

FOR ART'S SAKE....
By IOLA MERRIFIELD
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It was nobody's fault but her own. Whenever trouble came a knocking at Philippa's door all kind friends raised hands of innocence to the skies and she clared thankfully that it was nobody's fault but her own.

"He had no earthly right to raise his hat and smile when I met him in the elevator."

"He had every right in the world," contradicted Philippa. "If I had been in his place I should have come right down and called on you after you had acted like a love-lorn lunatic, Pippa."

"It was not lucky. It was inspiration." Philippa half turned from the piano to argue. "You weren't in the studio at the time, Beth, and you don't know a blessed thing about it. I wasn't even practicing. I was cleaning up."

Elizabeth smiled. She had seen Philippa's cleaning up process. It meant the hustling of everything disorderly out of sight, under the divan, behind the wardrobe, anywhere at all, so long as it was unseen.

"And he sang my pet duet from 'Il Trovatore.' Beth, it was splendid. You poor, old heart, you don't appreciate music a bit. You can understand a few of the old, dusty, dusty, old pen and ink sketches, but if you had only heard him—"

"If I had heard him I don't think that I should have done to the window and warbled back an answer up a New York air shaft."

"I don't care," Philippa's tone was lofty and her attitude belligerent. "I didn't care a rap about him personally, and I hadn't the slightest idea what he looked like, but the voice was divine. It was the voice of Maritico calling, and Leonora answered it for art's sake."

"Well, Leonora had better attend to her cleaning up and attend her own business. Now, she hasn't any cause for complaint at all, because Maritico raises his hat to her in the elevator and says 'Howdy?' in neighborhood fashion. Are you sure it was Maritico?"

"Oh, no," Philippa spoke with vague enthusiasm. "And Lafayette says that he is the new one in the studio over ours."

"Well, you had better send Lafayette a little printed slip to post up in his elevator."

"Students may sing grand opera duets through the air shaft, but you don't promiscuous greetings in elevator will be followed by ejection."

"I suppose the poor fellow was so amazed and delighted when he saw how completely I fulfilled his ideal of Leonora that he lost his presence of mind and sang quite a number of songs, simply and contentedly, as if he were among the water lilies."

"Presence of mind is never lost," Elizabeth added a high light faintly to the left eye of an Italian fruit vendor on the canvas before her. "It is missing when the long hair and loose fingers make him 'worry.'"

Philippa laughed and ran her fingers teasingly over the piano keys.

"I think he is worrying," she said.

But there were no more duets through the air shaft. If the occupant of studio 5, on the fourth floor, happened to be practicing her trills and quavers the occupant of studio 17, on the fourth floor, sat by his open window and listened, and when a full, rich tenor floated down from studio 17 Philippa would tip to the window and listen also and be glad and glad and glad because she could see the man and because of the hope success lay snugly and surely tucked away for the tall, brown-eyed boy who dared to greet Leonora in the elevator.

He had "dared" only once. Long after even Elizabeth declined to bow a comradely good-bay to him, she passed on her own way, a slim, arrogant, blond young person in gray velvet and squirrel furs. Elizabeth preserved a graceful posture on the neutral fence. Warning fancies were not in her brain, but when she was sending out invitations for the month's church picnic in studio 5 she did not think it amiss to send one up to studio 17.

Philippa was passing club sandwiches when Bobbie Clarkson introduced her to the tall, brown-eyed boy. She did not drop the tray. She merely smiled most graciously and asked Mr. Elliot liked club sandwiches made of a celestial combination of chicken salad, chopped almonds, olives, deviled ham and tobacco sauce.

It appeared that Mr. Elliot did. In fact, he paced after the dispenser of celestial sandwiches for the month's church picnic in a deliberate, determined, man overboard fashion, most disconcerting to the dispenser, until he finally cornered her in the Japanese alcove and forcibly finished up the remaining sandwiches himself.

"And he never," Philippa said a word about the dust," Elizabeth answered later when she sat, like a Hindu deity, in a pink kimono on the bed and thoughtfully reviewed the evening.

"He's a gentleman and a scholar, and Bobbie says he's all right, solid, old Maryland family and all that sort of thing; first name's Marbury—Marbury Elliot. He has only been in New York a couple of months, and he doesn't like it very well. He thinks it's lonesome. He says we're conservative and clamish."

"There's a good remedy. Tell him to be a clam unto himself."

Philippa slid a pillow at the scarf.

