

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not— 'Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought From the mouths of wonderful men. But deep in a walled-up woman's heart, A woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part, Lo, there is that battlefield! No marshaling troop, no bivouac song; No banner to gleam and wave; But, oh! those battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave. Yet, faithful still as the bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town, Fights on and on, in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen, goes down. O ye with banners and battleshot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought Are fought in those silent ways. Oh, spotless woman, in a world of shame! With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born. —Joaquin Miller.

PLEASANT GAP PHILOSOPHY

By Levi A. Miller. Every great and noble feeling which we exercise, every good action which we perform, is a round in the ladder which leads to God.

To get along well year after year in the presence of thoughtful and cultivated people a religious teacher should be endowed with the keen vision and penetration that will enable him to read and understand human character, and to discern the deeds and even the motives of men.

A prominent man, in the sacred desk or out of it, cannot be recognized as a star, unless he shines with a steady light.

Great men grow from a great ancestry.

The fairest and best specimen of humanity; the individuals who do something worthy of commendation and lasting fame, are not always found in palaces with crowns on their heads.

With interminable industry and unconquerable perseverance my little janitor pursues the object of his ambition.

When just and tender sentiments crystallize into statutes for the benefit of brute creation, we may be sure that helpless humanity will also find shelter under the charitable wings of an advanced christian civilization.

I believe that the chief end of man is not to glorify gold, however useful it may be in this life, and that there is something worth living for besides the acquisition of wealth.

General Grant kept silent when speaking was hazardous in the field and at the White House; but when he retired to private life he ventured to give free expression to his opinions on all sorts of questions.

The sweeping assertion sometimes made, that modern marriage is a failure, is a grotesque exaggeration. The pathological phenomena which gives color to this view proclaims itself from the house-tops, and shrieks in public print. On the other hand, the normal, happy marriages do not proclaim themselves, but rather shun publicity, and bring their homage to the penates in the guarded precincts of sacred privacy. Fortunately, the great majority of marriages, though they be not perfect, as nothing human is perfect, are, doubtless, on the whole, the brightest aspect of the life of the human race. If the marriage irregularities could be attributed to the depravity of the persons concerned, the uninviting subject might be dismissed with the comment that here, as in the case of crimes against life and property, we must emphatically bring home the prescriptions of the moral law, as affecting marriage, to persons whose conscience is below the average. In drawing rooms and clubs one hears men and women of unimpeachable behavior playing with these topics as with edged tools.

And now a famous and celebrated novelist proposes that marriage should be contracted for ten years only, and nearly everybody finds it very interesting to discuss this proposition of experimental marriage. There is no protest nor revulsion; no general consensus that something improper, even impossible, has been suggested; the proposition is considered and debated. Some ladies rather plume themselves upon the radicalism and freedom from prejudice in discussing all these novel propositions. Literature is full of the same kind of poison. One finds it in Inson; and Thomas Hardy reeks with it. The fact is, there is no undercurrent at work in modern society which is sapping the old-time family ordeal. Everybody is more or less conscious of the fact that a change is coming and is bound to come, and yet there is a terrible confusion as to the direction in which we ought to look for help. 650,000 divorces in twenty years is a disastrous record. Legislation should interfere speedily, before it is too late.

I am no sentimentalist and do not underrate for a moment the horror of the crime of adultery; it is so unspeakably vile, that it almost seems impossible to refer to it in public at all; and yet there is this to be said, that even this crime does not always argue an irreparable turpitude of nature on the part of those who commit it. It is a profound truth that many people do not realize the sanctity of the moral commandments until they have come into collision with them; that often one who has transgressed has his eyes opened for the first time to the greatness of the law which he has infringed. It is quite possible

that the guilty may acquire a finer and deeper realization of the sanctity of the moral relation than those who, because they have never been tempted, have never sinned. I do not say this to excuse or to palliate the sin; but what I mean is, that in even the case of this ultimate crime against marriage, it is necessary to discriminate; and it may be possible that even in such a case, while not resuming intimate fellowship—I do not see how that could be possible—to resume moral relations. I do not say that permanent exile from the home is in all cases indispensable. I think there can be pardon even in such cases; pardon to the extent of the resumption of moral relations. I suppose that is the reason for the action of Jesus, which at first seemed so hard to explain. They brought to him the woman taken in the very act of adultery and questioned him: The law says stone her; what sayest Thou? He lifted up his face from the ground on which he was writing, and said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." And they stole away, one after the other, until she was left alone. He raised his face again and said to the woman: "Go thy way and sin no more." But whether the case be that of penitence or impenitence, I would still say that the innocent spouse is bound to the other, as the parent to the prodigal son.

