

**WORK! WORK! WORK!**

Work! Work! Work!  
 'Tis the song that the nations sing!  
 The wheel and the spoke and the  
 drowsome yoke,  
 The dusts that clog and the dusts  
 that choke,  
 And the sparks as they upward  
 spring.

Work! Work! Work!  
 'Tis the song that the mighty sing!  
 The brow that wets with the daily  
 sweats,  
 The back well bent to life's goad of  
 debts,  
 And the groan as the hammers  
 swing.

Work! Work! Work!  
 'Tis the song that the conqueror  
 sings!  
 The strength and the force of the  
 heart-deep source  
 That marks progression's untiring  
 course  
 And heaps life's rare harvestings!  
 —Lorna W. Sheldon, in the New  
 York Times.

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**The Test.**  
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 By Mrs. Anstriss Nichols  
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Beth tripped happily up the stairs to her room, humming under her breath some gay little air. She felt very light-hearted tonight, for would she not be able on the morrow to put \$15 in the bank? Her bank account was accumulating very slowly, to be sure, but wasn't it splendid to have \$30 in the bank, and to have glorious health besides?

She stopped before her door in astonishment. It was slightly ajar, and a light shone out into the hall. Who could be waiting to see her, she wondered. As she entered a tiny woman with soft white hair rose from a chair and came forward very timidly.

"Why, Auntie!" cried Beth. "Why, Auntie May!"

"I didn't know just how 't would be takin' you unawares," said the woman.

"It's all right, you dear old Auntie," declared the girl, giving her relative a monstrous hug. "I'm so glad to see you once more. But there's hardly any need of my saying that, for you know that I am. How did you happen to leave the farm?"

"I got tired of stayin' down there all alone—it ain't the same place since your Uncle John was took away, and so I thought I'd come up here. I went first to see Jim's folks, but there didn't seem to be no place for me there, and then I went out to Margaret's, but nobody there had much use for an old woman, and then I thought of you. And now that I'm here, you don't know how much good it does my old heart to have someone glad to see me."

"You shall stay here, Auntie May, just as long as you want to—I don't see why you can't stay here. We'll have a delightful time together."

"Oh, you don't—know how—thankful I am," said the woman, brokenly. "The rest didn't have no use for me—they know what a hard place I've been in with the mortgage on the farm and everything. But I might have known my little Beth would welcome me—it's just like her."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked the girl, smilingly. "Weren't you always lovely to me when I used to come down to see you during my school vacations? And now we'll plan what we shall do. First, have you had any supper?"

"Yes," returned her aunt. "I had somethin' to eat just before I come here, so you don't have to bother about that."

"There's no bother about anything, so you mustn't say so, Auntie," declared Beth. "You are to stay with me and we're going to have fine times, and you must mind me."

The woman laughed softly. "You do cheer a body up so. Why, I ain't felt so happy for years, little Beth."

The two sat up late that evening making plans for the future, and when they retired at last it was the older woman who fell asleep first. Elizabeth, with a sinking heart, faced the situation fairly for the first time.

"She doesn't dream I'm only getting \$5 a week," thought the girl. "I can use the \$15 I planned to put in the bank tomorrow." She could not help sighing. "But after that is gone I don't know what we're going to do. I got along quite well on my wages, but with another to look out for it's a different thing. But how selfish I am. I'm sure that everything will be all right, and that I shan't regret it."

With this comforting thought Beth soon fell asleep.

The days that followed proved to be trying ones for Beth. At first it was not so hard to manage for she had the \$15 to help her out, but when that was gone, she found it almost impossible to make both ends meet. To be sure there was \$15 more in the bank, but she was determined that she would not draw it until the last moment. She never hinted to her Aunt Mary of the struggle she was having, but that lady after four months began to notice that something was wrong and suspected the truth.

"I'm a mean old thing," she whispered to herself, "but I just had to find out."

