

# Bellefonte, Pa., October 14, 1927.

## WHEN A MAN'S A MAN.

When a man's a man he doesn't lie, and he will not play the cheat, And he doesn't look with a scornful eye

at the beggar on the street; And he doesn't brag of the things he's done, or talk about his lands of gold, When a man's a man you will find, my son, that he's gentle with the old.

When a man's a man you will find his friends not all of the chosen few, He never talks of the help he lends or of

the good deeds he may do. He never jests with a woman's name, nev er sneers at the men who fail. And a dog a pat from his hand may claim

if only he wags his tail.

When a man's a man he will never shirk the task his hand may find, He is never too busy for the long day's

work, too busy to be kind: He never sneers at the faith you hold, never or needless hurt he gives-

When a man's a man it is plainly told by the gentle way he lives .-- Ex.

### **RODDY'S PRIZE BROWN.**

The town of Huntersville, lying in a region which supplied superlatively fine trout fishing, proved an ideal location for a sporting goods store. Sam Pruting, proprietor of the store, was an energetic person who took full advantage of his opportunities. It was Sam's custom each year, as a means of stirring up renewed inter-est in the purchase of tackle, to offer a handsome fly rod as prize to the angler who caught and placed on exhibition in his show window the larg-

This particular season Sam outdid himeslf, for his prize included not only a rod but an assortment of flies, lures, hooks, line, and so on—enough in fact to sumply as assortment of flies, lures and so on—enough lures, hooks, line, and so on-enough in fact to supply an average angler for several years of fishing. The re-tail value of the whole outfit easily ran to forty dollars or more.

er, Roddy, both enthusiastic fishermen, were gazing appreciatively through the store window at this wonderful collection of angling plunder.

"I'm pretty well fixed myself," Fred remarked, "though a fellow really can't have too much fishing tackle. But I'd like to see you win the prize this year, Roddy." "I'd not shed a bucketful of briny

ing." he added dolefully.

"Why not? Somebody's got to win. Catching a big trout isn't so hard. It's mostly luck, when you come right down to it."

'Yeah, but it's mostly the other fellow's luck. And you don't want to forget that the trout's got to be aw-

first two months of the open season the best Rod had captured weighed only fifteen ounces, while even his expert brother had done no better. "I don't know just what the trou-ble is," Fred told him, "but I suspect

pounds-were decidedly coy. In the

it's because there's been so much rain. You know the river's been pretty well up since spring which means lots of feed and unfavorable fishing conditions. Don't get discouraged, Rod, Old Timer. There's enough time left, for the season lasts till September first. Big fish will start biting yet, believe me."

That summer was unusually rainy, and even the heat of July found the river far higher than normal. After August it dropped somewhat, though still too full for ideal angling.

One of the best holes on the stream lay about two miles above the village. It was known as the Hotchkiss Pool, from the name of the farmer who owned the land on either side. This hole lay in a steep-sided, rocky gorge, the water shooting down in turbulent rapids—almost an actual fall—into the head of the pool, which then widened into a long stretch of still, deep water in whose secluded, shaded depths one might imagine veritable monsters lurking. Many big, brown trout had been taken from this pool, the favor-ite spot being up at the head where the swift current entered. The two boys had spent much time fishing here.

Early in August it occurred to Fred that night angling might be worth trying. He had often heard that the hig browns could be taken at night, though he had never actually tried the experiment, the main reason being that daylight angling appealed to him far more. Also until the pres-ent season fishing by day had never failed to produce satisfactory results.

