

Bellefonte, Pa., September 16, 1927.

WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES IN.

You've heard folks say-I'll just do that When my ship comes in some day"-Then they sit around and watch and wait While time is slipping away.

But how can a ship come sailing in With all we care most about-If we haven't worked and done our best To send a dream ship out?

If we haven't had a certain goal And kept the goal in view, Believing in it and in our power To make our dream come true?

We haven't any right to expect That somebody else-or fate, Is going to do our work for us While we sit down and wait.

We can't get anything worth the while Or that we'll be proud to win, Unless we pitch in and do our part To make that ship come in.

For only by giving the best you have Will your highest dreams come true, And for every ship you're sending out A ship will "come in" for you. -By Evelyn Gage Browne

ANTOINETTE AND AUGUSTA.

(Cncluded frm last week.)

One morning, in the next week, when they were shopping on Fifth Avenue, Antoinette suggested to Augusta that she get her hair bobbed in the new way originated by Paris and just then being introduced in New York.

"You know we are having luncheon with Harold Warren and his mother,"

"Oh, bother Harold Warren! He is only a schoolboy," Augusta said care-

But in spite of her scornful remark, she was eager enough to have her hair done the new French way. And the coiffure was a wonderful success. Augusta's eyes were shining with appreciation of its chic. It was very fashionable and smart. And also it brought out, as its originator had planned for it to do, the really lovely, serene poise of a small head above a slender throat.

"We must call Jimmy now; I want to ask him to do something for me." Antoinette said as they left the hairdresser.

They squeezed into the telephone booth together, half in, half out. was a great resemblance of features between them. Looking at them, who would know they were mother and daughter? Who but think they were sisters instead! And who but would instantly think the older, fair-haired, vivacious sister much prettier and more attractive than the younger, serious-looking sis-

"Jimmy," Antoinette called over the telephone, "I want you to get Mr. rman on the telephone, and ask him to come with you to tea at our house on Sunday."

"I say now! What do you want with that old dodger?" His words came back so loudly, even Augusta heard the sputter of them in the receiver. Between Jimmy's voice and Augus-

ta's questioning gaze, Antoinette was nonplussed for a moment. Mr. Eberman did seem now an incongruous guest for their household. Yet he had een an associate of her husband's in business, and one of his closest friends And it was an important part of Antoinette's plan that he, and other people of his age, should soon come to be associated with her naturally. So she insisted on the invitation to the Sunday tea.

After the telephone call, Antoinette and Augusta hurried to the luncheon engagement with Harold Warren and his mother. The party was very gay and intimate, with Harold and Augusta, as always, going off at a great rate into laughter and repartee. Antoinette had always thought that

her daughter liked Harold Warren best of all her friends. Before this matter of Jimmy Brown had come up, both she and Mrs. Warren had taken it for granted that in a few years. when Harold had finished college and had made a start for himself, he and Augusta would make a match. Only yesterday Mrs. Warren had spoken to her about Jimmy Brown, warning her that Augusta's head would be turned by the attentions of an older man such as he. But what could she reply? Could she say that Jimmy Brown was really in love with her instead, and she with him, and her husband only six months dead? She had made some evasive remark about Jimmy Brown living next door and naturally taking an interest in Au-

During the luncheon now, Augusta was urged by Harold to take off her hat and exhibit her new bob. And he seemed to see somthing new about her in addition to the bob.

"Say, Augusta, you're almost as good-looking as your mother!" he exclaimed. "I never could even see you when she was around beforesome way you are different today."

"Oh, it's because I am so much more experienced than you are. I dazzle you, old dear," she replied. "I can lead a boy like you around by the

nose. "Well, Augusta, you may do as you please with my nose-it's your nose,

"Harold Waren, you do say such

silly things.'
"Oh, I am silly, am I? Only a schoolboy? Well, I'm not silly enough to say you are as good-looking as your mother, so there. I take that back! I was only joking. You loom large today only because she sits back and gives you the spotlight!'

It was apparent that this subject was not a suave one. Yet, naturally, if Harold had dreamed how untactful it really had become during the last few days, he would never have spoken as he did. He had meant his remarks as a familiar pleasantry. And a week she was masquerading. She soon beago they would have been taken as he gan to wonder herself if she were. meant them. But there had been a psychic change in the atmosphere frock from Paris—simple in the way during the last week. No one but French frocks are always simple—

change, and by her words she only added to the weight of it.

"Realy, Eleanor," she said, turning to Harold's mother, "you have no idea how much older I feel nowadays. But, after all, I am the mother of a

grown daughter, and I may as well begin to act my age."

