

Pleasures of Homecoming.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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

After a six months sojourn in Europe and in spite of the constant change from one interesting country to another we must confess an attack of homesickness. And this we found to be a common malady amongst all the Americans we met in Switzerland on the Riviera and throughout Italy who were exiles because of business engagements or in search of health. They were afflicted with the intolerable tedium of life and its infinite ennui. They had seemed to contract a mournful cadence of speech and air of sadness. Better for a hopeless invalid to remain at home amid familiar faces and scenes than vainly search for health amid strange peoples and unfamiliar surroundings thus adding to the discomfort of sickness the pangs of homesickness. For there is no illusion so potent as one's native land. All nations may shelter you under their roof trees but none can offer you the home where you received the benediction of your mother. Heaven is great and extended over all but not the heaven under which you dreamed of felicity and were happy with smiling phantasies. Any part of the earth may conceal your body but alas! your bones will be more isolated in a foreign grave that contains not the remains of your father. Not in vain are we born in our Motherland. Our hearts are moulded of her clay, our ideals mingle with the words our country has put upon our lips. One may look upon earth's grandest spectacles, may visit its most illustrious cities and sublime monuments, may look upon the Sessions of Parliament in London and Paris, High Mass at St. Peters, Sunset on the Bay of Naples; one may climb Alpine peaks among the eternal snows and hear glaciers grind, cascades fall roaring down the mountain sides and watch eagles mount among the heights, but we still turn our eyes to the distant land which was our birth place and feel that our utmost ambition is to be the least of her children, the most obscure of her citizens and to possess a home among our friends and families today, and tomorrow a quiet resting place in the earth of our fathers. It was with a glad heart therefore that leaving Rome, stopping a few days at Naples to view the wonders of vision, Sunset on the Bay, Herculaneum and Pompeii we took a ship for the voyages across the Mediterranean, coaled at Gibraltar, loaded up with oranges at Valencia, Spain, and thence followed the southern route to New York. Having often wondered what a storm at sea was like I was gratified to the full upon this voyage upon one of the Henderson line of steamers aboard which I was the sole passenger. The young Captain for the first time serving in that capacity related that he had experienced a thrilling outward voyage overloaded as his vessel was with wheat and sewing machines. Crossing the bay of Biscay in a violent tempest the Cargo shifted and his vessel was submerged Aft below the water line, but he reached his destination, an Italian port, in safety. Homeward bound from Valencia with his cargo of oranges, a more frightful tempest swept down upon us. At first knowing that this young Scotch Captain and his crew were men one could trust utterly I was not in the slightest trepidation but even requested the privilege of climbing up the central mast where for hours I watched the billows certainly 50 feet high rolling up in endless succession toward the vessel's stern threatening to engulf her, while the roaring waves made a pandemonium and the spray was filling the air and showering the topmost masts. It was quite the most fearful yet thrilling scene I ever beheld. The storm waxed more furious rendering it too dangerous to go upon the deck. Finally towering waves that rolled behind us began to overtake us and break over the vessel's stern, smashing the skylight of the dining saloon pouring down into it until it was submerged several feet deep. The next morning on putting my head out of my berth I was saluted with the crash of a wave breaking over the ship, the sound of splintered glass and a shower bath. Stepping down on the floor I saw my effects floating about in the swishing water. Leaving my compartment for the saloon it was water everywhere. In deed so saturated was every thing and so impossible was it to dry anything that I slept under damp bed clothes, the remainder of the voyage and would have suffered mightily but for the mildness of the temperature. Finally the captain decided that these pursuing billows would sink the ship with their mountain weight and he must needs turn the vessel completely around so that his ships prow could meet and cut them perpendicularly. He said that to turn the vessel round in a semicircle in such a sea was an exceedingly dangerous performance liable as it was at any moment to be smashed by a wave striking amidships broadside on. Happily he made the manoeuvre safely and we steamed for three days on the backward course till the storm abated and we could resume the voyage homeward. My yearning for the sight of a storm at sea was completely satisfied. On reaching the American side of the Atlantic on the latitude of Florida we steamed up the coast following the Gulf stream which on account of its being winter and the air colder than the water, smoked like a caldron. A most wierd sight, savoring of a voyage over an inferno or some boiling lake. One day standing by the captain and looking back along the vessel's foaming wake I exclaimed "what is that?" pointing to an apparition precisely like a gigantic old fashioned hour glass, with a widely expanded and circular top tapering down to the center and gradually expanding in the same rounded form to its base on the water. He replied with astonishment "why as I live that is a tremendous water spout!" It was directly in the