"I know there are big trout in the river," he told Rod, "and I know they

and so that very evening they went up the river to Hotchkiss Pool, taking as bait a can of hellgramites, an to forty dollars or more. Fred Ames, and his younger broth-r, Roddy, both enthusiastic fisher-men, were gazing appreciatively hig as balt a call of intergratines. These unpleasant looking creatures, the larva form of a large flying fi-sect, are found under stones in the bed of a stream and along the banks. In appearance they suggest a thou-sand-legged worm whose head end is decorated with a sharp pair of pinchers, capable of giving a careless fisherman a good nip. It was quite dark when they reach-

But I'd like to see you win the prize this year, Roddy." "I'd not shed a bucketful of briny tears at seeing myself win it," Rod asserted. "A fine fat Chinaman's chance of anything like that happen-ing." he added defaulte the two settled down in patience. Night fishing for big trout often develops into a waiting game. Some-times an angler may fish for two hours without a bite, and then catch one splendid trout that more than rewards him for all the time and effort expended.

# Sheriff's Election Proclamation

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH, J. E. R. Taylor, High Sheriff of the Cour-ty of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give-notice to the elections of the county afore-said County of Centre on the first Tues-day after the first Monday in November, being the skin DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1927. To the for the borough of Dinorulle, in Grange-Hall, in said borough. To the borough of Linearly, West Pre-For the township of Benner, North Pre-the skin DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1927. To the township of Benner, South Herinatre named, to-wit: One person for County Treasurer. One person for County Auditor. One person for County Auditor. Two persons for County Surveyor. I also hereby make known and give no-tice that the place of holding the eles. To the kownship of Boggs, Neth Pre-To the township of Boggs, North Pre-To the township of Boggs, West Pre-To the township of Boggs, Mest Pre-To the township of Boggs, Mest Pre-To the township of Boggs, Mest Pre-To the township of Boggs, Beat Pre-To the township of Boggs, West Pre-To the township of Boggs, West Pre-To the township of Boggs, West Pre-To the township of Boggs, Beat Pre-To the township of Pre-To the township of Pre-Tor the township of Pre-

cinct, at the school house, near Robert Mann's. For the township of Ferguson, East Pre-cinct, at the public house of R. R. Ran-dolph, in Pine Grove Mills. For the township of Ferguson, West Precinct, at Baileyville school house, in the village of Baileyville. For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct. at Grange Hall. For the township of Ferguson, North west Precinct, at Marengo school house. For the township of Gregg. North pre-

East Howard street. For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. build-

ing. For the West Ward of the borough of

Colyer. For the township of Rush, North Pre-cinct, at the township Poor House. For the township of Rush, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Cas-

sanova.

sanova. For the township of Rush, South Pre-cinct, at the school house in the village of Powelton. For the township of Rush, West Pre-cinct, at the new school house along the State Highway leading from Osceola Mills to Sondw Bidges

to Sandy Ridge. For the township of Snow Shoe, East Precinct, at the school house in the village

of Clarence. For the township of Snow Shoe, West Precinct, at the house of Alonzo D. Groe in the village of Moshannon.

# SPECIMEN BALLOT

To vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (X) in square in the FIRST COLUMN, opposite the name of the party of your choice.

A cross mark in the square opposite the name of any candidate indicates a vote for that candidate.

To vote for a person whose name is not on the ballot, write or paste his or her name in the blank space provid-ed for that purpose. This shall count as a vote either with or without the cross mark.

To vote for an individual candidate of another party after making a mark in the party square, mark a cross (X) opposite his or her name.

For an office where more than one candidate is to be elected, the voter after marking in the party square, may divide his or her vote by marking a cross (X) to the right of each candidate for whom he or she desires to vote.

