

Country Correspondence

Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectation of "Watchman" Readers by a Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

PINE GROVE MENTIONS.

George P. Irvin lost one of his best horses last Friday. Mrs. Samuel Fleming is visiting relatives at Mill Creek this week.

A little boy arrived recently in the Walter Johnson home on Main street. The long drought in this section was broken by a shower on Sunday night.

Charles Colobine, of Tyrone, was registered at the St. Elmo on Tuesday. Don't overlook the Morrison sale at White Hall on October 30th, at 1 p. m.

Dr. Clyde Krebs is installing a hot water heating plant in his Main street home. W. A. Collins and E. C. Martz made a business trip to Huntingdon last Friday.

A. C. Kepler spent Saturday in Altoona where he disposed of 80 bushels of potatoes. Joseph Rishel, wife and son, were Sunday visitors with Mrs. Sue Peters, on east Main street.

John Musser Ward, of Youngstown, Ohio, spent Friday at the home of the Ward sisters, in town. Miss Agnes Campbell, of State College, is visiting her brother, I. O. Campbell, at Fairbrook.

Harry McClellan and wife, of Tusseyville, were callers at the J. A. Fortney home on Main street. Miss Mary Ward returned home last Friday after a trip of three weeks to Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Smeltzer, of State College, spent Saturday afternoon in our town shopping and calling on old friends. Dr. G. H. Woods and family returned home on Monday from a three week's visit among friends in the western part of the State.

C. M. Dale and wife of the Branch; W. K. Goss and wife and Earl Little and wife were Rock Springs visitors the early part of the week. Harry Pennington and wife and Miss Kennedy, of State College, took a motor trip on Saturday to Fairbrook, Marengo and Gatesburg.

Mrs. Anna Fortney and daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Davis, and Mrs. Sarah Moyer spent Tuesday in Bellefonte making the rounds of the shops. A full crew of carpenters began work on Monday on the new barn to be built by Will Wertz on the site of the one recently destroyed by fire.

David Clyde Krebs and wife, of State College, were Sunday visitors with relatives in town. They expect to move here on or about November 1st. John Johnson, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, at the Jefferson hospital, Philadelphia, is getting along splendidly, according to reports.

Mrs. Maggie Gardner, of Rock Springs, has moved into the Claude Williams house in our town, where she has made herself comfortable for the winter. After April 1st, 1924, our mutual friend, John Quinn, will occupy the well known Major Ross farm west of town, now occupied by E. Shoemaker, who will retire.

Word has been received here of the serious illness of William Jacobs, an old Civil war veteran, who recently suffered a stroke of paralysis at his home at Osceola Mills. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph I. Fleming are visiting old friends and neighbors in the Kishacoquillas valley, and during their absence Samuel Fleming is looking after the farm work.

Mrs. Mary Brouse closed her home on east Main street and after a visit with her son, W. H. Brouse and family, will go to the home of her son-in-law, Daniel Decker, for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reeder, of Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. James Reeder, of Altoona, made their annual pilgrimage to the Capt. J. R. Lemon home at Gatesburg, on Monday, where they took a hand in picking Baldwin apples.

John Moore, of Chester, Pa., is visiting his brother, Ed S. Moore, near town. John is a native of Shingletown and served during the Civil war in the 77th regiment Pennsylvania

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

FOLKS LAUGHS AT ME CA'SE AH'S SORTER KNOCK-KNEED BUT TAIN NONE O' MAH FAULT--AH WUZ A BOW-LAIGGED BABY EN DE DOCTUH TUK EN STRAIGHTEN 'EM OUT TOO MUCH!!



volunteers. He is seventy-nine years of age, but unusually well preserved. The Epworth League of the Methodist church will serve a chicken and waffle supper from five to nine o'clock on Saturday evening, October 27th, in the I. O. F. hall. Everybody is invited to attend.

RUNVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lucas spent Sunday at Tyrone. Mrs. E. S. Bennett and son Arthur spent Friday at Milton.

Edward Lucas and sister, Mrs. Mary Heaton, spent Tuesday at Mill Hall and Lock Haven. Mrs. Lew Fetzer attended the State Sunday school convention at Williamsport last week.

Jacob Shirk came home on Monday from Pittsburgh, where he had been employed for the last six months. Mrs. Ella Houseman and Mrs. Jennie Strayer, of Altoona, spent last week at the home of Mrs. Annie Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kauffman and Mrs. Ida Wilmer spent last Sunday in Bellefonte, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Poorman. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Johnson and Mrs. Alice Rodgers and daughter Edna visited at Ryde on Sunday, at the home of Harry Warton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart, of Winburne; Mr. and Mrs. Brower, of Phillipsburg; and Mr. and Mrs. William Jodon, of Bellefonte, visited at the home of Mrs. Sallie Friel, on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Johnson and children, of Kylvortown; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Resides and son, of Milesburg; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rodgers and two children, of Tyrone; Mrs. Edward Kirk and daughter Ellie, of Snow Shoe; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brower, of Phillipsburg; Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson and son, and Mrs. Maggie Treaster, of Wallaceport, visited at the L. J. Heaton home on Sunday.

