

FRANCIS SPEER'S Breezy "That" Column

That it is said that angels don't gossip. Pray, tell us where will some women in Bellefonte go when they die?

That John S. Dale, of College township, wants to know what will kill potato bugs. Get them to smoke cigarettes.

That one of the worst things in Bellefonte is when you try to expose the wolves, the sheep will turn round and rend you.

That a young lady in Bellefonte has refused to marry a young man because he looks cheap and doesn't match the furniture.

That to the fellow in Bellefonte who is looking for a safe retreat, Chaney Hicklen says what is the matter with the vault in the First National Bank?

That Ed Ghert, the Bellefonte contractor, says that even if a carpenter in town would go on the stage the chances are he couldn't build his own part.

That R. B. Taylor will not be given a road to make in the new Jerusalem if he don't get those brick down on the streets in Bellefonte pretty "darned" quick.

That on last Thursday and Friday it is said you could not get any butter in Bellefonte. Col. W. Fred Reynolds might have helped people out by bringing to town several of his goats.

That "Jim" Toner, the Bellefonte liverman, says money makes the mare roe. N. B. Spangler and Bob Cole say that on the other hand their automobiles make the money go.

That the other evening a certain gentleman went in the scenic and sat down next to a widow who would have just pulled the hair right out of his head if he had said one word to her.

That Linn McGinley, of Bellefonte, says it is a good beginning on the blackboard of life to be able to draw your own conclusion, especially on certain occasions where men buck the tiger.

That the census of Centre county should not be considered until nine months after the business men's picnic, granite picnic and the Centre county fair. There is no use of missing anybody.

That the other day a visitor called at a residence in Bellefonte where there is a real bright son. The stranger asked if he could talk yet. On his father said, "Yes, he can talk if his mother gives him half a chance."

That there is a chippy house in Bellefonte where the woman in charge says that she can prove by some of the most prominent business men in town that her house is all right, and it doesn't take her long to name some of them, either.

That Willard Hall, of Bellefonte, who sells more graphophones than any man in Centre county, says that his children shall be educated in the new public school building which is one of the finest structures of the kind in Pennsylvania.

That William C. Heine and Charles E. Patton, candidates for congress in this district, are now attending the various picnics and shaking hands with the ladies, button-holing the men and kissing the babies. Don't you wish you were a politician?

That a reader of the That Column writes and asks whether it is proper for a young man to send candy to a girl whom he has met but once. What a strange question. Why, most young men begin handing a girl taffy as soon as they are introduced to her.

That the dogs of Bellefonte should be kept muzzled. On Thursday of last week a man was walking along Thorns street when one flew at him and came near putting its teeth into his legs. The man who keeps a vicious animal like that ought to be tarted and fettered.

That the woman who comes to Bellefonte to make her home should consider long and well what kind of a story she is going to tell in order to get into society. She should be careful not to put on too many airs and give the impression that her father was a millionaire, because her record and home life might be looked up.

That the girl in Bellefonte who goes along the streets and thinks everybody is either a fool or crazy, certainly ought to go immediately to some good physician and have her case thoroughly diagnosed. Because she has been taught to eat with a gold spoon doesn't make her a whit better than the girl brought up on a pewter spoon, if she behaves herself and acts like a lady.

That if reports are true a certain young lady in Bellefonte, in whose mouth butter wouldn't melt, fell by the wayside on Tuesday of last week while attending the picnic. They say that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, which must have been the case on this occasion. Girls will be girls when they out with the boys. Of course she now blames it on the D.

That the Bellefonte automobilist with two girls in the car, ought to have gone out to Conrad Miller's residence during the day and gotten some idea of the lay of the land before he ran out there at midnight. There came mighty near being a wreck, and a bad give-away. What right, anyhow, has a married man out at that hour of the night with two strange girls?

That some of the people in Bellefonte are wondering what right a married man in Bellefonte has to take a married woman out in a secluded place at Hecla Park and remain there for an indefinite time. They may have been doing nothing but pulling grass together but that was enough to create suspicion. The parties, no doubt, could have been convicted upon circumstantial evidence. They say the husband of this wife is as crooked as a cheese box, so probably the wife thinks she will even things up.

That the church in Bellefonte cannot fulfill its mission in this community that has sitting in its front pews, or Amen corner, communicants who are enjoying wealth that has been acquired through misrepresentation and betrayal of friends. This is the kind of men who act as a milestone to the prosperity of religion. They may give liberally of their means to the support of the church but they do not do it conscientiously. It is done because of its respectability, and the effect it might have in covering up their shortcomings such as avarice and hypocrisy. Better close the doors of the sanctuary to these persons than to take their money for its maintenance. This is speaking plainly but it is a fact.