NEW YORK'S LABOR TEMPLE.

After fifteen years of successful work among the wage earners and foreign populations on the east side of New York city the Labor Temple has laid the corner stone of a new building to cost \$700,000. It is the home of a truly international church, its membership being made up of Russians, Germans, Italians, Hungarians and other nationalities. It is officially Presbyterian, but controlled by a committee or board made up of members both of the church and of various other organizations that use the building. It has become the open forum for all truth seekers and for free labor meetings. A labor leader recently said to his group, "You union men know that when you really want to have your say you have come to the Labor Temple to say it." The fundamental principle of management in the temple has been that of freedom of speech and assembly. Thus even the atheist, the anarchist and the member of the I. W. W. have been allowed expression, though to draw the conclusion that it is a center for such radical groups would be erroneous. It is instead the center for socially reconstructive groups, and its freedom has made for positive uplift and democracy. Lecture courses, concerts and other forms of worker's education have formed the main body of the mid-week program. Recently six hundred east siders paid admission to hear a lecture on Beethoven. The heart of the whole enterprise has been the preaching of a prophetic gospel. Dr. Chaffee, the director, at the laying of the corner stone of the new temple, said: "In the old building we preached the gospel of good will proclaimed by Jesus and the prophets. You will hear the same in the new. The privileges of the old building were open to all on equal terms; race made no difference; nationality made no difference; class made no difference; political belief made no difference; religious belief made no difference. The new building will be open on the same terms."

UNSKILLED LABOR.

The number of unskilled laborers who left the United States during the first ten months of the immigration law, was about 60 per cent. more than the number admitted. This statement will cause alarm to people who have been asking where the country was going to get its unskilled laborers from.

The great majority of the young men want "white collar" jobs, and there is a shortage of people willing to take their coats off and do the dirty work. Such workers could be had if their pay was very much increased, but this means an increase in all kinds of prices.

Possibly the shortage of unskilled labor will not be so serious as it appears, because so many aliens are being smuggled in across the border. It seems unfortunate that the country has to depend on workers who slip in contrary to the law, because if they broke the law coming in, they may break it after they get here. Those who are able to pass the tests at the regular immigration stations would be a more desirable element. Still the illegal immigrants are here, and while they should be sent home if their legal entry can be discovered in many cases that is not possible. Those who remain should be put to work.

If unskilled labor is scarce, the country will have to depend on machinery to do what human hands used to do. This is the most satisfactory way.

We do not want to encourage the unskilled laborer to remain unskilled. The machine must take his place to a large extent. If the unskilled laborer remains unskilled, he is sometimes fruit for the most radical soap box orator, but the automatic machine never listens to agitators and bolsheviks, and never breaks people's heads in any riot.

Automobiles Lead Telephones, 10 to 8.

Automobiles outnumbered telephones in the United States by the ratio of nearly 10 to 8, according to A. W. Frye, supreme commander of the Maccabees, in an address at Detroit, Michigan.

"Recent figures showed that there were 2,000,000 more automobiles than telephones in America, total automobiles numbering 17,740,236 and telephones 15,369,454," said Frye.

"The predominant position of the United States in transportation and communication is shown by the fact that our nation owns 86 per cent. of all the automobiles operated in the world today, and 77 per cent. of all the telephones."—Ex.

—When a young man is willing to "make his mark" by any but honest means, it is a sign that he is not nearly so remarkable as he thinks.

Plea for Statues or Creations of Authors

The citizens of Auch, the ancient capital of Gascony, have decided to erect a statue to D'Artagnan, hero of Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After."

In reality, of course, it is much more than a statue to D'Artagnan, who never existed for the world until Dumas called him into being. It is more than a statue to Charles de Baatz Castelmore, the original of Dumas' hero, who was born not far from Auch. It is really a statue to Dumas and the human imagination.

