

HONOR AND PURITY

He Found the Real Which Compared Favorably With the Ideal.

BY MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

Wherever he looked, whether at a lovely sunset scene or some radiant picture, he saw a sheen of gold red hair, a cheek the hue of a rose leaf and eyes as tender as the softest moonlight. It affected the heart like enchanted music. The hushed dreams of youth were awakened and his pulse bounded at the alarm.

He sat now—he, Norman Dacey—youth, rich in money but dissatisfied of soul, telling the story of it all to his closest friend, Elliott Hughes. As he spoke his subdued tones reminded of a poet traversing some sweet and tender lay, for into his barren life had come a purpose—to find one woman he had seen and to tell her that he loved her.

All about them was the luxury and refinement of a magnificent home that had resounded to the chatter and song and gaiety of brocaded dames and radiant bejeweled demoiselles. Now, however, there was only a flashing recollection of a homespun garb, plain and simple, and the old-fashioned brooch Dacey had been showing his friend, valued more than the Dacey family jewels.

"Two months," he was saying, "and it seems like two years. It was just beyond the village that the team took fright at a passing automobile. I was thrown out. It was the gash from a deep cut that was the most serious. I was stunned. Then between that and the hospital there was one supreme moment. It was when I saw her."

"You have told that, Dacey," broke in Hughes in a tone of slight raillery. "She was lovely as an hour and all that."

"She was simply a girl, an innocent, beautiful girl," resented Dacey gravely. "A man stood at a little distance, probably a relative. She had torn a scarf from her throat and was trying to staunch the blood from my wound. I recall one look into those pitying soul-like eyes. Then the blackness of death again. I was taken to the hospital. They told me there that if the

home to his wife to smile over "the ridiculous infatuation of Dacey," the latter to still more determinedly seek some trace of the mysterious unknown whose bonny face was with him everywhere.

After that he spent days and then weeks in a constant effort to trace down the being he could not dismiss from his thoughts. And then, one chill blustering November night, as he sat in the library of his lonely home gazing moodily into the glowing grate, a tap at the long French window brought him to his feet as if a magician's wand was announcing all in a moment the culmination of his fondest dreams.

He saw a forlorn form appear before the casement and falter there. He saw a wan, agitated face and dripping, storm-beaten garments. In an instant he had drawn open the window, and she, the lady of his dreams, tottered into the room and fell to the nearest chair, where she drooped like a wilted flower.

Infinite pity swelled in his heart at a sight of her helplessness, her woeful plight. Love re-inspired sent his heart beating high as he realized that his long quest was over and done.

She raised her eyes at last to murmur his name, to draw from her bosom—the pocketbook he had lost.

"You are Mr. Dacey," she faltered.

"This is yours, I must go."

"No! No!" cried Dacey, blocking the way. Then he saw her reel with a terrified cry. The windows behind Dacey opened and a rough-looking man intruded—the man he had seen once before with the girl.

"Ah, I have found you, have I, Gloria?" hissed the intruder. "You had that all of the time—"

The speaker made a dive for the pocketbook. Dacey put out his strong arm.

"Do not harm him," pleaded the girl piteously. "He has kept me a prisoner, he has nearly starved me because I would not give up the pocketbook which I wrenched from him. But he is my brother—and it was all his cruel lust for gold."

"I picked it up, did I not?" cried the man. "I did not steal it. At least I am entitled to a reward."

"Take it and go," said Dacey sternly.

With a gloating cry of joy the man sped from the room, holding the coveted money to his breast like a wild beast clasp its prey. Dacey reclosed the windows, pressed a button in the wall and told the servant who answered to summon his widowed sister.

"Sit down, please," spoke Dacey, as wondering Leah Davell entered the room. "I have a story to tell."

How sweetly soft he told it! How the sympathetic tears came to his loving sister, how the eyes of the breathless, marveling Gloria Burley seemed to take it all in as if it were some beautiful dream. And then in her weakness and exhaustion she sank into insensibility, but with a seraphic smile upon her face, as if after strife, storm and privation she had been awarded a glimpse of some beautiful heaven.

Abruptly Dacey left the room, the woman he loved in the friendly charge of his sister. It was a new Gloria, revived, whom he met the next day—the happy day, the day of his life immortal that he asked her to become his wife.

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TRUTH ABOUT WALL STREET

Philosopher in Humorous Journal Tells of Things That Are and That Might Have Been.

Out of the fusillade of ideas brought on by the Wall street investigations, something is sure to result. Already the dawn is putting the fog to rout. It is clear now that Wall street had a number of very painful things the matter with it, but totally without being aware of the fact. As soon as Wall street found that it was in pain, it was among the first to ask for a doctor. And the rest of us, as the fog altitudinizes, know that all of the little fliers which we took in stocks would have brought forth handsome returns if only the stock exchange had been incorporated or if somebody hadn't washed a sale on some other day except the regular wash day, or if some person, in a moment of carelessness (it certainly wasn't intentional), hadn't left a screw loose somewhere.