OVER THE COUNTY.

With no early frost setting in Centre county farmers will be cheered by a large and fine crop of corn.

Simon P. King and family, of Millheim, moved to State College, where Mr. King is engaged in the Inn.

Rev. Whatman, of Ohio, has accepted the call to the pastorate of his churches on the Rebersburg Lutheran charge.

If you sent us any money on subscription during the month of August you will find proper credit for the same on the label next week.

The Daniel B. Geary tract of timberland in Penn township has been sold to S. G. Rote and Frank Wingard at public sale. The price paid was \$3915.

Miss Ethel G. Hettlinger, of Spring Mills, and her aunt, Miss Flo. R. Duck, of St. Louis, were guests of Mrs. Robert McClelland, at Linden Hall, last week.

On Wednesday Postmaster J. Spiegelmyer, of Millheim, moved the post-office from its old location on Penn street to the room adjoining his store on Main street.

J. Paul Reierick, of Sate College, sold his interests in the undertaking business to his partner, Benton Heberling, and will locate elsewhere, but he has not yet decided where.

Prof. and Mrs. Benjamin Gill, of State College, have left for Baltimore. He underwent a surgical operation at the Johns Hopkins hospital and may not return for three weeks or more.

School director Henry Gentzle was in to inform us that the Spring township schools would open on Monday, September 6th. Most of the common schools throughout the county will open on the same date.

Rev. S. Charles Stover, pastor of the Wilhelm Reformed church, of Myrsdale, Somerset county, will be considered at an election for pastor by the members of the Boalsburg charge in the Boalsburg and Houserville congregations.

John H. Fowler, of Belleville, has leased the brick store building known as the Dinges stand, at Centre Hall and will open a bakery in it as soon as the equipments, which will all be new, arrive from the factory. Mr. Fowler is a man of large experience in the bakery business.

Misses Elmira and Lydia Strohm, of Orangeville, Illinois, are in Centre Hall, visiting their relatives there. They are daughters of Jonathan Strohm, who went west when a young man from the Burkholder homestead, early in the forties. This is their first visit to Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Stanley celebrated their golden wedding at Ginter, Clearfield county, on Monday of last week. Mrs. Stanley's maiden name was Miss Amelia Kane and she was born and raised at Spring Mills, this county, where her marriage to Mr. Stanley took place fifty years ago.

Dr. J. P. Welsh, who has filled the office of dean of the Pennsylvania State college for a number of years, has left for New York where he will engage in buying and selling realty. The doctor is at the present time financially interested in the Southern Nut and Fruit company's pecan groves, which are located in Georgia. The doctor and his family had a large circle of friends in State College, who will be sorry to see them leave.

Last spring W. P. Catherman, of near Millheim, received two bushels of a new variety of seed oats from Nebraska. He sowed a little more than an acre with the seed. One day last week he engaged Frank Kreamer to do some threshing for him and the oats from this seed was threshed, which amounted to 115 bushels. Mr. Catherman naturally is elated over the crop and would like to know if there is any farmer in the county who can beat it.

Miss Florida R. Duck, formerly a Centre county school teacher, but now employed in the High schools of St. Louis, is on her annual visit to the east principally New York City. After spending the last ten days visiting friends and relatives at Spring Mills, her parental home, she again returned to New York City with her sisters. About the first of September she will go to St. Louis to resume her professional work, viz.: polishing young America.

Samuel Reish, of Pleasant Gap, Centre county, recently witnessed a unique battle between a cat and a four-foot rattlesnake, in which the cat came out the unharned victor. He was passing along a country road when he saw the cat at one side, much excited. He heard the unmistakable rattle. He tied his horse and went back to see the fun. The cat manoeuvred around and then made a sudden leap into the bushes. It came out in a moment with the rattler between its teeth, holding the snake by the back of the neck. The cat managed to keep the reptile from writhing around it and soon the snake lay dead in the road.

A hunting dog owned by Ash Mark, of near Philipsburg, recently went mad and bit several dogs, two people, some chickens and a guinea pig. Charley Mark, aged 8, son of the owner of the brute, was carrying the animal out of the house when it bit him on the nose; the other lad bitten was a young son of James Gennicks, of Philipsburg. Both have been sent to take the Pasteur treatment while the head of the dog has been shipped to Harrisburg to see if it really had rabies. The town fears a hydrophobia epidemic. Seven dogs were killed by the Lewis-town health officer, on request of the owners, recently, on account of the rabies scare there. All untamed dogs in town may be ordered killed.