			and the second s	all and produced in many in the state		
First Column	JUDGE OF THE COURTS OF CENTRE COUNTY		REGISTER OF WILLS (Vote for One)		COUNTY AUDITOR (Vote for Two)	
To Vote a Straight Party Ticket Mark a Cross (X) in this Column	(Vote for	(	Home A Berger	Rep.	Samuel W. Holter	Rep.
TR a Closs (A) in this Column	M. Ward Fleming	Rep.	Harry A. Rossman	Proh.	to are just as siden	Pro.
Republican	net televate vilatory	Proh.	B. F. Boal	Dem.	Robert G. Musser	Rep.
al villeitier instal mid av	W. Harrison Walke	er Dem.	Represent the max en action and prever the	archable, Like		∫ Dem.
Democratic	$= \int_{t_{1}}^{t_{1}} dt $	periodic participation of the second se	The first second second and	abanto action to a hear and to t	O. J. Stover	Proh.
Prohibition	SHERIFF (Vote for One)		RECORDER OF DEEDS (Vote for One)		Harry E. Garbrick Dem.	
		Rep.	Lloyd A. Stover	Rep.	all into the currulation	in horsen in fun 18 u
	Harry Dukeman	Proh.	Sinie H. Hoy	J Dem.	ater Seatt will be the	en not Sa en not Sa
	Harry E. Dunlap	Dem	Proh.		CORONE	R
there is to the highest bidder. If a bandwing with a position w	a Antropolitika dana d	a 19973	section that Congress	sus off	(Vote for C	ne)
animet Mr. Flamming, officer nervor him since he was a child and see	PROTHONOTARY		COUNTY COMMISSIONER (Vote for Two)		Dr. W. R. Heaton	Rep.
At the the reservents correcting the bay thether to follow are in N bot with sense of hodot would sidle a its defail to the machine that much is manufacte to others.	(Vote for a		Voting Machines In	S Rep.	line internating fortun ary binator is the pup	Proh.
	Roy Wilkinson	Rep.	Howard M. Miles	Proh.	er litani aelimni şirie	
	S. Claude Herr	∫	Newton I. Wilson	Rep.		SRAUDU A
a sperity in the Stars it will at it compate the Republicans to nomin it condicates in order to hold cont This will, within itself, prove a go advantage to the propies vice h sationed for yours from the mal- minetration of political machine i jert in public office. Meanting about hearten Domounts to increa- od effort.	Proh.		John S. Spearly $\begin{cases} Dem. \\ \hline \\ $		COUNTY SURVEYOR (Vote for One)	
	ulas origines of concentrations	during off	taken up the aubication and an entry	Proh.	ing on the bruck. H	Rep.
	COUNTY TREASURER		C. M. Parrish	Dem.	H. B. Shattuck -	Dem.
	(Vote for ( H. E. Holtzworth	Rep.	anne Goranae Jama af the cives organiza	and successful and	escate would scarpel both the Congressions South Startes	
Not That Walker.	china was de aurain ciactado and in Piki firmi firma in yoara. f	Dem.	a expressed the belle	the other db.	ang himself in in more e average voter think	it is digit a than th
y word is betar massed in marks of Rush township, whe	Lyman L. Smith	Proh.			scorth's eligibility to the	
idade, that W. Harrison continue for Ladre, is a rasi	meanine in Antonin manifica in Philadelph hints and false false	norma -otorar				

For the township of Union, in the town-ship public building. For the township of Walker, East Pre-cinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck, in the village of Huston. For the township of Walker, Middle Precinct, in the Grange Hall, in the vil-lage of Hublersburg. For the township of Walker, West Pre-cinct, at the dwelling house of John Royer, in the village of Zion. For the township of Worth, in the Law-rel Run school house in said township.

### LIST OF NOMINATIONS.

<text><text><text>

Under the law of the Commonwealth for holding elections, the polls shall be open at 7 o'clock A. M. and closed at 7 o'clock P. M.

GIVEN under my hand and seal at my office in Bellefonte this 13th day of Oc-tober, in the year of our Lord nineteem hundred and twenty seven and in the one hundred and fifty-first year of the Inde-pendence of the United States of America. E. R. TAYLOR, (Seal.) Sheriff of Centre County.

ing. For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuistion. For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's Hotel. For the borough of Milleshurg, in the public school building on Said borough. For the borough of Milleshurg, in the borough building on Market street. For the Reliance Hose house. For the Second Ward of the borough of Phillipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presqueisle street. For the Third Ward of the borough of Phillipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, north-

street. For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, north-east corner of Seventh and Pine streets. For the borough of Port Matilda, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in said borough. For the borough of South Philipsburg. at the City Hall in South Philipsburg. For the borough of State College, East For the borough of State College, East

that. Don't you figure you'd have a with eagerness.