All that, however, has passed, or nearly passed. The time is nearing when the most immature lamb can walk boldly into any Wall street emporium without a chaperon. There he will be met by a specially selected committee of affable and unselfish brokers. After curling himself up in the capacious depths of a luxurious leather lounge, he can lay his stake at random, be it large or small, and then he can dismiss it from his mind, serene in the perfect certitude that, owing to the expurgating which Wall street has been subjected to, nobody can lose, and least of all the outsiders. If there is any losing to be done, the insiders will make sure it will fall upon their own broad and brawny shoulders.

And now, Gridley, if the ticker is in working order, you may bring on the milk and honey.—Life.

Christianity Not New to China. The remarkable recognition of Christianity by the new Chinese government is the most striking stage in a story which has covered nearly a millennium and a half. For Christianity first reached China nearly a century before Augustine landed on the Isle of Thanet. Not from Europe, however. Nestorian missionaries from Persia and Nepal came to China in the year 598.

Collins After Record. Eddie Collins seems determined to capture the American league batting laurels judging by the manner in which he has been biffing the ball.

League in Bad Standing. The Charlie Somers league is in bad standing, according to the percentage columns. Cleveland is fighting up in the American league race, but both the Mud Hens in the A. A. and New Orleans in the Southern are tail enders.

Have your way," laughed Hughes. "I only hope you may find the real to compare favorably with the ideal."

The friends separated, Hughes to go



Saw a Forlorn Form Appear.

tourist had not been so promptly applied I would have bled to death."

"And nothing of the girl since?" questioned Hughes.

"Nothing save this," replied Dacey, exhibiting the brooch in his palm. "They found it inside of my vest where it must have dropped from the scarf. It is a miniature portrait, not of the girl, although it somewhat resembles her."

"Probably of her mother."

"On its back is a graven initial. I wonder," and the dreamy eyes of the speaker had a longing, far-away expression—"I wonder if that is the initial of her name—G—"

"Grace, Georgiana," suggested Hughes—"no, Gineora, or—Gloria."

"I shall know some day," asserted Dacey determinedly. "You are laughing at me. Did you never hear of love at first sight? A mere glance in the moonlight bound you irrevocably to your wife."

Hughes flushed and looked conscious. He evaded a direct reply by saying lightly:

"Well, I am at least glad to see your mind roused out of the torpor of your habitual ennui. If you can take any interest in pursuing this extravagant phantom, keep it up. Let me see, though—I believe you told me that the accident was costly to you in more ways than one?"

"You mean the trifle I lost?" observed Dacey.

"You call five hundred dollars in money a trifle?"

"The money does not trouble me," replied Dacey carelessly. "I may have lost it before the accident."

"Has it struck you," insinuated Hughes, "that the conjunction of an unknown young woman and your missing pocketbook may have some connection?"

"I would swear to the honor and purity of that sweet soul," cried Dacey.

"Have your way," laughed Hughes.

"I only hope you may find the real to compare favorably with the ideal."

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VETERAN CATCHERS WATCH BATTER'S FEET



Ira Thomas of the Athletics.

Veteran catchers, like Stange of the Tigers, Sullivan of the White Sox, Thomas of the Athletics, Archer of the Cubs, and Gibson of the Pirates, watch the batter's feet closely. They pay more attention to the footwork of the hitter than to any other motions. The reason for this is obvious.

Take the prize-fight game, for example. Battling Nelson once said he could tell from the position of his opponent's feet what he was intending to do; "I never watched his eyes," said the former light-weight champion. "His feet betrayed every motion he planned. This never once failed. Persons often chided me for looking down all the time instead of watching the eyes. But there was method in my madness."

The same goes for batters. Young backstops generally have enough keeping track of the baserunners and what the pitcher is throwing. They lack the coolness, as a rule, and all-around generalship.

Among the first catchers who discovered the value of watching a batter's feet were Charles Bennett of Detroit; Buck Ewing and King Kelly. All three were experts and seldom were outguessed. Johnny Kling also was a wonder in deciphering what the batter's intentions were, and so was Roger Bresnahan, the deposed manager of the Cardinals.

The batter generally takes a certain natural position when he plans



Oscar Stange of Detroit.

the hit and run game with a man on first. He usually takes a different stance—as they say in golf—when a sacrifice bunt is his intention. Some have a way of moving around that betrays their purpose. Zimmerman is one of the easiest batters in the country to watch. It is only his natural awing ability, his knack of slugging almost wild pitches, that enables him to break even with the crafty catchers.

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TRAINING TRIP STAR

"Texas" Russell Quickly Picks Up Difficult Curve.

