

APPRECIATION.

Life's a bully good game with its kicks and cuffs— Some smile, some laugh, some bluff; Some carry a load too heavy to bear, While some push on with never a care, But the load will seldom heavy be When I appreciate you and you appreciate me.

"Is the greatest thought in heaven or earth— It helps us know our fellow's worth; There'd be no quar or bitterness, No fear, no hate, no grasping; yes It makes work play, and the careworn free When I appreciate you and you appreciate me. —William Judson Kibby.

"OH! MISS DENTIST!"

Mr. Oliver Whidden, a handsome young bachelor desiccating in a city called Crestview, while partaking of a chilled concoction in a pharmaceutical emporium with a friend named Harry Hector, eloquently orated on a favorite subject entitled "The Tragic Decadence of Modern Femininity."

"Woman's place," proclaimed young Mr. Whidden in tones as final and definite as yesterday's sunset, "is the home. Nowadays altogether too many of them are using powder puffs in business offices and diabolically seeking to take the reins of commercial supremacy from the male.

"It used to be," he earnestly vocalized, "that a girl's sole ambition in life was to catch a good husband, have a nice home and raise a fine family. What is a girl's sole ambition today? Why, it is to learn a trade or profession, become independent, and forget time-honored conventions and her biological mission in life. What man wants to ask a girl who is making as much money as he is to be his wife? What man wants to ask a girl who knows nothing of domesticity to be his wife? What man?"

"What girl," interrupted Harry Hector, "is that sitting over there?" His friend glanced in mild toned pique where the other optically pointed. The young lady at a neighboring table was an attractive brunette, with ponderously ideas, contours intriguing and facial features adorable. She wore a pink hat, a dress with ruffles and a very capable expression.

"She looks like \$1.79 more than the cost of a modern battleship," enthused Mr. Hector. "I wouldn't mind meeting her." "She is probably," bitternized the bachelor, "just another one of the feminine gender who has rashly and irrevocably deserted tating for typing or cooking for clerking. Say, Harry, I've an awful toothache— it's been bothering me for hours. It worried the life out of me while I was trying to sell Jacob Blatzerman some insurance this morning— gee, I'd like to land that commission! Well, I can't stand this torture; I think I'll go to see a dentist right away."

Harry sympathetically remarked his pal's jaw was indeed somewhat swollen, and Mr. Whidden arose from his chair, told Harry he would see him later, and started from the room. He was surprised, as he came opposite the strange young lady's table, to have his hurried progress intercepted by the s. y. l. herself.

"I beg your pardon," requested the aforesaid herself in tones dulcet and polite, "but I cannot fail to note the look of anguish in your eyes and the slight inflation of the jaw. Are you afflicted with peridontoclosia?"

"No," responded Mr. Whidden dumbly, "just a toothache." "That's the same thing," assured the beautiful being. "I'm a dentist, and I ought to know. There is nothing in the world more aggravating than a tooth aching unless it is two teeth aching, so kindly accompany me and I'll put you out of your misery. Here's my professional card."

The card said "Georgiana Smith, D. D. S." and Mr. Oliver Whidden said nothing at all, for there seemed to be no evading the direct invitation—albeit inward rebellion immediately arose against the ignominy of being the patient of a female dental doctor. They went, silently, into a large building and then into a reception room of one of the well-known painless establishments. Miss Georgiana Smith, pink hat, ruffles and all, disappeared through an inner doorway, and when she reappeared she was attired in starch, immaculate white.

"Come in," she briskly ordered, "and take the chair." The patient hesitated, still feeling like a traitor to his virile sex, and then, as the trip-hammer in his jaw, began to trip, he went timidly in, took the chair, and she took a ridiculous linen bib and tied it around his tanned neck.

"Open, Please," she said, Mr. Whidden, terribly embarrassed, opened his mouth. It just didn't seem right, somehow, to open his mouth like that before a lady—even if she was one of those modern creatures with an obsession for sordid money instead of a nice home and a good husband.

The gentleman, on request, told the lady what tooth ached, and she energetically laid out a large number of evil-looking instruments. "A dentist can never tell," she commented sociably while he gazed, alarmed, "when he will need his chisels and curets, or hoers and files. Too, it is advisable at all times to have his restorators, fulcrums and spoons at hand, and also I had better get out my excavators, plungers and cones for any sudden emergency. Kindly open again." Mr. Oliver Whidden opened again.