JACKSONVILLE.

The Montie family were over Sunday visitors at the Clyde Yearick home, at Hubersburg. Mrs. Mary Dietz and daughter Josephine were over Sunday guests with friends in and about Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Ertley and children, Isabelle, Violet and Rosella, were visitors at the Ertley home on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vonada and son Henry, of this place, were Sunday visitors at the Roy Garbrick home, at Centre Hall.

Last week Willis Bathgate, our milkman, moved into the Kling house which has been vacant since G. C. Kling and family moved to 409 south Highland street, Lock Haven. The death angel called at the Fred Haines home at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, and took the 5 weeks' old baby boy. The doctor pronounced the death due to dropsy, since birth. In addition to its parents a sister and brother survive, Rose and William. Funeral services were held Thursday morning at the home, interment at Schenck's cemetery.

The Jacob Dixon sale on Saturday was well attended and most everything sold brought its value. At this sale the Ladies' Aid society took the opportunity to offer to the public a hand-made comfort and the carpet which was formerly in use in the Reformed church. Mrs. William Dixon was the highest bidder, at six dollars, consequently the buyer of the comfort.

Pennsylvania Uses 1,000,000 Gallons of Gas Daily. Gasoline consumption in Pennsylvania has for the first time reached the enormous amount of one million gallons daily, according to estimates prepared by the statistical bureau of the Atlantic Refining Company. This high mark, brought about by the increased number of automobiles, is coincident with the additional one cent tax on gasoline.

From the State tax of two cents a gallon the revenue is therefore, \$20,000 a day, of which one-fourth goes to counties for road building and three-fourths into the State general fund. The Atlantic Refining company bases its figures for total gasoline consumption on an estimated registration of 918,000 passenger cars and 71,000 solid tire trucks on July 31st. The gasoline consumption, in July, of each passenger car registered, is 23.14 gallons. The July consumption of the average truck is 137.28 gallons. These figures have been arrived at by tabulations kept throughout a period of ten years.

The World's Need.

So many gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind Is all the sad world needs. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Real Estate Transfers.

Clara Rider to George W. Rossman, tract in Ferguson township; \$5,000. Thomas J. Decker, et al, to J. F. Thal, tract in Bellefonte; \$5,000. Benjamin Frederick Booth, et ux, to Conrad B. Bratton, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1,500. Mary C. Fisher to Pittsburgh Limestone company, tract in Gregg township; \$1. Mark Davis, et ux, to James F. Coppenhaver, et ux, tract in Phillipsburg; \$650. Tillie A. Muffley, et bar, to Blanche A. Cramer, tract in Ferguson township; \$500. John Callahan to C. C. Callahan, tract in Rush township; \$1.

ROUGH ON THE PASSENGERS

English Railway Rules Seem Framed on Principle That They Are All Criminals.

The unsuccessful prosecution of a railway passenger at Glasgow for traveling with a ticket given to him by another person is a striking illustration of the extraordinary powers claimed by railway companies.

Railway laws—or, rather, railway-by-laws, which are not quite the same thing—bristle with penalties for the hapless passenger. They seem to be framed on the principle that every traveler is a potential criminal, remarks a writer in London Tit-Bits.

If he fails to produce his ticket when it is asked for it is, in railway law, "prima facie evidence that he has no ticket." Fine, 40 shillings. If he really has no ticket it is prima facie evidence of fraud. Another 40 shillings—even though he intended to buy a ticket, but, being late for his train, failed to do so.

If the passenger has taken a ticket for a particular station and alights at an intermediate station the railway can claim payment of the fare between the points of starting and alighting, although it has already been paid once for the original ticket. If he refuses to pay—40 shillings.

If he travels first class with a third-class ticket on any part of a line the railway has power to demand payment of the whole fare from the point at which the train started. The passenger is also liable to payment twice over if he uses the return half of his ticket the day after its currency expired.

Most of these by-laws are as farcical in practice as that still in force which imposes a penalty of 40 shillings on a passenger who enters a compartment which is already full.

FRENCH WRITERS HAVE FUN

Four Collaborate on Novel, Each Creating Difficult Problems for Others to Solve.

Four widely known French writers have collaborated in a new novel, "Le Roman des Quatre," which has just appeared in Paris. The novel follows the model established by "Le Croix de Berny," which appeared many years ago. The collaborators have written turn by turn and the novel becomes a series of letters by different hands.

