

THE RECRUITS.
From lands beyond the rolling sea
The ships come up the bay,
Deep-laden with the human freight
They bring from far away;
From every liner's crowded deck
A thousand faces turn
Toward the empire of the West,
For which their spirits yearn.

The Slav, the Swede, the merry Celt,
Old Scotia's rugged bairns,
And Abnion's sons from moorlands
marked
With ancient tars and cairns,
For them the ranches, mills and
mines,
The fields and forges wait,
And so to labor's new recruits
Flung wide the nation's gate.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

THE GIFT

By
WILLIAM H. HAMBY

After the old man passed us, I turned and looked at him again. "Who is that?" I asked. "Macey," said my friend, "a carpenter."

"Where does he live?" "I don't know exactly. Over on the west side somewhere, I believe."

From the minute I saw him I felt I must know him. There was something unusual about him. That was no ordinary man, even if he did wear a workman's garb.

I have several times formed sudden attachments for men, and have never been sorry. So I felt no reluctance in following the impulse that set me to inquiring the next afternoon for Macey, the carpenter.

I found the place, a six-room cottage with a good yard. A little to one side and back of the house was a small building that appeared to be a workshop.

It was after work hours, and they had told me I would probably find him there.

I did not knock at the house, but went across the yard to the other building and stepped in. The old man was dressing a walnut board. He did not stop or inquire my business, but talked along in the friendliest sort of way as he planed the board. I sat on one end of the bench and watched him work, and listened to his shrewd, good-humored observations.

It was the brightness of his eye and the lines of happiness in his face that had first attracted me. When an old man, especially one who has toiled, loves life as this one did, there is something about him worth knowing.

"You love your work?" I said. "Yes," he replied, and laid down his plane; "but there is one thing about it I don't like. People want poor work and ugly work. The houses we have to build are mostly ugly and inconvenient. Then they use such poor material, and build on such shaky foundations. I have to do it because they demand it, and that is my daily bread." A look of regret was on his face.

"That is a beautiful piece of wood," I said, running my hand over the smooth walnut board. "I have almost a passion for wood."

"So have I." His eyes lighted up. "I have some fine pieces. Let me show you."

"I worked nine months on that," he said. And I did not wonder when I noted the perfect symmetry, the faultless joints, the marvelous finish of the wood.

There were many articles, and all of them seemed to me to be the consummate expression of art, workmanship and adaptability.

The thing I most admired was a library table. It was so simple, so finely finished, so perfect in outline, that I lingered over it lovingly.

"That is art," I said. "Art applied to things of daily use. I never saw a more beautiful thing than that table."

He was evidently pleased, but said nothing. He seemed almost shy here among his creations. I imagined he felt that he was laying bare his too intimate self.

I hesitated several minutes to ask the question in my mind. I was almost afraid to, yet I wanted that table as I had never wanted a thing of wood.

"Will you sell it?" I asked, at last. He shook his head. "I never sell them," he said. "That's part of my theory. A man should have something of his very best that he won't exchange for money."

I certainly showed my disappointment, but I appreciated his feelings. "I will not sell it, but I will give it to you," he said, simply.

"Oh, no!" I was embarrassed. "I could not take it for nothing."

A look of disappointment came into the carpenter's face.

"I am sorry," he said. "I was in hopes you would."

"Why, there is nothing. I would prize so much," I answered. "But it represents so much of your time and work."

"That is why I wanted to give it to you. I think you understand it and love it."

"Thank you," I said. "I will take it. Do you give many away?"

"Whenever I find a man that appreciates it, I give him what he pleases. I imagine," he added, apologetically, "that every time he sees it I'll be telling him what is a good piece of work, and when he remembers that the good-will of a gift went with it, he will think kindly of old man Macey."

A Queer Ornament.

Some years ago we found in a secret drawer of a pearl-embroidered work-box three locks of hair fastened to small enamel heart-shaped mounts, with silver eyelets. Two were inscribed "R. C. obt. 16th April, 1864," "R. C. 1864"; the third had no inscription at all. In this box I now keep an engraving of a portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, which plainly shows the curl of hair in her left ear, attached to a pearl earring. The painting, by Gerard Honthorst, was engraved by G. Vertue.

When I showed these hair earrings to a gentleman of some considerable learning he informed me that an uncle of Anne, wife of King James I, was afflicted by a malady, still prevalent in Poland, and some parts of Russia, which consists of a growth of hair and flesh pendant from the ear, on which it is dangerous to operate, owing to the profuse hemorrhage which ensues. He added that, in consequence of this royal infirmity, a fashion arose in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries of wearing locks of hair pendant from the left ear. (I believe there is a portrait of a Stuart lady still at Ham House so adorned.)—Notes and Queries.

An Experiment.

The Rev. Clarence Godfrey, on retiring one night, determined that he would try to "telepath" a phantom of himself to a lady living in another part of the city, tells H. Addington Bruce in Success Magazine. For about ten minutes he endeavored, in thought, to appear to her. At the end of that time he fell asleep.

