

The Scenic Theatre

Where the Better-Class Photoplays are Shown
Each Evening at 6.15 o'clock.
Miss Crouse, Organist

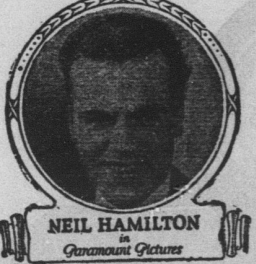
Week-Ahead Program

Friday and Saturday

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

"Diplomacy"

A Marshall Neilan Production
with BLANCHE SWEET and



There is enough mystery in "Diplomacy" to hold one spellbound, enough love to keep one captivated, and enough humor and beauty to make one feel it down as a truly human, honestly great picture.

Also, a great first run two reel Comedy.
Only 10 and 25 cents.

Monday and Tuesday

FIRST NATIONAL PRESENTS

"Paradise"

with BETTY BRONSON and



with a wonderful supporting cast, including Noah Berry, Kate Price and Charley Murray. "Paradise" adds new brilliance to the fame of Milton Sills, coming after the epochal "Men of Steel." Betty Bronson, the Peter Pan girl, has her first big dramatic role. Milton Sills puts on a fight in this picture that one seldom sees, and oh, what a picture!

Also, a first run two reel Mack Sennett Comedy, "Tell 'em Nothing," with Charley Chase, that clever comedian.
As usual, 10 and 25c.
Only 10 and 25 cents.

Wednesday

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

"The Cat's Pajamas"

WITH

Betty Bronson Ricardo Cortez
Arlette Marchal Theodore Roberts
Cortez as an opera star shiek, Betty Bronson as a pretty model in a Fifth Avenue gown shop, and gay old Theodore Roberts back on the screen after a long sickness with his cigar and all. A sparkling Comedy romance of 1926 New York society and theatrical life.

Also, Fox News and Screen Snapshots.
Only 10 and 25c.

Thursday and Friday

METRO-GOLDEN PRESENTS

It's Giant Special of 1926-27

"The Waning Sex"

Admission 10 and 25c.

Moose Theatre

Where You Always See Good Shows.

Country Store Every Wednesday Night

This
Friday and Saturday

"The Sea Wolf"

Ralph W. Ince Claire Adams
Theodore Von Eltz Snits Edwards
Mitchell Lewis

A tremendous soul-stirring action picture as great as the novel that made Jack London internationally famous; as powerful as the tale-swamp ocean.

Also, a great two reel Comedy, "Wise Guys Prefer Brunettes." 10 and 25c.

A Boy of Twelve is None too Young to Know His Soul.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By Rev. L. M. Colfelt, D. D.

It was in this cycle of life that my brother Daniel Bates died at Jefferson College in his 17th year. He was not only an athlete physically but mentally and had the most brilliant and precocious brain I have ever known and the world lost in his death a Pathfinder in Knowledge. But sick three days from virulent typhoid, he collapsed with hemorrhages of the brain. Those were solemn hours in the farmhouse when my father and brother were absent at his bedside. My mother had a presentiment that he would not recover and I will remember as I was tripping down stairs singing, mother said, "My son, do not sing, your brother may be dying." Truly enough almost in the same breath the telegram came that he had gone all too early to the heavens. He was buried in the graveyard at Jefferson College, a wintry day where he rested until I moved his body to the family plot in Winchester, Virginia. Though such a scholar, he was a thorough boy, excelling in many sports and challenging all comers to wrestling matches. He taught me to box across the chicken coops in my father's yard and to take punishment in many a sore buffet which served me well years later when attacked by a big, brutal, drunken Englishman, who would have killed me. I not only was able to ward off his blows but to his astonishment to knock him out and choke him into submission. This occurred in the valley of Virginia, when I was some time a minister at the First Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, and gave me quite a reputation in that region as a "Fighting Parson." But that which attached me most to this brother and made his death so poignant, was his deep and constant interest in my education which he practically supervised. I cannot convey in words the profound impression his death made upon me. It seemed terrible beyond imagination that he was lying in the cold wintry ground, the snow his winding sheet and for months and even years I sank to sleep amid weird dreams in which he was the central figure, my pillow wet with tears. And though a minister and compelled to conduct thousands of funerals, I could never familiarize myself with the gruesome physical aspect of this tremendous event. Deck the body as we may, it is a "body of humiliation," food for worms and its last resting place though "a whited sepulcher" is but a charnel house full of dead men's bones. To the deepest read in the attributes and destiny of man it is a profound and absorbing mystery, a fearful anomaly in God's world.

