

THE HOME TOWN PAPER.

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A dozen times I've said it. Some warm word to its discredit. Some derogatory adjective beginning with a "d."

OUR DEBT TO MOTHERHOOD.

All Honor to the Best Mother that Ever Lived—Your Mother!

The word "Mother" awakens in the human heart memories that are sweet and precious. It is no wonder then that when thirteen years ago, a suggestion was made by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, from the grief at the loss of her own mother, that a special day be set apart to commemorate the influence of mother, that the idea spread so rapidly. State after State and country after country has responded until the observance of this day has become world-wide. It is both national and international.

The calendar which makes no mention of Mother's Day is behind the times, out of harmony with this generation, and betrays a lack of appreciation of the rich blessings of christian motherhood.

You will recall that old legend: An angel came down to earth and looked about for something to carry back to heaven. There were three things that attracted the white-winged messenger—a bouquet of fragrant flowers, the smile of a little baby, and a mother's love. These three the angel carried away, but when he reached the pearly gates of paradise the flowers had withered; the baby's smile had vanished; only the mother's love remained the same, and being found as pure and eternal as the waters that flowed by God's throne, exclaimed: "There is nothing on earth pure enough for heaven but a mother's love." And through all ages it has been the experience of the human family that the angel's statement was not over-exaggerated.

Some one has said that most of the beautiful things in this life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Pleats of roses, stars, sunsets, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.

On the second Sunday in May you may hear again Mother's voice which is still and feel the touch of her vanished hand; or if she be still living, give her the day with your loving care—one day for mother for the many she gave you. Send her a line of greeting, warmer than you have words to do. Sit down and think with Dr. Wells of what your mother has been to you.

"Others' love is more or less, Mothers love with steadfastness. Others pardon, hating yet; Mothers pardon and forget."

Others keep the ancient score, Mothers never shut the door. Others grow incredulous, Mothers still believe in us. Others throw their faith away, Mothers pray, and pray, and pray."

Ian Maclaren said that "it would bankrupt a man to attempt to repay the love of a good mother." To try to tell what Mother means has been the despair of poet and painter, novelist and playwright. The nearest approach to a perfect description is from Calvary, where in the last hours of torture, Jesus of Nazareth looked down from the cross on that little group which still stood loyal when all others had fled in fear, and said to John, "Behold thy Mother." That is the special message of Mother's Day and that brings us to the real appreciation of her meaning—what she means to you.

What a picture that brings to each of us—"Behold thy Mother!" We can see that beautiful face with our eyes closed. It will never fade away. No love so tender and none so lasting. Nothing is too much for mother to give up; nothing is too little for her to do for us. The very word "Mother" is a synonym for reverence. In all nature there is nothing so tender and loving as the relationship between mother and child.

It is a striking fact that He whose life and teaching so transformed the thought of humanity should have left this—"Behold thy Mother"—as almost His last message.

General Pershing did a fine thing when the war was on when he issued the following order: "To all commanding Officers: I wish every officer and soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces would write a letter home on Mother's Day. This is a little act for each one to do, but these letters will carry back our courage and affection to the patriotic women whose love and prayers inspire us and cheer us on to victory." While the boys were fighting on the front the mothers were praying at home and we

all feel that both played a most vital part in winning the war.

When young Matthew Simpson tremblingly broke the news to his widowed mother that he felt called to preach, which would necessitate his leaving home, she exclaimed with tears of joy: "Oh, my son, I have prayed for this every hour every day since you were born. At that time, we dedicated you to the Christian ministry."

A great man's testimony: "Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, unkind world," said Lord Macaulay, "for the deep, sweet serenity I felt when of an evening resting in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the cold church-yard, yet still her voice whispers from my grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory."

THE BIBLE AND MOTHERHOOD.

The sacred Word is full of the highest homage to mothers. The Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first with promise is "Honor thy mother." Eve, the mother of the human race is shown in naming her children as gifts from God. Sarah was promised to be "The mother of nations." Rachel, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin is set forth as the most lovable in appearance and character. The mother of Moses is the most beautiful presentation of unselfish motherhood. She crushed her own feelings, hid her own wealth of love for her sweet baby that his life might be spared. And what wonderful reward hers when she saw in her boy God's deliverer for Israel!