"What extraordinary nonsense!"

Mrs. Warren laughed. "Keep the young folks down, is my motto," and she glowered at Augusta and her son. "Augusta, what have you been doing to your mother?" Augusta looked startled and trou-

"Yes, you little bean," Harold scowled at her, "how do you dare to sprout? You stick around quietly until I'm through college next year. You won't be able to bear off any of your mother's laurels anyway—unless she

hands 'em to you." "Enough quarreling," Antoinette said, and shooed the party out of the restaurant and across town toward the Fifth Avenue shops.

When Jimmy Brown popped over avidly before dinner time that evening, Antoinette was just helping Augusta into the new frock they had bought that afternoon after the luncheon party. The new frock was as short, to be sure, as a child would wear, and yet there was something indefinably mature about it. It was a clever frock, and Antoinette had selected it only after the most careful appraisal. It was not only immensely becoming to Augusta, but it also subtly added at least five years to her age. The right shade of lipstick then, the lightest brushing back of the chic, marcelled bob, a platinum and emerald bracelet, a single string of fine, small pearls—and in Augusta, the flapper's, shoes stood Augusta, the sweetly serious voung woman—quite old serious young woman—quite old enough, any one would say now, to

marry Jimmy Brown.

Antoinette turned her daughter to see herself in the long mirror of the bedroom door.
"What a wonderful frock!" she ex-

claimed. "Yes," Antoinette said, turning to

hide her own face.

"I'm so wonderful I'm afraid of myself. But I like myself a lot!"
"Go downstairs. Jimmy is calling you," Antoinette said. Jimmy was whistling an imperious summons from the living-room, and Augusta bounced for the steps.

mother reached out a restraining hand for her arm. "Go down like a lady, not like a boy," she said. And so, walking before him with a

newly assumed dignity, her crushed-back exuberance only heightening her face with color, Augusta gave Jimmy Brown a thrill of surprise. "Great Scott," he gasped. "Is that you. Augusta?"

Above, listening, Antoinette pressed her face against her hands.

Augusta did not deign to answer. She paced across the living-room on parade, like a manikin in a fashion show, Jimmy falling back before her. "You-you sure are the cat's whiskers, Augusta," he said. "That your mother's dress?"

"Mother's dress!" she flared at him. "Can't I even have a dress of my own? I'm tired of having mother thrown in my face!"

Antoinette shrank as if some one had struck her. Somehow, in that instant, she remembered when Augusta was born. It had been in this roomshe remembered the night, the anguish, the pain. She remembered the long hard convalescence afterward: remembered that never to this day had she quite got back the strength she had lost in that night's battle for Augusta's life.

"Oh, God, make me old quickly!" she prayed. "Do make me old quick-

And she closed the door in order not

to hear them laughing below. Antoinette was tempted almost beyond her strength to go to bed, to escape by that means from the dinner and the evening. But she had made her plans, and she set herself to carry them out to the last letter.

Now, at the very moment Jimmy Brown was dazzled by the apparition of the new Augusta, Antoinette had planned that he must have even an exaggeratingly contrasting picture of what the mother of a beautiful young woman is supposed to be.

She hastily washed her face and did not use any rouge or lipstick or powder. She put on her most unbecoming dress. She flattened her wavy hair a little over her brow. With a grim smile she saw that she did not need to droop her shoulders purposely-they drooped naturally now. And the line of her mouth sagged downward at the

"It is certainly easy enough for a woman to be unattractive," she mur-mured, as she switched off the light and felt her way down the steps in her

flat-heeled shoes.

Fortunately, to her astonishment even, there was no acting required of her that evening. All she had to do, apparently, was to dress Augusta up and let her ripple, and to dress her-self down and keep silent. Youth was not slow to see its own chance and

If Jimmy noticed how dreadful she looked, he, presumably, thought she never had really looked any other way! Apparently he accepted the idea that Augusta's sudden revelation of charm was showing her mother up

for the frump she really was.

