

**THE CENTRE REPORTER.**  
ISSUED WEEKLY.

S. W. SMITH, Editor and Proprietor.  
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**CENTRE HALL, . . . PENN'A.**

**THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1912**

**CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.**

Presbyterian—Spring Mills, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon.  
Lutheran—Centre Hall, morning; Union, afternoon; Georges Valley, evening.  
Reformed—Centre Hall, morning, communion, preparatory services Friday evening, Tusseyville, afternoon.  
Methodist—Spring Mills, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon; Spring Mills, evening, Harvest Home services at all places.  
United Evangelical—Tusseyville, morning; Egg Hill, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening. Foreign Mission Day will be observed. Laymen will speak at these services.

**THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.**

PRESIDENT—Woodrow Wilson, New Jersey.  
VICE PRESIDENT—Thomas R. Marshall, Indiana.  
AUDITOR GENERAL—Robert E. Crosswell, Cambria county.  
STATE TREASURER—William H. Barry, Delaware county.  
CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE—George B. Shaw, Westmoreland county; Joseph Hawley, Allegheny county; George K. McLean, Luzerne county; E. E. Greenwalt, Lancaster county.  
CONGRESS—James Gleason, Du Bois.  
LEGISLATURE—Robert M. Foster, State College.

Clearfield county Bull Moozers are trying to induce Theodore, the Great, to invade their county.

What will the Bull Moozers be after the election? T. R. may continue to show his teeth in the wilderness of defeat, but who will want to follow a Bull Moose who can't "come back" to the feeding rick.

The Reporter has been accused by good citizens of making a misstatement regarding the repairing of the street when it said that the car load of stone hauled out it could not be found after six weeks. We are always willing to acknowledge when we make an error, and so we do in this case. The statement made concerning the repairing is now corrected and amended by saying that nothing could be seen of the stones after ten days. Of course, it is easier to write history than make predictions that will come true.

**LOCALS.**

Miss Mabel Arney is a clerk in Murray & Bitner's drug store.

After an illness of about two weeks, John Q. A. Kennedy is again able to be about.

Charles D. Bartholomew is contemplating the erection of a 20x30 foot stable on Bartholomew's addition, near the station.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bradford are attending the Milton fair and expect to spend a day at the Missionary Convention at Millinburg, on their return.

Mrs. J. B. Strohm and Mrs. Daniel Daup Wednesday left for Onaway, Michigan, where they will spend several weeks with a brother, R. D. Evans.

Mrs. S. M. Goodhart and children, of Johnstown, who for several weeks had been at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Durst, returned to their home Wednesday.

Miss Ruth Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ross, of Linden Hall, entered the Altoona Hospital as a student. Her sister, Miss Irene Ross, is also taking course in nurse training in the same institution.

Wallace Horner, of near Pleasant Gap, is employed by John G. Dauber-man, and is assisting in the meat market, and is also general utility man about the slaughter house. He is an accommodating and obliging young man.

Miss Elizabeth Boozar accepted the assistant principalship of the Salix High School, near Johnstown, and on Wednesday left Centre Hall to enter upon her duties. Miss Boozar for several years successfully taught school at Barnesboro and is well qualified to fill the responsible position she now holds.

Centre Hall will have a good representation at the Milton fair today (Thursday). Besides a number who will go by train, the following will cover the fifty miles in their automobiles: Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Foreman, Mrs. F. O. Bairfoot and Will Smith, Dr. J. R. G. Allison, Samuel Durst and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Meyer.

A number of new subscribers have been added to the Centre Reporter's subscription list. Outside of the money consideration, it affords the Reporter pleasure to place on its list young men and young women, who by their act show appreciation of the editor's efforts to gather whatever news there is in the Reporter's territory. The Reporter never did make great claims. It never made the moon stand still like Jobbus, nor discovered a great country like Columbus nor emancipated a colored race like Lincoln, nor called a conference of loyal war governors like Curtis; but, it did do a few things, chief among which is it gathered the local news for its subscribers and the newspaper borrowers. And that's enough.

**Work of the Court.**

(Continued from first page.)

The second week of September court opened on Monday with the usual preliminaries.