There is that beautiful mother of Samuel, Hannah. Consecrating her child before birth to God's work and she bravely fulfilled her vow. In a quiet and faithful spirit she prepared him for the future. When the time came she took him to the temple and left him for God's service.

Then we have Mary, the mother of Jesus, of whom the angel said, "Blessed art thou among Women." Fear not Mary for thou hast found favor with God—And thou shalt bring forth a son and he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest."

Oh, the word owes a great debt of gratitude to the mothers who have made its greatest men. The men who have achieved have been mother-made men. God give us more Christian mothers—mothers like Hannah and Mary who will begin even before birth to prepare them for the highest place in God's kingdom.

"Oh, mother, when I think of thee, 'Tis but a step to Calvary. Thy gentle hand upon my brow Is leading me to Jesus now." E. E. McKELEVEY, Pastor M. E. Church, Bellefonte.

Nature has been very good to this section of the planet. Magnificent as the scenery is, it is not always enjoyed by those to whom it has become a familiar thing.

The best job work can be had at the "Watchman" office.

PLEASANT GAP.

Miles Zimmerman has returned to his home after an absence of three weeks in Williamsport and Clearfield.

Harry Hartline has severed his connection with the Titan works and has secured a position with the American Lime and Stone Co.

Whiterock Quarries have added twenty men the past ten days to their working force, and from present indications quite a bunch more will be required owing to the demand for their products.

Earl Rimmer, who was laid off at the new penitentiary with quite a number of other employees some time ago, was ordered to return to work on Monday morning, causing him to smile proudly.

John Mulfinger says, "if you try to please everybody you will please nobody." He alleges that if you live out your own idea of things you will find people either smart enough or fool enough to agree with you on all occasions.

A surprise party was tendered to George Smith Jr., up near the penitentiary on Saturday evening. Some twenty-five people assembled, and the order of the evening was an old-fashioned country dance. Everybody present was delighted as the affair was most enjoyable.

Lee Sampsel, a Whiterock employee thinks things are coming around about perpendicular, since the boys are enjoying a season of working over time, when not long since they only worked about half time. It is to be hoped that the improvement in conditions will continue indefinitely.

Mrs. William I. Swoope, of Clearfield, canvassed our village a week ago advocating the cause of her estimable husband who is an aspirant for Congressional honors. The lady apparently made a very favorable impression among the lady voters of the Gap. She went about her work like a judiciously trained politician. She left her husband's opponent severely alone. No mud slinging. She works studiously for Wm. I.

Our High school is on the increase. We had during the present session thirty-two pupils. The adjacent schools had their examinations last Thursday and twenty-two more passed the examination for promotion to the High school, which will make a total of 54. Deducting six who are slated for graduation will leave a balance of 48. Our school board are against it. The probability is that they will be obliged to add an additional teacher as assistant to the principal.

At the recent examination for promotion to our High school Prof. Harry Breen's grammar school passed fifteen with an average per centage of ninety-four and three-sevenths. The examination consists of the following branches: Spelling, reading, arithmetic, writing, history, physiology, geography and English. Prof. Breen has taught twenty-two years without intermission. He is an incessant, hard worker. He is a severe disciplinarian, but his pupils speak of him in terms of the truest respect and affection. His phenomenal success as teacher, is due to his skill as an organizer, his power as a disciplinarian, his fairness and integrity towards his pupils; they regard him as a friend, a man of

thought and action, one of the leaders of mankind.

Happy is the season of childhood. No art can gild with the glow which nature gives the first activities of which we take heed of heaven. The first duty toward them is to make them happy, if such duty fall no other acts can compensate the failure. Laws of childhood must be heeded or heavy penalties will pursue carelessness. Every spoiled child is the result of inefficient training. Blessed are they who train little ones to be obedient, kind, respectful, mannerly, useful. But judging from some specimens of partial training we must conclude that numerous parents are not anticipating joys emanating from lovely descendants who fill communities with love, hope, and peace.