It was the death of this brother in my 12th year that turned my thoughts to the importance of religion. I had been impressed through the years with the reality of religion by my father's inculcations and my mother's gentle persuasions, reinforced as they were by truly good examples in daily life. Next to my parent's influence was a black man, an ex-slave who purchased freedom of himself and son and became the owner of a 100 acre mountain tract. I saw that man under provocation and in many trying experiences and there was always something about his life and actions that savored of the real Christian spirit. He used to relate his conversion after this manner: He said in his slave life near Moorefield in the Romney valley, Virginia, he was a strapping fellow and one day got into an altercation with his master's son and gave him a good beating. Knowing he would be summarily punished and without a doubt sold to a far southern cotton planter, that night he stole in under the dining room window of his master's home at the hour the inmates gathered for family worship and his fate would be settled in family council, determined if rigorous punishment was decided upon, he would flee that night by the underground railroad, as it was called, to Canada. What was his astonishment to see his old master kneel down and pray among other petitions, fervently for his black slave, Ben Gates, that he might be pardoned his fault and be brought to a better mind. The poor black soul crouching there was overcome with emotion, his heart was broken with a sense of his master's mercy and his own self-condemnation. He resolved then and there to crave forgiveness from his master's son and to seek the sort of religion exemplified by his master. He passed through the throes of an old time Methodist experience of religion, sought a long time for peace in vain, but at last one day in crossing a ploughed field he cast himself face down in the clods and in an agony of contrition, dedicated his soul fully to God. Then he always insisted he had visible manifestation of Divine acceptance in the form of a wheel that came rolling over the woods and down the sky and settled upon his head. Hallucination or not, no one that knew him from that day could doubt that he had "gotten religion" of a genuine sort. He became a trusted overseer and preacher to his fellow slaves. One morning in the woodyard of my father, for he became gardener to the household, it being during the Civil War, my father remarked that he did not believe the war would ever end until the slaves were emancipated. To this, Ben Gates replied that in the slave days and when he conducted the camp meetings, he always prayed lustily that the slaves might be freed but his prayers always elicited scoffs and jeers from the whites present who said, "Ha Ha, pray on, Ben. Peradventure God may hear." But he said, "I am as sure as there is a God that He will hear and redemption draweth nigh." Both lived to see their prognostications gloriously filled. I cannot forbear injecting at this point another fact connected with this black man, proving the omnipotence of prayer. Ben Gates had a son, Nelson by name, who bade fair to bring his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. For nearly sixty years he was a prodigal, displaying

not a trace of his father's character or inclination to a religious life but became a slaving drunkard. But his father used to say, "I have prayed for him to God and He will keep his covenant and I am certain he will reap the harvest of my prayers." He died without the sight. But years after in the city of Philadelphia, I read a copy of the religious paper entitled "The Messenger" and on the front page was a several columned Biography by Judge Hall, of Bedford, relating the remarkable conversion and the beautiful Christian work of Nelson Gates in the closing years of life. It was the wonder of the village.

One other personage was vitally connected with the religious impressions of my childhood. This was Captain William Welch, a diminutive Irishman from the Alleghenies who sojourned in our home on various occasions as a professional ditcher and who spaded miles of the same on my father's farm. He was a Roman Catholic to the back bone, crossed himself at all meals and while not obstructive as to the tenets of his religion, he was thoroughly grounded in the theology and forms of the Catholic church. He was a well known figure in his day to all residents of Bedford County as the head of the Catholic professions. Withal he was so gentle, kind and reasonable in all his explanations of the doctrines and usages of his church, so capable of giving a reason for the faith that was in him—in a word, so genuine in his piety that he might have been canonized. Though doubtless he knew nothing of Thomas A. Kempis, his life was a noble imitation of Christi. So deeply did he affect my opinions that though I was brought up in the strictest sect of Protestantism, he filled me with a profound respect for the Catholic religion which could take such umbrage in that clay and fashion so fine a specimen of godly character. And this will perhaps explain why in my after life as a minister I have often shocked the public defense of Roman Catholicism from the assaults of bigotry. Later opportunities of hearing the great Dominican and Jesuit preachers of the Continent deepened my respect for the intellectual dignity of the Catholic system. Protestants are wont to take it for granted that Catholicism flourishes best in ignorant soil. But what body of Christians can boast of a longer line of defenders so distinguished intellectually as the Fathers, from Augustine, Tertullian, Cyprian down to St. Thomas Aquinas, Pascal, and Cardinal Newman? What sect can furnish saintlier names than St. Francis Assisi, Thomas A. Kempis and the heroic nuns who have ministered to the lepers of Hawaii? The fact is that all the persuasions of religion combined are but partial and inadequate incarnations of the fullness of the body of Christ. It is proper for every man to be persuaded in his own mind and loyal to the faith of his fathers and of his own choice, but the championship of the most sacred cause is but weakened and shamed by the zeal that is without knowledge and by the disregard of truth and charity.

