the teacher. "Well," said the boy, "I may not know my arithmetic, but I know my father."

Not Used to Women Doctors.

The librarian of the University of Wyoming at Laramie is Dr. Grace R. Hebard, a lawyer by education and a doctor of philosophy. She is also an authoress, having written, among other things, a volume on "The History of Wyoming." Dr. Hebard and Dr. Agnes Wergeland, a member of the faculty of the university, have a cozy

home in Laramie, which they call Doctors' Inn. A stranger called at Doctors' Inn to see Dr. Hebard concerning the third edition of her book on Wyoming. Ringing the bell, he was met at the door by the doctor herself. "I wish to see Dr. Hebard." "I am she." "Dr. G. R. Hebard, the author of 'The History of Wyoming?'" "The same." "But I expected to find a man." "And why?" the doctor asked. "Never heard of a woman, and a young woman, being called a doctor, and it takes my breath away." He recovered sufficiently, however, to transact the business satisfactorily.

Not Opaque, but O'Brien.

At a political meeting an excited man had risen to yell his satisfaction. "Sit down!" called the man behind him, twitching his countails. "Don't you know you're opaque?" "And that I'm not!" cried the other. "I'm O'Brien!"

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