

**MEETING MRS. FLEMING.**

Gerber is a bachelor. When his bosom friend Fleming suddenly married a girl unknown to Gerber, married without the slightest preliminary warning, Gerber felt hurt. He was in Shanghai when the news reached him. Smothering his feelings, he called his congratulations. Then he wrote, promising to drop in on the Flemings the very first moment he landed in Chicago.

Mrs. Fleming was anxious to know Gerber. She had heard all about the old school days, the tricks, the summer evening larks, the swimming hole and the pasture lot athletics. She felt as though she knew Gerber and would instantly recognize him, even though Will had no picture of his chum to show her.

Time went on regardless of matrimony and friendship. The business in Shanghai proved long drawn out. When a year and a half had passed Fleming had ceased talking about his boyhood days and Gerber's arrival was a mislaid hope. Fleming put in all his spare time amusing William Fleming, Jr.

On the memorable night that Mrs. Fleming was called away to her mother's, at the other end of the city, Fleming was alone with his son and heir, his pipe and papers and memories.

The son and heir went to sleep. Fleming's pipe was drawing well and the memories slowly crept out of the years. It was just then that Gerber walked in.

The two old friends skimmed briefly over the main events of their history and Gerber was about to begin on his oriental experience when Fleming interrupted him.

"Just hold on a minute. I'll telephone Mildred that you are here. She's perfectly crazy to know you."

Fleming started for the nearest drug store to telephone. He no sooner had closed the door behind him than a fretful murmur from some corner of the flat caught Gerber's ear. Almost immediately the fretful murmur became a wail.

Gerber, panic-stricken, made one jump for his hat, put it on and started to escape. But a blood-curdling roar made him turn desperately toward the noise.

A baby! Fleming had a baby! What did one do for a dying infant and where was the fool father?

Gerber's knowledge of babies came slowly from the comic pictures in the newspapers. You picked them up and walked with them.

Gerber tried this with shaking hands. It worked like a charm. Round and round the flat went Gerber. On the twenty-second round, just as he swung with graceful stride toward the parlor, the door opened and a natty hatted, gowned and gloved young woman stood blinking dazedly at the interior of her home.

Gerber surmised that the young woman was Mrs. Fleming. He was sure of it when, with flashing eyes, she demanded: "What are you doing with my baby?"

Gerber stared helplessly. "I heard him crying and I thought I'd pick him up," he explained hesitatingly.

"Oh, you thought you'd pick him up!" cried Mrs. Fleming, her mind one gallery of newspaper headlines, pictures of kidnapers and "black hand" murderers. This dark, olive skinned, smooth faced tall man, with the soft slouch hat—

For one awful second Mrs. Fleming's heart stopped beating. Then with lightning swiftness she was at the library table and her hand touched her husband's brand new gun. She pointed it straight at the head of the man.

"Put that baby on the couch!" she ordered.

Gerber obeyed and then opened his mouth to explain.

"Don't move or make a sound. I'll fire if you do!" commanded the woman with the gun.

Gerber flushed and stood motionless.

Fleming found an interesting tableau on his return. A rigid Gerber, a deathly pale wife with a shining new gun rigidly poised and a sweetly stumbling infant.

"What the—Mildred! What in heaven's name are you doing with that gun? Put it down! This is Gerber. Gerber, you know. I went out to call you up to tell you to come home and meet him. Your mother said you had just left. I stopped in to get some cigars and—"

Gerber began to gurgle something. Mrs. Fleming gave a sudden lurch and with a "Well! The baby!" crumpled up on the library table.

Fleming gave one look at Gerber and then at the sleeping infant. Then he threw up his hands. "Gerber, I clean forgot the kid," he cried.

**Omissions of History.**  
Gutenberg had invented printing. "How else," he said, "could the average congressman ever get his speeches out of his system!"

For in the olden days the minutes of the meeting contained nothing but the actual proceedings.

**Injured to the Cold.**  
"I have begun preliminary practice."

"What do you mean?"  
"I go out every day and sit for a few minutes on the bleachers. I want to harden myself for those opening games."

**BRASSIERE IS A BLESSING**

Keeps the Figure Looking Trim Above the Waist, a Highly Desirable Effect.

One doesn't have to be uncomfortable in these enlightened days of the brassieres which support the bust, keeps the figure looking trim above the belt, while below that may be worn hip restrainers, meaning stays, which have only a few flexible whalebones which you'll scarcely know are present. If you don't care to buy ready-made a brassiere that is all lace insertion and satin ribbons, you may make one for yourself by using as a pattern the upper half of a tight-fitting underwaist or corset cover, the old-fashioned garment which is the ugliest thing imaginable, but which still is lurking in the wardrobe of nearly every middle-aged woman. Make the brassiere of fine lawn, French dimity or batiste, fasten it over the shoulders with bands of hand-embroidered lingerie material and edge it all round with lace, but don't run ribbons through heading because that sort of frivolity has gone out of date and whatever happens, you don't want to be behind the times. Use satin flowers instead. Put a fine row of tiny rosebuds across one shoulder or a little cluster of forget-me-nots over the band where the fronts close and your brassiere will look so fascinating that you'll enjoy putting it on, and incidentally, you'll wonder how you ever managed without it.

**BANISHING THE YELLOW SKIN**

Many Harmless Bleaches May Be Recommended to Produce the Perfect Complexion.