The most distinguished of the authors of "Le Croix de Berny" was Theophile Gautier, who was assisted by Madame Emile de Girardin, Jules Sandeau and Joseph Méry, each writer being responsible for one character.

The new novel has been written in a more frivolous spirit. The plot of "Le Croix de Berny" was prearranged, but the authors of the latest novel of this sort have taken a mischievous delight in getting their characters into tight places and leaving their extrication to the other authors. One of them, indeed, killed off all the characters in the story, and then passed the manuscript on to the next author for completion. That gentleman escaped from his predicament by informing his readers that he had not had time to read the last chapter and begging them to excuse any incoherence that might appear in the narrative. He thereupon went calmly on with the defunct characters.

The collaborators on this latest experiment are Pierre Benoit, Paul Bourget, Henri Duvernois and Madame d'Houville.—Living Age.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson Smoked. It is not known that any "first lady of the land" smoked while she was in the White House, but it is well-authenticated fact that Mrs. Andrew Jackson smoked habitually in her home near Nashville, Tenn. James Parton, Jackson's biographer, says it was no uncommon occurrence for Jackson and his wife to sit for hours before their fire each smoking a pipe. However, this is no reflection on Mrs. Jackson, because among the early settlers of the Southwest many respectable women smoked pipes and thought nothing of it.

Mrs. Jackson, before her marriage, was Rachel Donelson, daughter of one of the most respected men in the early history of Tennessee.

Whose Feet Are They, Then? The little boy complained that his shoes hurt him. His mother looked at them and saw that in his hurry to get dressed he had put the right shoe on the left foot, and the left shoe on the right foot.

"You've put your shoes on the wrong feet, dear," she explained. The little boy looked up in wonder. "No, I haven't, mummy," he said. "They're my feet."—Youth's Companion.

Seeking Information. Mr. Newrich—Oo's the guy on the pedestal? Butler (in the absence of the Marquis of Blankshire, showing visitors round the ancestral home)—That, sir, is a bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Mr. Newrich—Indeed, an' wot relation might 'e be to the present Marquis? —London Pasting Show.

Not a Chance. "He's marrying a very rich girl." "I'm sorry for him." "But this is a love match purely." "That may be, but he'll never be able to convince his friends of that."

Keeping Out Files. "I see your dog stands on his hind legs at the screen door." "Yes, he has been trained to fall in quickly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

JUST A FISHIN'.

In the Oakland Realtor, published at Oakland, California, recently we noticed a little story by Paul L. Sternberg who is in the real estate business in that city. When we noticed the heading "Just a Fishin'" we could scarcely associate it with the Paul Sternberg who lived here years ago and had to work so hard all the time that he never got a chance to go fishing although our streams in those days were quite as much of a lure, so far as a chance to catch was concerned, as are the streams of California today.

Paul evidently knows the call of the wild. He has learned to see the great out of doors as it really is and his story is so full of uplift that we may all have for the taking that we want you to read it.

The Sternbergs, in the days gone by, were a well known Bellefonte family. A Sternberg was a clothing merchant here and was chief Burgess of the town for a term.

It is generally thought that fishing is a lazy man's pastime, but Lord! it's only a sportsman who can get the real kick and genuine thrill out of it.

I have just returned from one of my monthly trips, which I make for three or four days at a time, bringing with me a nice fish dinner for at least a half dozen friends, those who do not have the time nor the patience to indulge.

Just about the time that dawn is breaking and Mr. Rooster (the alarm clock) sounds the fact in a well-modulated voice it is then that you do the unnatural in getting up quickly at 4:30, instead of at 7:30. Then the hurried cup of coffee and the assembling of the rods, lines and bait, and the hope that you have not forgotten anything. But many times you do that very thing. Soon I am pulling a large boat down the river, and, as I am going with the tide, the work of rowing is just boy's play.

After rowing about a mile, I am to the place where the tide is in its favorite spot. The tide is just right—between a half and full tide. My nerves are in a full quiver for the first cast. I use a fifteen-foot bamboo pole and the same length of line (which is about three times my own length) and the play is on. The hook is well baited with a generous piece of Monterey sardine, and I make my cast. It reaches about forty feet from the shore line and glides gently on the water.

Just as my line is going under—hardly more than three feet—I have a strike. Whew! what a jerk! Like a flash Mr. Bass is at the end of the line and I turn him with a wide turn in the other direction, and turn him again and again, just tiring him, and with each turn keep bringing him nearer to me and his landing. You have always in mind that it is the big fish that gets away, and do not have him until you land him. My rod bends and groans under the efforts of the landing, but soon I have my catch in the boat and I smile at my prowess—and especially if it is a four to six pounder. With a great sense of gratification, I now light my old pipe (which, by the way, my good wife lovingly calls my "charge burner"). I lean back in the boat and blow rings of satisfaction, and think, or wish some of the boys were here to enjoy the sport with me.