course which the ship had traversed and but a couple of minutes time pre-served us from being enveloped and wrecked by the suction that lifted hundreds of tons of water 200 feet in the air. Perhaps this is the secret of the disappearance of many vessels never heard from. In the steerage were several hundred immigrants from Southern Italy. Seated on the lower deck when the weather permitted they gave us nightly serenades. Very wonderful it was to hear one of their number break the silence and set the key while one another chimed in with perfect rhythm until several hundred voices made the night melodious with one improvisation succeeding another. Up to this time the weather was summery though it was mid winter and many of the immigrants were barefooted doubtless expecting the same climate to which they were accustomed. But when we weighed anchor in New York harbor it was to be greeted with zero atmosphere. Truly a cool reception these barefooted strangers received that January morning from the land of their hopes and their dreams. As for myself nothing could chill my happiness that I was home at last. Of a truth there's no place like home!

After returning from my extended trip abroad I resumed my pulpit duties at Washington square which were continued some two years almost rounding out a cycle of ten years service. But during the last four years of my pastorate was greatly weakened by an attack of meningitis conjection induced by a spinal shock brought about by my riding a horse, falling with me on the Winchester pike near my Virginia home. Finally the torture became unbearable and I was compelled to resign, hoping a year's cessation of pulpit demands might restore accustomed vigor. Returning to the country and engaging in agricultural labors proved a rapid panacea and in six months I was in condition to return to my favorite work. At this time a "call" was given me by the 1st. Church of Indianapolis with president Harrison's name appearing as one of the signers. Coincidentally another "call" was forwarded me from the Brown memorial church of Baltimore to succeed the very brilliant preacher, Rev. John Sparhawk Jones. This was the position I would have chosen as being nearest the home of my parents at Winchester but the reluctance of my wife to part from her parents led me to accept a call from the Oxford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, tendered at the same time. Many ministers seeking a change for the better and higher emolument preach frequently in other pulpits make cavalry charges hither and thither, figure at no end of conventions and councils but I never stirred out of my pulpit but sought to make it my throne esteeming that my utmost powers were due to the people who honored me with their choice as their pastor. Yet I can record without disposition to be boastful but merely for the edification of my brethren of the ministry that I have been honored with more calls

than any minister with whose history I have knowledge, having been formally called by the First church of Rochester, the First church of Philadelphia the First church of Indianapolis, the Brown memorial church of Baltimore, twice by the Oxford church, the North Congregational church of Cambridge, Boston, West Green, of Philadelphia. I have received proffers of calls from the four points of the compass but refused to permit them to be issued formally from the 1st. church of Allegheny city, the Cathedral of St. Augustine, from Memphis, Tenn., Los Angeles, California, Portland, Oregon, Seattle, Washington, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, and Albany, New York. Some of these tempted me with nearly twice the salary I was receiving but I was content to spend my ministerial life in Philadelphia.

What to Do After a Blow-Out.

A writer in the current issue of Farm and Firesides gives the following directions to automobilists:

"When a blow-out takes place, in a rear tire, shut off the power and bring the car to a stop very slowly. If brakes must be used, apply them gently.

"I am quite aware of the customary advice not to run the car on a deflated tire, but that is less injurious for a distance of seven or eight rods than to set the brakes when the tire is flat and perhaps drag it on the road when it is in no condition to resist the strain."

Motion pictures are being used by the British Royal Society of Medicine to demonstrate surgical, medical and dental manipulations. Complicated surgery and nervous diseases have been successfully studied by motion pictures.

