

The Home Circle

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

Every one has to fish for what he gets. Others may possibly bait and take off the prize from the hook and paddle the boat, but the fishing has got to be done by your own hand. Every other means you may try will turn out a failure.

All that the wife can do will not make the home an agreeable one. Neither can a wife be happy with a husband who is addicted to smoking and fault with his bread and butter. She may try ever so hard to please him, yet when he sits down to meals, she lives in constant fear that some portion of the food will not suit his fastidious taste.

To the young man who has no taste for reading, the evening hours become loaded with temptation. It is tiresome to sit moping by the stove, and he naturally drifts to the street or the card table. There he finds other like himself, with vacant hours to while away and thus grow up those habits and associations which soon eventuate in dissipation or lead to crime.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority, mingle politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending out into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

A cut finger is not benefited by pulling out the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but, once published and carried to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and, when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say: "No one ever knew it till it was over."

The making of money and saving of money, as distinguished from the miserly love of money which is said to be the root of all evil, should be the aim of all young men who start out in life for themselves. They include habits of industry that lead to contentment and often ward off dissipation, want and future misery. It was not the gathering in of wealth that has sent so many leading men to prison. It was the unlawful manner in which they endeavored to reap their harvest.

We should strive to make ourselves such members of the household band that our absence is like the loss of sunshine from a summer day. We can do it if we enter into the right spirit of home. The idea seems to exist among us that to be polite to each other in the family circle is foolish and like "putting on airs." We must rid ourselves of this notion and act

on the principle that whatever helps to make our intercourse pleasanter with those outside the family circle should be brought into use there.

If brothers or sisters err, the world says "shun them; thus you will show that you disapprove of the act, making an example of them." Alas! how many examples we have of this mode of teaching crowding the haunts of infamy today. Once bright young lives, over whose pure lips and innocent brows mothers watch in all tenderness; but the trembling feet took one false step, and so we thrust them out of our hearts, out of our churches, and would even thrust them out of heaven. Is it right, is it just, is it Christ-like?

What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to our disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character. These things can't possibly injure you, unless indeed, you take notice of them and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

We like to see the glancing, cheerful light through the window of a neighbor of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the house near us. We like to watch the little children going in and out of the door, to play or to school. We like to see the white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful things we are no Paul Pry. We will assert go to make a pleasant neighbor to those who live for comfort instead of show.

When we launch our ship on the morning waves of the great sea of life, let us guide them by the light of home, with the helm of the words of our mother. Not until we have left home and are wanderers in the curious strangeness of a strange land, unnoticed, unheeded, lonely and weary, will we know of a truth what a mother is. Then we feel that she is good and we bless her. Never can we repay our mother's kindness. Her withered form and her silvering braids shall be defended till that day cometh when He shall make up His jewels; and then we ween, Heaven will know no kinder, no brighter, no purer angel than she. When the ever shining stars shall wane in the fading of our vision, and the noisy world will grow still in our sleep of death, will we forget her; not till then.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Smarty.—Hewitt—How many hours a day do you sleep? Hewitt—None. Hewitt—Do you manage to live? Hewitt—I do my sleeping in the night.

Did Auntie Smoke?—Mistress—Did you have company last night, Mary? Mary—Only my Aunt Maria, mum. Mistress—When you see her again you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?

Willing if Necessary.—"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happen to need me."

An Odd Face.—"The face of the returns" said the chairman of the meeting, "shows 77 ayes and no noes." "What a queer-looking face that must be!" remarked an old lady in the back row.

On a Hot Day.—"The hottest day I ever saw," said Pete Bennett, when it came his turn to chin in, "was the sixth day of last July. In drivin' the mower across the hay field—wasn't walkin', I was ridin', mind ye—I sweat clear through my coat before I got to the other end." "Oh, pawaw!" that nothin'; I've did that many a time and didn't think it worth while to speak about," said one of the group. "Well, mind ye," replied Pete. "I left the coat a-hangin' back on the left post. Did ye think I'd be a-wearin' it on a hot day like that?"

No Cause for Alarm.—A ten-year-old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into the room where her sister was sitting, holding "converse" with her most particular young man acquaintance. "Sur, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried; "the first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came down plump on my—." "Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy. "Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted from under me and I came down plump on my—." "Minnie," screamed her sister, "leave the room instantly." "He was hurt," said Minnie. "Hurt," asked the sister. "Who's hurt?" "Why, brother. I came down on him, only you won't let me tell you."