Pitcher Has Nothing but Fast Ball When He Joined White Sox—His Showing Against Frisco Seals Lands Him With Comiskey.

Often the career of a budding baseball player hangs by a thread.

One little turn of the wheel may send him back to oblivion or into the calcium of fame. Albert (Lefty) Russell, of the White Sox, is a case in point. Today he looks like one of the real finds among southpaws in recent years. Yet he came mighty near being shipped back to the bushes.

Russell, who is called Tex. or Reb, because he came from Bonham in the Lone Star state, has had exactly one year of professional baseball experience. He wound up the season at Fort Worth in 1912, but was only there one month. The rest of the year he played on the Bonham squad of the Texas-Oklahoma league. Prior to that he was a semi-pro, content to make his \$10 or \$15 per week.

While in Texas several scouts heard of this big fellow who seemed to have lots of control but little besides that and a fast ball. Comiskey happened to get hold of him, and "Tex." reported for his tryout at Paso Robles late in February, and he contracted la grippe on the journey. He was under the doctor's care for nearly a week at the training camp.

This wasn't an especially good start for a green hand. Callahan and Gleason looked him over carefully and discovered his curve was of the round-house character—the kind that big league batters literally eat up. So Gleason set about to teach him the difficult hook curve. Much to his surprise "Reb." picked it up in a single day. He was able to get a terrific break to the ball with the over-arm motion, but couldn't control it—as was natural.

Russell was shipped along with the Yankin crowd and had exactly two trials in the month of traveling. The first was against a team at Redlands, Cal. and he won that game, striking out 16 men. But he looked awfully green then, didn't field his position especially well and didn't use the hook at all. He depended entirely on his speed.

In the meantime negotiations were under way to have him sent back to the minors when, by chance, Acting Manager Gleason of the Yankigans sent him against the San Francisco team. "Reb." shut out the Seals and held them down to five hits. He had the hook working wonderfully well and showed a big improvement in fielding the job.

Gleason immediately wired on to Callahan to withdraw waivers on the youngster: "He seems to have the makings of a great pitcher," Gleason said.

A couple of weeks ago Russell was given his first trial in the major leagues, working the last three innings against Cleveland. The first man to face him was Lajoie. This



Albert ("Texas") Russell.

was enough to scare any kid to death, but Russell was equal to the occasion. In short he whiffed five men in three rounds, including Joe Jackson.

The following week he was sent in against Detroit to start the game. He lost by hard luck—as even the Tigers will admit—but held the hard hitting squad to five hits. He was cool, deliberate and worked like a veteran. Then St. Louis faced him and were held to two hits, losing without a chance in the world against the big fellow.

Then he went against Ray Keating, the star spit baller the New York Highlanders picked up this spring and in front of the largest crowd ever gathered around a baseball diamond (estimated at 43,000 on Frank Chance day at Chicago), easily won his game.

Critics unite in claiming Russell looks like a wonderful beginner. He has the build and endurance of Ed Walsh. He is so confident one has to marvel at him. He has absolutely no bad habits. In fact the only criticism that can be found with him is his greenness. But that'll soon wear off.

No Charge for Name. Catcher Gundalopolus de Jan of Opejous has been sold by the Jackson club of the Cotton States league to Gadsden. The name was included without extra charge.

Scattering Notes of the Diamond

Hughie High, the Tiger youngster, started his baseball career as a pitcher.

Spitball pitchers should not sit in the draft of a hotel lobby and expect to win.

James, who pitches for the Boston Nationals, seems to be some pumpkins as a heater.

George Mullin may prove to be just the man that Clark Griffith needs to brace his pitching staff.

Fred Bender, brother of Chief Albert of the Athletics, is to be given a trial by the Cleveland team.

Clark Griffith, after seeing all the teams in the league, says he believes his team can land the pennant.

Joe Tinker says Bill Dahlen has a well-balanced team. Look how many years William waited for such a team.

Owner Ebbetts of the Dodgers has been forced to cut additional entrances in his new park. The fans are going after the baseball stuff hard in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn has a new pitcher named Rettinger, who hails from the amateur ranks around Jake Daubert's Pennsylvania home. Daubert thinks he will be a find.

"How in blazes," queries a New York fan, "does Chance hope to make a ball team out of three Rays, a Roy, a Russell, a Harold, a Claude, an Ezra, a Birdie, and a Bert?"

Hal Chase, according to Frank Chance, is equal in trade to Wood and Speaker or Ty Cobb or Baker and Collins or Walter Johnson or the entire St. Louis ball club.

"Germany" Schaefer made a great hit with the St. Louis crowd when he announced to the crowd that the Senators would be in St. Louis in October to play the St. Louis Cardinals in the world series.

"Pitchers who jerk their arm when they throw the ball never last long," says Mordecai Brown. "The pitcher should follow each throw all the way through. I almost wrap my arm around my body at the end of a throw."

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