

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Banks in Centre Hall will be closed next Tuesday, Armistice Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Smith spent the latter part of last week in Williamsport.

The Mountain Brook flour mill, west of Middleburg, was destroyed by fire Friday evening. The loss is \$10,000.

Ernest J. Treaster and little son, of near Potters Mills, were callers at this office on Tuesday.

John Osman, of Sunbury, a brakeman on the local freight, was recently advanced to an extra freight conductor.

A young deer found crippled by getting fast in a fence in the vicinity of Potters Mills, was killed and the meat sent to the Bellefontaine hospital, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Horner and baby, and two friends, of McKeesport, spent a few days the past week with Mr. Horner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Horner, near Pleasant Gap.

Miss Miriam Huyett is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Magee, at Wenonah, New Jersey, having gone there with Mr. Magee who was in Centre Hall to attend the funeral of his cousin, George H. Emerick.

A red fox was killed by George Goodhart on the first day of the hunting season. The pelt was unusually fine in appearance. He and his brother, Russell, also killed some small game at the opening of the season.

Bradford and Co., Centre Hall, have just unloaded their second car of 55 per cent. meat scraps and 60 per cent. digester tankage; also car Larro feed, car salt. Your order given prompt attention.

Very little small game was killed in this locality on the first day of the hunting season. No quail or pheasants were killed, or at least not reported. A few grey squirrels and rabbits were bagged. One of the Page boys, west of Old Fort, killed four or five squirrels.

We have a postal card from Guy W. Jacobs, stating that he attended a convention [presumably of ice manufacturers] at Chicago, and that he expected to see the Illinois-Iowa football game on Saturday. He was on his way to Texas to bring home Mrs. Jacobs and two children, who have been visiting in that state and in New Mexico.

The local high school students paraded the streets in fantastic costume and carrying colored "sparklers," on the night of Halloween. It was a very creditable parade and pleased the onlookers, besides being a far better way to engage in fun than to do wanton destruction, such as was in evidence the morning after.

Mrs. Calvin Osman, of Glen Iron, is on her way to Florida and for some time will be with her daughter, Mrs. Russell N. Haas, in Winter Haven, that state. She was accompanied as far as Washington by her son, John Osman, of Sunbury. Her son-in-law, Mr. Haas, is one of the editors of the Florida Chief, which recently advanced from a semi-weekly to a daily paper.

Charles S. Smith, who is farming the Brockerhoff farm, near Old Fort, in connection with the McCool farm on which he lives, is very much pleased both with the yield and quality of corn he grew on the Brockerhoff place. The acreage on the two farms was almost fifty acres. On the latter farm a twenty-four acre field is showing up well for a crop of wheat next year.

The water system on the Campbell farm, near Linden Hall, now owned and occupied by N. B. Martz, has been modernized. A ram has been installed in the creek flowing by the house and from this water is forced to a reservoir on high ground so that from it the water will flow by gravity to all parts of the house and barn. Mr. Martz is engaged in milk production, the fluid being disposed of at State College.

The missionary convention of the Susquehanna Synod held at Williamsport, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, was attended by Mrs. A. E. Kerlin, Mrs. Alice Durst and Mrs. S. W. Smith, of Centre Hall. Mrs. Kerlin and Mrs. Smith were brought home by the Kernins, Friday afternoon, and on Sunday Edward Durst, accompanied by Miss Florence Zettle, drove to Williamsport and brought back with them Mrs. Durst.

J. H. Davidheiser announces public sale of his personal property, at his home near Potters Mills, Saturday, 15th inst. Mr. Davidheiser sold his property on the State highway to Mrs. Johnston, wife of David Johnston, the druggist who succeeds the Mothersbaughs in Lewistown. The place will not be used as a hunting lodge as was first given out, but will be occupied by the Johnston family as a resort during the summer and winter.

Deer in the Seven Mountains have been very much frightened and again are "wild as deer," owing to the shooting in their ranges since Saturday. Localities where one never failed to see the pretty little animals almost any day or evening during the past few months, were traveled on Sunday, but no deer were seen. Those who went deep into the mountains were better rewarded, but most of the deer were not seen until waving a farewell.