As for Augusta, to her Jimmy's admiration was ambrosia. In the light of his conveyed above the state of his conveyed above the light of his approval she radiated like a flower under glass in the sun. She was witty and sparkling for once. Little beams of light rose in her dark eyes like bubbles in champagne, and she preened her fine feathers like a bird of Paradise. And was not youth

a Paradise enough? The Sunday tea to which Mr. Eberman had been invited came and went. Antoinette wore the same unbecoming dress-because she had not had time to concoct anything else so ugly. Outside of the fact that Jimmy stared at her from time to time in frowning silence, no one seemed to notice that Augusta wore a new, simple little

Antoinette could have explained this nothing in itself, but contrived to I take my daughter's fiance, are you, change and by her words she only make a woman more attractive bemake a woman more attractive because she is a woman. There were half a dozen young people there— Harold Warren, as a matter of course, among the rest. And he was fairly swept off his feet by Augusta's new attractiveness and her new manner that went with it. She did not need to lead him by the nose; he followed

without being led. Jimmy was unperturbed by Har-old's fatuous antics, although Antoin-ette could see that he, too, was pat-ently proud of Augusta, and that he assumed a certain proprietorship. His was the right of priority here, on account of his living next door. His attitude was that he had Augusta vision of youth and triumph in a frock right here under his wing, while tomorrow evening this college boy would be back at Yale. But even Jimmy Brown's assurance was a bit

"Ah, ha!" remarked Mr. Eberman, for even he noted the rivalry of the moment between Jimmy Brown and Harold Warren. "See how jealous they are of each other, these young folks."
"Yes, they do seem silly to us, their elders." Antoinette said, fussing over the pillows back of the old gentleman

on the divan. And she settled him so comfortably that he presently relapsed into a pleasant Sunday afternoon drowsiness. And, hearing all the time the laughter and talking of the young people outside on the veranda, Antoinette sat opposite him. So this was life.

After the guests had gone Augusta kept repeating Harold's college jokes and laughing over them. She had made an engagement with him for luncheon on the holiday which came the next mid-week.

"But what about Jimmy Brown on the holiday?" Antoinette asked in surprise. "He, too, will have a holi-day. And won't you want to be with

"Well, I might," Augusta said. "I really wish I had not promised Harold. But I keep forgetting to be a wise old owl like Jimmy," she laughed. "Jimmy is so much more solemn than Harold. If one wishes to seem old, Mother-does one have to work

Antoinette rearranged some flowers in a bowl before she answered. "Yes," she said, "one does."

It was even easier than Antoinette had thought it would be to encourage Jimmy to fall in love with Augusta! It seemed that she had only to throw them constantly together. And his attention made Augusta fairly bloom, until any man would have been flattered to feel proprietary. It was true that he often tried to talk to Antoinette alone, that he sometimes was angry at being evaded. But she always put him off adroitly and sent him back gusta and her set, and that he would the whole afternoon. amuse them no longer. That was the evening he refused at the last minute meet Augusta at the hotel. And Aumask just for herself; to play that and highway safety. gusta had the good fortune to go radiantly. No sooner was she gone than Antoinette sent Jimmy home. And so this incident only helped, really precipitated, his capitulation.

After that evening he was frankly and avowedly Augusta's cavalier. Sometimes, indeed, the role seemed to bore him. But, after all, Augusta was growing prettier every day. And who will not drink sweet cream that is always within reach?

The weeks sped to the summer vacation time, when Antoinette and Augusta went for a month to the mountains. Harold Warren bounced merrily off with them for the whole month. Jimmy Brown came up for two weeks. And Mr. Eberman got himself up for one week-end.

All that long summer month at the Mountain Inn, Harold Warren was Augusta's devoted slave. They were naturally together every moment, for horseback riding, for motoring, picnics, tramps. They never seemed to tire of each other's companionship. Antoinette wondered that a chap with Harold's spirit could be content to play second fiddle to Jimmy so frankly. Sometimes she even wondered how far second he did play. She wondered, too, how Augusta could be so happy with Harold when Jimmy was away. And she was really beginning to be uncertain again about the whole matter, when Augusta suddenly asked that her engagement to Jimmy be announced as soon as they were home from the mountains.

It was on the day they discussed announcing the engagement that Antoinette's mother arrived. She was shocked at her daughter's appearance. "Antoinette, are you ill?" she ask-

ed at once. "Don't be silly, Mother. Do you expect me to look like a young girl? See—" and she pointed from the bedroom window to the shaded road beside the Inn. There on a beautiful, shining, black horse sat Augusta, Harold holding the bridle. "I'm the mother of that," Antoinette said.

"Suppose you are! She can't hold a candle to you. Get her out of those disgraceful riding breeches. They show her off too much." "Yes, get her out of riding breeches

and into a bathing suit or into a dance frock! I can't hide her." A sort of bewildered comprehension grew in her mother's face. "Do you really intend to marry Augusta to Jimmy Brown?" she demanded.