The first case to come before a jury for a verdict of their selection was from Blanchard. It appears that some few years ago Rev. G. S. Wert was located there and interested a number of citizens in a movement to organize a Y. M. C. A., and finally it was decided that a building should be erected for the meeting place of this body. A. R. Moon, George Berryhill, John Morrison, Thomas Winslow and W. H. Austin were made trustees of the organization and Rev. Wert was made the secretary. On meeting funds to complete the building, at a public meeting it was decided to borrow money. A note was drawn up for \$250, in favor of J. I. Wagner, and on this note the secretary wrote the names of the five men named above and his own.

Later another note, similarly signed, was drawn up for a Mr. Booz and money was realized on it. Mr. Booz issued on the property, and sold it at Sheriff's sale. Mr. Wagner finally asked settlement, when Moon, Morrison, Winslow and Austin denied any knowledge of the note and contended their names had been used without authority, and became the defendants in this suit. Mr. Wagner being the plaintiff in this suit. The plaintiff's witnesses contended that the Wagner note contained the signatures of the trustees by their consent, and the defendants claimed that Rev. Wert had used the names without the knowledge or consent of the gentlemen. The court in this charge stated there could have been no intention of fraud on the part of Rev. Wert, and that the only question to decide was whether the witnesses had established the fact that the names had been used with the consent of the trustees. The jury's verdict found for the plaintiff, making Moon, Berryhill, Morrison and Wilson liable for the unpaid portion of the note which was about \$145.

The second case was that of W. H. Gardner vs. J. A. Bitter, both of near Blanchard. Gardner bought a \$450 team of mares from Bitter and claims one of the mares proved to be a confirmed kicker, which, of course, Bitter denied, claiming the animal was kicked while he worked her himself. Gardner produced evidence wishing to show that "Maude," for that was her name, was a high flyer from her youth. There was a great amount of evidence produced on both sides.

On Wednesday as the Reporter went to press the case had not been disposed of.

**Georgus Valley.**

Mrs. Samuel Ertle is slowly improving from her recent illness.

Miss Lizzie Wert went to Brush Valley to care for her brother who is ill.

Mrs. John H. Messmer spent a few days with her sister Mrs. Samuel Ertle.

**Wonderful Man.**

"Where is he from?"  
"I don't know, but I think he was raised on a desert island."  
"What in the world makes you think that?"  
"He says no woman ever made a fool of him."—Houston Post.

**A Sculptor's Slip.**

How many know that the only fault ever found with the splendid equestrian statue of Washington in the Boston Public garden, made by Thomas Ball, was the fact that the horse has no tongue. It is one of those minor details that were discovered long after the statue had been put up. Ball's Governor Andrew at the statehouse has all its proper members.—Boston Journal.

**Lemons Six.**

Mrs. Benham—Father gave me away when we were married. Benham—Your father has been quite a fruit dealer. Mrs. Benham—What do you mean? Benham—He has married off six daughters, and any man who can unload half a dozen lemons in that way is a good one.—New York Press.

**No Malice.**

Farmer (to horse dealer)—No, I don't bear you no malice. I only hope when you're chased by a pack of ravishing hungry wolves you'll be driving that horse you sold me.—London Tit-Bits.

**Apparently.**

"Well, Quigley, what do you know?"  
"Too much, I guess. I've been rejected as a juror six times in succession."—Chicago Tribune.

**The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.**

—Menclius.

**The Power of Beauty.**

"Brown's wife is a beautiful woman, isn't she?"  
"She surely is."  
"If I had a wife as beautiful as that she could buy me all the neckties she wanted to, and I'd wear 'em, by gum!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Which?**

Bacon—Did you ever notice how long a woman is in coming to a point? Eggbert—Well, do you mean when she is telling a story or sharpening a lead pencil?—Yonkers Statesman.

Let parents bequeath to their children not riches, but the spirit of reverence.—Plato's Laws.