Rod's eyes gleamed with a new hope, for his brother Fred was recognized as an unusually expert angler, even being treated as an equal in such matters by veteran sportsmen of the village. Two years before he had advised. "Bait up again. From what gained the distinction of winning Sam 1 saw of the strike, I'll say he is a Pruting's annual prize. With Fred corker, and I don't mean maybe. He's backing him as a sort of professional a prizewinner. Get him, and you're adviser, Roddy began to feel that he had after all an excellent chance to win.

"It'll be mighty fine of you to help me out that way, Fred," said he grate-

"Not at all," the older boy respondget as much fun out of seeing you walk off with the prize as if I won it myself; more, probably. It's time you were getting on to the fine points of "Let him run if he wants to," Fre were getting on to the fine points of trout fishing anyway. Now's when cried. "Let him run if he wants to," Fred cried. "Don't strike till he's had a we start.

"That suits me from the ground up," cried Rod enthusiastically. Whenever Fred Ames tackled a pro-

ject he went into it heart and soul, and having assumed the responsibility of acting as Rod's campaign manager he at once began organizing his material. He proposed to start at the bottom.

The biggest trout are usually caught on bait, so he made no attempt at instruction in the gentle art of fly casting. That had its own important place, but was not essential to present plans. Instead he concentrated Rod's attention on natural baits and the habits of large trout-as tell the truth, the constant stream of learned by him in the school of actual experience. He gave Roddy pointers on handling various kinds of bait in both fast and slow water. Fishing with hellgramites-a favorite food of big trout-is far different, for example, from using small minnows, and again, neither of these are similar in method to grasshopper fishing.

"In general, the idea is to make your bait, whatever it may be, act might possibly have realized the dain-about as it would act if not on a hook," he explained. "Offer your lure ger of that jutting, ragged boulder to a hig trout as he expects to receive around which the current fiercely around which the curre your bait, whatever it may be, act it. Don't let him see you, and you'll find he's easy to fool. Matter of fact, I don't believe big trout are half as brainy as some folks insist. Fish about this sharp-edged rock before he are smart, but I never saw one yet that I'd admit was smarter than I am.

Roddy proved an attentive pupil, and the two spent many hours of delightful comradeship on the river, while Fred expanded at length on trout lore, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. That year, however, was not what local anglers were used to term a "big trout" season. For some mysterious reason large fish were not being taken by anyone. Smaller trout were to be had

forget that the trout's got to be aw-ful big, Fred. Last year the winner weighed three and a half pounds." "What of it? There's plenty of trout that big in the river. Bigger too. Now suppose I were to help you —coach you along and give you tips on where the big chappies are likely to lie; what bait to use and how. All that. Don't you figure you'd have a

"Goodness, Fred!" he gasped. wish you could have felt what I did! He was a whopper—a regular he-fish!"

on velvet."

Roddy put on another bait, letting the current carry the lure down towards the huge, unseen trout. A long five minutes passed. Then again the same vicious, smashing strike but this time Roddy was prepared in-stantly giving line, as Fred had instructed.

"He's biting once more!" the angler chance to swallow the bait. Keep feeling him, gently, all the time. That's the stuff! Now, soak him, but not too hard!"

Rod's wrist snapped briskly back to sink in the hook—and the battle was on!

And a strange battle it was, down at the bottom of that narrow gorge, where the air was so black you could almost feel it; for the gleam of Fred's flashlight had but little effect, making the black outside its narrow beam of light all the blacker by contrast. The young fisherman had his hands ull, lacking as he was in practical experience at fighting a big trout. To advice from his anxious brother did little good, for Rod was altogether too much occupied to grasp all that was said. So he contented himself by letting the big fish do about as it pleased, merely striving to keep a taut line, which was the best thing he could have done under the circum-

stances Had Roddy been playing the trout under more favorable conditions he swirled, seventy-five feet down-stream from where he stood. As it was, the fish had taken a full turn woke up to what was going on. Then it was too late; the damage was done and the huge trout had clear sailing. A powerful smash against the snubbed silk, sawing it against a saw-

tooth corner-and he was free.