"Well, you won't. You never will. He is ages too old for her, not only in years but in temperament. She should marry a jouncing young fel-low like Harold Warren. As for Jimmy Brown, you could have him yourself at the drop of a hat. And he's come into his father's money now." "Mother! How dare you speak so to me?"

"Nonsense. Any one can see you in your hands and giving him to that hoydenish girl of yours. As for him, he will do anything you wish. And she doesn't really want him either.

She likes the Warran hey instead?

Saw them splash like crystals on the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper color of her scarf.

"Antoinette!" he cried, flinging the copper co are simply taking that young man up She likes the Warren boy instead."

There was silence after this, but not convinced silence. The announcement of Jimmy's and

Augusta's engagement was made in the early autumn. But the wedding was to be postponed until the next spring. And while Jimmy was a satisfactory enough lover, he made no eager demand for an immediate wed-

Harold Warren and also Antoinett's mother protested to the last moment against the announcement. But it was duly made in spite of their disapproval. It was made at a smart wore a gown of black crepe silk with

lavender orchids. Just before the guests went into dared since." jolted, as Antoinette had intended that the dining-room, where the formal it should be, when Augusta announced announcement was to be made, Jimthat she was going to a dance at New my tried to draw Antoinette aside and Haven with Harold the next evening. whisper something to her. He insistwhisper something to her. He insisted so vehemently that she was upon the point of accompanying him to hair, while with the other hand he relisten to what he had to say, when Mr. captured both of hers.

Eberman pushed him aside.

"See here, young man," he said,
"you go back to your Augusta. You are not marrying Antoinette!"

blank. In that confused, fleeting moment Antoinette knew subconsciously what he meant to say to her. She knew he, too, meant to protest against the announcement. even at this last moment. But Mr. Eberman would not allow her to speak to him alone, and she was more uncertain then than ever as to what should be done. So the announcemnt was formally made.

Then, afterward, somehow the winter passed at last, and the spring said. came. For Antoinette the ghastly drama would soon be over. Soon Augusta and Jimmy would be living together in the apartment they had taken and furnished on Park Avenue. Soon Antoinette could gather together the broken bits of her own life and rest. Rest was all she asked, craved. She wanted nothing, asked nothing, only the ceasing of the present.

Then, one May day, she was struck with fright at her own reflection in the mirror. She looked so old and weary. She had grown thinner. Had age then really become a habit she could never throw off!

The surge of the spring breeze billowed the sheer white curtains at the window; the hum of growing things beat through the air, the warm fragrance of the flowers-life. If only she could be sick and weary of life! But she could not. Even after those terrible months her heart lifted like a young girl's to the spring. Oh, would she really never live again? Had she really lost her chance?

Augusta and Jimmy were on an allday shopping trip to New York, selecting a few final things for the Park

she was beautiful and happy—to play even—that she was—beloved to play. Her face flushed at the thought, and the tears came burningly to her eyes.

but she crushed them back. Hastily she ran to the closet for a different frock to put on. Not that old warm thing, no, for it was spring. One solitary bird sang in the wistaria that poured like purple wine about the bedroom window. No, not that old drab, brown dress. Away away with musty, drabby things. It was her one day of spring, and she would

drink it deep. She put on a lovely frock of chiffon, so gossamer it could have been folded into an envelope; cream-color it was, with azure flowers like her eyes. It was a frock she had bought last year, but it had been the newest thing in fashion when she bought it. And about her slender shoulders she drew a scarf of copper-colored tulle. And she fluffed out her soft, wavy hair at the sides of her beautifully shaped head, and like a prisoner suddenly released into the sunshine, it

shone with honey-colored light. Tremulously she borrowed from Augusta's room a new orange lipstick, and applied it to her lips. guiltily. She had longed all winter to try it, and now mightn't she? Mightn't she try anything she wished.

just in play? She ran about the house, touching all the pretty things she loved. She played over on the piano the songs Jimmy liked best and she liked best; foolish little songs they were, foolish

little songs of love. A bit tired with this restless, feverish game, she thought of tea. Often in summer she served tea under the boughs of the big tree on the lawn, back from the street, protected by a wing of the house. Outside the sun was still beating down with the golden warmth of May, and she asked the maid to put the tea-table there now, where the grass was new green and she could see the yellow and catawbacolored tulips in a row.