His Veracity Good.—Some Scotchmen were dining together, and after the usual toasts, songs were proposed. After all but Dr. MacDonald had thus contributed to the entertainment, he was pressed to sing, but declined. "Come, come, Dr. MacDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape." The doctor protested he could not sing. "As a matter of fact," he explained, "my voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door." The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing. "Very well," said the doctor, "if you can stand it, I will sing." Long before he had finished, his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a brawny Scot at the end of the table. "Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful! Ye're right about that brick."

None Left.—"Little Jack Smith's Sunday-school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, said: "Why is not everybody who tells a lie stricken dead?" "Little Jack answered gravely: "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

Before or After?—At a recent wedding a baby had shrieked without intermission, to the great annoyance of the guests. As the bridal party was leaving the church a slight delay occurred. One of the guests seized the opportunity to say to the bride: "What a nuisance babies are at a wedding!" "Yes, indeed," answered the bride, "but I don't know whether they are a nuisance before or after."

Keeping the Evidence.—An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly returned to the sentry box. The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it to show to the corporal when he comes, as evidence agin' you."

The Editor's Work.—An exchange says: "How would you like to be an editor of the home paper and sit at your desk six days out of the week, four weeks in a month and twelve months out of a year, and have such copy as the following to edit: Mrs. Jones of Cactus creek let a car open slip last week and cut herself in the pantry. A mischievous lass of Piketown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alleyway, Tuesday. Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch. While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from the church social Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green four times in the public square. Mr. Long was harnessing a bronco last Saturday and was kicked just south of the corn crib."

When History Didn't Repeat Itself.—The cook for a well-known Seattle family left and no other could be obtained, so the lady of the house did the cooking herself, with such satisfactory results that after a month, her husband gave her a beautiful set of sables as a token of his appreciation of the good dinners he had had. Of course the neighbors soon heard of this; and when the cook left in another equally well-known family the lady of that house said to her husband: "Well, the cook has gone and I'm not going to bother to get another. I'm going to do the cooking myself, deary. And, deary, you heard what Mr. So-and-So says his wife when she did the cooking?" And, putting her arms around his neck, she cooed: "What shall I get for my cooking?" "Woman," said her husband, pushing her away, "you will get a long black veil!"

OVER THE COUNTY.

The first dance of the senior class at Penna. State College, will be held at McAllister hall on Saturday, Dec. 9. William B. Shirk, of Atlantic City, was a recent guest of his brother, H. E. Shirk, and sister, Mrs. B. D. Brislin, in Centre Hall.

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Woodcock, of Birmingham, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Thompson, at Centre Furnace. Mrs. John W. Stuart, of State College, expects to leave in a short time for the west where she will spend a few months with her son, William, at Tulsa, Okla.

The condition of Mrs. Jackson, nee Miss Emma Boal, formerly of Centre Hall, who has been taking treatment at the Mont Alto Sanitarium, is reported to be encouraging. Only one wild cat we hear reported of as having been killed in our mountains by deer hunters last week. Would there had been more. They are ugly customers to fall out with.

A letter from Mrs. A. G. Vogt, to friends in Centre Hall gave the information that her nephew, George Reed, of Phoenix, Arizona, is recovering from an attack of diphtheria.

Calvin Riley, of Boalsburg, was one of the members of the party of hunters that was camping at the Juniata Rod and Gun Club, in Spruce Creek, and returned home several days ago.

While loading corn fodder a few days ago, Ralph Luse, son of Perry H. Luse, near Centre Hall, fell from a wagon and cut his lip so severely that several stitches were required to close the wound.

The G. W. Kelchline estate farm, at Pine Grove Mills, was purchased recently by John Dreibeibis at private sale for \$5400. It is regarded as one of the finest farms in that portion of the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Meyer, of Centre Hall, are to leave in a short time for Columbus, S. C., where they will remain during the balance of the winter with their daughter, Mrs. J. W. McCormick.

The Ladies' Aid society of the United Evangelical church will serve a chicken and waffle supper in Watson's hall, Leona, Saturday evening, December 9th. Ice cream, cake and fancy aprons will also be for sale.

While Clayton Strubie was driving towards his home at Pine Grove Mills last Wednesday evening his horse took fright and ran away, throwing Mr. Strubie out and wrecking the rig. The owner escaped with slight injury.

The Philadelphia Shirt Co. made and shipped this week to a party in Alliance, Ohio, a shirt which measured 65 inches at the breast, 21 inches around the neck, was 40 inches long, had armholes 32 inches in circumference and cuffs that measured 14 inches.

In conversation with H. K. Walker, of Farrell, a few days ago, he informed us that he had husked 1585 bushels of corn this fall, a feat which is a little beyond the ordinary. There are many who become quite expert at this kind of work, which requires nimble fingers.