The concluding services of the pastorate of Rev. John S. Hollenbach in the Aaronsburg Reformed charge were well attended, especially at Aaronsburg. Many expressions of appreciation and regret because of his departure were given the pastor. It is his hope that a successor whose services may prove more satisfactory than his own may soon be called.

DEATHS.

STOVER.—Mary Ann Stover (nee Gistwite) was born October 8, 1851. She died in the evening of October 30, making her age 73 years, 22 days. She had been in ill health for some time and was confined to her bed for some months. Pneumonia was the immediate cause of her death.

She is survived by her husband, Benjamin F. Stover; four children—Mrs. Lurbin Musser, Aaronsburg; Frank Stover, of Brush Valley; Mrs. W. C. Haffley and Mrs. Verna Walters, of Aaronsburg; four stepchildren, Forrest Stover, of Aaronsburg; Mrs. William Musser, of near Coburn; Mrs. Clarence Stover, of Spring Mills, and Fred Stover, of Aaronsburg. Also by seventeen grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at two o'clock at the home and continued in the Reformed church at Aaronsburg, of which the deceased was a member, conducted the Rev. J. S. Hollenbach.

HUSER.—David Houser died suddenly at his home at Lemont, of heart disease. Deceased was aged 79 years, 6 months and 13 days. He was born at Houserville, a son of Daniel and Mary Shank Houser. His wife, who before her marriage was Miss Martha Stover, died April 5, 1923. The following children survive: George, of Peoria, Ill.; Charles, at home; Mrs. Bechdel, of Centre Hall; Mrs. Kustenborder, of Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Coleman and James, of Houserville. Funeral services were conducted from the late home by Rev. M. C. Piper and Rev. C. C. Shuey. Interment at Houserville.

The Speed Trap.
Centre Hall with its speed trap, worked for no other reason than to squeeze a bit of money out of unsuspecting auto drivers, is making itself an unenviable reputation. The trap is located at the station end of town, where there is little or no parking of cars and very few people use the street crossings. The trap is but an eighth of a mile in length. The average speed of the auto driver through the entire length of the borough may be much less than twenty-five miles an hour, yet if he happens to exceed that limit on this small section of street, he is fined \$12.50. The fact that the trap is located where it is proof that it is money the authorities are after rather than safety. To date The Reporter has no knowledge of any local residents being fined. The trap is a detriment to the business interests of the town; we are being hated by a class of people whose favor we should court. The really sad feature of the whole business is that we can expect little else from the men who are responsible for the trap than just what they are doing. Some men might be appealed to with reason, but not these.

Letter from Subscriber.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 3, 1924.
Editor Centre Reporter,
Centre Hall, Pa.
My dear sir:
Inclosed find \$1.50 for my renewal of my subscription. Please change my address to read 131 Southern Ave., Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa.
I wish to have you, if possible, in an early issue, publish a few extracts taken from an address by W. M. Collins, Pres. Railway Mail Assn., before a meeting of that body in Pittsburgh some time ago. Mr. Collins outlined briefly the adjusted compensation bill, which remains as unfinished business from last session of congress, providing for an increase in salary for postal employees. The matter to which he called our attention and made special mention, was in regard to the propaganda that is being distributed by the Post Office Department through the various farm bureaus, with offices in Washington, for publication in farm papers throughout the country. These agencies received this information from what they believed to be reliable sources, and when Mr. Collins called to see several they refused to believe otherwise, but after investigating the matter the facts were brought to light. The department contended the farmer was called on to pay the greater part of the excess revenue derived from an increase in parcel post rates. The department has on file for the year 1921 a record of every piece of parcel post delivered and collected on rural routes and the amount of postage thereon including that collected and delivered. This when added is less than 3 per cent. of the postal revenue and cost the farmer 41 cents per year a piece. These are statements made by Mr. Collins and are backed up by facts and figures and can be considered as reliable. Mr. Collins also said that confirming the wishes of the public through the press he believed the present bill when taken up in December would pass the senate over the veto and have votes to spare.
I thank you.
THEO. R. WAGNER, R. P. C.

