

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT Brit Steele, the Bellefonte moral philosopher, says that the two things the devil hates is saltwater and smoke.

THAT the friends of Frank Dawson, of Bellefonte, are wondering when he went into the "Coal" business in Coleville.

THAT Dr. W. U. Irvin, of Unionville, says that our good friend George Rumberger could have a crooked nose and yet be in the center of his face.

THAT if you want Harold Kirk and can't find him at Keichline's store or writing special sale locals at the Daily News office just telephone up to Dan Heckman's home and see if you don't find him sawing wood up on the hill.

THAT it is said that there are several young men in Bellefonte who are following up two young ladies at night whose self-respect ought to prompt them to be more of gentlemen. The young ladies in question ought to be put some place where they would not become the prey of fellows who, don't seem to care how low they get in life.

THAT "Gip" Beezer, of Bellefonte, is so accustomed to driving race-horses that when he gets on a straight piece of road with his automobile he imagines that he is in an airplane or flying machine. The time may come when he will just jump across Nittany mountain from Pleasant Gap to Centre Hall. What's the use of driving over it when you can hurdle it.

THAT when a certain young man in Bellefonte begins talking about the color of a young lady's stockings it is strong circumstantial evidence that he has either been in close proximity to them, or he is going to soon give Blair or Casbeer a chance of making something off him in the way of selling him eye glasses. The strain, you know, has been too great.

THAT the other evening a lady nearly fainted in the Electric Theatre when she heard the peculiar noise made by Jim Derr's group of elephants. She imagined they were just from the jungles of Africa and hadn't been properly trained and were coming off the stage to use their proboscises in cleaning out the house. Jim wants to get the elephant language down finer.

THAT Boyd Sampel and Harvey Shaffer, of Bellefonte, have been tossing around their beds, thus spending many wakeful nights in studying out some new use for cork and sandpaper. They now think they have finally solved the problem which may be rather detrimental to the prescription department of our drug stores, because the new discovery will require personal application by the inventors of this unique method of treatment. It may be a little severe on the patient at first, but he'll survive.

THAT the other day a certain man in Bellefonte, who is poor as Job's turkey, bought twenty-five cents worth of coal and spent seventy-five cents over the bar. The man who treats his family in a nigglerly manner like this should be placed at the whipping post and lashed until every vein would stand out on his body. A hog or any other brute has more manly instinct for their offspring than a peppy like this who wants to pass as a human being.

THAT the other day Edward L. Gates, of Bellefonte, went into Montgomery & Co.'s store and purchased a \$14 suit for \$6.75. He was so well pleased with his bargain that he went home, and soon appeared afterwards in the yard in the rear of J. A. B. Miller's law office in his princely garb. He then began whistling, as usual, for the young lady whom it is claimed he has been making "goo-goo eyes" with for the last several months. On coming to the window the fair damsel failed to recognize her admirer in his gorgeous attire. Then Eddie's breast measure enlarged and pitching his still small voice above the key of "G" he exclaimed "Its me."

THAT when a spoony young lady in Bellefonte accepts a position she should have sense enough to cut the spooning business out and give the work of her employer her undivided attention instead of lounging around with a "dude" of a boy to the discredit of herself and the disgust of the patrons of a certain place of business. The public is getting mighty tired of such sickening and brainless manoeuvres, and thus it is time for them to know what ridiculous fools they are.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a very undesirable citizen and if he lived in many communities they would give him just so much time to leave the town and if he didn't do it he would be hung up on the first tree. He has stolen nearly everything out of his home, sold it and bought whiskey, thus he is nothing but a degenerate, a sucker, deadbeat and a cowardly cur. He is tall of stature and often wears a suit which looks as if it was hung over a bean pole.

THAT there is a young lady in Bellefonte who has such an exalted opinion of herself that she vainly imagines that when she is seen with a young man the people are laughing at her. To subdue her pride and arrogance she had better just look her own family record up and see if the dust was shaken off it whether there would be room for a laugh. It is a poor policy for any young lady to ignore those in her own social class in order to bow her knee to people who would not recognize her in society or on the street. Some of the most haughty girls in Bellefonte are those who have to work almost day and night to keep up appearances.

THAT Jake Lyon, of Bellefonte, in talking about snakes said the other morning while on the pike, between Bellefonte and Milesburg, the rear wheel of his wagon blocked. He thought he had a hot box, but when he had gotten off and made an examination he found a black snake curled around the hub of the wheel and the axle so tight that he had to borrow a double-bitted axe at the nail works which he used to free the wheel from the grasp of the reptile which measured eight feet long and about three inches thick. Jake swears he wasn't near "Kollies" but one of those pretty girls down at Milesburg must have had an hypnotic influence over him. If he had been in an open wagon we would have said he had a sun stroke.

