

# Woman's World

Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood Wants to Be Judge.



MRS. HARRIET JOHNSTON WOOD.

Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood, a practicing lawyer of New York city, is seeking appointment as judge in the children's court. In a recent interview Mrs. Wood said: "There is a movement inaugurated by the clubwomen of New York city to have a law passed making the appointment of women mandatory in this court."

"The understanding of children is instinctive with women, and such knowledge as they are not born with they acquire through experience. What man can compare his judgment in a case affecting the welfare of a child with that of a woman?"

According to the annual report of the court of special sessions for the year 1912, 13,422 children were charged with juvenile delinquency and arraigned in the special proceedings in the children's courts. Of these the majority were boys. The report shows further that most of the girls who were brought before the court during that period were from fourteen to sixteen years of age.

### Horse Trot and Fish Walk Now.

Vale the turkey trot and the tango. Society is a-weary of these much discussed dances, and, having lost favor, the trot and the tango are on the road to the realm of the forgotten.

The "horse trot" and the still newer "fish walk" are the prime favorites of the present moment, and earnest seekers after the latest approved novelty are putting themselves through both paces. Both dances originated in Washington, the horse trot more than a year ago and the fish walk within the last few months.

The horse trot is a livelier dance than either the tango or the turkey trot and is entirely devoid of the characteristics which brought upon the two one-time favorites the thunders of the clergy and the nondancing laity. In this newest trot the partners face each other and the man places his right hand in the center of his partner's back, holding her at arm's length and at one side. He looks over her right shoulder and she directs her gaze over his right shoulder. The dance starts with a running step of eight counts, the man going forward. The dancers then proceed to trot back eight steps, the woman advancing, after which alternately they trot eight steps to the right and eight to the left before they sidestep sixteen counts, turning to the right for eight counts and to the left for eight. A trot forward and back for eight counts each before coming to a balance step of sixteen counts completes the dance.

The horse trot and fish walk are primarily dances for young men and women. They are dashed at a lively tempo in two-four measure, and fatty degeneration of the heart or an impaired breathing apparatus is entirely out of place when the new dance tunes start. The fish walk, the intricacies of which are now engaging the energies of dancing at the national capital, starts with a skipping step, the man going forward sixteen counts and retreating sixteen counts. The partners then take four sliding steps to the right and four to the left to compete the dances.

The fish walk is danced entirely on the toes, the body is moved only from the waist downward, the head is held high, and the tempo is pitched at a lively gait. The music runs along to a straight simple tune, gay and cheery, with little of the syncopation which has distinguished the dance music of the last few years.

### A Good Idea.

Serial stories can be taken out and bound. Any one who understands book-binding can get really beautiful books in this way. But the woman who does not understand this art can cover pieces of pasteboard a little larger than the magazine page with cloth, carefully folded over and pasted down on the wrong side about the edges, the inside of the cover made neat by a square of cloth or paper pasted over the edges of the covering of the other side. Two of these covers with half a dozen holes punched half an inch from the back edges can be fastened together over the story by means of silk cords run through neat corresponding holes in the pages of the story.

### "Beef a la Mode" Defined.

It seems difficult to obtain a really good recipe for beef a la mode. The author of "The Cook's Oracle" complains that after plowing through 180 words on cookery he "could not find one recipe that approximated to anything like an accurate description of the way in which this excellent dish is actually dressed in the best a la mode beef shops, from whence, of course, it was impossible to obtain information. "However," he adds, "after all, the whole of the secret seems to be the thickening of the gravy of beef that has been very slowly stewed and flavored it with bay leaves and all-spices."

And he quotes, in confirmation of this view, the following from Tabella Ciberta: "It must be allowed to mellow gently for several hours, inaccessible to the ambient air and on the even and persevering heat of charcoal in the furnace or stove. After having lulled itself in its own exudations and the dissolution of its auxiliaries it may appear at table with a powerful claim to approbation."—London Graphic.

### Made It Good and Long.

Neither man nor boy is ever at a loss for excuses for not knowing what he has no mind to know or for not doing what he has no mind to do. The wittiest that is recorded in college annals is the reason given in the senate house for not answering the question, "Who were the minor prophets?" "I do not fill this in," wrote the candidate, "because the inquiry is so invidious."