About four hours later the lady on whom he had been "exerting his will" awoke with an impression that she had heard a curious sound. She felt nervous and uneasy, and thought that if she went downstairs and took a drink of soda-water it might have a quieting effect.

Coming back, she was astounded to see the form of Mr. Godfrey standing on the staircase. He remained standing there for three or four seconds, while she stared at him in horrified amazement. Then, as she approached the staircase, he disappeared.

Salmon Rounded Up by Sea.

While sitting on the shore of Inverness Firth the other day a correspondent of the Scotsman observed about half a dozen seals, each at a short distance from the other, moving in a kind of semicircle toward a small bay.

Curiosity made him follow their movements as the seals slowly made for the shore. Each kept his place well, though occasionally disappearing and reappearing. To his great surprise he saw that a shoal of salmon were being herded toward the shore, where there was little chance of escape and where they ultimately fell victims to the seals. What struck the correspondent most was the intelligent way in which the salmon were chased into the bay, reminding him of the manner in which a collie dog brings sheep to a fold.—The Scotsman.



THE SOCIAL CIRCLE

ABUSE OF PERFUMERY.
Many girls who are decked for conquest unconsciously make themselves a nuisance to every one who comes near them by their choice of perfumes. If they would but learn that heavy scents in vulgar, life would be more comfortable for those who come their way.

The girl who restrains her love of cosmetics for the sake of her fellow man, who would be horrified at the thought of an odor from perspiration will saturate herself with cologne or sachets and think she has added the finishing touch of elegance.

There are some persons who are made ill by even a suggestion of perfumery; there are others who become unconscious from the smell of heavy scents in a close room, while still others are made to sneeze violently by breathing sachet powder.

No refined girl would want to make herself a nuisance to her neighbors. Leaving the question of lack of refinement out of it, perfumes should not be used excessively from a humanitarian standpoint. We should refrain from any practice that may make others uncomfortable.

A girl once wondered at her lack of popularity. She was a charming girl, but slipped up on many an invitation that went to less attractive friends. Her amazement was great when a candid older woman told her that her lack of invitations was due to her love of tuberoses, which she constantly wore.

An odor to be permissible should be so elusive as to be almost imperceptible. Delicate sachets may be placed among one's clothes. The new American Beauty pad makes everything fragrant. So do the slips of perfumed pasteboard. Toilet waters used after the bath, or in it, rarely are objectionable, as they have a fresh, clean smell. Heavy perfumes such as musk, attar of roses, tuberoses or patchouli, should be tabooed. A drop may make the wearer a nuisance.

If one cannot refrain from the perfume habit, and this habit is as common to a certain type of man as to women, at least a scent should not be used when one is going into a public assemblage. No one has a right for a personal gratification to make others miserable.

The doctor who goes to church smelling of iodine or the germ-fearing woman who attends a theatre reeking of asafoetida may be no more of a nuisance than the girl who has poured the perfume flask over herself in a finishing touch to her toilet.—New Haven Register.

WHAT TO TEACH A DAUGHTER.
Teach her that not only must she love her father and mother, but honor them in word and deed.

That work is worthy always when it is well done.

That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate its value.

That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life.

That her best confidant is always her mother, and that no one sympathizes with her in her pleasures and joys as she does.

the slightest success. But show them a dinner gown that is irresistibly lovely and they will fairly snatch it from your hands. It is a more effective argument than all the reason and logic and good sense that you can muster.

And whether they are coaxed or commanded makes very little difference so long as it is borne in upon them in some way that an evening gown is not a thing apart intended solely for ceremonious occasions. To relegate it entirely to formal dinners and balls, and the opera, and to wear high-necked dresses at home and at the theatre or restaurant, is to admit one either has no position to maintain or no means with which to maintain it. Or, more galling still, that one is not familiar with the usages of good society.—The Delineator.

GOOD HABITS DEFEAT GERMS.
When you are in good health, and the world looks bright, it is because the white corpuscles, well supplied with ammunition, are fighting your fight for you all over your body. It is when your epinians are deficient and your soldiers are fighting a losing battle from head to foot that the aches come and life seems flat and unprofitable. Your ill is only the effects. To be logical, you should greet your friends with "How are your epinians?"

This, then, is the welcome message that recent discoveries have brought us from the field of battle—that germs are powerless to affect a healthy body in which the vital resistance is maintained by good habits of living. Alcohol, tobacco and other such drugs, whether narcotic or stimulative in their effects, are aids and comforts to our invisible enemies. Too much food, especially hearty food such as meat and beans, form supplies for the commissary department of the enemy instead of for the brigades of white corpuscles.

On the other hand, every breath, drawn deeply into the lungs, of fresh, sun-warmed air, is a direct blow struck at our foes and on the side of our defenders; every sip of pure water aids the forces of life. So, too, does every motion in walking, running and other exercises—when exercise is not excessive. Every mouthful of pure food adds fuel to the flame of life.