No child is bad by nature, the home and social relations make it what it is. The abnormal child is more sinned against than sinner. Humane and scientific treatment seldom redeem them. Every evil, disagreeable child, who is constantly disturbing neighbors and others, is a demonstration of home-training. Innumerable mean actions are perpetrated daily that mar the joys of inoffensive, respectable citizens. Any novice can detect the spoiled ones by the tendency to annoy as they please, and if rebuked they hasten to relate their woes in their own whining manner to their parents, who in turn glide from house to house to preach their kind of righteousness. They represent the dreaded class of gossipers who are a menace wherever they exist and roam. They ruin their own children, they influence them to become tattlers. Every tattler is a liar and every gossipier is a trollop.

I was a boy once. The time dates back some time. I then discovered that it was a serious proposition to be a boy. To be candid, I don't think it is particularly an unfortunate thing, merely a serious, solemn thing. There are grounds for a diversity of opinions on this subject. A boy fails to see why he was created to be jostled from pillar to post and back again. If he had a stinger like a hornet or a battery secreted within like the electric eel, he would then imagine he had been placed in this world to have a rough time, and nature, true to her considerate disposition, had provided him with means of defense. The father says by the boy in the field there is no chance to keep even because he undoes as fast as done. What he cannot undo he spoils, and what he cannot spoil is of such little consequence that it makes no appreciable difference if it were spoiled. The father will sit on the fence, or behind the wood-shed, and meditate, and cogitate and calculate, all about that boy, who is probably at that identical time up to his eyes in mischief.

The parent tries to figure out whether or not it would have been better had that boy not been born, or if he had been a girl. That same boy, whose father is mentally kicking himself, may be on that self-same woodshed fishing for the dejected parent's wig with a pin hook. The boy means no harm, but the law of compensation, as he understands it, fully justifies him in using any means to get even. If not on the wood-shed he may be in the carriage house screwing the carriage wheels on so tight that they will pull to pieces rather than turn. Of course the mother has

a soft side for her boy (boys don't forget that), notwithstanding he often vexes her soul deeply. She looks forward to the time when his boyish chin will be hidden by a manly beard, and when his whining, peevish voice will ring out in clear, shrill notes, commanding attention in the councils of the nation, on the field of battle, or from the sacred desk. Even when most embarrassed she will say to herself: Oh, well, he is only a boy. As mother sits away, after all have gone to bed, patching the torn pants, which her spouse would have padded had not the shrewd young philosopher studiously kept his face to the front. She may have a sigh indicative of weariness, but it is not the weariness caused by patching her boy's pants.

On the contrary, the over-mother is restful rather than wearisome. Say boy, your mother is your friend, and don't you forget it. She may yell you sometimes, but even that is a blessing in disguise. You may not realize just at the time that it is for your good, but it will go down on you after many days. Only too often does she allow her tenderness of heart to save her back. She may regret this weakness some, yet she can't help pleading with her own judgment in your behalf, making promises for your future conduct. The town boy has a good chance against the world, and one that never fails to arouse the sympathies of the truly philanthropic. He charges that he is grossly imposed upon by mankind in general, just because he is little and not provided for with the necessary means of defense. That he is made to bear disproportionate burdens, because so few are able to estimate fairly what amount of strength and energy a boy possesses. That he is regarded as a nuisance in general, and a trial in particular, because at times he gets in the way, and occasionally does something quite exasperating. That he is given no show because men nib and crowd him out.