"Goose!" she said. "Can't you see? He wants to belong to my clan. I'm going to the Czars concert with him tomorrow."

"See? Of course I see," quoth Elizabeth. "One Philippa Yates, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Lonesomeness to Strangers in New York, providing said strangers are gentlemen and scholars, from solid old families, and can sing duets and set club sandwiches for art's sake. I see the end."

But Philippa only smiled and was silent. It had been most entertaining and interesting twenty minutes spent in the Japanese corner, one's point of view on life in general may be considered fairly even in twenty minutes.

It was two weeks after the Czars concert. Philippa came out of the Metropolitan Opera House as Elliot swung up Broadway. It had begun to snow at sundown, and there was the hill in traffic that comes on the great white way when the curtain rises. She was tucking a couple of "Il Trovatore" tickets into her hand bag when he greeted her.

"They're for Beth and me," she told him happily. "We live on strawberry jam and crackers when the opera is in full blast. Do you know I never go there but I wonder who my turn will

come, don't you?"

He did not answer her directly. They had crossed to the Sixth avenue elevated and were walking along beside Bryant park to the station before he spoke to her.

"I am going home this week to spend Christmas with my mother in Maryland, and before I go—"

A vagrant wind swept down upon them, and Philippa bent her head sideways to avoid its sting. As she did so her eyes met his in one swift glance. She was not smiling now. Her face was aglow with a curious, half frightened expectancy.

"Let's hurry," she said. "It's so cold."

He stopped short where only an audience of sleepy cab horses could listen.

"Before I go I want to know if I may tell her that next year you will go home with me?"

Cab horses are very discreet. They did not even hear the answer.

"But it won't happen until next Christmas, of course," Philippa explained in a feverish, excited way to the studio that evening.

"Until Maritico has won fame and fortune singing to his ladylove at the Metropolitan?" asked Elizabeth.

Philippa stirred in another lump of sugar delectably.

"Maritico doesn't sing at all, Beth," she said. "That was his roommate, Grahame Moore, who sang the duet with me. Maritico is an artist."

And Elizabeth, after one long look of enlightenment, smiled in fashion wise.

"For art's sake," she said severely. "Fudge!"

Chinese Advice to Girls.

Between A. D. 785 and 830 there lived in China five remarkable sisters named Sung, all of whom possessed considerable literary talent, and especially the two elder ones. They refused to marry and devoted themselves to literature, being finally received into the palace, where in due course they all died natural deaths, with the exception of the fourth Miss Sung, against whom charges of accepting bribes were trumped up, the result being that she was forced to "take silk"—in other words, to strangle herself.

The eldest sister wrote a book called "Advice to Girls," based upon the famous "Discourses" of Confucius. It is in an easy style of versification and is generally suited to the comprehension of the young.

When walking, do not look back. When talking, do not open your lips. When sitting, do not rock your knees. When standing, do not shake your skirt. When pleased, do not laugh aloud. When angry, do not show it. Do not peep over the outside wall. Do not slip into the outer court. When you sleep, conceal your body. With a man not of the family hold no conversation whatever.

—Nineteenth Century and After.

Stills in the Desert.

In the driest deserts of Arizona dwell the Papago Indians. They are very good Indians and quite civilized. They cook in mud houses and doing their cooking in outdoor kitchens in circular inclosures protected from the wind by grass mats fastened to stakes and with a fire in the middle.

One peculiarity of these Indians, who, by the way, are such formidable warriors that even the Apaches are afraid of them, is that they elevate many things upon stilts. Their mail boxes are on stilts, to keep them out of the reach of the coyotes, which will eat a letter if it has been handled by human hands, and also because of the annual floods. It rains in that region only about once a year, but then how it does pour! The heavens seem actually to open and immense areas are temporarily converted into lakes.

To keep them out of the reach of the floods and the coyotes (not to mention skunks) the Papago chicken coops are elevated high in the air—fifteen or twenty feet—and at night, when it is time to go to roost, the fowls fly up and find perfect safety in their lofty series.

A Cheerful Giver.

Bobbie's father had given him a ten cent piece and a quarter of a dollar, telling him he might put one or the other on the contribution plate.

"What do you mean, Bobbie?" his father asked when the boy came home from church.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter," said Bobbie, "but then just in time I remembered the Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and I knew I could give the ten cent piece a great deal more cheerfully, so I put that in."

Lugubrious Hedda.