As she poured the tea alone, as she drank it, amber-colored and exhilarating and fragrant, a subtle opiate from the Orient, full of pleasant and gracious dreams, she recalled so many happy afternoons here at tea time, and this the first she had ever been

here alone. Suddenly her little lonely game, so nearly over seemed very pitiful. put down untouched the sweet cakes the maid had brought with the tea, and pushed back from her the pretty, gay-patterned china. She leaned back in the big wicker chair and closed her eyes, and two great tears pushed under her eyelids and rolled down her cheeks. It was so short, her afternoon of spring!

And then, coming across the lawn toward her, she saw Jimmy, alone, a tall swinging figure, boyish, brown. She sat up straight, forgetting to brush the tears from her face, and he

he likes the Warren boy instead."

his arms across her knees, his hands favorable weather conditions interfered to hers.

"Antoinette, why are you crying?"
"Why, Jimmy, I—I don't know," she

said.

"Oh, my dear and beautiful," he said, "I love you," reaching both hands to pull her face down to his, and she almost did before she drew back.

For a moment she was confused and afraid. Was he really here, touching her telling her she was heautiful tell.

To Depresent JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that W. Harrison Walker, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of President Judge of the courts of Centre county; subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held on September 20th, 1927. said.

"You love me, Jimmy?" she said. "Of course, I love you, Antoinette. "Of course, I love you, Antoinette. I have loved you ever since the day you moved into this house next to ours, when I was seventeen and you were just married. I thought you looked like an angel then. I hardly dared to speak to you. I have hardly dared since"

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that Harry E. (Dep.) Dunlap, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office Sheriff of Centrecounty, subject to the decision of the Centre county voters as expressed at the primaries to be held on Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

He reached up and with one hand smoothed the strands of her shining at the primaries to be held on Tuesday, September 20, 1927. 'I came home alone because Augus-

The words wiped Jimmy's face I thought she would, all along."

lank. In that confused, fleeting molent Antoinette knew subconsciously head bent over now so that his eyes

were blinded with her hair. "Oh, Jimmy-I love you, too. I-I think I always have."
"And now that our daughter is married off," he said after a while, "I suppose we can be married ourselves."

"I suppose--we can," she answered. "I suppose we could elope to the City Hall like the young folks," he "I suppose-we could," she answer-

And afterward she was very glad she had not eaten the sweet cakes the maid had brought with the tea, for Jimmy ate them all. And then he

thought to remark: "I told Augusta she could have the Park Avenue apartment for a wedding present. I suppose she is there now. I took her suitcase there for her yesterday."-By Claudia Cranston in the Good Housekeeper.

Uniform Laws are Big Need.

Highways of the United States must be constructed with a view to protecting the lives of the people and not merely to provide a temporary means of transportation over highly congested routes, according to Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, in a statement made public recently by the American Road Builders' association. Mr. Hoover said that uniform traffic regulations throughout the United States and Canada are necessary.

decting a few final things for the Park Avenue apartment. She was alone in the house. She would be alone the the whole afternoon.

And then it suddenly occurred to Another It suddenly occurred to Another It supplies a couldn't be a care authorized to announce that John W. Yearick, of Marion township, will be a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 20, 1927. to Augusta. Once he rebelled flatly; Avenue apartment. She was alone in announced that he was tired of Augusta and how set and that he was tired of Augusta. She would be alone the and property that reckless auto drivers and the set an her. It surely couldn't be any harm, of the American Road Builders' assoto take Augusta to a supper-dance at now that she was alone, to go back ciation in securing such regulations the Ritz. But Antoinette had the diplomatic idea of calling Harold Warren instead and asking him to meet Augusta at the hetal. And a street with no one to see, to take off the both and him to meet Augusta at the hetal.

Mr. Hoover said that property loss as a result of accidents in this country in the past 12 months has been in excess of \$600,000,000, and the loss of life enormous.

"When we had but three people in a township," said Mr. Hoover, "they did not require traffic rules to keep their elbows out of each other's ribs, but when we get a million in a community somebody has to tell them how to move or they will run over each other. Roads must be constructed wide eough and numerous enough to hanthem.

"Probably the man who invented the automobile was innocent of any intention to quadruple the nation's traffic problems. He did not expect to turn 20.000,000 high speed engines running helter-skelter over our streets and highways; he did not expect one-half of the whole adult population would claim to know how to drive them with safety and skill."

The situation makes a uniform traffic code a necessity. Mr. Hoover was invited to take part in the traffic conferences to be held at the 1927 convention of the American Road Builders' association, to be held in Chicago during Good Roads week next January. At that time highway authorities of international note will address highway engineers, contractors and offi-cials from all parts of the continent. More than 40,000 are expected at the convention.