With the aforesaid influences inclining my nature to religion, accentuated by my brother's sudden death, I began to seek earnestly after what was called Conversion or the New Birth which in the original language of the New Testament is to be interpreted as a "Change of Mind." "Except ye change your minds and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." I sought light by reading Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Baxter's "Saints Rest," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and my New Testament. After vain attempts to pattern my experience after that of others, in despair I simply went to my knees in contrition with no prayer but that of sinking Peter, "Lord, save me or I perish." I gave myself in full self-surrender to Christ to be his willing disciple. I shall never forget the relief of that decision and how the very sun shone more benignant and the birds sang a blither song and the whole earth seemed thenceforth to be of a truth, my Father's House. My mother's ear was the first into which I poured the tale of my resolve to make open confessions. I shall never forget the kindness of an old Elder of the Presbyterian Church of Bedford, James Rea by name, who had been visiting my father's home the night before and next morning on my way to school broached the subject and said, "Though but twelve years old, you are not too young to join the Church." Little did that good old man know that my whole being was a quiver with that very subject. I revealed to him that it had been a matter of thoughtfulness and he counseled me to go to my pastor, Robert F. Sample, and under his instructions in a Catechumens Class, with a number of other young folks as my companions, I was prepared for admission and first Communion in the Presbyterian Church of Bedford.

In the Churches of the County.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Rally Day will be observed this Sabbath day. Bishop M. T. Maze, of Harrisburg, will be the special speaker. Morning worship at 10.00 o'clock. Sunday school 9.15 a. m. Christian Endeavor, 6.30 p. m. The public is very cordially invited to attend any or all of these services.
Reed O. Stealy, Minister.

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

9.30 a. m. Sunday school. 10.45 a. m. morning service; Sermon: "Trading Servants Of The Lord." 7.30 p. m. evening service; Sermon: "Thou Shalt Not Kill."
Clarence E. Arnold, pastor.

BOALSBURG REFORMED CHURCH.

Boalsburg Church school, 9.15 a. m. Pine Grove Mills—Holy Communion, 10.30 a. m. Preparatory service, Friday, 7.30 p. m. Pine Hall—Church school, 1.30 p. m. Public worship, 2.30 p. m.

The annual union Thanksgiving ser-

vice will be held in St. John's Reformed church, Boalsburg, on Wednesday, November 24th, at 7.30 p. m.

The annual roast chicken supper by the Ladies' Bible Class of St. John's Sunday school will be held in the Knights of Malta Temple on Saturday evening, November 20th.
W. W. Moyer, Pastor.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Thomas S. Hazel, Dec'd., late of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pennsylvania, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment thereof and those having claims against said estate must present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.
ELIZABETH N. HAZEL
Gettig & Bower, Attys. Administratrix.
Bellefonte, Pa.
71-451f

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Abraham Weber, late of Howard township, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment thereof and those having claims against said estate must present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.
BALSER WEBER,
Administrator,
Howard, Pa.
71-46-6f

W. Harrison Walker,
Attorney.
71-46-6f

Boys' Shoes

\$2.85

Boys Dress and School Shoes sold for \$2.85 at YEAGER'S TINY BOOT SHOP are equal in quality to any shoes sold at \$3.50.

This low price is made possible by the very low cost of operating our store.

Please note that this is YEAGER'S TINY BOOT SHOP advertisement. Not Yeager's Old shoe store.

Yeager's Tiny Boot Shop

71-35f BELLEFONTE, PA.

LUMBER? Oh, Yes! Call Bellefonte 432

W. R. Shope Lumber Co.

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork and Roofing

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Boys to sell flavoring extracts after school; send for free sample. Wakefield Extract Co., Sanbornville, N. H. 71-42-4f

LOST—Beagle dog, tag 3329, white body, black ears and head, back of Daniel Harpster farm near Stormstown. Finder notify CARL BAUMGARDNER, Port Matilda. 71-45-1f

IRA D. GARMAN

JEWELER
101 South Eleventh St.
PHILADELPHIA.
Have Your Diamonds Reset in Platinum
64-34-f EXCLUSIVE EMBLEM JEWELRY



\$4.00

Round Trip

Philadelphia Sunday Nov. 21st

Leave Saturday night, November 20
Leave Bellefonte.....10.00 P. M.
" Milesburg.....10.10 "
" Howard.....10.20 "
" Eagleville.....10.30 "
" Beech Creek.....10.40 "
" Mill Hall.....10.51 "

Returning, leave Philadelphia 5.55 P. M.

Tickets on sale two days preceding date of Excursion.

See Independence Hall, Memorial Hall, Academy of Fine Arts, Commercial and University Museums, Fairmount Park, Zoological Garden, Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, and the many other objects of interest of "The Quaker City."