Barn Twice Burned. Daniel Collins, a dairyman residing across the river from Williamsport, is the victim of a secret enemy. Seven months ago his barn was burned and several cows and horses perished in the fire. Evidence of incendiaryism were present. A week ago he received an envelope through the mails, inside of which was the message, "I will fix U," printed with a lead pencil in Roman characters. At midnight Wednesday night his new barn was found to be on fire in several places, and the flames spread so rapidly that the horses and cows in it could not be rescued. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin. Collins has no idea who his enemy is.

Some women are never so happy, it seems, as when they have had news to tell somebody.

A BACHELOR'S VIEWS ON OLD MAIDS

THEY ARE ESPECIALLY USEFUL IN MINING CAMPS

JOKES THAT CONTAIN A MORAL

A Former Centre Countian Writes a Pointed Reply to Seven Old Maids in the Bald Eagle Valley, Near Howard—No Names Mentioned.

Ouray, Colo., Aug. 22, 1910.

To the "Seven Old Maids" or Middle-aged Ladies, as they signed themselves:—

Yes, dears, I will gladly reply to your letter to the best of my ability, and will answer all of your questions cheerfully through the Centre Democrat, as you requested, if the editor and the printing press will stand for it.

Yes, dears, this State of Colorado, and especially this county, is fearfully and wonderfully infested with old bachelors. (Here, gentle reader, is where they give themselves away, instead of being middle-aged ladies, they are old maids, who probably have seen 30 or 40 rosy summers and 15 or 20 hard falls, inquiring about old bachelors.)

Yes, they have fled to this State to escape that great affliction called "Matrimonial Bliss." What a torture and an affliction it must be to be afflicted with a wife!

Yes, dears, some all of you that can, for we use all the nice, fat juicy ones for fish bait, and the thin, skinnies ones we use for clothes pins to hold our shirts on grapevine lines to dry. But you must get rid of that bump or deformity on the back of your head or you will not stick well on the line.

There are only a few old bachelors who wash a shirt, for they buy a new one and put it on in the spring and go a-fishing and eat so many fish that they don't have time to wash their skin so far that they cannot get their shirt off for a change, or to wash, and must wait until they shed the fish bones and shirt, and by that time the shirt is "all in," or worn out.

Yes, I will admit there are a number of old bachelors that would like to go back east, but the darned sherriffs are too numerous back there. Yes, there are lots of married people here. Yes, there are lots of young people get married in the east and come out here to make their fortune; but the sherriffs go just quite right and there is a divorce and you can't blame the men. Just a few days ago a young couple moved in here who came from the east somewhere, and went to housekeeping, and I heard her asking an old married woman which she would like to wash the lettuce with, toilet soap or laundry soap. The old lady took her by the arm and led her in the house. I do not know what the kind old lady said to her, but after the old lady left this young woman phoned over to town for a dozen pigs feet and a box of "foot-gases" to go with the pigs' feet. Now some day there will be a nice young man take to drinking, or will get lost in the "tall timber" and the neighbors will wonder what has happened for she has a temper and a disposition that is not fit to eat. She got awful mad at old Bill Smith, for old Bill has been in this country ever since Pike's Peak was a hole in the ground, and is not onto the ways and curves of the east and society. She showed him her nice nickel-plated chafing dish, that some of her friends presented to her at the time of her marriage, and old Bill told her it was nothing more than a frying pan that broke into society. She don't love old Bill anymore.

Yes, we have the prohibitionist here who tries to dictate to you what to eat and drink. Yes, we have the professional church member here who will go to church regularly on Sundays, but I will not or cannot tell you respectfully in these columns what they do the balance of the week. Yes, we have the Y. M. C. A. here, where the young boy gets his first lesson on gambling, by playing pool and billiards. Yes, we have the W. C. T. Union, or as old Bill Smith calls it, "The old Women's Circle Tatting Union." Old Bill don't like them, for they got around the old soft-heads and mushy officeholders over in Delta county and got them to close up all saloons, and old Bill had to move out for he could not get any more snake-bite cure. Yes, we are afflicted with nearly all the fads you eastern people have.

