

A SERMON ON CORNS.

Contributed by the "Watchman" Correspondent at Pleasant Gap.

Owing to the unsettled weather conditions out our way a week or two ago I concluded to go to Bellefonte via the bus route to see what there was of interest. Getting out of the bus in front of the court house I walked over to the Bellefonte Trust company corner and my attention was attracted to a rather prepossessing lady walking along Allegheny street in the direction of Bishop street. Two gentlemen stood on the bank corner and I could not help but overhear their conversation, which ran about as follows:

"See that lady just in front of us," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes, I have been noticing her ever since she passed us. There is something about her step and bearing that is rarely seen these days. Do you know what it is?"

"Can't you see why she steps so gracefully?"

"No, I give it up; yet I suppose she is naturally graceful and has studied anatomy and gymnastics."

"Just take a peep at her shoes as she crosses the street."

"Oh, I see. Her heels are as broad as her shoes and not more than an inch high. It is no wonder she walks as though she was on air. And it shows her good sense, too. It has been many a day since I saw a more graceful stepper, and I'll wager that she is more admired by sensible men than any French-heeled cripple on the street. If more of our ladies would wear shoes built on the common sense plan it would be better for the race and less business for the corn doctors."

It was a fact that the lady in question attracted no little attention, and of a very flattering character. During her short walk from the bank corner to Bishop street no less than a dozen persons were attracted by her graceful carriage and comfortable appearance, and spoke of the fact. Those who detected the reason commended her good sense.

But she was one among many, as not one would-be fashionable young lady in a hundred has the courage to go on the street with a pair of broad-heeled, flexible-soled shoes. They prefer to go crippling along like a boy with a stone bruise, suffering agonies at every step. Some ladies maintain they suffer no discomfort or inconvenience in wearing fashionable shoes. This may be true, but it is likely they never have experienced the greater convenience and comfort offered by wearing common sense shoes.

If young ladies could only realize how much a comfortable shoe adds to good looks and amiability they would certainly give this important item of wearing apparel more attention. What is more disagreeable, annoying and irritating than an angry, corn, an ingrown nail, a bunion or general tenderness of the feet? How often do one of these spoil a good sermon, destroy all the pleasures of an opera and make one as cross as a bear with a sore head? What a relief it is, after walking the streets in a pair of ill-fitting shoes, probably cursing your corns under your breath, meantime, to reach home and rest your aching feet in a pair of old, roomy, comfortable slippers, even if they are looking somewhat the worse for wear.

Did you ever see an individual who could appear really and truly amiable while suffering with neuralgia or toothache? Of course not. No one expects to, because it is contrary to nature. The face is the mirror in which the feelings are reflected, whether pleasure or disappointment, comfort or agony, joy or sorrow. Suffering, whether mental or physical, is always portrayed in the face, even though the sufferer is unconscious of it. Care may be taken to hide it with powder and paint, or chase it away with a forced smile, but nothing can eradicate it wholly. No individual can be pleasant and agreeable when suffering pain.

Are corns and bunions painful? If so, the discomfort they cause must be reflected in the face, and in the disposition. You may strive to be bright and happy but you can't keep the cloud from settling on your brow. You can't keep your mind from wondering from the topic under discussion to your feet. One real lively corn will drive all the love and sweetness out of the best hearted individual, shroud a sweet face with a sour mask and turn an angel into a tumbler.

It has been said that a dyspeptic cannot be a christian because he is incapable of solemn reflection. If this is so of the dyspeptic what will become of the man with corns and bunions? A painful corn is always regarded as sufficient excuse for indulging in mild profanity. Even the ladies are permitted to "damn a corn, anyway," when it would be the height of ill-breeding to "damn" anything else. Preachers have been heard to say that the tenor of their sermons are sometimes so changed by the little monitors on their toes that instead of dwelling upon the heavenly life of the saved they preach hell fire to the unwashed.

When you come to think of it there is no end to the mischief that may be wrought by a little corn. It encourages profanity; it robs a fair face of its beauty; it sours sweet tempers; destroys domestic bliss; mars the beauty of the opera; makes church going undesirable; interferes with cupid's pranks; changes the tenor of sermons; supports street railway monopolies; sours the disposition of teachers, makes walking a painful exercise; fills the community with growlers; develops bachelors; increases the list of old maids; darkens the fire-side; lessens the interest in a poker game, renders life a burden, and all the cantankerous meannesses that a man can think of.

Why do people have corns? Because they wear ill-fitting shoes, not necessarily tight shoes. They are caused by the rubbing of the leather against the foot. This produces the

finest specimens. The shoe should be the exact shape of the foot. Owing to the great difference in the shape of feet it is impossible for everybody to wear the same style of shoe. The majority of shoe manufacturers make shoes to fit the last instead of the foot, and corns are the result. Corns have to be raised; they will not come voluntarily. And when they do come they must be cultivated or they will go away. They do not bow to any exterminator so long as the cause of their coming is not removed, and they grow just as healthy in winter as in autumn, but are just a little more partial to wet weather than they are to dry.