"Wider, please," sweetly commanded Miss Georgiana Smith, whereupon Mr. Oliver Whidden sourly obeyed. His oral orifice taut with elastic, Mr. Whidden was in no position to utter any syllables, mono of poly.

As the female practitioner began efficiently to drill, blithely oblivious to certain writhings, she monologued companionably of some of this a little of that and a few of the other.

"A great many folks in my home town evidenced surprise when I took up dentistry," she said, "but it was absolutely necessary that I go to work or marry, and I chose the lesser of the two evils, particularly as no one asked me to marry. My father was a poor southern planter—a Miami undertaker—for in Florida, according to the chamber of commerce, no one ever dies; so, to help out, I took a course in dentistry, my departure for Crestview, cognizance of the pull a dentist could exert here, and now I am taking all I can get. Open wider, please.

"It would amaze the layman," she declared, changing a coarse drill for a fine, "to know the many troubles that teeth repair can eliminate. If your mother-in-law is coming for a visit, have her bicuspids overhauled, and it will cost so much she can't afford to come. If you have rheumatism, you have rheumatism, and that is probably all there is to it, but if you go to see your dentist, the extraction of one tooth may cure your rheumatism, and that's no after dinner speech—I haven't had dinner yet. Wider, please."

"I believe," she rambled on laboring industriously the while, "that you are an insurance salesman. You have the appearance, bearing and poise of the successful insurance salesman; and, besides, that card peeping out of your vest pocket says you are an insurance salesman. I hope you don't decry the entrance of my sex into your field of noble endeavor; girls have to live, and if their father is retired, one brother too tired and the other too lazy, it's up to them to go out and earn the dough to bring home the bread. Open wider, please."

When Mr. Oliver Whidden finally got out of the chair he felt physically mangled and mentally outraged. The little wretch had taken unfair advantage of him, because he couldn't talk and show her where she was 101 per cent wrong. "How much," he inquired, tersely and icily, manfully withholding his surging temper, "do I owe you?"

"Oh," explained Miss Georgiana Smith naively, "that is only a temporary filling. I won't know the fee until I finish. This is the first of a series of visits to your favorite dentist. Mr. Whidden, I should inform you that removing foreign deposits, smoothing and polishing of denuded and infected cementum, excavation of necrotic tissues at base of crevice, subgingival curettage operations, and elimination of epithelium from the periodontal walls requires considerable ingersoll, so don't be an impatient patient. Come again Tuesday at 10 a. m. Good-day, Mr. Whidden."

It was not a good day to Mr. Whidden, he told his chum, Harry Hector, a few hours later. "Of all the talkative, frivolous, inefficient, shallow-minded working girls," he asseverated, scornfully, "she is Mrs. About Ben Adhem. Naturally she aspires to financial independence in her occupation, but is plainly doomed to failure. She should have taken a course in husband hunting instead of tooth pulling. I wouldn't go back there again unless I had to. Darn this tooth, anyway!"

"Sez he!" grinned Mr. Hector. "Say, how are you coming on with your big chance, Mr. Blatzerman?" "I'm going backwards," admitted the salesman gloomily. "He won't listen to reason at all—he's curt and cross all the time. Honestly, I believe there's something radically wrong with that man. I wish I could persuade him to take out that blanket fire and storm insurance policy on his factory buildings and blanket sickness-accident-and-death policy on all his employees. A sale like that would bring enough to pay," he flushed, "for a honeymoon, for instance."

Tuesday at 10 a. m. Mr. Oliver Whidden was no sooner in the chair than the dentistress synchronously began dental and verbal operations. "A person of your age," she stated, deftly digging out the temporary filling "should be cognizant of the important fact his teeth should be cared for regularly and systematically, thus assuring adequate pulverization as well as sufficient disintegration. A dentist in time saves \$9, and often a tooth. What you need is a wife to remind you of such monetary and health precautions. Keep your mouth open, please."

"By the way," she detoured, "I know several young ladies in the insurance business, and their list of whys and wherefores contains more than the well-known 14 points. A girl these times," she continued with candid serenity, "has to get out into the world to meet a fellow of her own age. In olden days the men were gallant and considerate enough to go to the girl's home to get acquainted; but now they look them up in stores and offices. I claim that marriages may be made in heaven, but the engagements are fixed back of counters and desks."

