

A GENTLEMAN.

By William Lightfoot Vischer. He could not be so poor that he would hate the rich, Nor yet so rich that he despised the poor; He is so brave and just that not a turn or hitch In all of Fortune's winding way could lure Him to an act or thought of vice ingratitude. He's true unto himself, and taut to every man, And has that courage, high and grand and strong, That comes with kindness, and, with honor, leads the van To all the right, and sternly punish wrong; To strip injustice till it shivers, shamed and nude. He seeks the culture that, refining, gives a grace And comfort to himself and those around; He has not ostentation, nor would he shun Himself to thus become a monarch crowned; Clean comes his thought, and from his hand a brother's grip. He comes from anywhere; aye, e'en from Nazareth; From north and south, and from the east and west; He comes as comes the cool and grateful breeze's breath; He need not be an angel from the blest; He might be, thus, too good for man's companionship.

"Number Forty."

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Policeman Number Forty stood at the corner and looked down the swarming street. It was one of the dirtiest streets of the city, in the district of the aliens. The smell of frying polenta and of decayed bananas, mingled with acrid odors of rags and junk, hung thick in the air. The dark-eyed, unwashed children of Italy played in multitudes on sidewalk and street as Number Forty gazed one way. When he turned and looked to the other side, a vista of signs in Yiddish met his eye, and more street children, this time unmistakably Israelitish. Number Forty, whose name was Mat Sheehan, who was but twenty-one, and who had been on the force for only a week, sighed heavily. "Sure, I don't know what to be doin' or sayin'. I don't know their ways or their manners, or even when a policeman is needed, seein' I can't tell from their lingo whether they're quarrellin' or makin' up. And the next street is Chinks, and the other way Poles, and they're worse yet. I ain't one of those that wants to be on the force for the graft. I'm after wishin' to do my duty as well as the next one, but it's in a poor place I am to keep up human feelin's, with one shakin' me own tongue, and all lookin' at me evil-like out of the corner of their eye." Number Forty sighed again; then he straightened his broad young shoulders, and swung down the block, the Italian children getting out of his way with alacrity. The last man on the beat had been used to rapping the boys with his club on occasion; and besides, an officer of the unknown law, in this new, unknown land, was a person always to be shunned as far as possible. Who knew what he might do? Not the black-browed Italian mothers, nor the pale sweat-shop workers of the Ghetto. Barriers of ignorance and fear, barriers of language and race, fenced them off from Number Forty, and Number Forty from them. The new policeman had just reached the middle of the block when from round the corner came a girl of eight, her black eyes fairly popping out of her head with fright. Indeed, her fright was such that it conquered all lesser fears, and drove her up to Number Forty's side. "Signor Poles, da fire, da fire!" was all she could say, panting, and grabbing Sheehan by the coat, as if to pull him along. Number Forty took her hand instead, and started to run along back with her, as he cried: "Where? Where?" "Metropolitano — rounda — de street!" gasped the girl, dragging him along with all her might. "It's that old fire-trap of a Metropolitano—any one would know thin senements would burn up! Sure, wait now—wait! Will I have to shake you to make you stop, girl? I must turn in the alarm first." A crowd was following close on the heels of the two, and swarmed round Number Forty, as he opened the box and rang in the alarm. Poles, Italians, Jews, all surged ahead, and arrived at the Metropolitano tenements before he got there, with Maria Giulia Crocconza still clinging to him. It was a fire, sure enough. The smoke was rolling out from the basement in volumes, and on the fire-escapes, up all the seven stories, men, women and children were pouring out, endeavoring to carry down their beds, babies and household goods. Number Forty hesitated not one instant. Dropping the hand of Maria

