

CAUSED A CHANGE IN MIND

Circumstance That Made Mill Owner Somewhat Relax His Ideas About Strict Discipline.

"I personally began with the idea that people might be hired and good work gained from them," Julian S. Carr, Jr., in System, writes. Mr. Carr, who is president of the Durham Hosiery mills, goes on: "I thought in my youth that rules made order and that a certain military discipline was essential; that it was foolish to humor people and all that, nor was I going to recognize certain local traditions about days on which no work should be done. For instance, I made up my mind that quitting work to go to the circus was not in accord with the best industrial practices.

"The first circus came to town about three months after we took charge of the mill, and I was keen for the test. We posted positive orders that the regular hours of work were to be observed on that day, and that any person who went off to the circus would be discharged. The full force reported as usual on the morning of circus day, and I went home to dinner confident that at last we had brought order. It gave me a bit of a pang, for I should have liked to go myself!

"But duty is a stern master, and reflecting on that fact I hurried back to the mill. Noticing a crowd in a side street, I stopped to look. It was our whole mill force vying its merry way to the magic tent! I went along myself, and resolved that, although abstract rules were well enough, a bit of common sense and knowledge of human nature might profitably be blended with them. How much of our labor trouble generally is due to enforcing countless rules with military exactness?"

Pathetic Story Told as an Example of the Peril That Lies in Inefficiency.

A. R. Hawley, president of the Aero club, told in New York the other day an inefficiency story.

"Beware the inefficient man," he said, "for if you have dealings with him it is you, not he, that will suffer from his inefficiency.

"A foreigner in outlandish garb claiming to be an Armenian came here to solicit funds last year for his compatriots. It happened that another Armenian was arrested at the time, and the first chap was asked to go to court and act as his interpreter.

"Well, he reluctantly consented to act, though the truth was that he knew no Armenian whatever. Anyhow he stalked into the courtroom, listened in grave silence to the prisoner's passionate protestations of innocence, and then turned to the judge and said with a low bow:

"Your honor, my compatriot has confessed all. He begs you, however, to be lenient for suffering Armenia's sake.

"The judge thanked the interpreter warmly for his services, and then sentenced the innocent prisoner to five years' hard labor."

London Now Less Noisy.

Middle-aged Londoners who went to end fro in the capital in the sixties and seventies merely smile when we ask if London could possibly be noisier than it is at the present day.

For they say it was a far noisier place then, when nearly all the main streets were granite paved and all the wheels of the vehicles iron bound. There was a continuous roar then to which the present day sound is a mere whisper.

One such Londoner says he often heard in the old days the roar of London's traffic from as far away a spot as the Crystal Palace parade. The sound was like that of continual very distant thunder. He has many times in recent years listened for the sound from the same spot, but has never heard it.—London Chronicle.

Conan Doyle's "Familiar."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "familiar" proved of very practical assistance to him the other day.

The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" walked into his study, and after some indecision drifted over to the wastepaper basket, plunged his arm into the litter, and—extracted a valuable war office document relating to the history of the war! It had blown from the table into the basket.

"I've never done such a thing before," said Sir Arthur, in narrating the circumstances, and the unusual course of action which he followed with such good results he attributes wholly to the promptings of his "familiar."—London Chronicle.

Star Tuberculosis Patient.

James, age seven, is a patient at Sunnyside and came into the city for tonsillotomy. While in one of the hospitals overnight James could not sleep because he missed his sleeping porch, so he called the nurse and pleaded his case (for air).

The weather was zero and the nurse explained as much to James and thinking she had satisfied his mind she left him, but no sooner had she gone than James became restless for his old haunts and called her. Again she refused to open the window and James, who is a "star care taker," proved his mettle; he threw his shoe through the window pane.—Indianapolis News.

TAI SHAN A SACRED PLACE

Chinese Mountain Said to Be the Oldest Permanent Place of Worship on Earth.

There are five sacred mountains in China, and the most sacred of all is Tai Shan, the Great mountain, said to be the oldest permanent place of worship in the world. In 2000 B. C. Tai Shan's crest had been a regular scene of sacrifices and prayers for nobody knew how long. Emperors and lesser officials, even Confucius the Wise, journeyed up the long, narrow trail of Tai Shan to come near to the God of Heaven and Earth and made their prayers before Him.