Your first catch only whets the appetite to catch another one. You may do so soon, or have to wait for a half hour or more. In that case your time is well spent for the relaxation, the thought of freedom from your business cares, and it's your holiday! The peace and quiet only brings back reminiscences of boyhood days, and you smile both inwardly and outwardly.

Unlike the average boy, I was denied this pleasure, yet I lived where fish and all kinds of game were abundant. Remember old Spring Creek and the blue Juniata, where the trout and shad were prolific? I remember so well these, and the many times that the boys would call and say, "Come on, Sternmy!" yet I did not dare go, for in those days the old folks thought and expressed themselves that any boy who went fishing, whether he played hooky or not, was a terribly bad boy. But I now thank the good Lord that I am permitted to have my boyhood days at this time over, though nearly three score years of age.

I thoroughly believe that any man who has thrown all of his boyhood stunts away is really a dead one. For one must think young, if he would be young!

Fishing is a democratic sport—not from a political view, but in that the richest and poorest may indulge, and it requires but little money for equipment. One can jump into his little Ford, and find a good spot within two hours' drive from the city. If you are interested, I will tell you where to go.

The finest sentiments that I now treasure have come to me through the associations made on these fishing trips. From men of wealth and learning, down to barefooted and freckle-faced boys who inhabit the banks of nearly any stream, and the range of subjects is not at all limited. It is the quiet of the surroundings that brings out the best or the worst thoughts contained within one, and he that can untangle a sixty-foot line, and yet can smile or whistle while doing so, is a sportsman and has the making of a rhythm these lines—and I might say with a rhyme—

"Patience is a virtue, Catch it, if you can— Sometimes in a fisherman, Always in a man."

After the day, with its catch, and the sun low in the heavens, I trim my boat homeward and row, and float with the tide. At the willows I securely tie the boat, and though feeling somewhat tired (yet would not admit it), I carry my catch over to the house, clean up, and am ready for a good supper. And it's there! What an appetite! Everything tastes good, and I enjoy it with a relish.

But the good-natured Sandy and his wife add their full nectar by their generous portions of food and the pleasure of seeing you eat heartily, which is a compliment to a good cook.

Three days of this pleasure passes all too quickly, and you remember that your business beckons you to re-

turn. Then the trip in the moonlight down the Sacramento to San Francisco is a pleasure well worth the trip, and after a good night's sleep you are at home at seven in the morning, and ready for work.

Every business man should take a fishing trip at least three days of the month during the summer. He will be a better man for it.

AARONSBURG.

C. G. Bright is at present in Northumberland, the guest of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Orwig.

Mrs. Anna M. Stover, who had the misfortune to fall while working in her cellar, is very much better and is about her house as usual.

Dr. and Mrs. Cobern Rogers and Mrs. Evelyn Rogers, of Bellefonte, were Sunday guests of Mr. John Forster and sister, Miss Mary G. Forster.

James E. Holloway is suffering with a stubborn siege of rheumatism. While he at times is able to be about town he is suffering great pain. His neighbors wish him a speedy and full recovery.

Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Patton, John R. Bell and daughter Margaret, of Huntingdon, motored to this village. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hull and daughter, Miss Jennie, who had been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Patton for ten days.

Dr. D. K. Musser, who has been quite ill for some time and been again confined to bed since August, is not much improved at this writing. Dr. A. S. Musser, with whom Dr. D. K. Musser is living at present, is also afflicted with rheumatism. Their friends hope they may recover entirely.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas L. Bickel, pastor of one of the Reformed churches in Reading, spent several days of last week interviewing the alumni of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed church located at Lancaster, in the interests of the 60th anniversary of that institution, which comes in 1925. The renovation of Santee Hall, the Seminary chapel, is to be financed by the alumni as their contribution to the success of the Centennial celebration. Mr. Bickel dined with Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Hollenbach, in Aaronsburg, last Thursday noon.

—Get your job work done here.

MEDICAL

Don't Mistake the Cause

Many Bellefonte People Have Kidney Trouble and Do Not Know It. Do you have backache? Are tired and worn out? Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed? Are the kidney secretions irregular? Highly colored; contain sediment? Likely your kidneys are at fault. Weak kidneys give warning of distress.

Heed the warning; don't delay—Use a tested kidney remedy. Read this Bellefonte testimony. Samuel Weaver, S. Water St., says: "My kidneys troubled me some time ago and I almost got down with backache. Mornings I felt so lame and stiff I could hardly bend to put on my shoes. During the day I suffered terribly and my kidneys acted irregularly. I used Doan's Kidney Pills bought at Runkle's drug store and they helped me by strengthening my back and kidneys and benefiting me in every way."

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