### THE MORALS OF PETER.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3.)

"Did he, now?" "Yes. So I got on top of the fence, and he backed round so I could get a

"Most obliging. Did he tell you that he was going to run?" smiled

'No, that was Snort's fault. He didn't understand about it, so he chased us, an' barked, an' Mazeppa didn't like that."

"I see. Were you frightened?"
"Y-es, but I liked it."

Archer drew him into the curve of "I don't want you to do that again,

boy. James will teach you to ride, and we will get you a saddle. You must not get on the horses, bareback, like that. It is too dangerous. Promise me you won't do that again."

"I'll try not to," said Peter.
A week later, John Archer rode forth, accompanied by his wife and his diminutive son astride a "regular horse." He took to riding naturally. He seemed to know by instinct how to handle horses. He talked to them, and they understood him, and loved him. James was so pleased with his progress as a horseman, that he began to teach him how to drive, also. Peter learned to handle the reins and carry his whip like a professional horseshow performer.

For one year, life was a happy hunting ground for Peter, and then Trouble lifted its head. One day a grocery boy left his horse and wagon standing in front of the Archer place while he went in to deliver his goods. Peter appropriated the wagon and drove away. Two hours later the village policeman found him jogging along a country road, in perfect un-concern of the excitement he was

That night for the first time, John Archer was stern.

'Why did you do it, Peter?" "The horse whispered to me that

he'd like to go for a walk in the country, so I took him."
"No more of this nonsense about the

horse whispering to you. "But horses do talk to me, Father." "This must not happen again, Peter. I'm sure you didn't think about it this way, but taking the boy's horse and

wagon was stealing.' "I was goin' to bring it back." "I am going to whip you, Peter, as a reminder that you must never do anything like that again."

"All right, Father," said the sinner, and nearly robbed Archer of his deter-

He forced himself to whip him. Peter howled, and John was sick at heart, and hated himself.

A few days later Peter acquired a new dog. When asked about it, he said that the dog followed him home. Subsequent investigation discovered that Peter had opened the dog house on a neighboring place to play with the dog, and had omitted to shut him

The taint in Peter's blood began to work. Long, serious talks with his weeping mother, stern, illuminating conversations with his father, punishment, corporal or otherwise, nothing could plant in the mind of Peter the understanding of mine and thine. He told the truth about his escapades, after they were over, and took his medicine stoically, but horses and dogs he continued to believe were public property.
"I don't know what to make of it,"

groaned Archer to his wife; "he must come of a long line of horse thieves." "Oh, but John, in every other way he is so lovable, so obedient—" "Yes, but this is like the rotten

speck that spoils the whole fruit. This is such a basic thing."

"I just can't bear it to have him this way-"There must be some way to get at

"There must be some way to get at him that we have not thought of. He seems to understand when I talk to him, and then he breaks out worse than ever."

"Do you believe that it would do any good for me to take him to Judge Horton, and have him threaten to send him threaten to send have him threaten to send him threaten threat

Horton, and have him threaten to send him away?"

Archer considered that. "Well, let's try it. Let's try every-

thing before we give him up."
"Oh, John, that would kill me!"
"Me, too," he muttered.

It was just a year and six months from Peter's first appearance in the Juvenile Court that he made his second entrance there. Judge Horton greeted them cordially, and after a few minutes of private conference with Mrs Archer he heard publicly the sad list of Peter's misdemeanors. "Peter, do you remember me?" he inquired.

Peter's serious gaze appraised him. "Yes. Your name is Mister Yerhonor.' The judge and Mrs. Archer repress-

ed a smile. "Do you remember how the policeman brought you in here, and how I gave you to Mrs. Archer, so you would have a nice home?"

Peter nodded, large-eyed.

"You like your home"

"You love your mother?"
"Yes, an' my father, an' Snort, an'
James an' Mary an' Mazeppa—" "Well, why do you make your father and mother so unhappy then?"

"I don't know." "Peter, I want you to tell me the whole truth now. What makes you take horses that do not belong to you, and dogs? Haven't you any dogs and horse; of your own?"
"Yes, I have Snort, he's my dog.
An' Father John has horses, an' Moth-

er has one, an' I have one."

"Then why do you do it?"
"They talk to me."
"Who talks to you?"

"Horses an' dogs."

"What do they say to you?"
"They say, 'Come an 'play,' Peter,
come on an 'run away.'" He said it as seriously as any de-

plorable fact could be stated.
"And so you forget all about your honor." father and mother, who love you and

do so much for you, and you deliberately go off with other people's horses and dogs. What is your dog's name,

"Snort." "Suppose Snort jumped up and bit you in the face, after il your kind-mess to him. Wouldn't you feel pret-

"Yes, but-"

mother feel." "But I don't bite her," he said "You do worse than that, you hurt

ner heart," said the judge. Peter's lip quivered at that.
"Muddy," he said, pityingly, taking her hand, "do I?"

She nodded, wet-eyed. "Peter, sometimes I have to punish boys who take things that don't be-long to them. That is the only way I can help them."