Giulia, who thereupon clung to his coat, he took command of the situation. The engines could not arrive for some time, and it was his business to get the people out, and get them out safe. He called out to the crowd: "If there's anny one can speak English, let him come here!" A pale-faced boy pushed through the crowd. "I spik de Englis, sare. My name Joseph Cellano." "Very well, Joe. Call with all your might to the people in Italian to stand back from the railings, kape quiet, and wait till I get them down. They shall all be safe if they listen to me. I am the policeman on this beat. They're to do what I say,—tell them that,—and I am coming up meself to help them." Joseph called lustily, shouting out his message, while Number Forty, waving his stick in sign of authority, watched the effect. Then, jumping for the fire-escape, he began his work. At the first landing he marshaled the people, made them put all their luggage inside the windows, and march down the ladder in single file, while he went on up to the next story. Here he repeated the same tactics, while Joseph and others, from the ground, seeing the way he was managing things, called directions up to the upper stories. The babies were crying, the women ready to faint, but Number Forty's coolness acted like magic. If this big officer of the law had time to go up still higher, they could surely climb down without fear. The group from the fourth fire-escape was moving down in good order, in spite of the smoke. The fifth started on its way, one of the women on with a bird-cage. Number Forty was on the sixth, when flames leaped out from the second-story windows and licked along the front of the walls. A cry went up from the crowd. Sheehan leaned over the railing and shook his fist at them in a fine Irish rage. "Tell them to kape quiet, Joseph, or I'll break their heads! No matter what happens, they're to kape quiet. Tell them I'm doin' this, and they've got to mind!" He rushed up to the last platform, to find the people there crying and wringing their hands. "Down wid ye, quick!" he cried, pushing the women and girls toward the ladder, and picking a toddler of two up in his arms. He drove them before him to the ladder, and down it, close on the heels of those escaping from the sixth story. "Steady, now! Steady!" One of the women, at the sight of another spurt of flame below, reeled, fainting, and he caught her by the arm just in time. Between the baby and her half-helpless weight, he could move but slowly. The rest clambered down at double-quick. "Glory be!" said Number Forty to himself, gasping in the smoke. "They're all safe now but us, for the fire'll do no more than lick out at them for three minutes yet, and they'll get past it all right. There comes the engines—sure, it's full time!" The firemen came with clang and clatter, to find the last scared, singed, but safe group of Italians on the lowest rounds of the fire-escape, and Joseph pointing upward to where, in the swirling smoke on the third platform, a man in uniform, with a baby on his shoulder and a woman in his arm, was coming slowly down. The flames from the second story were now no longer licking out, but blazing. Could he pass them? A hush fell on the crowd; then a murmur of applause as the firemen, hose in hand, came to the rescue, driving back the leaping flames with torrents of water, placing ladders against the outer railing, and swarming up to help down the imperiled three. It was all over in five minutes more, and every one safe; but it was a close call. Number Forty, landing somewhat unsteadily on his feet, was conscious of a great wave of people round him. Maria Giulia clung to him, crying for joy; Joseph and a score of men and women pressed close upon him; the mother of the child he had carried invoked every blessing of heaven upon his head, and loud, increasing shouts rose on every side. He looked about him as one bewildered. "Tell them to kape quiet, can't you, Joe?" said Number Forty. "It's all over, and there's none hurt." "They are not afraid any more," said Joseph, the interpreter. "They say you are the deliverer—the brave one! Never can they do enough for their policeman." "Aw—cut it out, Joe!" said Number Forty, much embarrassed, and blushing furiously under the grime and sweat. "I only did what I sent here for—that's all! Then, with a sudden, queer rush of contentment, he looked over the faces that surrounded him. There they were, the same dirty children, the same ignorant, alien Hebrews and Poles and Italians, with no speech that he could understand upon their tongues, but with something in every face that spoke to him suddenly, clearly, leaping every barrier of race and language and prejudice. These were his people, to take care of henceforth, with an intimate sense of faithfulness and responsibility. "Sure, it's like a big flock of sheep they are, entirely!" he said to himself, and smiled—the good smile of the shepherd.—Youth's Companion.

The first social function arranged, reports the Louisville Courier-Journal, is when the neighbors gather to watch you move in.

WOMAN

CHILD STUDY AS A SCIENCE.

The greatest discovery of recent years is the discovery of the child, says a writer in Hampton's Magazine. Somehow or other there have always been children in the world, but also, somehow or other, we have only now found out that children are human beings. The result has been instant action: we have children's hospitals, children's laws, children's aid societies and reformatories, children's civic playgrounds, children's courts, and now Clark University, in Worcester, Mass., has decided to crystallize the entire child-welfare movement by establishing a new department—an institute for studying child-life in all its phases.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, is the man who has made this possible. It is the culmination of an idea that has been growing in Dr. Hall's mind for the greater part of his sixty-four years of life. With a kindly face much like that of the typical old-time family physician, Dr. Hall looks just the sort of man one might expect to inaugurate such a movement. He was born on a farm near Ashfield, Mass.; was graduated from Williams College and later from Union Theological Seminary; then he studied in graduate colleges abroad. He has filled the chairs of philosophy or psychology in several institutions, including Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities. When Clark University was founded in 1887 he was put at its head and has been its President ever since.