Highway Widening Plans Announced.

The first ultimate right of way plans of the department of highways for the widening and improvement of State highways and for future construction, were announced Monday. These plans will be filed immediately in the offices of the recorder of deeds in the various counties.

The object of establishing these ultimate rights of way is primarily so that no property improvements will be made on land which probably will be needed for the highways in future, thus decreasing amount of damages counties will have to pay when the highways are widen-

Authority for establishing these rights of ways was provided in an act of the Legislature in 1911 and amended in 1921. The width may be from 60 to 120 feet according to estimated future traffic requirements.

Farmers Intend to Plant More Wheat.

Pennsylvania farmers stated their intention on August 1st to seed a winter wheat acreage 12 per cent. greater than the planting last fall, in reports to the Federal-State Crop Reporting Service, Department of Agriculture, Harrisburg.

If these plans are carried through, the Pennsylvania wheat plantings this fall will total 1,216,000 acres compared with the estimated plantings of 1,086,-

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

her, telling her she was beautiful, telling her she was beloved? Or was this —only more—of her play? For she had played that she was beautiful and beloved!

To Democratic Voters of Centre County:—

I am a candidate for the office of judge of your courts, subject to your decision at the primaries September 20, 1927.

Sincerely yours.

W. D. ZERBY

FOR SHERIFF.

dared since."

"But, Jimmy! What of Augusta?
Where is Augusta? Why have you come home alone?"

We are outhorized to announce that Elmer Breon, of Bellefonte borough, will be a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Sheriff of Centre county, subject to the decision

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that ta has jilted me, the handsome jade,"
he said contentedly. "She has eloped to the City Hall with Harold Warren.

Claude Herr, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Prothonotary of Centra county, subject to the decision of of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters as expressed at the Primary to be held Tuesday, September 20,

FOR TREASURER. We are authorized to announce that Lyman L. Smith, of Centre Hall, will be a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that D. T. Penrce, of State College Boro., will be a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

FOR RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Sinie H. Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of Centre county, subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that D. Wagner Geiss, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of Centrecounty, subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, September 20th, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that D. A. McDowell, of Spring township, will be a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of deeds of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters as expressed at the primary on Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

We are authorized to announce that John
S. Spearly will be a candidate for the
nomination for County Commissioner on
the Democratic ticket subject to the decision of the voters of the party as expressed
at the primaries on September 20th, 1927.

Republican Ticket. PRESIDENT JUDGE We are authorized to announce that M. Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, Pa., is a candidate for nomination for President Judge of the Courts of Centre county subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September, 20, 1927. We are authorized to announce that James C. Furst, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of President Judge of the Courts of Centre county; subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that Arthur C. Dale, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of President Judge of the courts of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

TREASURER.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for nomination as the Republican candidate for Treasurer of Centre County, subject to the decision of the voters of the party as expressed at the primaries to be held Sept. 20, 1927.
Your influence and support is earnestly

JOHN T. HARNISH Boggs Township.

PROTHONOTARY. We are authorized to announce that Roy Wilkinson, of Bellefonte, Pa., will be a candidate for the nominaton on the Republean ticket for the office of Prothonotary of Centre county, subject to the decision of thee Republican voters as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, Septmber 20, 1927.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOUSE FOR RENT, with all conveniences. Phone 104 R, west Curtin St., Bellefonte. 72-34-44

P OR RENT.—A five room house on the Clayton Brown property, corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Belle-A DMINISTRATRIX NOTICE. Letters of administration on the estate of Elizabeth R. Dunlap, late of Ferguson township, Centre county, Penna, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment thereof and those having claims should present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

tlement. KATHRYN M. DUNLAP, Adm'x., W. Harrison Walker, Pine Grove Mills, Pa. Attorney 72-34-6t

S HERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Fiera 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 on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1927,

the following property:
All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in the Borough of State College, Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows,

STARTING at an Iron Pin, located on STARTING at an Iron Pin, located on the North side of Prospect Avenue, 51 feet East of Apple Alley; thence North 33 degrees East 51 feet along Prospect Avenue to lot No. 47 thence West 57 degrees West 149 feet to Chestnut Alley; thence South 33 degres West 51 feet along Chestnut Alley to lot No. 45; thence South 57 degrees East 149 feet to the place of beginning. THEREON ERECTED a double frame dwelling, being lot No. 46 on the plot prepared by H. B. Shattuck for John Hamilton.

or said day.

E. R. TAYLOR, Sheriff Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., September 7th, 1927 72-35-3t.