Yes, you can go to housekeeping cheaply here, and the most useful and handy article to start housekeeping with is the old-fashioned Dutch oven. You can bake your bread in it and wash your hands and face and then dry it. Then bake some biscuit; then you can bathe your feet in it and when you get through you can use it to roast spare-ribs in. Then you can boil your clothes in it and you can bake a fine meat pie, and at night, if you are suffering from a bad cold, you can give your feet a nice warm bath, which will do you good. Then you can bake such nice doughnuts, and it is such a nice thing to warm it up and keep some of your sick and convalescing people to eat. But in that some of you are afflicted with.

No wonder our grandmothers were loath to give up such a handy and useful article—the old "Dutch oven"—may its name and fame never die.

Yes, we have the suffragette here, an animal that is hard and in deep for me to explain to you. But will try to describe to you what they are as far as I have observed. They belong to the female tribe, and are a kind of a being that wants to hold all public offices. They get up about 11 o'clock in the forenoon and come down stairs and look just like a sack of bran with a string tied around the middle. They make a general survey. The men are gone and nothing is cooked for them to eat, whereupon she gets mad, puts on a dress and a drug store complexion and sallies forth to bum a breakfast from a neighbor. You will see her face in all groups of political parasites. She will gad about generally from 2 o'clock until anytime next morning. She will chase down street until she sees Mrs. Brown and her dress. Then she will fly home and get on a dress that will outshine Mrs. Brown's. But before she gets to see

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by HAZEL'S Catarrh Cure. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, believe this Catarrh Cure to be the best remedy for Catarrh of the bladder, and we are ready to carry out any obligations made by this firm. WALKER, KINMAN & MERTZ, Toledo, O. HAZEL'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by all Druggists. Take HAZEL'S Family Pills for constipation.

Mrs. Brown she meets Mrs. Smith with a nice dress. Then she will fly home and get a dress on that will beat Mrs. Smith's. She will keep that up until she is completely tired out. Then she will get a box of crackers, some canned salmon or sardines, a cold lunch and go it again. Her husband and children, if she has any, are not at home, for they don't know what a home is. There is no one to cook a meal, for then she is a suffragette. She virtually drives her husband to drink and her children from home. After she has accomplished the ruin of her home, she puts on some more drug store complexion, that makes her face look like corrugated iron roof, after a heavy hailstorm. When she gets old and can't attract attention any more she will begin to tell how she is abused and has to suffer because she is old and wrinkled, when she will try for some office and dictate to others how a home ought to be governed. She will call a meeting, get a few to listen to her, telling how she and other women are suffering at the hands of men, as how she wants all saloons and all gambling and all dancing stopped—take all kinds of enjoyment and liberties from man—even dictate to men what they shall drink, eat and wear. She don't want him to swear, drink, smoke or use tobacco in her presence, when tobacco is one of the greatest disinfectants known. She pretends tobacco smoke is so offensive! Must be stopped! But did you ever get in a hall where they held a meeting? Thirty or forty of them, and each one with a different drug store perfume. Why, the odor would make a sachet cat ashamed of himself. For fear you will not know what a sachet cat is, I will tell you: When I was a lad, roaming around in the woods of old Centre county, I and my pup would often get mixed up with them. Then I and the pup would have to sleep in the barn for three or four weeks. We called them a pole cat or skunk. But a society bud, from Boston, told me a sachet cat was more proper. Yes, these suffragettes are great. Old Bill Smith don't like them as he is getting old and can not see very well. But will not own up to it. The first one he saw he took up and down she wore and had on an old Weaver's hornet's nest on the back of her head, and wondered if the hornets were busy, and if she was suffering much from their stings. Yes, I would like to see them mix up in politics. It would be nice to see them out hunting for their favorite candidate. They could and probably would handle the bottle properly to win votes. But they cannot win votes with cigars, for they cannot strike a match right—they are not built right.

Now, my dears, I have answered all of your questions to the best of my ability. I felt when I received your letter I would not be equal to the task to answer your esteemed and highly appreciated questions.

P. S. Oh, yes, the last question I need to answer. Yes, there are white and Indian babies born here. The latter are all right, but I don't know about the former, because they are raised on Mellin's Baby Food and Malted Milk, and are herded by black and foreign nurses.

Now, my dear seven middle-aged ladies, if you have any more questions to ask about "The Bachelors of Colorado," why write me.

W. H. OSMAN.

Early Fall Predicted. Everybody can make a prediction, but everybody cannot be correct. Taking the goose bone as his guide, a well known predictor has evidence of what he terms an early fall. He had killed the goose, examined the bone and then compared his results with the atmospheric conditions and comes to the conclusion that he will have an early fall and a severe winter. He noticed that the black birds and the robins are congregating and are ready to be concluded is sufficient evidence, but its all bosh.