Work in the new child-life institute will begin this fall. It will form a basis for all philanthropic and educational movements in behalf of children. The effort will be to collect all data, now so scattered as to be inefficient, under one roof so that it may be studied and worked with most effectively. There will be a child hygiene department, with apparatus used in schools and nurseries, comprising the study of contagious and infectious diseases, mortality statistics, the influence of various conditions of life, diet, dress, games and work. Heredity, the laws governing birth-rate, social and industrial conditions will be studied. Then there will be a department of child anthropology, child lore, myth, custom, belief, gangs, etc. Also departments for studying subnormal children, juvenile vice and crime, and moral and religious education.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

It is the little things that do matter—to a woman, a man would say, little thinking how greatly he himself is influenced by the trifles he despises. If the dinner is late, or his cuffs are frayed, if his wife has forgotten to tidy her hair, or she is not ready at the time appointed, he is distinctly ruffled; the fire is laid ready for the blaze—it may be in business that the match is applied or it may be at home; it matters not where, the results are disastrous, and the little thing is responsible.

Home life is made up of little things, but unfortunately the man does not realize it. He little thinks how wearying are the little things, and he has no compunction in adding to them. He does not know how much it means to the tired housewife if he even stoops to put coals on the fire, if he puts away his slippers himself, if he does not leave cigarette ends in every available spot. But he is so occupied with the big things that unless he has been trained to be thoughtful he makes life a burden to the woman he has promised to cherish.

To the woman who lives among the little things they matter intensely. It is bitter to her that she forgets the anniversary of their wedding, that she lets her birthday pass, as the dear ones at home never did; that she seldom thinks of giving her a present or suggesting an outing; that he does not even pass the salt at the table, nor open the door for her to go out. It is the little things which build up the barrier between husband and wife.—New York Press.

HIDING HER HOME.

A resident of a woman's hotel met many people while away on her summer vacation. For several weeks after her return her mail was swelled by dozens of post cards from those new acquaintances. One day another boarder noticed that all those cards were addressed to the house number instead of to the hotel.

"Why do you avoid our honored name?" she asked.

"Because I don't want people to think I am a pauper," said the vacationist. "Early in the summer I found out that the name of this hotel has traveled far, and that everywhere it is regarded as a kind of charitable institution. It is that way with all hotels run for women only. You might shout facts and figures at strangers until you were hoarse and you could never convince them that such places are run on a paying basis. Everywhere the impression prevails that a woman's hotel is a refuge for the down and out. During the summer I met girls who live in woman's hotels in Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. In the beginning they, like myself, gallelessly mentioned the name of their hotels, but soon they learned to keep it a guilty secret and to give their house number only, simply because they couldn't stand it to be looked upon as escaped inmates from a poorhouse.—New York Press.

ALLURING NEGLIGEEES.

Of negligees, purchase just as many as the coffers will permit. The haut de lit, a loose, flowing garment tastefully, but not elaborately trimmed, to throw over the night robes when one first arises, is a necessity. One of these may be of pretty flowered silk, another of a fine albatross, which is a bit more costly for the cold days, and there are some very handsome affairs of brocades or heavy pompadour silks cut on lines very similar to those of a man's bath robe.

Then there are numerous jacket effects known as combing jackets. Some of these are cut very full to slip over a blouse when one desires to make a change in the hairdressing. Others are very elaborate with skirts to match and are classed among the boudoir negligees with the other exquisite creations which the fastidious woman dons among her intimates. These negligees may be many and as elaborate and alluring as the fancy dictates.—Philadelphia Press.

FAMOUS WAR BEAUTY DEAD.

Miss Rebecca P. Baird, the last of the elder representatives of one of Pennsylvania's oldest and wealthiest families, died here this morning, after having celebrated her eighty-second birthday last Thursday.

Miss Baird's brother was Spencer P. Baird, the head of the Smithsonian Institution. The deceased was a cousin of United States Senator Boies Penrose and of Judge Edward W. Biddle. Miss Christine Biddle and Mrs. Moncure Robinson, Jr., of Philadelphia, were nieces of Miss Baird's, and her relationship in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York is both extensive and prominent socially.

Miss Baird's father was Samuel Baird, of Reading, Pa. In her early years and during the civil war Miss Baird was a famous beauty, and was interested in the preparation of supplies for the army hospitals. Among her warm friends in the '50's were numbered such men as Fitzhugh Lee and Stonewall Jackson.—Philadelphia Press.

THE DECEPTIVE MIRROR.

One's reflection in a mirror never does one justice. Comfortable thought for the plain and pretty alike! Complexion, expression and color are all really better than the shining glass makes them appear. Let not her to whom nature has been sparing of her charms despair. If she would see her self in the deceptive mirror as others see her with the eye, or as nearly as possible, let her hasten to a draper's shop and buy a quantity of soft, pure white material—gauze, if possible; if not, Swiss or Indian muslin will answer very well, say Woman's Life.