Since those days of simple worship, many temples and shrines have been built on Tai Shan's slopes. Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism, all are represented, and there are temples, too, to the Lady of the Mountain, who is called by some a fairy, by others a goddess, and by others the spirit or soul of the mountain. Whatever her character, the lady is well represented on her mountain top and her shrines are popular.

The journey up the mountainside is accomplished by the traveler partly in a swinging chair supported by Chinese bearers and partly on foot. The "Way" consists of a granite walk, interrupted every little while by flights of steps which stretch on and on and become steeper and closer together until the pilgrim has mounted 6,000 steps and the peak of Tai Shan is reached.

Here there are more temples and thick incense and grave old priests who announce a pilgrim's presence to the gods by ringing deep-toned bells. A little way off is pointed out a rock overhanging a sheer precipice. From this rock, called "The Rock of the Love of Life," persons who had sick relatives used to fling themselves, hoping that the sacrifice of one life would appease the gods so that the other would be spared. Now the dangerous cliff is barred, and pilgrims are forced to appeal to the gods in the conventional Chinese methods.

WILL BE WONDERFUL ROAD

Highway of Solid Granite in the Rocky Mountains a Rival of the Applan Way.

Taking example from the famous Applan way, which has the name of being the first great road undertaken by the Romans as a public work, the state of Colorado, with the help of an appropriation by the United States government, is building a highway of solid granite in the Rocky mountains. No other highway in the world, it is predicted, will provide travelers with so magnificent a scenic setting, close to a sheer fall of 3,000 feet on the other side of the great concrete posts and cables that will safeguard vehicular traffic. One gets an idea of the road from the practical statement that it is costing \$25,000 a mile to build. Like the Applan way, on which long stretches of pavement first traveled over 300-odd years before the Christian era, still remain practically perfect, the chairman of the Colorado highway commission believes that Colorado is creating a work which will defy the centuries and stand, on completion, as the most wonderful road in the modern world.

Quite Comfortable, Thank You.

A comfortable widow is Mrs. Amanda Jackson, colored. She is drawing three \$57.50 pensions, or \$172.50 a month, for the loss of three husbands during the war, and will draw that amount for 20 years. Mrs. Jones' husband died of spinal meningitis soon after entering the service and taking out a \$10,000 insurance policy. The widow married one Smith. He took a maximum life insurance policy in her favor and was killed in action. Then Mrs. Jones-Smith married Private Jackson, a returned soldier, who also named her in a \$10,000 policy. Influenza made her a widow a third time in less than two years. The war risk bureau declines to make known her address, doubtless fearing that she would be inundated with offers of marriage.

Brother to the Mosquito.

The prolonged drought has produced a prolific host of insects, and certain species of gnats are developing a disconcerting interest in ankles, says London Daily Mail. Some women are wearing linen bandages as a protection.

An official at the Natural History museum, South Kensington, states that the chief offender is a tiny insect bearing the long name of Ochlerotatus dorsalis, which breeds in estuaries and explores inland. It is to be found all around London, especially on the Surrey downs.

Another bloodthirsty gnat is the Pullcaris, which is labeled at the museum as "particularly troublesome in the evening. Its bite is severe, and with many people causes bad sores."

Spanish Birth Rate.

Now it is in Spain that they are beginning to worry about the rising death rate and the falling birth rate. Dr. Gomez Ocana presents in El Siglo Medico (Barcelona) statistics for several years, showing that in 1912 the death rate was 21.6 per 1,000 population, and that by 1917, before the advent of the pandemic of influenza, it had risen to 26.16. And the birth rate fell from 31.60 per thousand in 1912 to 29.2 in 1917.

Official figures for 1918 are not yet available, but in the city of Madrid the death rate rose in that year to 30.37, while the birth rate fell to 26.70. The figures for 1918, however, are abnormal because of the pandemic.

Prelude to Adventure.