Riddles—New and Old.

Q.—Which country ought to be the richest in the world?
A.—Ireland; for its capital is always Dublin.
Q.—Which are the oldest knives and forks?
A.—Fingers and teeth.
Q.—What two animals follow you everywhere?
A.—Your calves.
Q.—What always weighs the same, whether larger or smaller?
A.—A hole.
Q.—Why is a mischievous boy like a bottle of patent medicine?
A.—When taken, must be well shaken.
Q.—Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?
A.—There are more of them.
Q.—Why is the letter B like fire?
A.—Because it makes oil boil.
Q.—What word is pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?
A.—Quick.
Q.—Which member of Congress wears the largest hat?
A.—The one who has the largest head.
Q.—Why are bakers the most self-denying people?
A.—Because they sell what they knead (need) themselves.
Q.—Why does a clock never strike 13?
A.—It hasn't the face to do so.
Q.—What relation is that child to its own father who is not its own father's own son?
A.—His daughter.
Q.—When does a pig become landed property?
A.—When he is turned into a meadow.
Q.—What is the best way to make a coat last?
A.—Make the vest and trousers first.
Q.—How many eggs can a man eat on an empty stomach?
A.—None; when he begins to eat his stomach is no longer empty.

Deficit Bigger Every Day.

The deficit in the treasury has been mounting up at an alarming rate since the beginning of the new fiscal year and will reach about \$24,000,000 with the close of the first month's business, August 1st. This is more than twelve millions more than the deficit which occurred during the first month of the last fiscal year. In almost every item of Government expenditure there has been a heavy increase this year over last so far, while the revenues show a steady falling off.

Up to this day last year the expenditures for the army since the first of July had been \$13,330,000; in the past 30 days they have been \$19,000,000; for pensions, last year, \$11,930,000; this year \$13,480,000; for the navy, last year, \$8,630,000; this year, \$9,050,000; for civil and miscellaneous, last year, \$14,450,000; this year, \$19,370,000.

Unless there is a let-up in the rate of increase of the deficit as the year grows older, the total at the end of the year will be something huge.

Big Telephone Merger.

The American Union Telephone company with headquarters at Harrisburg, last week absorbed the Consolidated Telephone companies with headquarters at Allentown. The Consolidated companies operated forty-seven exchanges in eastern counties of the state as well as territory in New Jersey. In the Consolidated system there are over 20,000 telephones and 10,000 miles of toll lines. At the meeting held in Allentown, Ellis L. Orvis, of this place, was elected President, and F. D. Houck, who is well known here, was elected vice president. Col. J. L. Spangler, of this place, was chosen as one of the directors. The consolidation makes it one of the largest telephone systems in the world and the operating expenses will be greatly reduced by the merger. Under the new management new extensions will be taken up and rushed to completion.

Dinner Eaten by Bears.

Owing to the fact that two bears intercepted the supplies, the workmen in the Wolf stone quarry, Ram-eyville, Lycoming county, went without their dinner on Friday. The midday meal is taken to the quarry each day by two boys. On Friday the lads, when only half way to the quarry, put the baskets down in the road and started picking berries. When they returned they found two bears complacently overhauling the lunch baskets and quarreling over the bread and honey that was a part of the lunches. The two carriers ran to the quarry, but when the workmen reached the scene there was nothing left of their dinners to rescue. The bears had retired to the brush, well fed, to rest, and the quarrymen returned to work hungry.

Town Changes Its Name.

The town of Georgetown is blotted off the map of Northumberland county. Not by earthquake, fire, famine or extermination is it lost to humanity, but by the official action of the Pennsylvania railroad, which went into effect last week authorizing the changing of the name on the board at the station and the various time tables and other official documents of the company from Georgetown to the more imposing title of Dalmatia. This action follows some years after that of the postoffice department, when officials designated the town Dalmatia to avoid confusion with another Georgetown in a different part of the state.

Found Death in Corn Field.

Robert Heimbach, aged about seventy-seven years, was found dead in a corn field in Buffalo township, Union county, Friday afternoon, near the farm of B. F. Patton. The aged man, was watching some cows in an adjoining field and then went into the corn field where his body was later found. It is supposed that he was stricken with apoplexy.

Killed herself.

Insisting that her husband take their son to Sunday school Sunday morning, Mrs. D. F. Dunlap of Altoona, wife of a Pennsylvania accountant, during their absence shot and killed herself with her son's Flobert rifle. Mrs. Dunlap had returned only recently from a prolonged trip taken for her health, and it was supposed that she had been greatly benefited by the journey.