Be sure to have it pure white, and after polishing the surface of the mirror gather the material at the centre of the top and bring it down softly at either side, framing the glass in.

FASHION NOTES.

Some of the new veils sent over from Paris have very large dots. Puffs are still worn, but are small and soft and irregular in shape.

The scarab is a leader among decorations for pins and dainty buckles. Rogoco ribbon is once more in high favor for fancy work.

All of the pretty Louis boxes-covered with festooned tapestry are touched with gold galleon.

Moire shares honors with tapestry as a French material for some of the richest pieces of art needlework.

Gold embroideries give the needed richness to many exquisite pieces of handwork.

Netted bags of gold cord intended for reticules are woven into shape and lined with satin of an empire green.

The narrowest of gauze ribbons, interlaced between two widths of wider ribbon, are used to hold them together in the making of bags and aprons.

A single gold thread run along the edge of a design to outline it will improve the broadened ribbon of a sewing or opera bag.

Transparent scarf coats of tulle or chiffon will be general favorites in alliance with evening or ultra-elaborate afternoon toilettes.

Combination in furs is one of the fads of the season. Even muffs show the tendency by being of one fur bordered with another or composed of alternate stripes of two different furs.

One of the latest favorites is the little cashmere cape, with narrow shoulders and long stole ends, which comes in every shade.

Cap shapes are popular, ruling strongly among turbans and toques, and even hats. They are probably the result of the automobile bonnet. The raisin shades are listed next to black for smart street costumes.

There is a very common idea that the Malay is a race that is dying out, killed in its own country by the enterprise of Chinese, Tamils and Japanese.

There are 247,000 more men than women in Australia.

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NEWSY GLEANINGS.

Only three bidders attended the auction sale of the Wait Whitman home.

A fast mail schedule between New York City and Los Angeles, Cal., was announced at Washington, D. C.

Miss Margaret Illington, formerly the wife of Daniel Frohman, was married to E. J. Bowes, of Tacoma.

Canada's winter social season was opened by a brilliant drawing room in the Senate chamber at Ottawa.

A bomb burst close to Viceroy Minto's carriage as he and the Countess were driving in Ahmedabad, India.

A national movement has started to raise \$2,500,000 for a great memorial building to George Washington.

Women and children were sent down the Skeena River in canoes to Prince Rupert, owing to the threatening attitude of the Indians.

A granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, who was one of Mrs. Stetson's pupils in Christian Science, said that Mrs. Stetson's students were instructed to regard her as Christ.

A member of the Car's suite, at St. Petersburg, said that General Count Spiridovitch has no standing in the Russian Court, although he is a nobleman of Lithuanian descent.

Members of the athletic association of the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., left the church because the pastor ordered them to discontinue the blackball system in passing on would-be members.

The United States Supreme Court, at Washington, D. C., sentenced Sheriff Ship, of Chattanooga, and two others, to ninety days, and three men to sixty days' imprisonment because of the lynching of a negro while his case was pending before the Court. It is the first time the Court ever punished contempt by imprisonment.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Prince George has resigned his commission as Admiral of the Grecian navy.

Dr. William Arnold Shanklin has been installed as president of Wesleyan University.

Deputy Comptroller John H. McCooey was elected Democratic leader of Kings County, N. Y.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, declared that the negroes are responsible for the "solid South."

Ex-Justice and Mrs. Pryor observed the sixty-first anniversary of their wedding in New York City.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Premier, declared it could not yet be said there would be no wars.

President Taft received a silver cup engraved with his best golf score at a luncheon in Augusta, Ga.

Cipriano Cantano, ex-President of Venezuela, left Santander, Spain, for Malaga, to reside permanently.

Dr. Felix Adler declared that while he thought woman suffrage right in theory it was wrong in practice.

M. Briand, the French Premier, has announced his approval of ultimate electoral reform in France.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were the guests of Kaiser Wilhelm at Potsdam.

Senator Aldrich, at St. Louis, said that foreign systems could not be adapted to the needs of a reformed currency in the United States.

Emperor William told Count Zepelin that he had promised the Empress that he would never make an ascent in an aeroplane or a dirigible balloon.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis tells of a remarkable clairvoyant power possessed by a woman member of his congregation, who could tell what her son was drinking in another city.

HAS 1000 KEYS. Probably the most unique county in the United States is Monroe County, Florida. This county, or the larger part of it, is made up of a group of islands, called keys, and these are both on the east and the west coast. All the buildings in the county are in view of both coasts, on the east and west.

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