"Wild Man" Captured. Patrolman M. A. Davis, of the Pennsylvania railroad force, returned from the mountains back of Granville run with the wild man that has been terrorizing the fishing and pleasure camps along the Juniata river for the past three weeks. He turns out to be Steven Cheswick, 31 years old, a deformed foreigner, who gives his home as Youngstown, O.

Will Chase Flies. The following home-made compound is recommended for keeping flies and mosquitoes off of livestock: to one quart of kerosene add a tablespoonful each of oil of tar, fish oil, carbolic acid and oil of pennyroyal. Apply to the stock with a spray.

Gun License Proposed. Lively times are predicted in the next legislature over a proposed bill to provide that hunters must secure gun license as required in the state of New Jersey. The bill is understood to have been outlined by the State Game Commissioners at the recent meeting in Harrisburg, and steps are being taken to have local shooting associations take up the work of creating sentiment in behalf of the measure. It is pointed out that the bill would raise a sum large enough to enable the State Game Commission to increase its work as well as provide additional game preserves. It is expected that considerable opposition to the measure will come from cities, while the farmers will object strenuously.

Population Estimated at 91,000,000. The total population of the United States and its island possessions may reach 100,000,000, according to unofficial estimates made by Director E. Dana Durand. Durand expects the total population of the United States proper to be in the neighborhood of 91,000,000.

Substituting His Uncles. Charles Koch, of Altoona, who is camping on the Juniata west of Tyrone, lost his roll of cash to a good-looking, smooth-talking stranger on the train between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, Saturday, Aug. 27th. Koch left camp Friday evening to escort some feminine friends to the seaside resort, and on the train a suave stranger introduced himself as an uncle from Baltimore. As Koch had an uncle in that city, whom he had not seen since childhood, and had no recollection of his appearance, he took the bait. The weather, politics and the high cost of living were discussed, but he did not miss his money until he reached for it to pay for supper, and then he was required to hunt up another "uncle," with whom he left a \$65 watch.

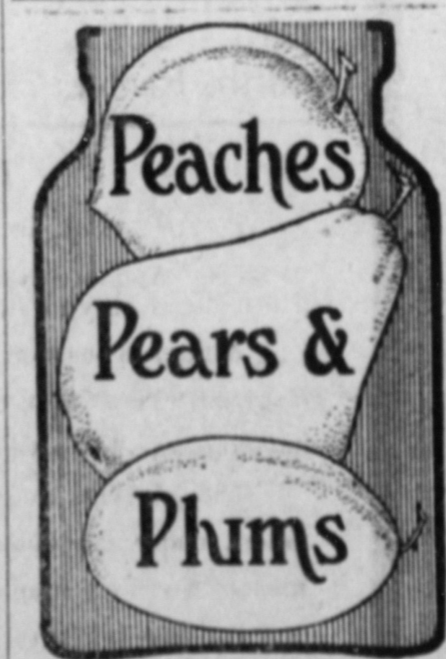
An Indian Grave. In digging a cellar in Sunbury last week, for a new house for Henry Clement, workmen ran into an old Indian grave about five feet under the ground. It contained the antlers of a deer, the head of a bear and a number of articles of pottery.

Not a Drop of Alcohol. What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your own doctor all about it. Never take a medicine doctors cannot endorse. J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Right Over Wood Shingles. Cortright Metal Shingles. Local Contractors or Roofers or CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL \$4 Oxfords REDUCED TO \$2.48 Yeagers' Shoe Store

Nothing is more annoying than to hear, "We are just out," or "We don't handle that article," etc., when one is ordering supplies for the table. Considerable thought and care are often exercised in this direction, and to not find that what you want at your Grocer is very provoking. Come to us. We have what you want, and everything is absolutely pure—an extra inducement for you to come here for your groceries. SECHLER & CO. We Handle Every thing in GROCERIES of Absolutely Pure Quality

Beezer's Meat Market. PATENT YOUR IDEAS and make MONEY. JOSHUA R. H. POTTS



Go into the ATLAS E-Z Seal Jar Whole—a fact which gives it great advantage over old-style, snai-mouth jars. Stop cutting up large fruits for canning. Go to your dealer and ask for Atlas E-Z Seal Jars. After that you can fill your shelves with jars holding full-sized fruits—natural looking as well as good tasting. Atlas E-Z Seal Jars are very strong; smooth at top and sure sealers. HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO. Wheeling, W. Va.