

The Scrap Book

How Grandma Viewed Them.

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry a settled old man," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son. "Well, gals is hity-titty, and widders is kinder overrul'n' and upsett'n'. But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies art I! Fame, love and fortune on my foot-steps wait. Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late I knock unbidden once at every gate.

If feasting, rise; if sleeping, wake before I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state.

Mortals desire and conquer every foe Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate, Condemned to failure, penury and woe. Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore. I answer not, and I return—no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

Educating the English.

The English do not know what to think until they are coached laboriously and insistently for years in the proper and becoming opinion. For ten years past with an unprecedented pertinacity and obstination I have been dining into the public head that I am an extraordinarily witty, brilliant and clever man. That is now part of the public opinion of England, and no power in heaven or earth will ever change it. I may dodder and dote, may pot boll and platitudinize, I may become the butt and chopping block of all the bright original spirits of the rising generation, but my reputation shall not suffer. It is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration.—Bernard Shaw.

No Escape.

A citizen of Seattle who had looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree guard. Grasping the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.

"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "Locked in"—Everybody's.

A Traitor.

A politician in St. Louis secured several offices on the strength of his war record and went about to gatherings of real soldiers and made flamboyant speeches.

One day in a hall in East St. Louis he dwelt with much emphasis on his own brave record in two battles. "How could that be?" asked a little man who wore a G. A. R. button. "Those two battles you mention were fought on the same day and were fifteen hundred miles apart."

"My friends," shouted the hero, "there is a traitor among us. Put him out!"

One Point in His Favor.

A witty priest was once visiting a "self made" millionaire, who took him to see his seldom used library.

"There," said the millionaire, pointing to a table covered with books—"there are my best friends."

"Ah," replied the wit as he glanced at the leaves, "I'm glad you don't cut them!"—Sacred Heart Review.

On the Defensive.

Johnny Clayton was the ill used son of an ugly stepfather. He always threw up his right arm whenever he answered any question in school, as though fearing an attack from his teacher. It was impossible to break him of the habit, and so the pupils and teachers became accustomed to it and made no comments.

But when the bishop came to town and talked to the Sunday school he lined up the boys and girls in class room form to ask them some questions from the catechism. Johnny Clayton happened to be at the upper end of the alignment, and the bishop gave him the first question:

"Tell me, please, who made this great world of ours?"

"I didn't do it," exclaimed Johnny as he threw up his arm.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the bishop severely.

"I mean that if I did I won't do it again," said Johnny, with a sob, as he threw up his hand and arm.

The surprised bishop walked over toward the excited boy, and Johnny broke for the door, screaming: "Help! Mother!"—Success Magazine.

A Natural Mistake.

The new teacher had just taken charge of her school and was learning the names of her pupils. The first one she asked said his name was "Julius." The teacher, trying to reprove the boy, said: "That's not proper. Your name is 'Julius.'" The next one she asked was named "Bill," and, thinking he could please her, said, "My name is Billious."—Judge's Library.

Appealed to Her Family Pride.

A famous statesman prided himself on his success in campaigning.

On one of his tours he passed through a country town when he came suddenly upon a charming group—a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden. He stopped short, then advanced and leaned over the front gate.

"Madam," he said in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?"

"Certainly, sir," the lady answered demurely.

"They are lovely darlings," said the

campaigner after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, madam?"

The lady blushed deeply. "Of course they are, the sweet little treasures," he went on. "From whom else, madam, could they have inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing. "By the way, madam," said the statesman, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that —, Republican candidate for governor, called upon him this evening?"

"I beg your pardon," said the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow."

"I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

A Gift to an Explorer.

"Peary," said a geographer of Chicago, "never started on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving by mail and express all sorts of packages from cranks—cowhide underwear, tea tablets, medicated boots and what not."

"Peary once told me that George Ade, a few days before the start of his last trip, wired him to expect an important package by express."

"The package came. It was labeled: 'To be opened at the farthest point north.'"

"Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg inscribed: 'Axle grease for the pole.'"

A Chinese Advertisement.

"At the shop Tae-shing is very good ink, fine, fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father and self make this ink. Fine and hard. Very hard. Picked with care, selected with attention. I sell very good ink. Prime cost is heavy. This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles; so does the ink. No one makes ink like it. Others who make ink make it for the sake of accumulating base coin, and cheat, while I make it only for a name. Plenty of mandarins know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the 'son of heaven' and all mandarins in the empire. As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the 'dragon's jewel,' the ink of Tae-shing."

Moral Daring.

The greater part of the courage that is needed in the world is not of a heroic kind. Courage may be displayed in everyday life as well as on historic fields of action. The common need is for courage to be honest, courage to resist temptation, courage to speak the truth, courage to be what we really are and not to pretend to be what we are not, courage to live honestly within our means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.—O. S. Marden.

Equal to the Occasion.

In a suit tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer was addressing the jury on a point of law when good naturedly he turned to opposing counsel, a man of much experience, and asked:

"That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?"

Whereupon Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:

"Sir, I have an office in Richmond wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."

The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half dollar piece, which he offered Colonel Hopkins, with this remark:

"No time like the present. Take this, sir, tell us what you know and give me the change."

A Lesson in Socialism.

Mike and Pat were two Irish friends. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This troubled Mike, who said: "Pat, I don't understand this socialism. What is it, now?"

"It means dividing up your property equally," said Pat. "This way. If I had \$2,000,000 I'd give you a million and keep a million myself—see?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those too?"

"Now, Mike, you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs!"

A Countermanded Prayer.

A devout clergyman had just married a couple and, as was his custom, offered a fervent prayer, invoking the divine blessing upon them. As they seemed to be worthy folk and not overburdened with this world's goods, he besought the Lord to prosper the man and greatly to increase his business, laying much stress on this point.

In filling out the blanks it became necessary to ask the man his business, and, to the minister's horror, he said, "I keep a saloon."

In telling the story to his wife afterward the clergyman said that as he wrote down the occupation he whispered, "Lord, you needn't answer that prayer!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Aptness Was Too Much.

A minister, a man of great vigor and vehemence, while preaching one Sunday bent forward and shouted out with great force the words of his text, "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. Picking himself up, he said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall, but I do hate the connection."

Woman's World

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

The Noted English Novelist Who is Visiting America.

A woman who has had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Humphry Ward during her visit to this country has the following to say of the personality of the noted English authoress:

Your first impression on beholding Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of wonder at the extreme delicacy of the woman's physique. You cannot conceive how she had the mere endurance to produce so many written words as are contained in "Robert Elsmere," "Marcella" or any of her other books, which were first published in three volume form.

She is rather tall, has an oval face, and her eyes are not "large, lustrous and soulful," as some popular descriptions render them. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Ward's eyes are rather small, and her whole face and manner rather strike one as being quite ordinary.

It is only when she speaks that you know at once there is something remarkable about her. Her voice is one of the most musical human voices



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

imaginable; her words have a roundness, fullness and musical cadence which make you think somehow that you are listening to a musical instrument.

Her choice of words is exact, while rapid, and she does not express a thought that might be put in fewer or greater words. Everything she says sounds as if it were first written, though the music of the voice renders it in such a pleasing way that you rather forget the stiffness of the sentences.

From published photographs of Mrs. Ward one would place her age at about thirty-five years. As a fact, she is nearly in her fifty-seventh year, having been born June 11, 1851. Her father was a brother of Matthew Arnold, the famous author, and her mother the daughter of Governor Sorrell of Tasmania, Australia, where the famous authoress was born.

She is not extravagant in dress or

lavish in entertaining, but spends her money freely in protecting herself from the common horde. When she goes to Paris she takes a furnished flat. When she goes to Italy she takes a villa in a secluded district. Almost never does she stop at a hotel.

If she has important literary work to do, she insists upon being entirely separated from her family. If they are in the town house, she goes to the country home, or vice versa, taking only a maid who has been in her service for years and is acquainted with her eccentricities.