It seemed by the way almost forgotten that it was with a burlesque of Ibsen that Mr. Barrie made his first bow as a dramatist. His travesty of "Hedda Gabler" was one of the most delicious pieces of fooling ever seen at Toole's theater, and in it Mr. Toole (as Toole himself, George Sinton as Tesman and Miss Irene Vanbrugh as a blend of Hedda and Hedda) were delightful. In one scene Tesman was busy writing a review when Hedda entered, and the following dialogue took place:

Tesman (looking up)—Hedda, Hedda (laughingly)—I am not Hedda, I am Hedda.

Tesman—Then, Hedda, is there a k in "Christianity?"

Hedda (very slowly and intensely)—There is nothing in "Christianity."

Tesman—Fancy that!—London Pall Mall Gazette.

Fame a Wild Beast.

"Literary fame," said a well known author whose name a few years ago was in everybody's mouth, "is more easily caught than kept. He who has a reputation to maintain has a wild beast in his house which he must constantly feed or it will feed on him. He who writes in a modern language is but the suicide of his own fame, scribbling with sand what the next wave of time will obliterate. He gets a short respite, not a pardon, from oblivion."

Sign of an Egotist.

Toward the latter days of George D. Prentice as the editor of the old Louisville Journal a thief got into the editorial room one night and stole the big dictionary. As soon as the boss was discovered Prentice said to his amanuensis: "Go out and purchase another copy of the dictionary. A man who will attempt to edit a newspaper without an unabridged dictionary is an egotist, and I do not belong in that category."

Modern Torture.

Friend—You've been conducting one of your merciless cross examinations? Lawyer—Yes. They are the nearest approach to the rack and thumbscrew; modern customs will permit—New York Times.

Could Count Them.

Mr. Rinkapart put his hair in the middle, the Barber—But there is an odd number, sir.—Exchange.

WISDOM OF CHILDREN.

Bright Comments That Drop From the Lips of Juveniles.

What could be more simple or more splendidly direct as a compliment to a pretty girl than the small boy's admiring question, "Are your eyes new ones?" No "grown-up" person could have thought of that. "A runnating animal is one that chews her cubs"—there might surely be less thoughtful definitions. As for definitions, no dictionary has ever given anything better than "a movable feast—a picnic."

There is a delightful note of the night nursery in the beginning of a girl's essay on boys. "The boy is not an animal, but they can be heard to a considerable distance," equated perhaps in its splendid simplicity by the boy's written criticism to the effect that "most girls are very shy and angry."

It is the directness of the description which compels attention in vivid comments such as, "Just before it killed me the tooth came out," and nothing in its splendid simplicity by the boy's written criticism to the effect that "most girls are very shy and angry."

THE COTTON GIN.

How Eli Whitney, Its Inventor, Got His Great Idea.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney was barely thirteen when he worked a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton-grown industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also to manufacture the paint where-with to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years later, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Seises Dance.

It is reported to have originated at Seville, in Spain, the dances of the "seises" are gravely reputed to have originated in the apostles having followed the example set by David and danced around our Lord after the last supper. While St. Augustine contemplated the dance devotional, St. Ignace, the first to have taken part in it, and, notwithstanding a prohibitory decree of 162, it was exceedingly popular in Spain at the commencement of the seventeenth century. During certain ceremonies the seises dance daily before the high altar of Seville cathedral in the presence of enormous crowds, including the archbishop and all the "Now," writes an eyewitness, "the dancing boys are dressed in the costume of Philip and Mary's days, with short caps, an abundance of streamers, plumed hats and white silk stockings. The great tragedy of the average man's life is that nature refuses to conform to the cylindrical ideal, and when the marks of his knees and elbow begin to appear in his cylinders he is filled with shame."

The Sober Officer.

On board the British troopship St. Lawrence, 1865, on a voyage round the Cape to India, an officer left a convivial party in the saloon at midnight and, according to be escorted by the sergeant of the guard, proceeded alone to visit the sentries, when the following dialogue was heard: Officer—Sentry? Sentry—Yes, sir. Officer—You're asleep, sentry. Sentry—Oh, no, I'm not, sir. Officer—But I say you are asleep, sentry. Sentry—Very well, then, sir, I am. Officer—Then why on earth didn't you say you were asleep, sentry? Officer—As I'm a sober officer, I'm not.

Method in Her Decision.

Higgins—My wife says if I should die she would remain a widow until death. Of course she might change her mind, but it is sort of consoling just the same. Jinks—Evidently your wife thinks there is no other man in the world like you. Higgins—On the contrary, she's afraid there is and that she'd get him.—Boston Transcript.