That night Beth came home from work very tired indeed, and almost discouraged; for it had come to the point where the money would certainly have to be drawn from the bank that very week. She called a smile to her face as she opened the door; but she stopped on the threshold, astonished beyond measure. The most appetizing odors greeted her nostrils, and for an instant she was sure that she had stepped into someone else's room by mistake. But no, there was her Aunt Mary coming forward, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Hurry up, dear, and take off your things," she said gayly. "We're going to have a feast fit for a queen—or rather two queens."

Beth's bewildered gaze was now taking in the table which had been pulled out into the middle of the floor, and on which was spread everything that was good to eat in the world, according to the girl's thoughts.

"You set right down here," went on her aunt. "This steak is just as tender as any you ever eat in your life—I just fixed it down stairs."

"But I don't understand," interposed Beth, weakly. "I don't understand, Auntie."

"If you'll set down and eat your supper like a good girl and not ask a single question I'll tell you all about everything the minute we're through."

Beth obeyed, although she could hardly wait to hear what her aunt had to tell. But finally the meal was over and then she listened to a story that seemed more like a fairy tale to her than anything real.

Her Aunt told how her son had gone West when a mere lad, being considered the black sheep of the family, and had died the year before, and how he, remembering that she had been the only one who had ever believed in him, had left her his whole fortune, which made her a comparatively rich woman.

"As it ain't possible for me to spend all that money on myself—not that I'd want to if I could—you, Beth, are goin' to help me use some of it. We're going to live together in a nice home of our own, which I shall find for us right away. There wasn't a soul down home that has any idea I had money left to me, nor up this way, either—if they had they would have treated me different. I think I just had to find out, dear, if there wasn't someone who would like an old woman, even if they thought she was poor. And now that I've found her, Beth, she won't be sorry that she was good to me."

Before her Aunt Mary had finished Beth was crying softly on her shoulder—just from pure happiness.—Boston Post.

**The Learned German Boy.**

During the Civil War George Denker, a German boy about 15 years old, who had enlisted as a volunteer from Pennsylvania, was slightly wounded in a battle and taken to a hospital. "Dumpy," as he was called, always wore one of those old-fashioned German hats, which caused lots of fun for his comrades.

Major McDowell, his commander, happy over the victory of the day, and ever ready to have fun with the German boy, who could not speak English very plainly, said to him as he saw him sitting near a stove in the hospital with his arm in a sling. "Dumpy, remove that helmet."

"Das Hell mitt? Das Hell mitt vat?" said the German boy, rather embarrassed.

"The helmet, that hat," said the Major.

"De hell mit your hat," said the German boy, getting angry. This made everybody laugh, even the wounded, who had listened to the conversation.—National Monthly.

**Wasted Charity.**

Robert Loveman, the Georgia poet, said, in the course of an address on charity in Dalton:

"All cases, naturally, are not worthy cases. It was but the other month a Dalton philanthropist, visiting a destitute family, had his heart strings torn with pity. And drawing out his wallet, he said:

"Here, Calhoun, take this dollar and go and buy a chicken for the Christmas dinner."

"Calhoun, the young son of the house, accepted the bank note gratefully, and the poor widow, with tears in her eyes, bowed the philanthropist out.

"But the garden walk wound by an open window, and as the departing philanthropist passed the window, he heard the mother say shrilly to her son:

"You, Cal, you jes' gimme dat dollah an' go git dat Christmas chicken in de natcher way."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Steel Making Science.**

As an evidence of the thoroughness which marks the practice of the United States Steel Corporation, says the Scientific American, it may be mentioned that they are about to institute a new departure in steel-works practice by establishing near Duquesne, Pa., a special bureau for scientific research. Systematic experimental work will be carried on in the laboratory which is to be built with a view to improving the process of steel manufacture as practiced by the many constituent companies of the corporation.