FOR SALE.—A 1½ horse-power water motor, in good condition, is offered for sale. Motor was in use in Reporter office until electric motor was installed. Apply at this office.

MORE THAN ONE GOOD POINT

Uncle Jack Wanted the Fine Qualities of His Dog to Be Thoroughly Understood.

"Out in Kansas there used to be an old fellow named Uncle Jack, and he had a dog," runs the story told by Victor Murdock of the federal trade commission. "It was not a highly bred dog; but it was a wonder at catching rats. Moreover, Uncle Jack was fond of the dog. Uncle Jack had few other intimates because of a disposition to be rather savage in his conversation. He imagined that half the people he met were antagonistic toward him, and this made him not any too companionable. So it was just as well that he had a warm friend in the dog."

"One night as he and the dog were passing a corner grocery where everybody loafed, two or three bystanders sought to make a hit with Uncle Jack by complimenting his dog."

"That's certainly a fine little dog of Uncle Jack's," remarked one of the bystanders.

"Yes, I don't suppose there's a better dog anywhere," said another. "Uncle Jack turned and glared at the bunch and hurled this:

"Ye think he's just good for catching rats, eh? Well, I'll have ye know he's just as good on mice—ye goldarn fools."

CHASE OLD AS THE WORLD

Deep-Laid Instinct of Man and Woman Is to Go in Pursuit of the Opposite Sex.

Even the pursuit of the innocent butterfly reveals the age-old instinct of man and woman to give chase to the opposite sex. An acute observer at the University of Kansas has noted that the men and women students in certain "bugology" classes, while chasing gaily flitting butterflies, give cries that unconsciously portray their different viewpoints.

A mixed group of students was rounding the campus on Mount Oread the other day, nets in hand, ready to capture certain butterflies as specimens for classwork. Several butterflies were spied down by a big lilac hedge. The students gave chase.

"Oh, catch him, catch him," cried several of the girls excitedly, as they dashed off after a brilliantly colored victim.

"There she goes." "Get her." "She's a beauty." sounded out male voices, as the men tore out after a fluttering prospect.

It has been said that "after man came woman." But surely it is equally true that "after woman goes man."

Mulberry Tree Slow to Leave.

Here and there in Detroit you may see trees that are not yet in leaf, although all other trees may be in full foliage, remarks the News of that city. These laggards are mulberry trees, probably the slowest of all the more common trees to bud and come to leaf in springtime. As a compensation for this, however, they remain green longer and retain their leaves later in autumn than their sisters and brothers among the trees. When other trees have been shorn of their leaves by the frost the mulberry is still full-leaved and green. The mulberry fruit, maturing in late summer, is sometimes white, the other variety dark purple, and shaped like the blackberry. Not many housewives make use of them, as they are flat-tasting, alone, and useable only when mixed with another fruit. Birds get most of them, anyway, and robins especially love to feast on them.

King of the Ragpickers.

Retore is king of the ragpickers of Paris. He is sometimes known as the "Duke of the Morning Sidewalk." The ragpickers delve into the garbage cans lining the walks early in the morning before the crowds are out. Many of them carry lanterns. Pieces of cloth, buttons, bones, wisps of hair, bottles, and limon peel they pick out of the cans, consigning the articles to bags carried over the shoulder. The lemon peel is sold to be used in the making of soap. Bones are used in the making of carbon. Bottles are sold to the druggists. Wisps of hair are manufactured into "rats" for millinery. Retore, the king, is a czar among the ragpickers. He allows to each a certain number of streets and collects his daily toll from the profits of his subjects.

Would Make an Artificial Volcano.