Everything that has made D'Artagnan memorable and international came from a great maker of romances—D'Artagnan is one of the more creations of poets and writers that have become more real than real men.

It is always a fine thing to see recognition of such, the New York Sun comments. There might even be more statues to great characters of literature and fewer statues to little characters of "real" life. While there is no harm in remembering a man who leaves a fountain or a park to a village, the men who have left Odysseus, Hamlet, Falstaff, Faust, Jean Valjean and Natty Bumppo are, after all, the more deserving.

Refused to "Fall" for Bishop's Second Scheme

A western minister tells a story, according to the Kansas City Star, showing how a bishop, accosted in a Chicago street by a neat but hungry stranger, derived profit from the encounter.

Now the bishop took a fancy to the needy one, took him to a hotel and shared a good dinner with him. Yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, he suddenly faced the embarrassment of not having the wherewithal to pay for the dinner.

"Never mind," exclaimed the guest, "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to pay the price. Allow me."

And the stranger paid for the two. This worried the prelate, who insisted: "Just let me call a taxi and we'll run up to my place, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with:

"See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but hanged, if I am going to let you stick me for 'taxi fare!'"

Ebony Mentioned in Bible

The deep black heartwood, which is most highly prized in a number of trees of the ebony family, is mentioned in the Bible in Ezekiel 27:15, in connection with ivory, probably on account of their value and of their contrasting colors. Ebony was once supposed to grow in the ground "without root or leaves" and to it were ascribed many miraculous powers. The chief source of the ebony wood is the island of Ceylon, where huge logs of the pure heartwood are cut and hauled to the coast. For interior decorations and furniture ebony has been superseded by rosewood and mahogany, but for cabinet work it is still widely employed, being exported from Madagascar, Jamaica, India and Egypt. A species of the ebony tree which is used as a veneer also grows in the southern United States.—Washington Star.

Modern Noah's Ark

Barro Colorado island was formed when the valleys about it were flooded by the impounding of the waters of the Chagres river to form Gatun lake, says the Detroit News. It resembles Noah's ark in that there gathered as the waters rose nearly every form of animal life in the vicinity, seeking escape from the rising flood.

Despite that it is only two miles from the Panama river, it has been found to harbor amphibians of new and strange habits as yet unstudied and innumerable species of insects never described, as well as many strange and exotic plants, numbering 2,000 or more. It abounds with anteaters, sloths, armadillos, peccaries, tapir, agoutis, coatis, the ocelot, the jaguar, many species of bat, monkeys of various kinds and the famous black howlers.

Cameo Cutting Hard Work

Much skill is exercised by the expert cameo cutter. He can only work at his task for a few hours at a time, because of nerve strain. A quivering hand may be responsible for the single stroke which will spoil a week's work. He must have an eye like a microscope, and a very delicate touch; he must be an artist in soul, and as skillful a craftsman as is a watchmaker; he must know how to model and draw, and he must have a knowledge of chemistry, so as to remove offending spots. The work is executed in relief on many kinds of hard or precious stones, but especially the chalcedonic variety of quartz and on shells.

Worse Than Devil's Island

Easter Island in the South Pacific is about the most undesirable place on earth for human habitation. No trees grow on the island because it lacks water and no birds will live there on account of their being no worms. The island is irregular in shape, being twelve miles by nine, by seven, and is very seldom visited by ships. Two hundred Polynesians inhabit it, and they suffer continually from hunger. It was first sighted in 1686. It was explored in 1722 and the island then had 2,000 inhabitants.—Scientific American.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Pride that Destroys.

For years I have been a surgeon, and if I may say it without seeming egotistical, a rather noted surgeon. I have only to say the word and the greatest hospitals in the country would welcome my skill. Professional success has also brought its financial reward, so I am rated as a wealthy man.

Yet my heart is like lead; I cannot gain one bit of pleasure from a life which is, to me, an empty mockery. Why such bitterness in a man who has success, fame, and money? I hope the writing of this confession will lighten the dull ache which is my constant cross.

I was a farmer boy, the only child of hard-working, God-fearing parents. In my youth they re-lived their own youthful ambitions. I wanted for nothing within reason. High school followed the grade school, and then I realized my greatest dream; I entered a medical college.