Keep Eliminative System Active

Good Health Requires Good Elimination

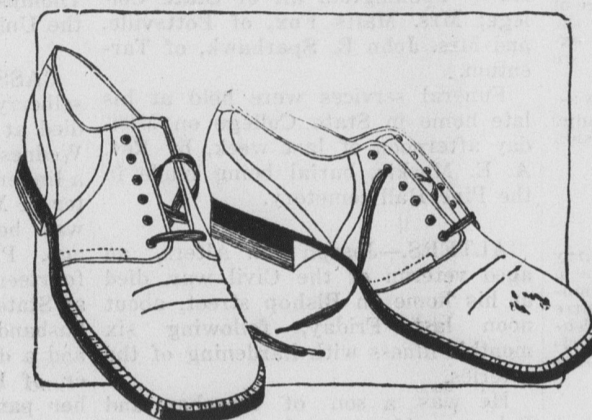
ONE can't feel well when there is a retention of poisonous waste in the blood. This is called a toxic condition, and is apt to make one tired, dull and languid. Other symptoms are sometimes toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning properly is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Many people have learned the value of Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, when the kidneys seem functionally inactive. Everywhere one finds enthusiastic Doan's users. Ask your neighbor!

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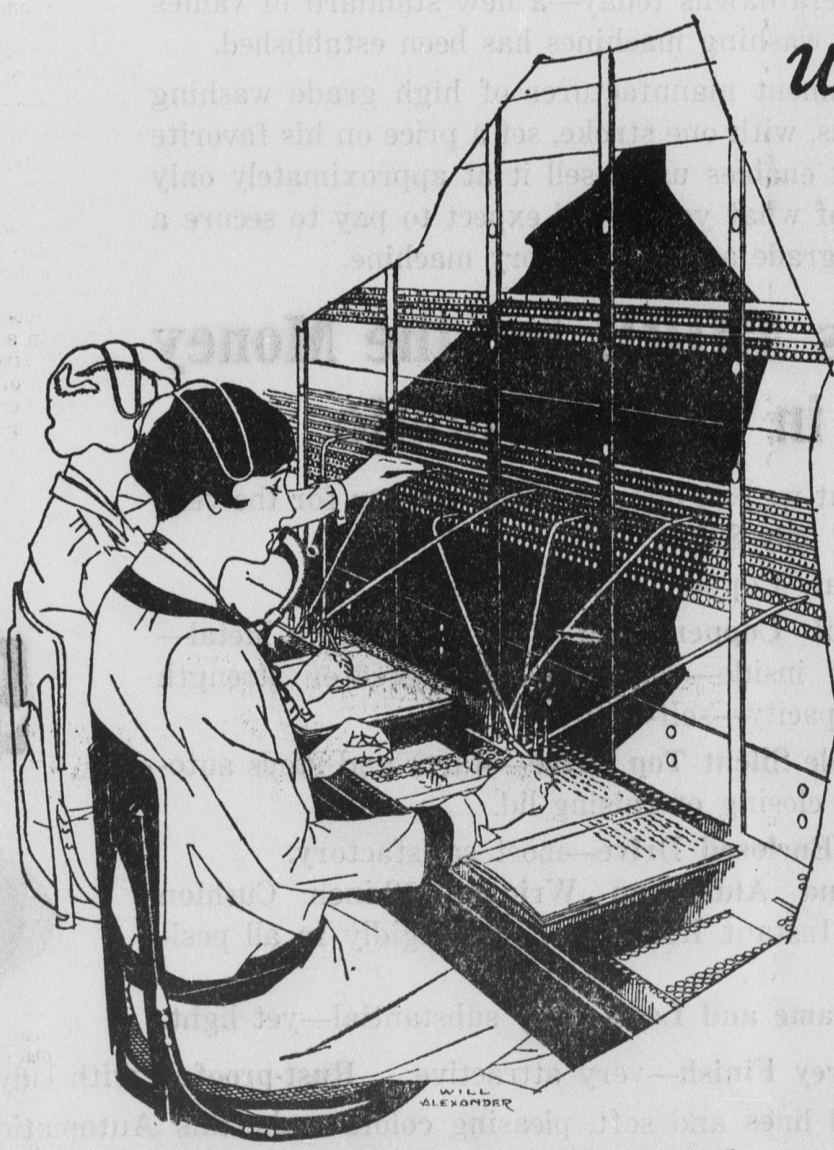


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