**Citizens Refute Reporter Article**

Sometime ago A. C. Ripka and son through the columns of this paper protested against the facts in the case of selecting a teacher for the Centre Hill school district and set up a story which has not a lot of truth in it, if the article in the Reporter represented him correctly. We, being patrons of the district and knowing the facts feel it our duty to present them to the public that we may not be placed in an improper light, and that the public may know the true attitude taken by the above named persons, and the board of directors. There cannot be a doubt that their purpose was to deceive the public, as they had done with the directors and citizens of the district. The facts are these: By the grace of his father being a director, Bruce Ripka has been teacher of this school for a number of years. The citizens were not willing to endure the situation any longer. A. C. Ripka knew of this fact as some of the citizens told him they demanded a change of teachers. Mr. Ripka, the director in charge of this school, let it be known that his son would not be an applicant. The son stated that he only made application two days before the board elected the teachers, this revealing a plot between father and son to force a teacher upon us at all hazards. In presenting the application of his son to the board he left the impression that there was no opposition to him in the district, and thus deceived them. When it became known that he had been elected, a petition was circulated against his appointment, and asking for a hearing before the board. The board called a meeting outside the district and never notified the petitioners. Later being advised that they should hear the complaints of the patrons as the petition contained the names of two thirds of the citizens, the president and secretary called a meeting in the district, for Saturday, Aug. 30th, a. m. A. C. Ripka and two other directors refused to attend at that time. The president then called the meeting for the afternoon of the same day at which time they were also to article with the teachers. A. C. Ripka knew of this change as well as the other directors, as he did not appear at the time set. The citizens appeared at the time set and asked to be heard and to present their grievances, when A. C. Ripka objected and said they were out of order and were disturbing the meeting and had no right to be heard, and ordered the district to proceed and article with the teachers. The citizens appealed to the president who sustained their plea that they were notified to appear at that meeting. The secretary, who was absent, we believe would have stood with the president for a square deal, had he been present. We believe that the citizens have some rights that the directors should respect, and in this case we believe we have a right to be heard. Through the refusal of three directors refusing to attend and thus preventing a quorum this privilege has been denied us. We leave it with the public to judge whether they are fulfilling their duty as directors by so doing. How the directors, being public officers, and supposed to be interested in the welfare of our public school, can ignore the appeal of a large percentage of the citizens of a district, we cannot see by placing a teacher in our school that we do not want, and who has not pride or manliness enough to withdraw. No one can well be deceived of his attitude; it is revealed in his statement. "I am going to teach and draw the salary." Any one can predict the outcome, and how it will effect the success of our school. We believe that deception and fraud has been used to accomplish these ends and we therefore will demand a hearing and if again denied will proceed by course of law to obtain it.

R. M. SMITH,  
JACOB LEE,  
H. F. MUCKER,  
J. F. BIBLE,  
THOMAS HOSBERMAN,  
J. C. GOODHART,  
J. C. VONADA,  
L. R. SMITH,  
J. B. KING,  
A. S. ALLEN,  
JOHN H. BUBB,  
Citizens of Centre Hill school district.

**Tusseyville**

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fietsher spent Sunday visiting at the homes of their sons, Harry and William Fietsher, of Yeggerstown.

Miss Ruth Berman was a delegate from the Tusseyville Missionary society to the Missionary Convention which was held at Millinburg during the past week.

Alfred Rutter, of Johnstown, came to this place on Saturday to call on his parents both of whom are afflicted with rheumatism. At this writing, however, they have somewhat improved.

**Centre Mills.**

Mrs. Monnie Kille, who spent her vacation with her parents at Centre Mills and her sister, Mrs. Godshall at Centre Hall, departed Wednesday for Millington, Maryland, where she is pastor of several Methodist congregations. Arthur Kille and family, of Altoona, were also visitors at the home of his parents over Sunday.

Laundry goes out October 10.

**FIGHTING THE RATEL.**

This South African Dodger Has a Grip Like a Bulldog.

There is a curious long nosed little creature of South Africa called the ratal, which is said to exhibit a most peculiar method of fighting its human adversaries. The son of a Britisher in South Africa who was using for the first time a shotgun had what hardly could be called an amusing experience with a ratal.

The boy saw the ratal creeping round an ant hill. He centered off at a not very rapid pace, and the boy fired at easy range. The animal turned heels over head, much in the same manner that a tame squirrel will disport itself in a wheel cage. The ratal paused once, as if in pain, but never took his eyes off the boy. The lad did not think of running, but clubbed his gun and stood, prepared to meet a spring.