Many times I now look back and recall conversations between my parents, the meaning of which meant nothing to me at that time. It must have been a continual grind and sacrifice for them to meet the expense of keeping me in school. Dad used to say, "Mother, I don't want Eugene ever to have to work as hard for a living as I have always had to do." Of course, I was not opposed to such an arrangement.

During my second year in college father passed away. After the funeral I frankly asked mother what difference, if any, dad's death would make in my career.

How well do I remember her reply, "Why, no difference, son. Your dad left very little money, but then I will not need much for a few years and then you can repay me. Besides I can hire a man to run the farm."

So I finished my course, blind to the hardship that dear old mother was enduring that I might attain my goal. Every vacation I spent two weeks at the old home, and after starting to practice medicine, I always managed to spend at least a week with mother each year. Mother was always so interested in my work and would never tire of hearing me tell of my cases, my triumphs.

With the coming of success I bought a fine home in Chicago, where I was then making quite a name for myself professionally. I was engaged to a wonderful girl, and life seemed at its best. Finally, I reached what I considered a wonderful goal. I was attached to the Cook County Hospital and was actually practicing with the famous Dr. M., recognized as one of the greatest surgeons in the world. What more could a young man ask?

One day, out of a blue sky, dropped a thunderbolt. I had been so busy that I had forgotten my usual visit home, and mother had written that she was coming to visit me.

Mother coming! She was so hopelessly old-fashioned, so shabby. Why, it would ruin me socially, after all I had bragged about the excellence of my family stock. And Irene! What would she think of her? I rushed to the telegraph office and wired mother not to come; that I was coming home in a few days.

That evening after dinner, I was sitting in my spacious library, when my butler announced a patient. "Doesn't look like good pay, sir," he added.

He brought her in, and to my consternation, it was mother! I grew hot with anger (may God forgive me!)

"I thought I would surprise you, Gene," smiled mother.

Then she must have read the shame in my eyes. She shrank back as if I had struck her a blow.

As soon as I could control myself, I said firmly, "Mother, you shouldn't have come here. I was coming to see you. You can stay tonight, but you must take the first train tomorrow."

Have you ever shot a deer? Oh, those stricken, reproachful eyes! Calling the maid, I ordered, "Jackson, this is an old nurse of mine. She is going to stay tonight. Give her some tea and crackers and then show her to her room."

Luck favored me. None of my friends happened to drop in.

That night, so the maid, Jackson, told me later, she was awakened by footsteps passing her door. Fearing burglary, the maid followed the visitor. Mother crept along the hall, listening at each door until she came to my bed-room, the door of which was ajar. She entered, stood a long time looking down at me.

Sobbing softly, she murmured, "Oh, Gene, ashamed of your old mother! Never mind, boy. You must let mother tuck the covers around you like she used to when you were a baby. My baby boy!" Then gently patting the covers into place, she slipped out of the room, still sobbing.

The maid, a great light breaking upon her, followed mother back into her room, then went back to sleep herself, wondering at the world's ingratitude.

No one saw the shabby little figure slip through the ornate front door in the gray hours of the morning.

About five a. m., I received an emergency call from the hospital. Yes, it was mother! A truck had fractured her skull. Oh, God! The anguish in my soul! I couldn't operate, and she died without gaining consciousness.

If she could only have said that she forgave me! I know she would have forgiven me, with that sweet smile of hers, God bless her. Mothers always forgive, when the rest of the world condemns.

Since that time, I have been in Hell. Oh, the loathing, the contempt, the hatred in the eyes of Irene when I confessed to her! I knew I had lost her also. Her ring came off as if it were a live coal searing her flesh.

Unable to stand the accusing stares of my associates in Chicago, I accepted a post in a hospital in Waterloo, Iowa. I've tried and tried to make atonement. I've befriended the poor; I've done all I could for charity. I've kept myself working constantly to try to forget. How hopeless a task! Day and night that sweet smile haunts.

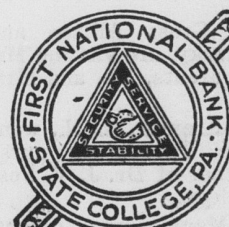
They say that I am a good man, a man with a big heart; but God knows I can never hope to make atonement on this earth.

The Law's Delay

There are certain things that cannot be done in a hurry, and this applies to almost all legal business. Hence we have the saying: "The law's delay."

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