Nature failed to provide Glacier National park with a volcano, so oil men of Shelby, Mont., contemplate piping natural gas from the Kevin-Sunburst oil field, 60 miles away, to a park mountain, where they will sink a shaft from summit to base, connect it up and touch it off. It is pointed out that little use is now being made of the 11,000,000 cubic feet of gas which is produced daily by two wells in the oil field. The promoters of this novel scheme explain that the intense heat generated by the burning of a large quantity of gas in the mountain shaft would soon melt the rock formation to such an extent that a surprisingly realistic volcanic crater would be formed.

Where His Thoughts Were.

John's mother was helping him dress for Sunday school and at the same time questioning him about his Sunday school lesson.

"John, what must one do to be saved?" she asked.

The small boy's thoughts were down at the river, where he hoped to go fishing soon, and he answered promptly:

"Learn to swim."

Kessler's Return from Second Buying Trip to New York City

DUE to the large sales and increased demand for Ladies' Coats, it was necessary for me to make a second trip to New York City to replenish our stock. We believe these Coats to be the finest values we have ever offered, and are convinced that when you see them you will instantly recognize their actual worth. They are developed of the finest all-wool materials, and mated with workmanship of the highest order. To secure such Coats at the height of the season for a figure so unusually low, is an opportunity rarely to be found.

Every Coat Is Really Gloriously Fur Trimmed

Great, sweepingly big fur collars; enormous flaire, or melon, or puff, or muff style fur cuffs. Perhaps border down both fronts; perhaps borders around whole hems; every coat is of deluxe coating, soft as plumage seude coating, with their fashionably dull surfaces; or the sheer Bolivia family with their fashionably brilliant faces.

AND AS TO COLORS—Cranberry and Ox-blood Red; Shutter and Cedar Green, Kit Fox and Bunny Grey, Penny, and Deer, and Rust, and Kaffir and Cinnabar, and Casarole Bronze, Black with contrast fur or Black with Black Fur.

The Dresses, too, Are Exquisite

Every new material and color. A Special on all Wool Flannels, combination stripes and plain

For the Men there are Overcoats and Suits

not to be equalled, straight from a Fifth Avenue Shop. Popularly priced; new Collegiate Young Men's Models.

A. KESSLER

MILLHEIM

How Young Italian Cultivated Marvelous Memory.

While Watching His Sheep, Jacques Inaudi Occupied His Mind by Working Out Sums.

Up in the north of Italy, not far from the city of Turin, in the mountain land that lies to the south of the rugged line of the Alps, about 1875, a little boy sat engaged in the usual occupation of small boys in that rural region—watching sheep. There was nothing for him to do except to look at his woolly charges, or off at the line of hills that shuts in the sky on all sides. His name was Jacques Inaudi. His home was a little hovel scarcely worthy of the name of home. His people were the poor people of the region, peasants who could provide little or nothing for their children.

There was just one way in which Jacques Inaudi was different from the scores of other boys in his neighborhood who likewise had been set to watch flocks. The others sat, idly, scarcely thinking, or else they threw stones, or played with their dogs, or built little walls and houses with sticks and rubble. Jacques Inaudi kept his boyish mind as active as though he were in a schoolroom. He counted his sheep, estimated the wool they produced, the amount of grass they ate, the number of lambs there were likely to be, the amount of money they would bring, and the number of people they would furnish food and clothing.

At first he did this merely as an idle amusement. He had no paper on which to write, and there were few flat stones on which he could make records; so he was obliged to remember the facts that he observed. Soon he found that his memory was as good as any flat stone on which he could write, and as good as any paper that he might have. As he had nothing else to do, he continued to cultivate his ability to do sums in his head. When people came along and talked to him he asked them to give him the answers to problems he gave them; then he laughed gaily when they began to puzzle their heads and to write down figures. Soon he would flash out the correct answer, to their utter amazement. His fame spread and people took long journeys to hear him. They asked him difficult questions, to all of which he gave quick answers.