WADDLE-HAMILTON REUNION

A Venerable Patriarch Surrounded by His Friends and Kin.

On Thursday the annual reunion of the Waddle-Hamilton families took place at the hospitable home of Mrs. Sarah Williams, at Axemann. The day was an ideal one for an occasion of that kind; thus it brought together about sixty friends and relatives who thoroughly enjoyed the social event. In addition to the friendly reunion of these noted families that figured more or less in the early development of the county, the occasion commemorated the 89th anniversary of Thomas Waddle, of Jersey Shore, who was born and raised at Rock Forge, which in his early days was one of the busiest places in the county. Here is where his grandfather, General Philip Benner, located as early as 1790, who at one time was considered one of the wealthiest men in Pennsylvania. He owned thirty-two farms in addition to a charcoal furnace, rolling mill, forge, grist mill and saw mill, the latter being among the first industries in the county. He, at that time, took his iron on pack-horses to Pittsburgh. At the close of General Benner's life Mr. Waddle was about 14 years of age, and for sometime was employed in the industries of that vicinity. As he grew to manhood he became one of the most prominent citizens of the county. Later in life he moved to Jersey Shore where he afterwards was elected treasurer.

Although greatly advanced in years Mr. Waddle's mind is as clear as a bell and is as well conversant with all the topics of the day as a man of much younger years. Fifty years ago he committed a long poem relative to the journey of a man's life from the cradle to the grave. It is prettily composed and, although very long, Mr. Waddle now repeats it with the greatest of ease. For a man of his age his memory is remarkable. As he turns back the pages of his history it reveals the wonderful advancements we have been making during the last seventy-five or one hundred years. In the early part of his life fire was lighted with punk and flint, and often he has traveled quite a distance to borrow fire. They would often go to a corn husking or a log rolling at night, then come home and sit by a log heap in the fireplace, roasting on one side and freezing on the other. The people did all their reading at night by a pine knot or a tallow dip. Nails were forged by hand and were quite expensive. In sweeping the house sand was scattered on the floor and then swept up with a fine brush. Cooking was done in iron pots swung on a crane from the fireplace, and baking was done in a Dutch oven. To roast a turkey it was hung over hot coals until cooked. The dining furniture consisted of pewter spoons, plates and teapots and a large iron kettle for making tea and coffee. The bolts of the door were wooden latches, with a hole cut through the door for a string to pass through to the outside. During the day the latch string hung out and at night it was drawn in, and that secured the house for the night.

Mr. Waddle belonged to a family of nine children all of whom have passed away at the expiration of a long and useful life with the exception of himself and his sister, Mrs. Sarah Williams, who was the youngest of the family, and who will be 84 years of age the 1st of next January. All these years were spent in the house in which she now lives. Mrs. Williams attributes her long life to a contented mind and always looking on the bright side of everything no matter how dark it may seem, she is a good christian lady and has done much good in the world. In her declining years she is surrounded by three of her children, James, Mordecai and Mary, the latter being the housekeeper, and especially devoted to her mother who is now suffering from rheumatism.

A family reunion would be a complete failure if provision were not made for satisfying the inner man; therefore on this occasion a long table was spread under the shade of the old apple tree in the yard, which was heavily laden with the delicacies of the season, good enough to set before "Teddy" Roosevelt. Mrs. Saterfield, Mrs. Robert Cole, Mrs. William Dawson and Miss Mary Williams waited upon the tables, and it was so well done that they found no difficulty in obtaining the best of recommendations as to waitresses. Among the many guests present were Mrs. W. H. Wilson and the Misses Benner, of Bellefonte, who belong to the pioneer families of Centre county, and who also take pride in their distinguished ancestry; James Waddle, of Lock Haven, who for fifty years was conductor on the Bald Eagle railroad, was also present, as well as Brice Waddle, who always accompanies his father on trips away from home.

While in Bellefonte Mr. Waddle and his sons were the guests of S. H. Williams and wife, and on Friday afternoon Thomas Waddle went up Buffalo Run to visit his nephew, James Waddle. During the night Mr. Waddle took suddenly ill and for a short time it was thought that he would die. A turn finally came for the better and on Saturday he was taken home where he continued to improve.