"I have placed my will in my safety deposit box," grimly said J. Fuller Gloom. "My pockets are filled with condensed and desiccated foods. I shall attach the end of this stout cord to a convenient projection, light a candle and enter, crawling carefully among the stalactites and stalagmites, paying out the cord as I go, and—"

"Great heavens, Mr. Gloom!" ejaculated an acquaintance. "Are you contemplating exploring some vast and dismal cavern?"

"Yes. I am going into our Kansas City post office for the purpose of having weighed, purchasing stamps for, and mailing this parcel-post package."—Kansas City Star.

Liquid Accident.

Secretary Elmer Thompson of the Automobile Club of America said in New York the other day:

"The automobile gets the blame for everything. A man lay in the middle of the road one evening, surrounded by a large crowd. An old lady pushed her way into the crowd and said:

"Poor fellow! Poor young fellow! I suppose an automobile run into him."

"No, ma'am," said a policeman. "It wasn't an automobile that ran into him this time."

"What was it, then?" said the old lady.

"It was a keg, or maybe a keg and a half of beer," said the policeman.

YOUTH HAS MUSICAL GENIUS

Willy Ferrero, 13 Years Old, and American Born, Is Capable Leader of Orchestra.

Willy Ferrero, 13, who leads 100-piece orchestras in selections of Wagner, Beethoven, Rossini, Grieg and others, is an American and was born in Portland, Me. The child has attracted the attention of Europe since he was 4 years old, but it was only recently that his American birth was revealed by his parents, who are Italians.

The lad was taken to Italy whither his parents were returning to take up their residence in their old home in Turin. When Willy was 4 he began his musical career, leading an orchestra in the Folies Bergere in Paris. A year later he appeared in the Costanza theater, Rome, where for the first time he led an orchestra of 100 pieces.

The child took his orchestra before Emperor Nicholas in 1913 and conducted two concerts for the monarch. In the same year his orchestra was filling an engagement in London, and he was commanded to appear before Queen Alexandra at Marlborough house. He appeared before Pope Benedict XV in 1916. In April, 1915, just before Italy's declaration of war, Willy was presented with the gold medal by the Italian minister of education after he had made a successful appearance in the Augusteum, where he had conducted an orchestra and chorus aggregating 500 participants.

Chinatown Hides Joss.

The transforming of Chinatown that has been in progress for a decade has finally thrust its Americanizing influences into the Chinese temple in Mott street with the result that the joss and lesser idols have been relegated to a dusty closet. For years the joss was one of the attractions of Chinatown and every well-conducted party was led before the idol that occupied a prominent position in the council hall of the temple.—New York Times.

No Problem at All.

A small boy was sent to the local drug store for an empty bottle, and after waiting his turn the assistant spotted him and said: "Well, little man, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, I want an empty medicine bottle," the boy replied.

"I can't let you have one without something in it," said the assistant.

To which the little hopeful shyly answered: "I suppose it is merely red tape, so shove us a cork in."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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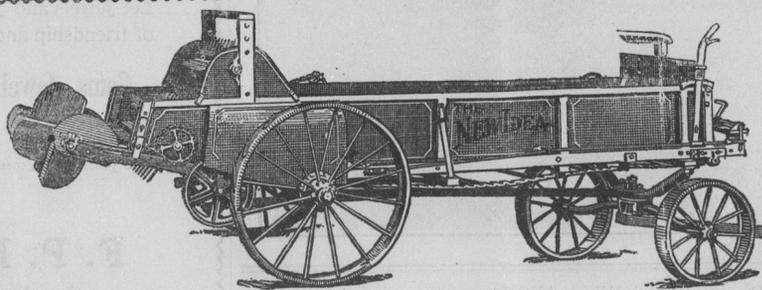
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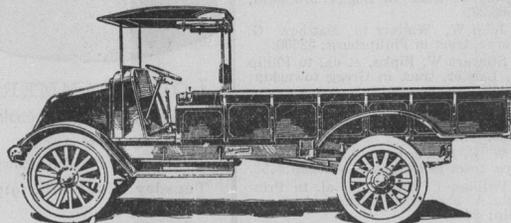
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