It happened that the English boy had never been told how the ratal fights. Almost every boy in the veldt knows, but this lad did not. To wait thus, expecting a leap breast high, is to give the ratal exactly the chance he wants. Hesitating not a second, the ratal glided swiftly in and seized the lad's feet. The boy kicked him with the butt end of his gun, kicked at him, shouted his loudest, but the ratal gnawed away with the pertinacity of a bulldog. At every blow the creature's teeth closed like a vise. The boy seized his long tail, wrenched and twisted it, but the ratal would not quit his hold.

The struggle lasted for a shorter time than it takes to tell it. The muscles of the lad's instep were cut through, and he tumbled backward—not at full length, but against an ant hill. This circumstance probably saved his life.

The ratal let go, as it does when its victim drops, to spring upon the lad's throat and rip his stomach with its hind claws. But the plucky boy lifted himself upon his elbows and lay across the summit of the mound. That might only have prolonged the struggle, but his father ran up at the moment. The boy was many months in bed and many more on crutches.—New York Press.

**"HANG THE PRISONERS!"**

An Exclamation That Was Put Into Effect as a Lockdown.

The young Laird of Lochnow was a character in the Scotch camp life of the early eighteenth century. He was cool in action and full of fun in daily life. One day he was detailed to command a burial party, and as he strolled over the battlefield his orderly came to him in great perplexity.

"Sir," said he, "there is a heap of fellows lying out yonder who say they're only wounded, and they won't let us bury them like the rest. What shall we do?"

"Bury them at once," replied young Agnew without moving a muscle of his countenance, "for if you take their word for it they won't be dead for a hundred years to come."

The man saluted and started off in all simplicity to carry out the order, and Agnew had to dispatch a counter order in haste to prevent his joke from becoming a tragedy.

This recalls an "over true" tale of border life. Some Galloway moss troopers were brought before Sir William Howard, who was an enthusiastic mathematician. He was deep in his studies when the prisoners were marched into the castle courtyard, and a Lieutenant came running up to get orders as to their disposal. Enraged at being interrupted, he cried, "Hang the prisoners!" and went on with his work.

He finished his problem and went down with a cheerful mind only to learn that his exclamation had been taken for an order, and the prisoners were all hanged.

**The Time to Do the Counting.**

In the old days of impetuous warfare caution was not regarded as so much a virtue on the part of a military commander as at present. In a battle between French and Austrians, in which Marshal Bugeaud commanded the French forces, an officer of the staff said to the marshal: "The enemy are advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoiter and see how numerous they are?" "No," said Bugeaud; "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em."

**Reading.**

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life and a shield against ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir John Herschel.

**Its Nature.**

"Borely is a nuisance. No matter when you meet him, he wants to talk about his fine stamp collection."  
"Don't blame him for that, my boy. As a rule stamps are things which are naturally on the tip of every one's tongue."—Baltimore American.

**The Mule.**

"Kicking is bad policy. Behold the mule. Kicking never gets him anywhere."  
"That is exactly why the mule kicks."  
"Eh?"  
"He doesn't want to get anywhere."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Storms of Life.**

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

It is success to lose the approval of fools.—Kural.

**HARNESSING A SHARK.**

Cruel Revenge That Has the Sanction of Immemorial Custom.

The shark's jaws are pried open to the fullest extent. A stout eight foot spar of long timber, 4 by 4 inches in cross measurement, is fixed transversely far back in the angle of the jaw, the ends projecting on either side. A strong rope leading from the ends of the spar is drawn close and tightened with a clove hitch round the fish's tail behind the wide tail flukes. It is thus the sailor harnesses his enemy.

The clamp of the cruel jaws drives the two inch long teeth deep into the tough spar. The tight line holds it in place, and, struggle as he may, the shark fails to move the spar an inch from its position. As a finishing touch the sailor drew his knife blade across the shark's eyeballs and let him go.

Blinded and bridled, blinded, with jaws wide gaping, he swam through a limitless sea in never ending fatuous circles. The queer furnishings he bore scared away others of his kind. Lonely and silent, he passed like Cain among the fishes till starvation and sheer misery ended his existence.