"Father has to whip me," he admit-

ted. "But it doesn't nurt mach."
"Why do you cry so loud, then," asked Mrs. Archer. "Because John expects me to," was

the surprising reply.
"Why, Peter!" exclaimed his moth-The judge spoke to hide a smile. "I don't whip, Peter, but I do something to hurt your heart."

Peter took that in slowly. "My heart is inside of me," he said.
"But when it aches, Peter, you will think it is all of you, outside and inside. What do you love the most in

He answered that without hesita-"Snort-an' Mother an' Daddy an'

Mazeppa-' "That is all I want to know. Goodby, Peter. I shall be sorry for you, all the time I am hurting your heart."

Peter's behavior was exemplary for wo days after his visit to Judge Horton. He walked in the ways of righteousness with a dutiful spirit. He was extremely attentive and devoted to his mother. He asked her repeat-

"Now do I hurt your heart?"
"No, Peter, when you are good like this my heart is so happy it sings." Peter applied his head to her chest. "I don't hear it singing."

"We all hear different things, dear. Now, you can't hear my heart sing, and I can't hear dogs and horses talk-

ing, as you do."

"If I never listen to any dogs or horses talk any more, could I hear your heart sing then?" "I don't know, you blessed Peterkins. You might try it."

"Mr. Yerhonor said I would feel my heart all over," he remarked, pinching his legs investigatingly, "but I don't." It was the next day that Peter and

Snort played ball in the virtuous seclusion of their own yard, trying to kep out of temptation's way. All at once a strange man wardered in at the gate, and stood to watch the game. 'Nice dog you got there," remarked the stranger.

"Yes, he's the best dog in this town," boasted Peter. "He can lick all the dogs round here, twict his size, an' he can do tricks, can't you Snort?" "What's his name?"

Peter dropped the ball in sheer "Why, I wouldn't sell Snort if you

gimme the whole world.' The man picked up the ball, and held it high. Snort ran and jumped on him, trying to catch it, whereupon the man grabbed him, called to Peter, "I want this dog," and ran away as fast as he could. Peter ran after him, shouting and calling, but the man got into an electric car and disappeared. Peter panted after it until his breath was all gone and his heart was strangling him. He tripped and fell. He did not get up for several moments.

He turned back home with great

dry sobs shaking him from head to

"He ran with him." "Oh, he was only teasing you. He'll

come back." "No. He took him in a 'lectric car." He threw himself down on the floor and the tears came. He could not stop, nor could she comfort him. Finally, in real alarm at the condition of hysteria he worked himself into, she telephoned his father and asked him to come home at once. She held the child in her arms until he came.

John Archer said gravely "It's dreadful; but I suppose Snort whispered to that man, and he just had to take him off, the way you do,

They went over the story again, and

Peter's swollen eyes searched his

face for help.
"But Snort is my dog," he said. "Yes, that is what people say when you take their dogs and their horses."
"But I love Snort—"

The seed was planted, and it grew in the rich and fertile soil of Peter's active mind. He slept fitfully that night, in his mother's arms, waking to

cry for his dog, talking feverishly about the man who took him.

All that day he watched, and all the next. His alert little figure standing at the gate, hour after hour, watching, hoping, nearly broke his mother's heart But John Archer, who actually ignored his business and stayed at home to help out with this crisis, cautioned her over and over, "It's tough, honey, but he's got to fight this out alone"

"But it's making him sick, John. He doesn't eat, and he talks in his

"My dear, parents have to think of souls as well as bodies. The boy is thinking this thing through."

The third day came, and no news of

the dog. In the late afternoon, as the Archers sat in anxious council, Peter came to them. "Muddy, I want to go see Mr. Yer-

"Why, dear?"

"I want him to make that man's heart hurt all over him.'

"What man, dear?" "The man that took Snort." Mrs. Archer lifted a relieved face to her husband, who nodded.

"All right, Peterkin, we'll Judge Horton tomorrow.' It was a pale, sad Peter who walked into the court room next morning. Mrs. Archer whispered a long time to

made the child go to him and lay a hand upon his knee. "A man took Snort," he said simply, as one who lays bare the heart of

tragedy The judge's hand covered the boy's. man power, cannot be called upon in "I'm sorry, Peter. What can I do?" their present condition to bear arms. "Wen't you make his heart hurt so

"Probably Snort whis, ered to him o run away Out of his three days' agony, Peter

e'll bring him back?"

"Maybe he did; but I don't see how he could." "Do you think it was fair for the

man to take your dog?"
"No!"—passionately.
"Was it fair for you to take other people's horses and dogs?" "No,"—sadly.

"You understand that now, do you, Peter?" "You're never going to forget it?"

With a half smothered sob the tow head went down on Judge Horton's hand.

"All right, Jim, let him in," said the udge to an attendant who stood by. He hurried out, came back in a minute, slipped off a leash, and muttered, "Find Peter!"