Hitting the Judge.

Justice—You say that you did not know you were violating the law, but, my dear sir, ignorance of the law is no excuse to any man. Prisoner—That's rather rough on both of us, ain't it, your honor? Clerk—Order in the court!

At the Sewing Circle.

"Men and women are the books and eyes of society," remarked Miss Smith. "And they are constantly becoming unfastened," naively put in the divorcee.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Hard One For Mamma.

Charley (who thinks)—Say, mamma, if we're made of dust, why don't we get muddier when we drink?—Puck.

A DANGEROUS LIQUID.

Hydrofluoric Acid Is Most Safely Kept in Golden Bottles.

A gold bottle stood on the chemist's table. "In that bottle," he said, "my hydrofluoric acid is kept. Hydrofluoric acid is used in glass etching. The etching on glass thermometers is all done with it. It is colorless. It looks like water, but a drop of it on your hand would bore clean through to the other side like a bullet. Its inhalation is sure death."

"Hydrofluoric acid can be kept safely in gold bottles alone. Sometimes bottles of India rubber, of lead or of platinum are used. None of these, though, is as safe as gold."

"Even when this acid is in a gold bottle precautions must be taken with it. It is volatile and hence a paraffin covered plate must be clamped tight over the bottle's mouth; also the temperature of the room must not rise over 60 degrees or the gold bottle will burst."

"This acid, whose sole use is in glass etching, is probably the most dangerous thing in the world to work with. The steelpole, the lion tamer and the diver do not take their lives in their hands to half the extent the glass etcher does when, with his gold vial of hydrofluoric acid, he etches the scales of our thermometers."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ABSURD CLOTHES.

Caustic Comment on the Style of Attire Favored by Men.

"I like to feel clean," wrote George Bernard Shaw, the English dramatist, in the London World of Dress, "and my great idea of clothes is that they should be clean and comfortable as far as such a thing is possible in London. This, of course, excludes starch. I couldn't wear a thing which, after having been made of clean and sweet, is then filled with nasty white mud, loused into a hard paste and made altogether disgusting. To put such a garment on my person, wear it, move in it, perspire in it—is horrible."

"The shiny white tubes on the wrist, the shiny black cylinder on the head, the shiny white front to the shirt, the shiny black boot, the rain pipe trouser leg, the Japanese side sleeve—that is your fashionably dressed man, looking like a cold blackened stove with a bestial face. The great tragedy of the average man's life is that nature refuses to conform to the cylindrical ideal, and when the marks of his knees and elbow begin to appear in his cylinders he is filled with shame."

Dressed as a Dandy.

A contemporary of Israel in his memoirs records the impression of that famous dandy's personal appearance: Usually he wore a slate colored velvet coat, lined with satin; purple trousers, with a gold braid down the outside seam; a scarlet waistcoat, long lace fingers; white gloves, with brilliant buttons outside them, and long black ruffled ripples down over his shoulders. When he rose in the house he wore a bottle green frock coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and a copious supply of gold chains.

Caution Necessary.

The young man moved a little closer. She moved a little farther away. "Why are you so cold and distant this evening, Miss Plinke?" he asked.

"I am not at all cold, Mr. Spoonamore," she answered. "But I am compelled to be distant. My vaccination is taking."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Strong Point.

"Mrs. Wibbleson is a woman of strong points, isn't she?"

"Well, rather. At the reception the other evening she gave me a dig with an elbow that left no doubt in my mind concerning her strength of at least one of her points."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Times Changed.

"But before we were married," she complained, "you used to give me beautiful presents."

"Yes, but a dollar looked like a dime then, and now—er—a dime looks like a miracle."—Baltimore News.

No Free Advice.

Patient—Doctor, what do you do when you have a cold in the head? Doctor—Well, madam, I sneeze most of the time.

For All the Lives.

"Say," began the determined looking man, "I want a good revolver."

"Yes, sir," said the salesman, "a six shooter?"

"Why—er—you'd better make it a nine shooter. I want to use it on a cat next door."—Philadelphia Press.

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A BAMBPO LAND.

Wide Usefulness of This Wonderful Plant in China.