"Still, tragedy persists; many a girl has an unhappy wedlock because she listened to Lohengrin before she was fully able to support a husband. It used to be that when a girl planned to marry she quitted her job—now she asks for a raise. And to what is this grievous thing due? It is due to the tragic decadence of modern masculinity. Wider, please."

The lovely female dental doctor switched off the electric drill, glanced at one of the decadent members of modern masculinity and asked, "Don't you think I am right?" "Glub-glub," emitted the patient, undergoing a mental convulsion.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH. I. H. E. Dunlap, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid that an election will be held in the said County of Centre on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1930 being the.

- 4th OF NOVEMBER, 1930. for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to-wit: ONE PERSON TO BE UNITED STATES SENATOR. ONE PERSON TO BE GOVERNOR. ONE PERSON TO BE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR. ONE PERSON TO BE SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS. ONE PERSON TO BE JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT. TWO PERSONS TO BE JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT. ONE PERSON TO BE REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS. ONE PERSON TO BE SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. ONE PERSON TO BE REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the County of Centre is as follows:

- For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte at the Logan Hose Co. house on East Howard street. For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. building. For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the stone building of Guy Bonafide. For the borough of Centre Hill, in a room at Runkle's Hotel. For the borough of Howard, in the public school building in said borough. For the borough of Millheim, in the new Municipal building. For the borough of Milesburg, in the borough building on Market street. For the First Ward of the borough of Phillipsburg in the Reliance Hose house. For the Second Ward of the borough of Phillipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Prentiss streets. For the Third Ward of the borough of Phillipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, north-east corner of Seventh and Pine streets.

Sheriff's Election Proclamation

- I. O. O. F. hall in the village of Stormstown. For the township of Harris, East Precinct, in the building owned by Harry McCellan, in the village of Linden Hall. For the township of Harris, West Precinct, in the building owned by Harry McCellan, in the village of Linden Hall. For the township of Howard, in the township public building. For the township of Huston, in the township building in Huston. For the township of Liberty, East Precinct, at the school house in Eagleville. For the township of Liberty, West Precinct, in the school house at Monument. For the township of Marion, in the Grange Hall in the village of Jacksonsville. For the township of Miles, East Precinct, at the dwelling house of G. H. Showers at Wolf's Store. For the township of Miles, Middle Precinct, in the building owned by Harry McCellan, in the village of Huston. For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the K. of G. E. hall in Madisonburg. For the township of Patton, at the Township building at Waddle. For the township of Penn, in a building formerly owned by Luther Gulsewitz at Colver. For the township of Potter, North Precinct, at the Old Port Hotel. For the township of Potter, South Precinct, at the Hotel in the village of Pottery Mills. For the township of Potter, West Precinct, at the store of George Meiss, at Colver. For the township of Rush, North Precinct, at the township poor house. For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the school house in the village of Casanova. For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the Firemen's Hall in Sandy Ridge. For the township of Rush, West Precinct, at the new school house along the State Highway leading from Osceola Mills 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. For the township of Spring, North Precinct, at the township building erected near Malloy's blacksmith shop. For the township of Spring, South Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mulfinger in Pleasant Gap. For the township of Spring, West Precinct, in the township building in Colville.

LIST OF NOMINATIONS.

The official list of nominations made by the several parties, and as their names will appear upon the ticket to be voted for on the fourth day of November, 1930, at the different voting places in Centre county, is certified to respectively by the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Commissioners of Centre County are given in the accompanying form of ballot.

Notice is hereby given that every person, excepting Justice of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or this State, or of any City or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of the State or the United States or any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the Select or Common Council of any city, or Commissioners of any incorporated district, is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such elections shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for except that of an election officer.

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 7th day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty and in the one hundred and fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

H. E. DUNLAP, (Seal) Sheriff of Centre County.

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 provided 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. For such office votes shall not be counted for candidates not individually marked.

First Column

To Vote a Straight Party Ticket Mark a Cross (X) in this Column

Table with 2 columns: Party Name and Ballot Box. Parties listed: Republican, Democratic, Communist, Liberal, Prohibition, Socialist, American Farmer Labor.

United States Senator (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: James J. Davis, Republican; Sedgwick Kistler, Democratic; Emmett P. Cush, Communist; S. W. Bierer, Prohibition; William J. Van Essen, Socialist.

Judge of the Superior Court (Vote for Two)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: William B. Linn, Republican; James B. Drew, Republican; Aaron E. Reiber, Democratic; George F. Douglas, Democratic; Peter Muselin, Communist; Max Silver, Communist; Ida G. Kast, Prohibition.