Cruel? Of course it was. But surely, like the venomous snake, the shark has long put himself beyond the pale of human mercy. Soft hearted as he usually is, the sailor man has a long memory. The shark has followed for weeks in the shadow of his ship and has watched each man of the crew with greedy, malevolent eye. There is a heavy debt against all the shark tribe for many a lost mariner, and when the chance comes to settle old scores the sailor pays it to the full. Besides, the thing has the sanction of immemorial custom. It was some old Phoenician, trading out of Tyre to the far Cassitorides, who probably first put the trick in practice.—Wide World Magazine.

**BATTLE OF THE KEGS.**

A Bloodless Naval Conflict of the Revolutionary War.

All wars have their humors and jokes, and the Revolutionary war was no exception. Jan. 5, 1777, figures in history as the date of the battle of the kegs, and, though bloodless, it has been celebrated in verse. Six months after the Declaration of Independence, while the British fleet was stationed at Philadelphia, the Americans undertook to destroy the ships by means of improvised torpedoes, which, set afloat in the river above the city, were to carry death and destruction among the enemy.

The alleged torpedoes were shaped like kegs, and when the British land forces discovered them floating down the river they were drawn up and ordered to fire on everything that came within range. The officers remembered the Trojan horse and feared every keg might contain an armed rebel. As the kegs came floating down there was great excitement and much firing, but no casualties. The only explosions were from the British guns, for the torpedoes were a failure.

The incident furnished much amusement to the patriots and was cleverly versified by Francis Hopkinson, a prominent lawyer of the day, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the first district judge of Pennsylvania by appointment of Washington. He was one of the most popular writers of the day, and "The Battle of the Kegs" had a great run among the patriots and distinct influence in the way of military inspiration. Francis Hopkinson was the father of Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia."—Indianapolis News.

**Dismal Outlook.**

"Why do you look so unhappy?"  
"Well, you know I'm pretty well busted."

"Yes, but you always were, and yet you're borne up pretty well. What is the particular trouble today?"  
"I just proposed to the girl I love."

"Ah! And the answer was unfavorable?"  
"I don't know."

"You don't know? Why, what do you mean? Surely you must know whether she accepted you or rejected you."

"That's just it. I asked her to marry me, and she said she would. Then I asked her if she was sure she could be happy with a man who had no money, and she said she could. She said she had always preferred buying things on credit anyhow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Story of a Profile.**

On the facade of the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, to the right of the central entrance, the profile of a man's head is traced on the marble, the authorship of which is ascribed to Michelangelo. The story runs that he and a friend made a bet as to which of them would draw a head best with their backs to the wall, a bet easily won by Michelangelo, for he traced a perfect profile, whereas the other produced only a wavering, imperfect outline. The story further relates that the tool used was a nail. Both drawings are carefully preserved.

**Coughs and Colds**

You could not please us better than to ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis. Thousands of families always keep it in the house. The approval of their physician and the experience of many years have given them great confidence in this standard cough medicine. Sold for seventy years.

Any good doctor will tell you that a medicine like Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cannot do its best work if the bowels are constipated. Ask your doctor if he knows anything better than Ayer's Pills for correcting this sluggishness of the liver. Made by the J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

I AM IN THE MARKET FOR  
**Potatoes**  
**Apples**  
**Onions**  
W. GROSS MINGLE  
CENTRE HALL, PA.  
Both Phones

**Announcement:**

The Furniture Store and Undertaking Establishment of L. G. Rearick, in Centre Hall, having been purchased by the undersigned, he respectfully solicits the continued patronage of his former customers, as well as all others.

The equipment in all lines is complete, and all goods on hand in best of condition. A DISCOUNT OF SIX PER CENT. WILL BE ALLOWED ON ALL CASH PURCHASES, and goods have already been marked at prices that defy competition.

All goods delivered free of charge. We have had large experience in the undertaking business and as a funeral director, which can only be demonstrated by trial.

We kindly ask that you come to see us. We want your business and want to form your acquaintance.

**F. J. TIBBITTS, Centre Hall**

**WAVERLY HIGH POWER**  
A high grade gasoline that never goes back on you. Most motorists know that inferior gasoline gives more auto trouble than any other one thing.  
**Waverly Gasolines**  
**76° Special Motor**  
Power without carbon. Quick ignition—never fails. Waverly gasolines insure instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Your dealer has them. If not, write us.  
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners  
PITTSBURGH, PA.  
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil.  
FREE—200 Page Book—tells all about oils.