

The Home Circle

Pleasant Evening Reveries Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Philosopher and poet are alike in the verdict that the safety and the petty of any nation lies in the homes of its people.

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where wives clean house no more.

There are six secular nights in each week. Out of the six some men spend one at home and five at lodge, while others spend five at home and one at lodge. In which class shall we register your name?

A woman who falls in her home falls in all. Home is woman's realm, given into her hands to regulate, govern and beautify. If she falls here she may look in vain for another kingdom; for she has failed in the only spot where she could have ultimately succeeded.

The children whose horizon is a brick wall, who must play on cobbles stones and go swimming in the canal and be chased by the police, if they do not grow up to be ideal citizens, shall we of holier memories sit in judgment upon them? Shall we not remember that weight they carry in the race of life and be thankful we live in this beautiful country of ours.

To make a boy into a pure man, a mother must do more than pray. She must live with him in the sense of comrades and closest friend. She must stand by him in time of temptation as the pilot sticks to the wheel when rapids are around. She must never desert him to go off to superintend outside duties any more than the engineer deserts his post and goes into a baggage car to read up engineering when his train is pounding across the country at forty miles an hour.

Little arms encircling the neck will make the heart light, over which no diamonds sparkle. All the grand pictures and splendid works of art one can possess will never adorn a room as do the smiling faces of those dearest to us. The things that may be bought are pleasant to have nor is wealth to be desired; but never pity the poor man who has no money. Gold cannot buy, nor the woman whose jewels are those of which Cornelia was so proud—good and obedient sons.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by which no please ever succeeds pass him over this way that we may have one look at his mortal remains ere he vanishes away for surely this earth cannot be his abiding place. Now we do not infer that one should be going through this world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions, so have you. Don't fall into the error of opposing them every day, to match the color of their

The real business of life is the making of a happy home. When you come to sift the whole chaff of existence, everything goes to the wind but the happiness we have had at home.

The girl with a sweet little voice need not feel discouraged because she has no opportunity to sing in grand opera. She can give great pleasure by being a songbird in the home nest.

Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day.

The world is full of women who can amuse the ordinary man. Can sing, dance or recite for him; can paint, write or decorate in a manner most pleasing, but the poor man often goes begging for a woman who can sew on buttons or mend his clothes; who can cook his food with economy and flavor to his taste.

The truest, best and sweetest type of the girl of today does not come from the home of wealth, she steps out from the house where is comfort rather than luxury. She belongs to the great middle class—that class which has given us the best wifehood, which has given helpmates to the foremost men of our time; which teaches its daughters the true meaning of love; which teaches the manners of the drawing room and the practical life of the kitchen as well as teaches its girls the responsibilities of wifehood and the greatness of motherhood.

A man who has made a happy home for his wife and children, no matter what he has not done in the way of achieving wealth and honor; if he has done that he is a grand success. If he has not done that, and it is his own fault, though he be the highest in the land, he is a most pitiable failure. We wonder how many men in a mad pursuit of gold, which characterizes the age, realize that there is a fortune which can be left to their families as great as the memory of a happy home.

The home that possesses a cheerful wife and mother is not only a veritable haven of rest, but the safe harbor whose beacon light will guide her bread winners safely past all rocks and shoals with unflinching certainty. The woman whose cheerful spirit can take that "brave attitude toward life" that enables her to bear courageously the inevitable burdens of her life's environment; that strengthens her determination not to fret or worry those who, for her sake, are fighting the hard battles in the world, has reached that altitude that proclaims her price above rubies; and her influence and example are not felt only within the limits of the four walls, she has made the unassailable bulwark of state and society, a happy home, but reach to those she knows not of.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

A great many men find it mighty easy to repent after they have been caught in the act.

Hard Labor.—Hobo.—Madam, you must misunderstand me. Dis here piece o' meat ain't what I ast fer. Lady.—Didn't you beg for something to eat? Hobo.—Yessum. Not for work.

Saved a Dollar.—"Father," asked little Johnny, "would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you?" Certainly, my son," answered papa. "Well, I saved it for you," replied the little boy. "You said if I brought a first-class report from my teacher this week, you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it."

Far Enough.—A young man had called upon his best girl the night before. As a result he had but poorly prepared his "virgin" lesson. In spite of this fact he translated fairly well for a short time but after reading "and I put my arms around her" he suddenly stopped, unable to translate further and said: "That is as far as I got, professor." The instructor's reply was: "That's far enough, young man."