Senator in the General Assembly (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: Harry B. Scott, Republican; Don Gingery, Democratic; Clarence A. Keiser, American Farmer-Labor.

Secretary of Internal Affairs (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: Philip H. Dewey, Republican; Lucy D. Winston, Democratic; Frank Note, Communist; Fred W. Litten, Prohibition; David Rinne, Socialist.

Representative in the General Assembly (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: John L. Holmes, Republican; John G. Miller, Democratic.

Judge of the Supreme Court (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: George W. Maxey, Republican; Henry C. Niles, Democratic; Charlotte F. Jones, Communist; Charles Palmer, Prohibition; John W. Slayton, Socialist.

Lieutenant Governor (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: Edward C. Shannon, Rep.; Guy K. Bard, Democratic; Samuel Lee, Communist; Mabel D. Pennock, Prob.; Mary Winsor, Socialist.

Governor (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: Gifford Pinchot, Rep.; John M. Hemphill, Dem.; Frank Mozer, Communist; James H. Maurer, Socialist.

Representative in Congress (Vote for One)

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Candidates: J. Mitchell Chase, Republican; Maxwell J. Moore, Democratic.

That was all he could articulate. "Thanks," said Miss Georgiana Smith. "I knew you would agree." And at that Mr. Oliver Whidden emitted two glub-glubs. Damn it all, anyway!

The day of his last scheduled visit—the sixth—to his favorite dentist, Mr. Whidden, chanced to meet his friend Harry Hector; and Harry, glimpsing an aura of prosperity about the other, remarked that the insurance millennium must have come.

"It has!" jubilated the salesman. I just sold two big blanket policies to Jacob Blatzerman. I can't understand what made him relent so suddenly, but he telephoned me to come around to his office and there was a check waiting for me. Well, I've got to be going." Mr. Hector desired to know where, and Mr. Whidden said to his dentist, "As usual," added Mr. Hector. "You must be gifted with an abnormal large number of infected grinders, old scout."

"No," seriously rejoined the old scout. "It's not the teeth—it's the dentist. She is just an inferior practitioner, taking a real man's job, and all this time has been treating only one tooth."

Miss Georgiana Smith, the female dentist, did not seem to be in a very cheerful mood when her handsome young masculine patient, feeling very generous and broad-minded, due to his recent success, debonnairly strolled into the sacred precincts of amalgam, novocaine and tweezers. She had little to offer except a blank smile and the chair, and Mr. Whidden sank into the latter and reciprocated the former.

For the first time he noted, as she deftly dug a sixth temporary filling from a clean cavity, that there was a very charming and cute little dimple in her right cheek. He thought, vaguely, a dimple like that really should be bending over a cradle or a stove instead of a dentist's chair; and, fascinated, he gazed more attentively. "What are you looking at?" abruptly asked Miss Smith, straightening up.

"Your pretty dimple," said Mr. Whidden, before he realized what he was saying.

"I got that dimple from sleeping with my face on a collar button," coldly explained the dentistress, "it was my brother's collar button. Open wider, please."

As he left the office some time later, very much puzzled as to Miss Georgiana Smith's queer reticence, he espied Jacob Blatzerman in the reception room perusing a 1908 magazine. Mr. Blatzerman was in a very convivial mood, probably due to the quaint magazine.

He grasped the salesman's hand in greeting. "This reminds me," he declared, "that I should explain my recent sudden change of mind about the insurance policies you offered me, Mr. Whidden. My former refusals were due to my teeth." "Your teeth!" exclaimed Mr. Whidden. "Your teeth?" "Yes, indeed," smiled Mr. Blatzerman. "For a long time, unknown

to myself, I had several severely infected molars, the poisons from which gradually spread down into the body, affecting my physical health as well as my disposition, and making me extremely cross and unreasonable. I was tardily made aware of this by a young lady, the dentist in there, whom I happened to meet and who persuaded me to have an X-ray, and in time fortunately cured me of the aggravating trouble. Once in normal condition, I realized I should take advantage of the policies you offered and therefore gladly signed up for them."

"Mr. Blatzerman," said the salesman, "do you mind telling me when it was you first met Miss Smith?" "Mr. Blatzerman did not mind, and said, after some thought, it was four weeks ago last Thursday, and then the inner door opened and the painless expert called, "You may come in now, Mr. Blatzerman."

When the elderly patient emerged about an hour later he was surprised

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