Where Clothespins Come From.

Tucked away in the northeast corner of Maine is a good sized town where the people make their living from clothespins and nail handles. Some of us may have wondered where all the clothespins come from which are used by the housewives throughout the country on wash day. This Maine town makes more clothespins than any other place in the world, while the bulk of the wooden handles which are strung on the wire bales by which we carry palls and other receptacles also come from Bryant Pond, the name of the Yankee community.

The first process in the manufacture of the clothespins or nail handles is to saw the logs into lengths of about two and one-half feet each. These lengths are rapidly split by another saw into thin slabs, which are in turn converted into long square strips by gang saws. Deft hands toss these strips into a revolving drum, which bears them against still other saws and turns them out in the form of oblong blocks. Falling upon a moving belt, the blocks are whirled away to a number of lathes.

If the blocks are to become nail handles they are bored in a most ingenious fashion on lathes running at a high rate of speed. If they are destined for clothespins they are simply turned into the desired shape.

From the lathes a belt conveys the clothespins to a "shutter," which rapidly cuts the slot; the pins emerge with two symmetrical legs and are swiftly borne by still a third belt to the upper floor.

How to Choose Poultry.

It is most important that poultry should be fresh, and this condition can be judged by the sweet smell and also by the absence of moisture on the outside skin. The primeness of the flesh can generally be told by plumpness, which shows its elasticity when it is pressed. The end of the breast bone should bend easily. If the bone will not bend the bird is too old for roasting.

The flesh of young poultry is of a pinkish color and transparent texture. Turkeys are young when the legs are smooth and black, the spurs short, the skin finely grained and when the toe points break easily on being turned backward.

They are fresh when the feet are pliable and in good condition, when they are plump and wide across the chest and heavy in proportion to their legs. The cock bird is best suited for roasting and the hen for boiling.

Chickens are selected as turkeys are. Ducks and geese are young when the bills and feet are yellow and the skin fine and free from hairs. A coarse, hairy skin and red legs and bills denote old birds.—Delineator.

Mrs. Isaac Lose, of Lock Haven, was a recent guest in Bellefonte at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed. Foster.

Dog Days Here.

According to the Lancaster Almanac, the Dog Days begin this year on Saturday, July 11, and continue for six weeks. These days are so called when Sirius, or the Dog star, rises and sets with the sun.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Estate of James Taylor, late of Boggs Township, Centre County, Pa. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to J. C. BARNHART, Administrator, Bellefonte, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Nathan Grove, late of College Twp., Centre Co., deceased, have been issued to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will please present them duly authenticated to the undersigned. WM. L. GROVE, Executor. W. Harrison Walker, Attorney.

APPLICATION FOR CEMETERY.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County on Tuesday the 21st day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April the 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Port Matilda Cemetery Association," the character and object of which is to lay out and preserve a place for the burial of the dead, to acquire for that purpose land either by purchase or gift, and to provide for the care of the same, and for those purposes to have and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the act of assembly aforesaid and its supplements. CLEMENT DALE, Secy.

All About Mary.

July 2nd was Mary day, when she crosses the mountain. If it rains on that day, there will be rain for the next six weeks. If it be clear, there will be clear weather the following six weeks. It rained on 2nd inst. The only way to bury this superstition, would be by Mary getting married, then she would have something else to attend to instead of "crossing the mountain."



is easy to use No other lye is packed so safely and conveniently, or is so economical—not a bit wasted. No other lye or soap cleans and disinfects so easily and thoroughly as Banner Lye. It is not a 3-day lye. Odorless and colorless; the greatest cleanser and disinfectant the world has ever known. Use it for cleaning your kitchen, cellar, sinks, dairy, milk-pans, etc. bottles, for softening water, and the labor of washing and cleaning will be cut in half.