Matching Hymns.—A citizen in one of the small towns in the South, lives within a stone's throw of the two churches. The Baptist church is on the street in front of his home and the Methodist is at the rear. Not long ago, during Sunday school, the Baptists were singing the hymn, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown." At the same time the Methodists were singing, "No Not One. No Not One."

A Balance.—For more than a week a school teacher had been given lessons on the dog, and so, when the inspector came down and chose that very subject, there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the teacher was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars. "Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector. "Yes, my boy," he said to the bright-looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eyes. "To balance his tail!" shouted the bright boy.

Laziness Painful.—When the train was waiting on a side track down in Georgia one of the passengers walked over to a cabin near the track, in front of which at a cracker dog, howling like a fog horn. The passenger asked a native why the dog was howling. "Hookworm," said the native. "He lazy," said the passenger, "I was not aware that the hookworm is painful." "Tain't," responded the garrulous native. "Why, then," the stranger queried, "should the dog howl?" "Lazy." "But, why does laziness make him howl?" "Wal," said the Georgian, "that blame fool dawg is sittin' on a sand-burr, an' he's too tartation lazy to git off, so he jes' sets that an' howls 'cause it hurts."

Still With Him.—"Where am I?" exclaimed the invalid, waking from a long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands supplied. "Am I in heaven?" "No, dear," cooed his wife. "I am still with you."

His Choice.—"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to his apprentice, "you have been with me now three months and have seen all the different branches of our trade. I wish to give you choice for a while." "Thank you, sir," replied the apprentice. "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shoeing," replied the apprentice, "and going to supper, sir."

Well Fed.—A real joke was sprung by a pupil of Yale university. The student was very fat, and it seems that the professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English the professor said, "Alas Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught." "That's right," sighed the youth. "You teach me—I fledge myself."

Had a Cause.—"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient. "Am I so ill as that?" gasped the sufferer. "I don't know just how ill you are," replied the man of medicine, "but I know you're the lawyer who cross examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you."

Helped to Remember.—A colored preacher was vehemently denouncing the sins of his congregation. "Fred," cried an sister. Ah warns yo' against de heinous sin o' shooting' craps! Ah charges yo' against de brack rascality o' fifteen pullets! But, above all else, breddren and sistern, Ah demonesh yo' at dishyer season agist de crime o' melon stealin'!" A brother in a bar seat made an odd sound with his lips, rose and snapped his fingers. Then he sat down again with an abashed look. "Whuffo, mah frien," said the preacher sternly, "does yo' far up and snap yo' fingers when Ah speaks o' melon stealin'?" "Yo' jes' reminds me, pahmon," the man in the back seat answered meekly. "Wha' Ah le' mah knife."

Not Sufficiently Eager.—A little maid of five years was under the ban of disobedience. She had been told to go away her playthings, as it was near bedtime, and when forced to do so, gave way to a petulant display of temper. Her father, who was upstairs, heard the commotion and, being made acquainted with the cause, summoned the child to his presence. Irma started to the stairs, but suddenly made a turn, dashed along the hall and out of the house. Of course she was soon captured, but her excitement was so great that she was put to bed at once. Mother's effort soothed the child and then she was asked: "Why did you run away when your father scolded you?" The reply came promptly enough: "You don't suppose, mamma, that I wanted a whipping bad enough to go upstairs after it?"

OVER THE COUNTY.

Claude Musser, of Millheim, has gone to Altoona where he has secured employment in the railroad shops.

Benjamin Musser and wife, of Jewell City, Kansas, are enjoying a visit with friends and relatives in Centre county.

LeRoy Mensch, son of R. W. Mensch, of Altoona, Pa., taking an eight-month course at the Peabody Conservatory of Music at Baltimore, Md.

William Keen, who has been living with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Keen, in Millheim, departed on Monday of last week for his home in Altoona.

Daniel Martz, of Pine Grove, has rented the Mrs. Leech farm at Shingle town and takes possession next spring. Mrs. Leech expects to move to Boalsburg.

A district Sunday school convention will be held at Sprucetown, Friday, October 27th. Two sessions will be held, afternoon and evening, in the Methodist church.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the United Evangelical church of Millheim will serve a chicken and waffle supper in the town hall on Saturday evening, November 4th.