obstruction, "He's gone, Fred," and from his woebegote tone you might have suspected that the end of the his fish, the biggest of all his experiworld had come. "Too bad," Fred said in understand-

in plentiful supply, and occasionally ing sympathy. "Too bad, old man, fish up to a pound or so; but the big but that's only a part of the game. It's the big ones that get away. Now of three and four it's the big ones that get away. Now of the latter told him in pro-

let's see what happened," and taking found satisfaction. "It's mighty big citizens of Huntersville. the rod from his brother's nerveless hands he reeled in the line. The mystery was quickly solved.

Fred looped on another hook, and Rod continued fishing, but his heart was no longer in the work; the loss The fish was duly entered in the of that one enormous trout had taken t all out of him. Half an hour later the boys went home.

Other night trips to the Hotchkiss Pool on the trail of the giant proved unsuccessful. Meanwhile another angler captured a two-pound brown down below the village. It looked like a sure winner, for September first-and the end of the open season-was fast approaching. Conditions were becoming desperate; whatever Roddy did must be done quickly. He and Fred went fishing every

"I'm snagged!" cried Roddy in a dull voice. Then as the current swept his severed line clear of the ence-a beautiful brown that weighed two pounds and a quarter on Fred's

for this year, and I guess the chances of anybody's topping him today or tomorrow aren't enough to worry about. We're through trouting till

contest and placed on exhibition in Sam Pruting's store, after which Roddy set about waiting with what patience he could muster until the prize outfit should be his.

Late the following afternoon he and Fred chanced to be going by the store. Rod's fish was still therebut not alone. Beside it was another, so big that the first one was wholly outclassed, a mere pigmy by comparison. A small placard informed all who were interested that the

fish weighed four pounds, eleven ounces, and the man who captured it was one Peter Hankins.

"That loafer!" growled Fred in disgust. "It's bad enough to have a decent chap beat you, Rod, but for Pete Hankins to do it is the everlasting limit. It's an insult no less. Now whoever would have thought anything

Rod's heart was heavy as lead with snarled. the bitter disappointment, but he tried to take it like a true sportsman.

"It's a peach of a fish, though, Fred," he said generously. "The big-gest I ever saw in my life." "Sure is," Fred rejoined absently. He was eyeing the trout critically. "Um-Mighty slim for the length. "Umb to prove the more of the started for fred, his face livid. "Could be dead when you caught him-and dead trout don't put up such a terrific struggle." "That's a lie," Hankins yelled, and he started for Fred, his face livid. Sam Pruting held him back. "Cool off, Pete!" was his gruff or-Ought to weigh more. Come on, Rod!" abruptly, and Fred entered the store, followed by his brother. Hankins and several other men were at the back, chatting with the proprietor. Fred walked directly up to the group.

"Where did you catch that trout, Pete?" he inquired pleasantly. The other surveyed him with poor-

ly concealed insolence.

"None of your business, young fel-ler," he retorted. "I ain't telling where I catch my trout; especially not trout as big as that there one."

"No?" was Fred's cool rejoinder. "But I rather imagine you didn't have much trouble landing him, now did

you, Pete?" There was a peculiar something in "What you mean by that?" he

"Not much-except that this trout happened to be dead when you caught

der. "Let's get at the bottom of this. What are you driving at?" he appealed to Fred.

"Three weks ago Rod hooked into a smashing big brown up at Hotch-kiss Pool." Fred began. "The fish snagged him on a boulder and went off with some of his line. Yesterday I was fishing on the rift below the pool in swift water, and noticed a huge brown, dead, floating down stream. There was about six feet of line coming out of its mouth. I caught hold of the line, but being in-side the fish had rotted it, and the weight of the trout and pull of the current snapped it off. Before I could grab the fish it was swept down out of sight; I didn't find it again. Ap-parently Pete Hankins met with bet-

(Continued on page 3, Col. 1.)