There was a bark, a cry, a streak of bounding yellow dog, a frantic, ecstatic shout of "Snort! Oh, Snort!" followed by an indistinguishable mass of boy and dog on the count-room floor, where Snort lapped up his master's tears, in the overflow of his affection. Judge Horton and Mrs. Archer and everybody in the room looked on with

"Peter," said the judge finally, "come here a moment. I want to pat Snort and I want to speak to you." Peter struggled to his feet, carrying the long-legged dog clasped close. His

face was one wet, teary smile. "Peter, what will you do the next time a dog or a horse whispers to you, 'Come on and play, Peter, let's run away?'"

Peter considered that a full monent, then he looked up at his mother's tear-stained, anxious face. "I won't listen, Mr. Yerhonor, because if I don't listen, maybe I can

hear my mother's heart singing."

"This case is dismissed," said Judge Horton, with his understanding smile.

—By Marjorie Benton Cooke, in "The American Magazine."

## Lawyer's Unique Error.

The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy. I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for \$500." She looked at him haughtily. "I have "Snort."

"That's a funny name for a dog."

"No, it isn't," replied Peter stoutly.
"What'll you take for him? I'd like to buy him."

Peter drawed at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things. done right, so he hastily revised his figures.—The Argonaut.

will also be made with palmetto roots | by changing its name. in the making of pulp and paper. The supply of palmetto is inexhaustable.

#### To Send Unfit to Training Camps.

The large proportion of physical rejections in the draft examinations has led the Boston Chamber of Commerce, says the Boston Journal, to consideration of a movement for Government action to reclaim for military service

Estimates that one-third of the men the judge, and there was something in the judge, and there was something in the smile he turned on the boy that to meet the physical requirements are being borne out with each new day of the examinations. This means that 3,000,000 or more of the almost 10,-000,000 men between 21 and 31, which the Government reckons as its chief

The situation is regarded by the Chamber of Commerce publication as a severe indictment of the mode of life indulged in by the young men approaching and following the age of 21. Of the young men being rejected the larger portion, draft physicians find,

are between 21 and 25. The movement for reclamation of the unfit had its inception in reports of the large numbers of men being turned down at army and navy recruiting offices since the nation began to marshal its fighting strength on its entrance into the war. Now the Boston Chamber of Commerce, inspired to organized effort by the disappointing results of the draft tests, has just appointed a special committee to foster

the movement. It has been estimated that 90 per cent. of these men who fail to come up to the requirements can be put into proper physical condition for military service within three to six months. The means suggested is to put the rejected men into special training camps, where they will be given medical treatment as well as military drill. This is the plan of Dr.

John H. Quayle, of Cleveland. Bad teeth, broken arches and other disqualifying conditions due principaly to carelessness constitute a large share of the reasons for rejections. Exemption board physicians feel that some of these defects can be easily remedied, but the regulations say that

the men shall be turned down. The rejections are not to be final in all cases. Free dental treatment is furnished for men rejected for the regular arms of the service, and it is felt that the drafted men rejected should be compelled to undergo treatment for defects that can be rectified. Such a provision would place in the ranks the men who rightfully belong there under the fair edict of the draft lottery, rather than bring forward other men to fill their places.

Another large class of rejections is due to physical waste. Examiners are finding large numbers of young men whose systems are broken down through dissipation. This condition is not so pronounced among the men past 25, physicians say. These are mostly the men who have married and settled down. Few are available for service because they have dependents, but the improvement in physical condition shown in older men is held to be a strong argument for the plan to organize reclamation camps.

## Change Name to Pershing.

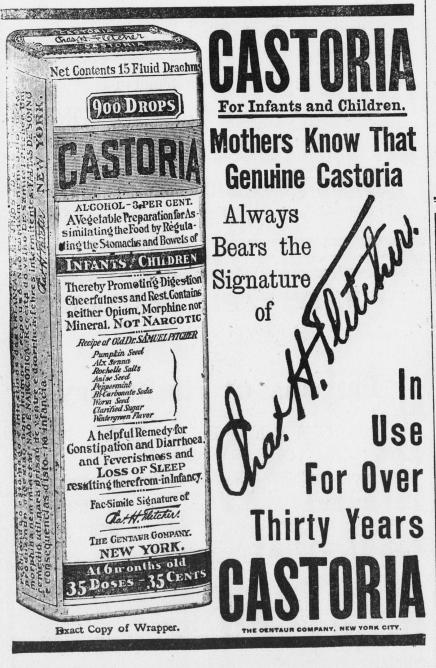
Richmond, Ind .- Permission to change the name of East Germantown, Ind., to Pershing, has just been received by Frank Gipe, the postmas-

ter, from the Postoffice Department. Residents of the village, ten miles east of here, requested the change on the ground that odium was attached to the name, implying its citizens —Due to the scarcity of broomcorn, State Senator J. R. Domengeaux
of Louisiana, has experimented sucthe name, implying its citizens
were Germans. The place was settled
more than 100 years ago by Pennsylvania Dutch. It's citizens believe it is cessfully with palmetto leaves as a the first town to honor the commandsatisfactory substitute. Experiments er of the American forces in France

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