A horse driven by Harry Gill figured in a collision with a bicyclist several nights ago at State College, during which nobody was hurt but the vehicles were considerably mussed up.

Mrs. E. B. McMullen, of Millheim, and Mrs. W. H. Phillips, of Altoona, were among the delegates who attended the Woman's Missionary Society convention at Lewistown, last week.

C. D. Bartholomew, the Centre Hall poultryman, has purchased the cabbage crop grown by Benard Stover, near Bellefonte. There are over two thousand heads, much of it of fine quality.

The three-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher, of Danville, died at their home on Saturday. The infant was buried from the train the Monday following, at Boalsburg cemetery.

Friday's Phillipsburg Journal says: Mrs. Z. I. Woodring went to Port Matilda Thursday on a visit to friends for a few days, and will be accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. S. E. McKinney.

Dairyman W. O. Gramley, of Spring Mills, recently received from New York several fine milk cows, all of the Ayrshire and Jersey. Twelve of the lot had calves by their side.

The ladies of the M. E. church, of Julian, will hold an ice cream social in J. C. Nason's hall on Saturday evening, Oct. 21st. Ice cream, cake and fruit will be served. Proceeds for benefit of the Sunday school.

Rev. Fred W. Barry, who recently removed from Bellefonte to Centre Hall, has purchased Sheriff Hurley's team of gray horses. This will enable the Reverend to fill his appointments on time and without fail.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Smetzer, of Centre Hall, departed this week for a ten days' visit with friends in Ohio, expecting to spend most of the time with the former's brother, David G. Smetzer, who is engaged in farming at Scribbsiding.

Alvin S. Meyer, a lumber inspector for the Penna. Railroad company at Altoona, recently spent a few days with his parents in Harris township. Mr. Meyer and his family started for Florida this week where they expect to spend the winter.

The Fergison District Sunday School Convention will be held in the Reformed church at Pine Grove Mills, Pa., on Thursday, Nov. 9th, 1911. There will be an afternoon and an evening session. A fine program has been prepared for this event.

Mrs. Hiram Ulrich and her daughter, Mrs. Rev. J. I. Stonecypher, of Boalsburg, were the guests of the society sister, Mrs. Samuel Wilson, at Millheim, a few days last week. Mr. Stonecypher joined them the beginning of the week on his return from the Lutheran Synod at Middleburg.

About six years ago, Harry Emery of Phillipsburg, received as a gift a plant as large as a lead pencil. It was a brugmansia, a native of Japan. It is six feet high now and is blooming for the first time, having twenty-four fragrant, white, trumpet shaped blossoms. It is claiming the attention and admiration of all who are able to see it.

Miss Amanda Mothersbaugh, who has been engaged as a hospital nurse at Pittsburg and Allegheny for a number of years, expects to retire from active work in the spring. She recently purchased the Shreck farm at Lemont, where she intends to make her home after some needed repairs have been made on the buildings. Her nephew, Samuel Wasson, whose farm is adjoining, will do the farming.

While helping to chop wood on the farm occupied by Charles F. Stover, in Penn township, one day last week, Harry R. Auman met with a painful cutting accident. His axe glanced from the block of wood at which he was working, struck his right foot, splitting it about four inches. He was taken to a physician at Millheim, and on examination it was found necessary to amputate the second toe of the injured foot.

George Sechrist, of Millheim, had a narrow escape from serious injury recently while picking apples at Madisonsburg. The limb on which he was standing broke and he was precipitated to the ground from a height of sixteen feet. Physicians who examined him found that no bones had been broken, but that his body was considerably bruised. He was taken to his home in an auto but is now able to be up and around again, none the worse for his fall except a severe shaking up.

Monday night of last week about one hundred Odd Fellows assembled in the hall of State College lodge No. 1022 to witness the installation of the officers by Dr. R. M. Crooks, of Pine Grove Mills, the district deputy grand master, who was ably assisted by past grand of Penna Valley and State College lodges. The new officers are: Noble grand, Harry J. Behres; vice grand, Adam H. Hartawick; recording secretary, William E. Smith; treasurer, Percival Rudy; warden, John Monz; conductor, Charles Musser; chaplain, C. Meghney-Hood; noble grand's supporters, John Meek and A. B. Ammerman; vice grand's supporters, Milton Shuey and Robert Edmiston; guardians, Thomas L. Smith and Harry E. Womer; grand supporters, Fred J. Kaufman and John B. Shope. After the installation the entertainment committee served home baked beans, sandwiches, pickles, coffee, ice cream, cake and cigars.