Once Was Enough.

"Robert," said the manager to the office boy, "how is it that you are always the last to arrive in the morning and the first to go away in the evening?"

"Well, sir," responded the cheeky youth, "you wouldn't want me to be late twice a day would you?"—Boston Transcript.

The Volunteer.

The volunteer is always appreciated and never more so than in the business world. The worker who dispatches his own work and then a little more, looks out for chances to be of service to which his attention has not been attracted, is always at a premium with employers. Your salary does not depend on your familiarizing yourself with the details of the business outside your own especial work, nor on your lending a hand wherever you see a chance to make yourself useful, but though your salary does not depend upon it, your promotion may. The worker who is continually volunteering for services not required is the one who goes ahead.

No Wonder.

The old man was applying at the eye hospital for some spectacles and the doctor was making a test of his eyes.

A card was fixed on the wall a little distance away from where the old man was sitting and the doctor asked him:

"Can you read that, my man?"

"No sir," said the old man. "I can't."

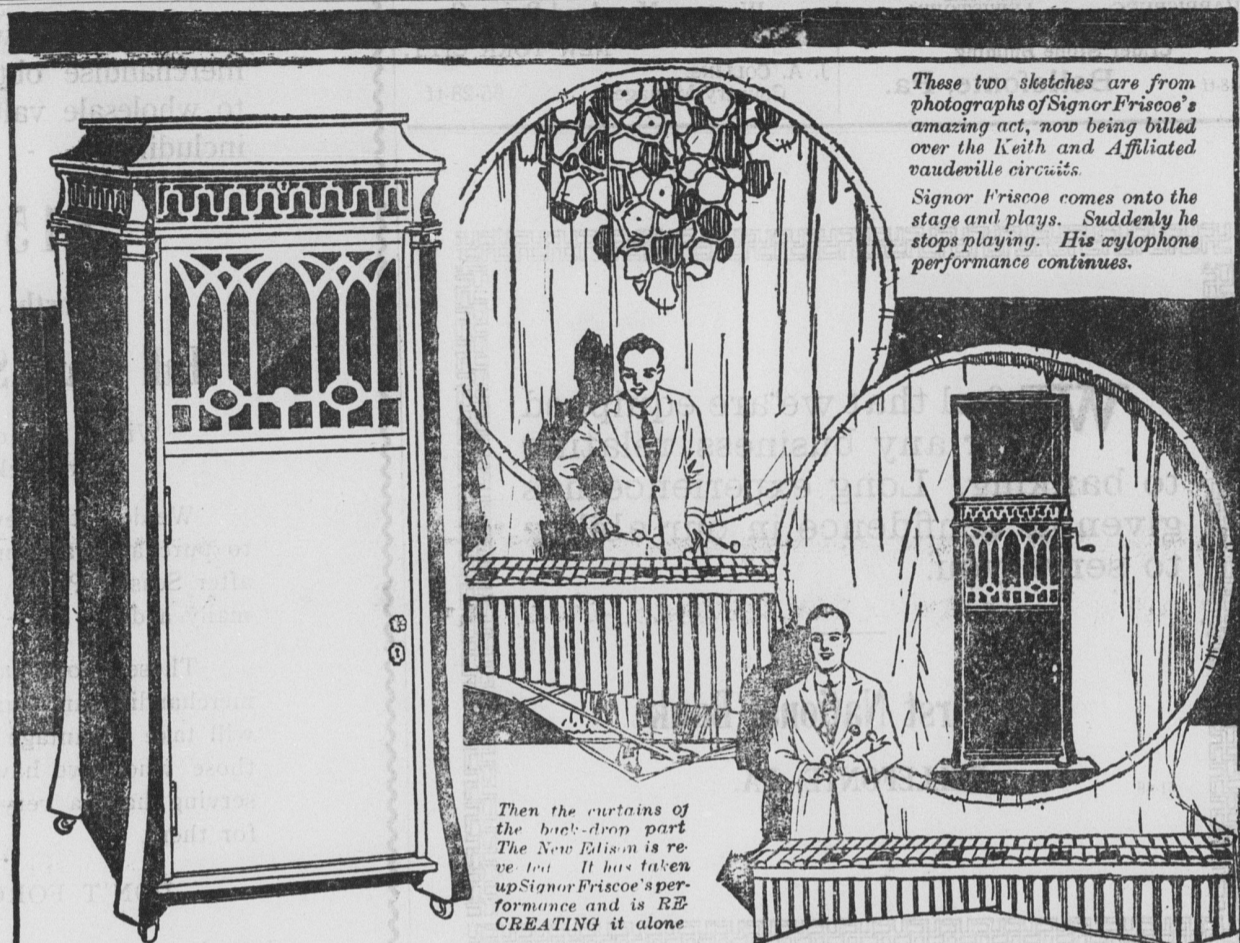
The doctor told him to go nearer. "Can you read that, my man?"