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**The HOME**  
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**HOW LONG IS A GOWN NEW?**

This is not a "How old is Ann" proposition, although it is a question that may be open to quite as much discussion as that of the now famous lady's age.

Out in Cleveland, Ohio, a young woman brought suit against a clothes-cleaning concern for ruining a new gown—one, at least, that she had worn but three times. There was no doubt that the gown was ruined; even an average jury of twelve unobserving men could see that; but the point that proved a stumbling-block to the able attorneys was whether a gown worn three times could still be called new.

Expert testimony was brought to bear on the case, and a well-known dressmaker asserted that with proper care a gown should not deteriorate in value until after it had been worn more times than that—and still judge, jury and lawyers hesitated over the decision of such a momentous question.

They might well hesitate, too, for there are as many different ideas on the subject as there are different kinds of women, and there are so many sides to the question that plaintiff and defendant can each put up perfectly good arguments and still keep the lawyers guessing.

There's Mrs. Just-getting-into-society, for instance, who wouldn't dream of appearing in the same gown more than twice. She would regard a three-times worn frock as an object too prone for consideration. Her gowns are now for possibly one month. Then there's Miss Extravagance who is clothes-crazed, who buys more frocks and gowns than she has time or occasion to wear and finds at the end of a season that she still has a few gowns that she has never put on and that of course will never do for the next season. Miss Extravagance being a young woman with an ingrowing desire to keep a little ahead of the fashion, Ann's age is easy compared to the question of how long Miss Extravagance's unworn frocks are new.

Another argument could be made for Miss Twenty-dollars-a-week who stays awake nights deciding about the one good tailor-made broadcloth suit that she buys every winter. The chances are that, carefully brushed and properly put away on the newest invention in the way of patent clothes hangers, that suit will be mentally catalogued as new, by its owner at least, until the Easter millinery begins to appear in the shop windows.

To go to the full limit of the newness of frocks, take good old Auntie Williams up in Squeedunk Corners, who buys a new black silk frock every ten years, whether she needs it or not, and who up to the end of the sixth year at least still refers to the faithful frock as her new black silk.

It is a wonder that the Cleveland lawyers found themselves up against a serious proposition.—New York Mail.

**FOND OF CHILDREN.**

This is a debatable question, and one in which opinion seems very evenly divided. It is asserted that men are more selfish than women and, in consequence, are far fonder of children than the vast majority of women.

"Ah!" says the smart, up to date girl, "it's cheap enough for a man to be fond of children—he doesn't know all the bother and work they cause."

It is not gentlemanly to contradict a lady, but there are hundreds of young fellows who think nothing of walking the floor whistling a frolicful little one to sleep, or carrying the kiddie on their shoulder many a long mile. In many homes, too, while mother makes calls, runs her errands, attends parties, etc., father reads a fairy book to the kiddies and tucks them up in their little cots night by night.

Again, when traveling by train, bus or tramcar, which passenger is it that lifts out the youngster, which takes him on the knee if space is limited, and which searches through pockets for a penny? It must be confessed it is the mere man. Again, in a crowd, is it the young lady who picks up some street arab, regardless of her dress, and says "Yes, Tommy, you shall see the soldiers?" No, it is not; and yet there are scores of fellows who do it, and, of course, get praised for their thoughtfulness.

The man, therefore, who does not like children is a crank a freak, an exception. It has been stated that the women disliking children are on the increase, and if that is so the average man will be able to climb down from the uncomfortable pinnacle of selfishness which he has occupied so long. It is argued, rightly perhaps, that women are not so fond of children in the mass, but fonder of their own. There is no special virtue in that. A love of children as children is infinitely nobler than love of a child or children because they are one's own.

Owing, in great part, to the higher education of the present day there is some danger of losing the Madonna type of womanhood—the motherly woman, the woman with the large heart, the simple, tranquil nature, the woman whose kingdom is the

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**GOVERNMENT IN END TO CONTROL WATER POWER**

Consolidation & Preliminary, in Opinion of Geographical Survey—Our Country Behind Others

Consolidation of water-power control in the United States is inevitable, but the ultimate control will be in the hands of the Government. This is the assertion made in a bulletin on the subject just issued by the United States Geological Survey.