A schoolboy has now improved upon this by handing in a written medical certificate to excuse his nonattendance "I certify," the medical authority was made to say, "that this boy is unfit to attend school for 304 days." The schoolmaster thought it odd, the interim being so long and at the same time so particular in its date, and upon inquiry it turned out that the doctor had written "3 or 4" days, which the boy had altered to 304.—Argonaut.

### A Foe to "Baby Talk."

It is not enough that a word be spoken. It makes a great deal of difference how it is spoken. The proper vocalization of words has an effect upon children which is often, one may say generally, overlooked. Almost everybody is fond of repeating the baby's efforts to talk, and baby talk lingers in many homes, an innocent but costly pleasure for the parents and the children alike. There are many persons of mature age at this moment who will never pronounce certain words properly since they became accustomed to a false pronunciation in childhood because somebody thought it was cute. There are many persons who will never get over certain false associations of ideas because somebody thought it was very amusing and funny to see the child mixing up things in such a beautiful childlike way.—Dr. A. A. Berle.

### Tiger's Whiskers.

It is a fact that a lion's or a tiger's whiskers once taken off will never grow again. These animals shed their hair ordinarily once a year, all except the whiskers. The shedding depends entirely upon the climate, and there is a peculiar thing connected with it. Men who have taken wild animals from Asia and Africa to Europe say that they never knew a lion or a tiger or any animal of the cat species to go through the Red Sea without changing coat. They will shed at Suakin and come out with hair fresh and glossy as silk, and yet going through the Red sea they will shed again. No one has been able to account for it, but it is a fact nevertheless.—London Tit-Bits.

### Cause and Consequence.

An ambitious mother was trying to dissuade her son from becoming engaged to the girl of his choice because the girl had no fortune. "Well, mother," the young man expostulated, "I have heard you say that neither you nor father had a penny when you married." "That's so," the mother admitted. "But," she added, "I accepted your father because I knew he would get on in the world." "Exactly," the youth returned, "and she's ready to accept me because he did get on."

### A Durable Car.

"I've used my car twice a day to my office and back, a distance of six miles, for seven years," said Waggley, "and I've never had to pay a cent of repairs."

"Great Scott, what a record!" said Biddad. "What car is it?" "Trolley," said Waggley, and Biddad rang for the waiter.—Harper's.

### Told Him.

Lawyer—Have you ever been to this court before, sir? Witness—Yes, sir; I have been here often. Lawyer—Has he been here often, have you? Now, tell the court what for. Witness (slowly)—Well, I have been here at least half a dozen times to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe me.

### In the Wrong Place.

Seedy Vagabond—Mister, I hain't had a blame thing to eat for two days, 'ceptin' a handful o' peanuts. Dietetic Crank—That's all you need, you glut ton!—Chicago Tribune.

### Two Happy Men.

The Debtor—Well, old man, I'm going to marry a rich widow next week. The Creditor—Indeed! Well—ah! Congratulate me, old chap.—Toledo Blade.

### It May Be Done.

"It is impossible to satisfy a champagne appetite on a beer income." "It is—unless you own brewery stock."—Washington Star.



## Good Form

### Advice For Engaged Girls.

A certain amount of respect should be paid to the laws of social usage we call etiquette in the behavior of engaged couples.

An engaged girl usually devotes her time to entertaining her fiance, and he is supposed to be entirely engrossed by her—her wants and wishes his law. This is, of course, as it should be. But there is a quality of delicacy that should exist between these two when others are present too often overlooked or seemingly forgotten. They should try to remember that after the wedding ceremony has made one of the twain friends are still to be considered and, indeed, are of the greatest importance in any scheme of life, for without friends one is poor indeed.

To ignore or to coolly pass by those with whom they are associated now or will be in the future is not proper, to say nothing of the lack of taste in forgetting or seeming to forget every one but each other. A girl should hold herself too dearly to permit her fiance to forget that her parents, as well as other relatives and also her dear friends, must be considered. There are, presumably, long years to be passed together, and in the meantime surely it is worth while to show courtesy as far as possible to all.