Makes pure soap and saves money besides. A 10-cent can of Banner Lye, 5 1/2 pounds of kitchen grease, ten "minute" easy work (no boiling or large hot lyes), and you have 10 pounds of best hard soap or 2 1/2 gallons of soft soap. Banner Lye is sold by your grocer or druggist. Write us for a free book let, "Uses of Banner Lye." The Penn Chemical Works Philadelphia U.S.A.

Centre County Banking Co., Corner High and Spring Streets. RECEIVE DEPOSITS; DISCOUNT NOTES. JOHN M. SHUGERT, Cashier.

Beezer's Meat Market HIGH ST., BELLEFONTE. We keep none but the best quality of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SLICED HAM, All kinds of Smoked Meat, Pork Sausage, etc. If you want a nice juicy Steak, go to PHILIP BEEZER.

PATENTS, Trade Marks, Labels. Send for my new free book "How to Get Them." Invent something useful. There is money in practical inventions, whether larger or small. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. JOSHUA R. H. POTTS, Lawyer, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 306 Ninth St., Washington, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WINDSOR HOTEL W. T. BRUNDAKER, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert St. European, \$1.00 per day and up. American, \$2.50 per day and up. The only modern hotel of reputation and consequences in PHILADELPHIA.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.—Condensed time table effective June 17, 1907.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists routes and times for various stations including Bellefonte, Altoona, and Philadelphia.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists routes and times for stations like Altoona, Bellefonte, and State College.

E. K. RHODES At his yard, opposite the P. R. R. Passenger station, sells only the best qualities ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS. Also all kinds of Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.

Superior Screenings for lime burning, Builders' and plasterers' Sand. TELEPHONE CALLS Commercial, No. Central, No. 1321.

W. H. MUSSER, General Insurance Agent, Notary Public and Pension Attorney, BELLEFONTE, PA.



Have You Tried Our Delicious SODA? Our Soda Fountain can produce the most delightful, cool and refreshing drinks you can get anywhere about town. You don't know what a treat you're missing if you haven't patronized it. We prepare our syrups with the greatest care and they are always pure and fresh. We know just the right way to mix sodas too. All the regular flavors; and fancy drinks of our own. Drink some to-day. Get it at Green's The Rexall Store

We'll Buy One Package. Then You'll Know

The best way to know Mapl-Flake is to use it. So we offer to buy the first package, to let the food itself show you how much you've missed. Let us do it now.

These are not good days for fad foods. Hot weather is the time for whole wheat. Wheat is the food of the ages. The time will never come when other cereals can take the place of wheat.

It is doubly important now, because it produces the minimum heat. And it gives the maximum nourishment.

Heat-producing foods, in summer, should be sparingly employed. At least one meal a day should be Mapl-Flake and fruit. Comfort and health demand it.

But wheat uncooked, would be indigestible. And wheat half-cooked would only half digest.

The particles must be separated by a fierce heat so the digestive juices can get to them. Else part of the wheat goes to waste. Worse than that, it ferments and causes digestive disorders.

Even mere economy requires that the wheat be prepared in the proper way.

So we spend 96 hours to make Mapl-Flake. It could be prepared, as some flakes are, in 18 or 20 hours.

We steam-cook the wheat for six hours. Then we cure it for days—a partial digestive process. Then we flake each separate berry so thin that the full heat of our ovens can attack every particle.

Then those thin flakes are toasted 30 minutes in a heat of 400 degrees.

And the wheat is cooked in pure maple syrup, to give it that enticing flavor. We want children to like best the food that is best for them. So do you.

So we make this perfect food more delicious than any inferior food. Those who eat it once never will go without it.

One Package Free

Mapl-Flake itself can tell you more than words can tell about it. So we ask you to try it, at our expense—rather than have you delay.

Don't let other children have better food than yours. Learn what Mapl-Flake means to them. Just send us this coupon—now, before you forget it. We will then send you an order, good at your grocer's, for a full-size package free. See if it's as good as we say.

Cut Out This Coupon

Coupon form with fields for Name, St. Address, City, and a small illustration of a Mapl-Flake package.