A recent traveler in China impressed with the wide usefulness of bamboo thus states some of the possibilities. "A man can sit in a bamboo house, under a bamboo roof, on a bamboo chair, at a bamboo table, with his feet resting on a bamboo footstool, with a bamboo hat on his head and bamboo sandals on his feet. He can sit at the same time hold in one hand a bamboo bowl, in the other bamboo chopsticks and eat bamboo sprouts."

When through with his meal, which has been cooked over a bamboo fire, the table may be washed with a bamboo cloth, and he can fan himself with a bamboo fan and take a stroll on a bamboo bed, lying on a bamboo mat, with his head resting on a bamboo pillow. His child might be lying in a bamboo cradle, playing with a bamboo toy.

On rising, he could smoke a bamboo pipe and, taking a bamboo pen, write a letter on bamboo paper or carry his articles in bamboo baskets suspended from a bamboo pole, with a bamboo umbrella over his head. He might then take a walk over a bamboo suspension bridge, drink water out of a bamboo ladle and scrape himself with a bamboo sweet scraper (handkerchief). The bamboo ingenuity and persistency have produced (bamboo) joint results which exhibit the potentialities and possibilities of the Chinese people.

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS.

The Tragedy From Which the Party and Its Creed Sprang.

Who was the first nihilist? How and where did nihilism first start? These questions are answered in the following narrative:

Exactly forty-three years ago, when Muraviev, the lieutenant of the present czar's father, was carrying out his cruel and barbaric crusade against Poles, a young student of that country attending the University of Dorpat returned home one day with half a dozen companions, whom he promised to entertain in his father's house. They entered, and a ghastly spectacle met their view. The whole family had been massacred, while the mother and sister of the young Pole had been brutally treated by Muraviev's cowardly soldiers, drunk with vodka.

The students, who were Russians, stood dumb with horror, while the betrayed boy sat down by a little table, while his right arm hung limply by his side. His companions expected a wild outburst of rage against themselves and their country, but the boy did not speak. He just sat there, pale and deathlike, while tears poured from his glassy eyes.

One of his friends went over to him and, touching him on the shoulder, said: "Stanislaus! Stanislaus! Come to your senses again, and we will avenge this wrong!"

But the boy did not answer. In a few minutes the tears ceased to flow, the eyes turned upward, there was a heavy sigh, and Stanislaus fell dead from the terrible shock had killed him.

Kneeling round the body of their dead companion, the Russian students bound themselves by a solemn oath to work out the ruin of the tyranny which had thus disgraced their fatherland. They secretly met afterward, and their creed was thought out and settled. It was the result of careful thought and was not wildly absurd or hysterical. It was as follows: "Liberty in religious belief, freedom of the press and of the country, but a government on the representative system and the redistribution of property." To secure these things they determined to resort to any measures—even assassination. And that has been the creed of the nihilists ever since.—Pearson's Weekly.

Greek Sailors.

Sailors of the Grecian archipelago often equip trading schooners on a plan of profit sharing after the custom of New England whalers, and if their venture proves anything like a success they cannot easily be induced to take a berth in the merchant marine of the western nations. They detest subordination, but a chief cause of their preference for home enterprise is the difference of the night watch system. For a week or two a Greek sailor will watch all day and sleep all night—emergencies, of course, excepted—then take his turn at night working and day sleeping. English, French and German captains would dismiss him from his hammock for four hours and then turn him out in the midst of his sweetest sleep. In wages there may be no great difference, but his experience has convinced him that in the long run the long term plan can be best resorted to with perfect health.

Curious Paradox About Hands.

It is a curious paradox that, as a rule, the large handed man loves small objects, details, exquisitely finished objects, while he whose hands are small delights in colossal of every sort, loving ostentation and display, immense houses, majestic estates and all else that is upon a great scale. His handwriting is large and perhaps full of flourishes, while that of the large handed man is small and precise.

Simply a Lottery.

Dr. Phaker—Take this prescription. It will either kill or cure you. Patient—But suppose it kills me? Dr. Phaker—Nothing ventured, nothing gained. My motto is, "No cure, no pay," so I'm taking a chance as well as you.—Philadelphia Press.

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New York	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15	2:30	2:45	3:00	3:15	3:30	3:45	4:00	4:15	4:30	4:45	5:00	5:15	5:30	5:45	6:00	6:15	6:30	6:45	7:00	7:15	7:30	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:30	8:45	9:00	9:15	9:30	9:45	10:00	10:15	10:30	10:45	11:00	11:15	11:30	11:45	12:00	12:15	12:30	12:45	1:00	1:15	1:30	1:45	2:00	2:15</
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