The best (by which is meant the highest in point of social position, not necessarily the wealthiest) people are usually found to be the most considerate in all respects and in none more than in the attitude taken toward older members of the family as well as toward friends when an engagement is announced.

In time to come they will surely need counsel and advice, and it is a very small thing to do to refrain from showing too plainly the very natural desire to be alone. The extreme need to be adopted—that is, of the family being constantly present, as is the custom in countries remote from our own—yet in some ways this custom demands consideration. It is founded on safe principles and should not be ignored entirely. An engaged man should always express a desire to see the relatives of his fiancee, and she cannot do a more graceful and well bred thing than to show a profound respect with a desire to please the family and friends of the man she has selected for weal or woe.

### Repose in the Hands.

If you have not paid especial attention to your hands do so. Watch them carefully. See if you relax them when they are not in gesture or use. If you keep them tense as though you were holding on to something for dear life it only means you are keeping your nerves and muscles on an unnecessary strain.

Make a practice of stretching them out a little and then relaxing them, letting them fall into place with all the muscles loose. It is said that women waste nerve force to a great extent through their hands. They may be able to keep the feet still, but the hands are never quiet, never in repose, never loosened.

All this means that nervous energy, like Bill Arp's courage, oozes through her finger tips.

Possibly you are not conscious of how much perpetual motion there is in your own hands. Take a day off to watch them. If you find that you twist and turn them, run them through the hair and over the face, rap the chair or desk with them as you talk, do—do give them a rest. You will save yourself hours of energy and throw back all that force into your system to be used in more important things.

Put these rules up on your dressing table and imprint them in your mind before you go out among people:

Keep your hands away from head and face.

Do not pick up articles over the room and put them down again as you talk.

Learn to drop the hands in the lap on the arm of the chair or at your side, and do not move them unless it is necessary.

Constant gesturing is foolish. Don't think it is expressive to talk with the hands unless you know how to do it. A few gestures gracefully done are eloquent. Fidgeting the hand is stupid.

### Bowing Good Form.

A woman should never bow to a man who has been introduced to her at some former occasion if she is ignorant of his name. If the acquaintance is so slight a recognition is rather forced and may lead to embarrassment.

The older of two women has the privilege of taking the initiative in subsequently recognizing an introduction. Women have this privilege with men if a woman does not recognize a gentleman who has been introduced to her it is a tact suggestion that she wishes no continuation of an acquaintance ship.

Men should always rise when any men or women are introduced in a room. In the street a man can show courtesy by removing his hat, and many keep their heads uncovered until parting from the group. A woman in bitterly cold weather should request that this little act be waived. Women should certainly rise when an elderly person is introduced; otherwise they remain seated.

### NEW LINCOLN STORY.

What is believed to be a new story of President Lincoln, is told by Adlai E. Stevenson. Several months before President Lincoln issued the great proclamation of emancipation, which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America, my friend, Senator Henderson, of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deep depression. Finally the great president said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Summer and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deepest conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this, he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania avenue and stood there in silence. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he remarked, "was in a log school house when reading books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-ne-go. Little Bud Stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach and went all to pieces on Abed-ne-go. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him walling and gibbering as the next in line took up the reading. But, before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into snuffles and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then like a thunder clap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail which even alarmed the master, who, with rather unusual gentleness, inquired: "What's the matter now?"

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few minutes later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer: "Look there, marster—there comes them same damn three fellers again."

Then, his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give and the beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long bony fingers to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson and Thaddeus Stevens.



Miss Carrie New—"Isn't it too bad about Mrs. Blank's little boy? He fell in a steaming washboiler and was scalded."

Anty Drudge—"Yes, it is a pity. Why women will boil clothes, when it is not only dangerous, but a useless nuisance, I can't see. I must tell Mrs. Blank how much easier and better she can wash her clothes with Fels-Naptha in cool or lukewarm water without boiling."

Have you the once-a-week backache?

Do you know what causes it?

Long, continued bending over a washboard rubbing the clothes up and down.

What are you going to do?

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