Never despair or grunt—Centre county, since its organization in 1800 never had a famine or any failure of crops that came near it. Always enough and sufficient to spare for shipment to other parts. Old Centre always was a good county to live in for any that were industrious and willing to put in a hand to keep the ball rolling.

Lieut. Erast J. Burkett, of Chicago, Ill., Adjutant of Post No. 28, G. A. R., who attended the encampment at Rochester, N. Y., on his return stopped off to greet his many friends and comrades about Rebersburg, Millheim Centre Hall and Bellefonte. Mr. Burkett went to the army on the three months service and after his return enlisted for three years. Erast, as he is usually called by the comrades, is held in high esteem and has a warm place in the hearts of the surviving comrades. His father's farewell was "do not get shot in the back," very significant. He has been a resident of Chicago for 37 years.

Last Friday we had a visit from the Zettle boys, now stalwart men living in the west. Owing to the illness of their sister, Mrs. Harry Vonada, of Gregg township, they decided to come east, and after a pleasant family reunion, were on their way home again. The party consisted of M. L. Zettle, farmer of Brownsville, Wis., who left here 23 years ago; G. B. Zettle, now at Orangeville, Ill., farmer left here 27 years ago. They are brothers and were born and reared over in Geogresvalley, Potter township, the other members of the family being Oliver and Fred; Mrs. Stewart Ripka, Pleasant Gap; Mrs. Harry Vonada, now seriously ill. It was a rare treat to have a reunion of the Zettle family and recount incidents of the past. On their return trip they were accompanied by Miss Mable Zettle and little Kenneth, who will make an extended visit with them.

China has a revolution on hand that has caused serious trouble. An uprising with the object of establishing a republic, has gained considerable headway. There will be pulling of some pigtail, sure. No woman is such a gossip as to repeat the mean thing she knows about herself. The mother of six always gets a lot of fun watching a mother fussing with her very first.

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And That's No Dream.
Some people never have handed in an item of news for publication, but if the newspaper happens to miss an item in which they are interested they are sure to hand him a north pole stare that would freeze the liver of a polar bear.

An Uprising.
China has a revolution on hand that has caused serious trouble. An uprising with the object of establishing a republic, has gained considerable headway. There will be pulling of some pigtail, sure.

No woman is such a gossip as to repeat the mean thing she knows about herself.

The mother of six always gets a lot of fun watching a mother fussing with her very first.

Stole Horse From Church Shed.
A horse and carriage belonging to Albert Boyce were stolen from the Methodist church sheds at Huntingdon Valley. The horse becoming unmanageable, it was abandoned and found the next day near Woodmont. The carriage was demolished.

If ever we go into the business of exhibiting strange and wonderful things we will give the platform of honor to the woman who admits that her shoes are too small.

W. H. Musser
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.
Notary Public and Pension Attorney.
BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Pure Groceries and Food Products.

TEAS—With the coming of Summer the old Standard Hot Weather Beverage Tea will be in demand. Most Teas now are used blended, but we take no chances on buying Blended Teas. Do our own blending right here in the store. Use only New Crop Goods of Good Value and Finest Flavor, not merely thrown together but compounded so as to draw the separate flavor of each and produce a new and true blend. Try our 60c blend for either hot or iced tea. If you want something fine go the 80c goods and if you are willing to go still higher, one dollar per pound will more than please you. We carry a fine line of Straight Teas—Formosa Oolong, Ceylon, Japan, Young Hyson, Gun Powder, Imperial—Several Grades of each kind on all "Our Lines" of Teas. 5c per lb. off on sales of one pound or more.

COFFEES—Coffees have not changed in value recently but we look for an early moderate decline. Our 23c and 25c goods are the best values of anything now offered.

OLIVES—We have just opened some olives that are worth your attention. Large, bright, perfect fruit at 10c per half pint, 20c per pint and 35c per qt. for sales of one qt. or more.

PICKLES—Dills: Sweet and Sour.
New full Cream Cheese 18c per lb. Fruits and Biscuits are in demand just now and we always have them in abundance. If you want some nice, bright country dried Apples we have them. Finest Hams and boneless breakfast Bacon at 18c per lb.

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