Again the old man replied, "No, sir."

The doctor angrily pulled him forward till his nose almost touched the placard. "Now, can you read that?"

"No sir," said the old man, sadly shaking his head. "You see I never learnt to read!"—London Answers.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."



These two sketches are from photographs of Signor Friscoe's amazing act, now being billed over the Keith and Affiliated vaudeville circuits.

Signor Friscoe comes onto the stage and plays. Suddenly he stops playing. His xylophone performance continues.

Then the curtains of the back-drap part The New Edison is revealed. It has taken up Signor Friscoe's performance and is RE-CREATING it alone.

You can hear it in our store

—the phonograph that is featured in Vaudeville's strangest act

Perhaps you've seen it—Signor Friscoe's "Magic" Xylophone Act.

It's the hit of vaudeville's "Big-Time."

Signor Friscoe's "magic" is an Official Laboratory Model of the New Edison. We have one exactly like it.

Signor Friscoe's instrument is an exact duplicate of the original Official Laboratory Model, which cost Mr Edison three

million dollars to perfect. Our instrument is also an exact duplicate of this famous three million dollar original. We guarantee it to be able to give the same marvelous RE-CREATIONS of music, which Signor Friscoe's Official Laboratory Model gives in vaudeville.

Come in and test the astonishing realism of this instrument for yourself—in Mr. Edison's Realism Test.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

You've read how the New Edison has proved its perfect realism. Four thousand tests have been given, in which more than 50 different artists compared their art with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. Leading newspaper writers conceded that there was no difference between the two.

Has any one suggested to you that these comparison tests are "faked"—that the artist imitates the New Edison?

Signor Friscoe's performance makes such an assertion positively ridiculous. Every week, 20,000 people see his hammers ripple over the xylophone keys. Suddenly he holds them aloft—still.

The rippling music continues.

Slowly, the gorgeous curtains of the back-drap part. The audience gasps. The New Edison stands revealed. It has taken up Signor Friscoe's performance, and is now RE-CREATING it alone. The effect of this extraordinary magic can rest upon only one fact: No one can distinguish any difference between Signor Friscoe's performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. Signor Friscoe could not possibly imitate the New

Edison, because the xylophone can not be made to imitate any other instrument, so as to deceive its hearers.

Signor Friscoe's act is not an Edison enterprise. He has simply been clever enough to use the New Edison for what it is worth. Why don't you?

PRICES

The price of the New Edison has increased less than 15% since 1914. This includes the War Tax.

Mr. Edison has staved off price advances by personally absorbing more than half of the increased cost of manufacture.

Because of the exceptionally high quality of materials and workmanship demanded by the Edison Laboratories, and the continued scarcity of both, it may be necessary to advance prices. But rest assured that this will not occur, unless Mr. Edison is forced to it.

Our Budget Plan—the thrift way of spending—will help you buy now. Let us tell you about it.

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It is the duty of parents to dress their boys well. It reflects credit upon the mother and father as well as upon the boys.

Boys:—Promise to study your lessons better if your parents will give you some nice new clothes to wear to school.

Come in and pick out the clothes you want, then bring your parents in to buy them for you.

Wear our good, "Nifty" clothes.

A. FAUBLE

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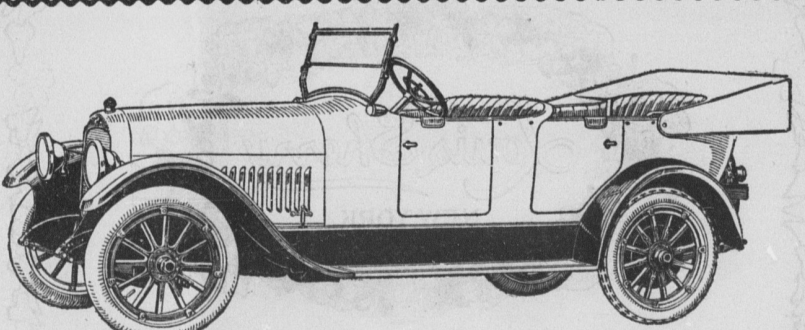
Why You Should Make a Will

To protect your loved ones.
To safeguard your estate.
By making a Will you can appoint the Bellefonte Trust Company as your Executor or Trustee.
You can thus assure to your heirs the business management and financial responsibility which this institution affords.
Your wishes can be observed in the distribution of your property, for if you do not leave a Will the law may divide up your possessions in a way that you might not desire.

How Have You Made Your Will?

Do not write your own Will. "Home-made" Wills are dangerous and often cause law-suits, because, when drawing a Will the law must be known, both as to wording and terms. Consult a lawyer today about the making of your Will and have him name the Bellefonte Trust Company to act as your Executor and Trustee.

J. L. Spangler, C. T. Gerberich, N. E. Robb,
President Vice President Treasurer



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