The following is a poem composed by Rev. Whitman, of Jersey Shore, which Mr. Waddle recited at the reunion, doing it with the ease of a young man:

(Birthday greetings to Thomas Waddle by his pastor.)
If my voice were as strong as it was years ago
I'd sing him a glad song to day
For the year that is passed, brought me strength to the last
And I'm out of my eighties today.
'Tis thy wonderful love, Oh my Father above,
Has lengthened my pilgrimage here,
And the grace that's been given by bounty,
Is cause for rejoicing sincere.
Many men of the Lord, so the scriptures record
Have lived shorter lives than myself,
And the limit to men, is now 'three score and ten'
As faithfully taught by thyself.
Not its Sampson so strong, nor its David of song
Nor its Solomon, gifted divine,
Nor its Jonah, nor Saul, and I know not who all
Has had a life longer than mine.
So I sing to thy praise, who hast lengthened my days
For near twenty years over time,
Thy will's been to take me, and graciously make me
A sample of mercy divine.
Oh thou Father Above, in thine infinite love
Give patients to keep when I'm tried,
To be kind, good and true, till with life I am through
Then take me to be glorified.

The large colony of martins that every summer come to Millheim, left last week for their southern winter quarters. They left about ten days earlier this year than last year. This is a reminder that summer is on the wane, and the old maids had not all made a catch.

AS TO FISH.

Some Rules to Guide the Buyer of Sea Food.

The market price of fish is not always a true indication of its economic value in the family dietary, says an authority. Supply and demand, nearness to its market, season and many other exigencies regulate its price. The amount of waste involved in dressing the fish and the amount of nutrition that it contains measure its value. For example, cod usually costs about half as much as salmon, but it contains little more than a third as much nutrition. Besides, the waste in dressing the salmon is very little, while the waste from the cod is relatively large. The result is that in the end, all things considered, salmon is less expensive than cod. The waste in skin and bone is great in most fish—in cod 6 per cent, in haddock 35 per cent. If the same price were paid for a salmon and cod 52 per cent of nutrition would be obtained from the salmon and 19 from the cod.

There is a large percentage of water in the composition of fish—from 50 to 75 per cent on the average. Salt cod contains 67 per cent of water, haddock 46 per cent, oysters 77 per cent. Compared with meat, fish contains much more gelatin and fewer extractives. That is, boiling is the most expensive and the least attractive way of cooking fish, the loss in nutrition and flavor in boiling being great.

Lean fish, dietitians say, is more easy of digestion than fat fish. Long fibered fish, like cod and lobster, are harder to digest than the short fibered fish. White flesh fish is far easier of digestion than dark flesh, although that with dark flesh has more nutrition. This explains why some persons find bluefish unwholesome.

Fish that has white flesh requires about ten minutes to the pound in boiling and fifteen minutes in baking.

The old idea that fish is a brain food was long since proved to be without foundation. But it has not yet been proved that an overdiet of fish does not lead to skin troubles.

Never buy a fish that has dull eyes, white gills or soft, spongy flesh. When a fish is fresh the eyes are bright, the gills red and the flesh firm and odorless. Lobsters and crabs, if alive, should be lively, or, if boiled, the lobster's tail should be tight against the body, not hanging limp.

The proper cooking of fish is not a simple matter. If it is underdone it is uncleanable, while overdone fish is tough and tasteless. The cooking of a fish depends upon the size, kind, the nature of the water from which it was taken, its character and the character of the water in which it is cooked.

A Place of Safety.

Wits which are serviceable only in fair weather are not of much use to the pioneer of a new country. All sorts of vicissitudes present themselves to the dweller of the wild regions. Mr. Willey in his "History of the White Mountains" gives an instance of a man whose ingenuity withstood a cyclone. The incident took place in the early days of Jackson.

A terrible tornado passed over the little settlement. It was so strong hardly anything could stand before it. Houses and barns were leveled, trees were whirled about in the air like sticks, and men and women were caught up and carried along for rods.

One house was razed to the ground, and chairs, tables, beds, bedding and children went flying about in the wind. The father of the family, snatching his babies from the rude grasp of the monster, thrust the little folks' heads through two rails of a fence and left them thus secured, with their legs dangling in the wind. He then went to look after his other property.

The five little children remained safe in their fastening and, uninjured, out-rode the tempest.

Thought He Was in India.

As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with in India Anglo-Indians spend their whole lives in thinking of their lives and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening, and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

Queer Auctions.

A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold, the auctioneer offers "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4,900." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4,000 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries, "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4,600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4,550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4,400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and gets off free of it all.—Westminster Gazette.

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STORE NEWS.
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Teas: Fine blended goods of our own combination. We use only clean sound stock of fine cup qualities. These goods are giving splendid satisfaction and are good steady winners.
Sugar Syrup: We have made quite a find in a genuine old fashioned Pure Sugar Graining Syrup of fair color and a fine, smooth flavor—not sharp. These goods cannot be had in a regular way and can be found only occasionally. It is a good value at 60 cents per gallon. Other good grades at 50 cents and 40 cents per gallon.
Maraschino Cherries: These goods how come within the legal requirements of the pure food laws. We have them in all the sizes.
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