Very yellow necks and faces can be whitened only by the use of a decided bleach that will gradually fluff away the old skin and just as gradually disclose a fresh, new, white one. Such preparations cannot be made very well at home. It is a dangerous procedure when attempted by experienced hands, and is best done by a professional. The frequent applications of lemon juice at night after a bath in bran-water will do wonders with moderately yellow skins.

Sometimes poor soap causes the hands to be red. It really seems as if the hands tire of one kind of soap, and rebel against its use. Immediately after bathing the hands spread thickly with cosmetic jelly or lotion. When retiring for the night, after using the lotion, sprinkle thickly with talcum. Don't wear tight collars or tight corsets—they will always make the hands red, and the tight collars will almost ruin the skin of the neck. When bathing use only tepid water, never hot nor cold, which invariably stimulates the blood vessels.

**WHITE MOTOR COAT**



White and pale tan are immensely fashionable this season and this motor coat of soft white wool sponge (towel fabric) has a shawl collar, deep cuffs and pocket flaps of the same material in the new tan shade called burnt bread. The coat is short enough to reveal new "magpie" boots of black leather, with white kid buttoned tops.

**Applying Invisible Patch.**  
To apply an invisible patch to woolen material, place the patch under the hole, then, with strands of wool thread raveled out from the new material or the piece you are patching with, darn the edges of the hole down to the patch, taking care to follow the weave of the material as you work. Dampen and press under a cloth on the wrong side.

Lace may be successfully patched by sewing a piece of net having the same mesh as the lace underneath the place you want to patch, and with a fine needle and thread that corresponds to the thread in the pattern of the lace work over the net the same design found in the lace. This plan is very successful in mending lace yokes and collars that have worn in small holes about the joining point, yet are too good to discard altogether.

**Chestnut Trees Killed by Blight in Centre County.**

The Chestnut Tree Blight Commission's county representative Mr. Jacob M. Hoffman, with his scouts, have been inspecting the chestnut trees in various parts of the county, and have found several infections recently in the vicinity of Unionville. Previously infections have been found near Howard, Snow Shoe and Philipsburg. The Clearfield county men working near the Moshannon creek, near the boundary between Centre and Clearfield counties, south of Houtzdale, have also found several infections, and in Elk county infections have recently been found in the southern portion of the county. In Huntingdon county, near the Centre county line, there are very extensive and serious infections, of several hundred trees. It is likely that other isolated infections will be found from time to time by Mr. Hoffman and his scouts in various parts of Centre county.

To all owners of chestnut trees, as well as to all public spirited persons interested in the conservation of our forests and water supply, the importance of locating and destroying every infected tree is readily apparent, and cannot be too strongly emphasized. Anyone who will take the time to look over some of the chestnut trees in eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey or eastern New York, will fully appreciate the damage done where the blight has become prevalent, as in many sections all of the chestnut trees are either dead or dying, including fine big trees two or three feet in diameter, as well as the smaller trees. Even in Huntingdon county the damage done already is considerable. It is estimated that the total damage done in the eastern part of the United States by the chestnut tree blight since 1905 is in excess of \$25,000,000.

Due to countless spores or germs on every tree infected with the blight, the disease spreads very rapidly, being carried from one tree to the other, often many miles, by the wind, by birds, squirrels and insects, and it has been working steadily westward. Notwithstanding this, the means taken by the commission are proving very effective, so that through the co-operation of lumbermen and land owners, and all public spirited persons, the blight can yet be held in check and eventually eradicated.

In addition to the scouting done by the employees of the commission, the purpose is to interest the public with the characteristics of the disease, and it is earnestly desired that anyone who by careful examination of his own chestnut trees, or in any way, should find trees infected with the blight, that they will immediately notify the county representative or Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman and his men are at present working in the vicinity of Julian, and will continue scouting until eventually all of the county has been inspected.

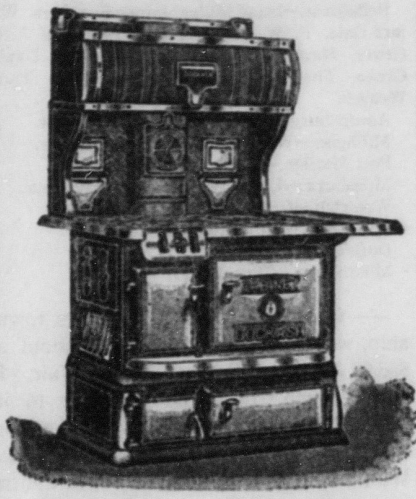
Chestnut trees are scattered all over Centre county, and in many places the trees have become large and valuable for the nuts, for lumber, ties, poles, mine props and ties, posts, tannic acid wood, etc. The necessity of keeping the blight from spreading in this district and westward is readily seen from the above facts and it is hoped the public will co-operate in every possible way in this worthy purpose.

Anyone desiring to examine disinfected specimens of the blight, or to receive literature regarding the same, can do so by

communicating with county representative Jacob M. Hoffman, at Bellefonte, or at present at Julian, or with Thos. N. Kurtz, district supervisor, at Clearfield. The western headquarters of the commission are in the First National bank building at Tyrone, in charge of Mr. Thomas E. Francis, field superintendent for the western part of Pennsylvania.

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—South Williamsport council, hearing reports as to the condition of the Hagerman dam, have taken steps to prevent a repetition of the Austin disaster.

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