So, too, does every pure thought; that is to say, every cheerful, normal action of the brain when unclouded by gloom, morbidity, or any of the poisons of pessimism.

Thus you can aid your bodyguard to fight the attacks of the invisible army of germs by the adoption of a few simple principles, and the attainment of a little real, up-to-date knowledge on the subject of hygiene; and by combining can help each other in the war that must ever go on.—New Haven Register.

BEING PLEASANT IS TONIC.
Don't be afraid of being pleasant. It can not hurt you, and will be as good as a tonic for all you meet.

What though you do think yourself superior to most of your acquaintances, is it good taste to placard your belief by a freezing countenance?

There is nothing like affability to conceal one's family skeletons. A haughty manner is a direct bid for the rest of the world to rake up ancestral secrets that you thought buried.

Not every one has the happy faculty of drawing the best out of others, but no one need ever be guilty of the vulgarity of consciously seeking to put them at a disadvantage.

Snubs have a way of coming home to roost.—Indianapolis News

A HOUSEMAID LEADER.
Miss Kathryn Oliver, a housemaid in London, is the moving spirit in a domestic servants' union, which aims to bring every servant girl in Great Britain and Ireland under union control. The union already has many thousands of members and its first work will be a campaign for an increase in wages. It is believed the union will be a permanent success, as servants are drawn from a fixed class in England and do not aspire to go up the scale as in this country.—New Haven Register.

GIVES THE AWAY.
A Japanese bride, instead of furnishing her house with her wedding presents, gives them all to her parents, as a slight recompense for the trouble they have taken to bring her up.

Parents with several marriageable daughters must find it a most profitable custom!—New York Times.

FACE MEASUREMENTS.
A perfect feminine face should measure exactly five times the width of an eye across the cheek bones. The eye should be exactly two-thirds the width of the mouth and the length of the ear exactly twice that of the eye. The space between the eyes should be exactly the length of one eye.

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NEWSY GLEANINGS.

President Taft declared war on the insurgents in Congress who oppose his policies.

An insurance company announced its readiness to assume liability for all risk to aviators.

The British Parliament was dissolved and a new one was summoned to meet February 15.

Secretary Dickinson, of the War Department, called on President Gomez, in Havana, Cuba.

The New York Zoological Society started to raise a fund of \$1,000,000 as a permanent endowment.

Exhibitors at the International Automobile Show reported heavy retail and dealers' orders for new models.

Mr. Sulzer offered in the House, at Washington, a joint resolution to recognize Estrada as President of Nicaragua.

The opening of the tax books for 1916 showed that Mrs. John S. Kennedy was New York City's richest woman.

Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton announced that he had decided to make another trip to the Antarctic regions.

Governor Noel, of Mississippi, has vetoed an unconstitutional bill providing for judicial nominations at primaries.

The laymen's missionary movement held a campaign in Manhattan to interest business men in the project of world evangelization.

"Annulment cases are becoming so frequent they resemble trial marriages," said Justice Dowling, of New York, granting the application of a couple still under age.

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, instructed his new Tax Board to give justice to all in making assessments, to find real values, to avoid favoritism, to ignore politics and to dismiss any deputy doing wrong.

SPORTING NOTES.
Baltimore City College's crew will be coached by Harry Vail.
U. G. Mellick is captain of the cross-country team of 1916 at Princeton.
The fastest quarter-mile runner in this country is Ira Davenport, '12, of the University of Chicago.
Cornell is figuring on forming a water polo team, because swimming has taken a good hold in Ithaca.
The Aero Club of France decided to challenge the Aero Club of America for both balloon and aeroplane international cups.
M. J. Finn, of Little Rock, Ark., bought a controlling interest in the Waterbury (Conn.) Baseball Club of the Connecticut League.
The Cuban Athletic Club football team defeated the Tullane University combination from New Orleans, La., by 11 points to 0 at Havana.
E. A. Ballard, of Philadelphia, paid \$5000 for winning pair of Black Orpingtons at the poultry show in Madison Square Garden, New York.
In the football charges and counter-charges of professionalism made by Purdue and Indiana resulted in each university losing a man from the team.
It is cause for congratulation that Harvard has decided to apply for membership in the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States.
George Little, manager of "Jack" Johnson, offers to post a forfeit of \$500 that he will wager \$20,000 at riddle odds when the negro meets Jeffries.
In London a story has been circulated ever since Fitzsimmons left there for Sydney that the mill with Lang was purely a frame-up for the camera; that Lang agreed to let the ancient Cornishman stay ten rounds and then knock him out.
That Edison is as fertile as ever in suggestions appears in his proposal that the East River, New York, be filled in and its waters provided with a new channel dug across Long Island at a point farther east. Good authorities pronounce the scheme by no means chimerical. The real estate value of the present site of the river would be almost beyond calculation.

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