Here was a wonder; a boy who astonished every one. People found it profitable to take Jacques Inaudi away from the pleasant hills and to bring him before the public as a lightning calculator. As he grew older he continued to develop his amazing gift, and his fame continued to grow. Soon he was known all over Italy and in Europe as one of the most unusual of persons. He was taken before learned people and questioned, and he amazed the humbler people. He had so cultivated a remarkable natural gift that in manhood—for it is now fifty-five years since he was born—he could, as it were, actually see before him the figures that were given him to use. By cultivating a natural gift he raised himself from poverty into riches and fame.

The Only Difficulty.
Edwin Lefevre, the Wall Street ex-

Bees Brought Into Court.

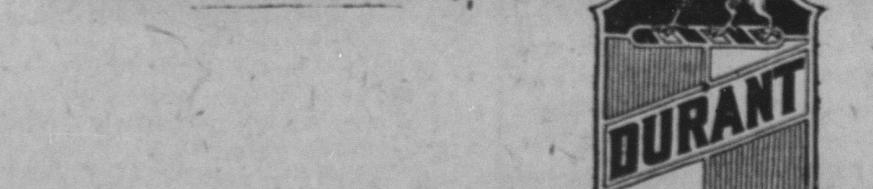
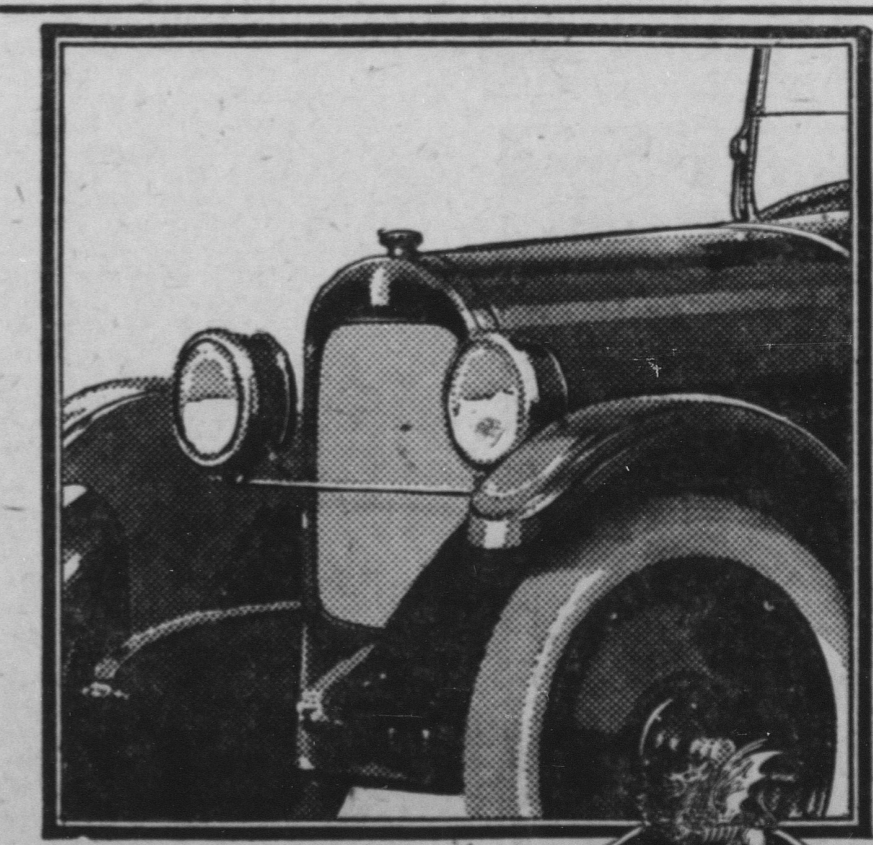
An Akron man is suing for an injunction to restrain his neighbor's bees from stinging plaintiff, his tenants, guests or "help." Also he asks \$500 damages for last season's bee-

Quite a Joke.

I was calling upon a woman who kept me waiting in the drawing room an unpardonable time before coming down.

In my mind I was pondering what form her apology would take, and so absorbed was I that when she did come down I said: "I am so sorry to have kept you waiting."

We both laughed, but I was fearfully embarrassed.—Chicago Tribune.



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