Pennsylvania Railroad



It's Your Time to Save.

Men's Overcoats that are all wool. Hand tailored—up to the minute in style—never sold for less than \$25.00

on sale Saturday at \$17.50

See the Coats, about fifty of them, and you will discover where we save you a ten Dollar Bill. It's at

Fauble's

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE—Four Ford Trucks, with Anthony Dump Body and Russell axles. Inquire of American Lime

LOST—A blue and green plaid shawl Wednesday, 11th, on school house walk, opposite Mr. James Potter's residence, Lima street. Please return to MARY MILLES BLANCHARD. 71-40-4f

FARMER WANTED.—To rent a farm fully stocked, and equipped, or to farm by the day. This farm is in Snow Shoe Township Centre Co., Pa., and is under a good state of cultivation. For all sell on easy payments. Inquire of W. F. Holt, Philipsburg, Pa. 71-44-3f

GUERNSEYS FOR SALE.—A fine Guernsey cow, a heifer and a bull calf, all eligible to registry. These animals are all in good condition and of a blood that might improve that of any grade herd. Inquire of Cross and Meek, Bellefonte, Pa., or phone Bellefonte 520-J

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the Orphans Court of Centre County, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the Executor to and among those entitled thereto, in the Estate of Harry Baum, late of Bellefonte Borough, deceased, will hold a meeting in his office, on High Street, Bellefonte Borough, Pa., on Tuesday, November 22d, 1926, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at which time and place all persons in interest may appear and be heard.
J. K. JOHNSTON,
Auditor.
71-44-3f

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.—Helen Marchie Harter, vs. Paul Weaver Harter. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county to No. 188 September Term, 1926. Label in Divorce. WHEREAS Paul Weaver Harter, Respondent, WHEREAS Helen Marchie Harter, your wife, has filed a label in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county praying a divorce from you. Now you are hereby notified and required to appear in said Court on or before the First Monday of December next, to answer the complaint of the said Helen Marchie Harter, and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.
E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff.
71-44-4f

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.—Mrs. Olive A. Little vs. Frank E. Little, of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county to No. 236 September Term, 1926. Label in Divorce. WHEREAS Mrs. Olive A. Little, your wife, has filed a label in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county praying a label in Divorce from you. Now you are hereby notified and required to appear in said Court on or before the First Monday of December next, to answer the complaint of Mrs. Olive A. Little, in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence.
E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff.
71-44-4f

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, DECEMBER 4th, 1926.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The following property: All that certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Milesburg, Centre County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the East side of the Bellefonte and Philipsburg Turnpike at the line of L. T. Eddy; thence extending along said Turnpike North 48 feet to lot of William Miles; thence East 200 feet; thence South 48 feet to lot of L. T. Eddy; thence West 200 feet to lot of E. R. Taylor; thence North 48 feet to a frame dwelling house and other out-buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Smith, A. F. Smith, Lee R. Smith, Clair W. Smith, Claude W. Smith, and Alfred Smith, all heirs at law of Alfred S. Smith, late of Milesburg Boro deceased. Sale to commence at 1.30 o'clock p. m. of said day.
E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff,
Sheriff's office, Bellefonte Pa., Nov. 8th, 1926. 71-44-3f

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John J. Snyder and Boyd E. Miller, trading and doing business under the fictitious name of "STATE COLLEGE MOTOR COMPANY," dealers in automobiles, tractors, parts and service, at State College, Pa., was on the 1st day of September A. D. 1926 dissolved under and by virtue of a mutual agreement duly executed by the parties in interest, whereby the First National Bank of State College, State College, Pa., Administrator of etc. of the estate of John J. Snyder, who during his life was one of the Copartners in said "State College Motor Company," withdrew from the said firm, and the business of the said firm under said fictitious name of "State College Motor Company," will be continued by Boyd E. Miller, surviving copartner, who has all of the books and will make settlement of all accounts, either for or against the "State College Motor Company." All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the "State College Motor Company" or those having claims against the said "State College Motor Company" will kindly call at the place of business of said Company at State College, Pa., and make settlement.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF STATE COLLEGE, Pa.
By DAVID F. KAPP, Cashier,
Administrator of the estate of John J. Snyder, Dec'd., deceased. BOYD E. MILLER.
71-44-4f

FIRE INSURANCE

At a Reduced Rate

71-28-6m J. M. KEICHLIN, Agent

Dairymen—Notice

A special sale of Mayer's Dairy Feed—a Ready-Mixed Ration, 22% protein \$40.00 per Ton Delivery Charge \$2.00 per Load

Frank M. Mayer

BELLEFONTE, PA.

71-11-4f