Marshall O. Leighton, chief hydrographer of the survey, in a preface to the bulletin, says there is a menace to American industrial leadership in the present situation of American unpreparedness to meet the new questions involved in power development in the United States in connection with the great advance made abroad in this direction.

He said certain great consolidations of water-power interests have taken place during the last few years, which, with the appearance of the names of a few persons among the officers or in the directorate of a large number of water-power companies, point unmistakably to a concentration of ownership in several groups that might consolidate or at least effect a community of interest.

This Nation, he says, now has no water-power policy worthy of the name. It must, therefore, he declares, either meet the situation with some such comprehensive plan as that recommended by President Taft in his conservation message to Congress or else give way to countries which have well defined policies.

Certain European countries, notably Switzerland and Italy, are far ahead of America with respect to the water-power problem, and advanced action in the matter of Federal regulation already has been taken, according to a report in the bulletin from M. Rene Tavernier, Chief Engineer of the Department of Public Works of France. M. Tavernier says that these countries now recognize water power as a public utility.

Leighton urges the need for concerted State or National action. He cites opinions to show the right of the Federal Government to control water power on navigable streams and tributaries and to make charges for water power.

The water-power sites of Europe, he says, are close to the great markets of the world and the cheapest sources of energy are going to be used without reference to any particular flag. He asks if there is any one in the United States so confident of this country's leadership as to assert that the wholesale development of these large and cheap powers will not seriously affect this nation's industrial status.

He ends with the declaration that the solution of the problem lies in legislative regulation of water-power development.

**WOMEN MUSTN'T AGITATE**

Chief among these early pioneers of the Woman's Rights movement were Angelina B. and Sarah M. Grimke, who were ardent abolitionists. It was not so much the subject on which they spoke that aroused such a storm of criticism, but the fact that being women, they spoke at all on any subject, says the American Magazine.

From Boston the Grimkes went to other points in the State and the farther they went the greater was the excitement—particularly among the clergymen. It culminated in a clerical appeal—the family Pastoral Letter of the General Association of Massachusetts to the churches under its care—which, after deploring the slavery agitation in general, invited attention particularly "to the dangers which at present (1837) seem to threaten the female character with widespread and permanent injury."

It set forth woman's duties and her place in terms which must have been discouraging even to the most conventional of the educated women of the day. "If the wife whose strength and beauty is to lean upon the trillium work, and half conceal its cluster, thinks to assume the independence and the over-shadowing nature of the elm, it will not only cease to bear fruit, but fall in shame and dishonor to the dust. We cannot, therefore, but regret the mistaken conduct of those who encourage females to bear an obtrusive and ostentatious part in measures of reform and countenance any of that sex who so far forget themselves as to itinerate in the character of public lecturers and teachers."—Washington Herald.

**A Penny For Wasps.**

The announcement that the Harvard's Heath Horticultural Society was prepared to pay a penny for every queen wasp brought to the summer show has caused the secretary to be inundated with wasps from all parts of England. Some of the senders have requested that the money they consider due them should be forwarded by return of post. The secretary, however, wishes it to be understood by senders that only persons living within the radius of the show will be paid for their wasps.—London Standard.

**The Time of George IV.**

Probably at no time in our history was the education of woman generally at a lower point than in the time of George IV., whether as regent or king. Dancing, the merest smattering of drawing, French and music were generally all that was taught a girl.

As for more solid accomplishments, they were, generally speaking, utterly neglected. An album fifty or sixty years old is of all dreary things the dreariest. Trumpery verses, puny little copies of a drawing master's stock-in-trade of flowers, fruit and impossible cottages make it up.—New York Press.

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