The country boy has a hard proposition confronting him. When corn planting is in season he is expected to drop the pumpkin seeds and beans. He must follow the corn dropper and drop one pumpkin and squash in every alternate hill until he comes to the bean line, then drop one bunch bean to the hill, or two string beans in every other hill. He is expected to keep up with a strong expert corn dropper, whose feet are protected from the hard clods and sharp stones, by leather shoes, while his bare feet are not yet sufficiently tanned to be briar and thorn proof. All trouble combined renders every step painful. When harvest comes he is expected to carry the water for a crowd of perspiring, thirsty harvest hands, gather all the sheaves and fetch the men's coats from the other end of the field at quitting time. If there is any harder work in the harvest field then let some one stand up and make it known. Hoeing corn is also considered a boy's work; he is usually yoked with one man and two bigger boys. The man takes the lightest hoe, and the bigger boys take choice according to size, leaving the "kid" to take what's left, usually splintered in the handle and as dull as a country parson's sermon. No wonder he is discouraged and looks at the stars and stumps in hope of discovering some reasonable excuse for his having been sent to earth. Can

good come out of this torture of body and agony of soul? There is a better day coming to the good boy.

Real Estate Transfers.

Chester M. Lupp to Mary I. C. MacMillan, tract in College township; \$225. Christina Belle, et bar, to John T. Beckwith, tract in Taylor township; \$50. Etta C. Wynn (widow) to J. H. Tate, tract in Phillipsburg; \$2,100. Emanuel Wetzel to Amanda Haines, tract in Aronsburg; \$300. Lydia K. Reed, et bar, to E. J. Williams, tract in State College; \$2,000. Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Austin L. Patrick, tract in Ferguson township; \$675. Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Frederick G. Markle, tract in Ferguson township; \$900. Byron W. Sleppey, receiver, to M. D. Kelley, et al, tract in Snow Shoe, \$1. Adam H. Krumrine, et ux, to Claude S. Carson, tract in State College; \$450. Emma R. Butz to R. H. Smith, tract in State College; \$7,500. Mary C. Pennington, Admr., to Earl Kline, tract in College township; \$2,700. Olive C. Hoover to J. Harris Clark, tract in Liberty township; \$1,000. A. F. Markle to Harry J. Markle, tract in College township; \$1. Olive B. Clark to J. Harris Clark, tract in Liberty township; \$2,000. Bellefonte Trust Co., guardians, to Daniel W. Snyder, tract in Bellefonte; \$4,300. Pearl Yocum to Geo. Hughes, tract in Phillipsburg; \$600. Blanche E. Nolan, et al, to Harvey E. Garbrick, tract in Spring township; \$2,000.

MEDICAL.

Not Due to Sex Alone

Bellefonte Women Have Learned the Cause of Many Mysterious Pains and Aches.

Many women have come to know that sex isn't the reason for all backaches, dizzy headaches and urinary disorders. Men have these troubles, too, and often they come from kidney weakness. To live simply, eat sparingly, take better care of one's self and to use Doan's Kidney Pills, is bound to help bad kidneys get better. There is no other remedy so well recommended by Bellefonte people. Ask your neighbor!

Mrs. E. E. Ardery, Reynolds Ave., Bellefonte, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for some time whenever my kidneys have troubled me and they have never failed to help me. My kidneys were weak and out of order and my back ached. I became run down, too. Doan's Kidney Pills from Runkle's drug store have always relieved these attacks and strengthened my back and kidneys." Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Ardery had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 56-19

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1920 AND 1921.

Agreeable to the provisions of the law relating to the sale of unseated lands for the non-payment of taxes, notice is hereby given that there will be exposed to public sale of outcrops the following tracts of parts of tracts of unseated lands in Centre county, Pennsylvania, for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 12th, 1922, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to continue from day to day, if necessary by adjournment, until all are sold:

Table with columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee Name, Owner's Name, Taxes & Costs. Lists various land parcels across different townships including Bellefonte, Burnside, Curbin, Ferguson, and Taylor.

TREASURER'S SALE OF SEATED LANDS.

At the same time and place as given in the Treasurer's Sale of Unseated Lands will be sold the following tracts or lots of land returned by the tax collector of the following districts respectively for the years 1919 and 1920, to the Commissioners of Centre county, for non-payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Table with columns: Lot, Owner's Name, Taxes & Costs. Lists various land parcels across different townships including Bellefonte, Burnside, Curbin, Ferguson, and Taylor.

L. FRANK MAYES, County Treasurer.