The condition of E. Hugg, proprietor of the Farmers' Hotel at Philipsburg, who has been ill at his home in that place for some time, still remains serious, and is giving his friends much concern. His brother, William Hugg, of Ironva, and his son, Toner Hugg, of Philipsburg, Clarence J. Furst, Stormstown, Margaret F. Glossner, Blanchard, and Effie J. R. Keller, Bellefonte.

From the Freeport, Ill. Bulletin: W. J. Musser, of Rice Lake, Wis., was in the city over night and left recently for Pine Grove Mills, Pa., where he goes to visit his aged mother. He was accompanied by his daughter, Grace, who had been visiting relatives in that city several weeks. Mr. Musser was a resident of Orangeville before locating in Wisconsin.

John E. Rishel, near Centre Hall, recently suffered the loss of one of his horses. Percheron horse named Bruce from lung fever. The mare had a colt by her side, three months old, which also became injured and may have to be killed. Mr. Rishel had purchased the animal in Ohio, and his intention was to raise heavy draft horses. The loss is a rather severe one.

A party of five forestry inspectors from Mont Alto were in the Seven Mountains recently inspecting chestnut trees with a view of ascertaining whether or not chestnut blight was visible in that section. If blight is found by these inspectors or if it is found by the forestry department, the owner is notified and it is insisted that the trees be cut down. The blight spreads rapidly, and it is only by removing the trees affected that there is hope of checking it.

State College Times says: A big black bear shambled into town Wednesday noon and his presence caused quite a flutter of excitement among the nimrods, who turned out en masse, with all sorts of weapons, bent on securing a bear hide. Bruin was first seen by Hamill Holmes as he shambled across the clearing near Foster's woods. He was then followed by the other quarter and skirted the southern end of town until it reached Allen street, where it nosed around the back yards of the residents in search of food. Prof. A. J. Wood was somewhat startled when he saw the bear in his yard and at once sought cover. By this time every fellow who could get hold of a loaded gun was after Mr. Bear, but the fellow was too quick for them and made his way toward Nitany, where he sought shelter and safety in the friendly bush.

Our friend Adam Smith, who superintends and resides on the well-kept Humes farm, near Centre, is not only possessed of plenty of agricultural knowledge, but as well has plenty of sand stored away under his gizzard, as a certain individual found to be true a short time ago. An "Smithy" tells us, he was awakened one night by the barking of his dog, whose actions indicated that everything was not right around the place. Hastily dressing and securing his gun, he started through the yard to investigate. Looking toward the barn he saw the form of a man making towards the henpen. The intruder was bent on reaching the corn crib and filling a bag he carried with him with corn. Mr. Smith allowed him to go in the crib, and then going up to the entrance he caught the fellow dead to rights, or as they say, "with the goods." He proved to be from Bellefonte, and only through the kindness of Mr. Smith was he allowed to go free, instead of being arrested, as he deserved.

Wallace Hitchens and W. A. Aughenbaugh, of Woodland, each brought a fine buck deer home on Saturday night.

Grover Walker, one of the Gregg township school teachers, dislocated his shoulder while carrying a sack of apples.

Thomas Kiser has moved from the A. A. Frank property in Millheim to Aaronsburg, where he expects to engage in the poultry business.

D. J. Neiman, of Millheim, has made arrangements to rebuild on the lot where his building was recently destroyed by fire. The building will be occupied and used as a tobacco and cigar store.

Monday morning Dan McMonigal, of Port Matilda, drove to Tyrone and was in the act of repairing a horse collar at the H. L. Orr establishment when his knife slipped and cut a long gash under his left eye.

The prospectors for coal are again making preparations to develop the vein of coal they claim to have discovered on the Wetzel property in North Millheim, says the Journal. The extent of the vein is not known.

Should the new penitentiary be located on the McBride's Gap plot, the institution would be supplied with absolutely pure mountain water from springs in the mountain, the flow from which is the source of the stream that flows through the gap, and never has gone dry.

The ladies of the Methodist congregation of Millheim, will hold a church bazaar on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 2nd. There will be many useful and fancy articles on sale, as well as a fine line of candies, etc. A chicken and waffle supper will be served in the evening, commencing at 6 o'clock.

Richard B. Searle, of Beech Creek, and William Lingie, of Blanchard, were in Bellefonte on Wednesday, 22, when they closed the deal whereby they sold to H. E. Harter the David timber tract on the Bald Eagle mountain between the stations at Beech Creek and Eagleville. Mr. Harter will place his mill in that vicinity at once and begin active operations.

The Lock Haven Express on Saturday contained the following item: "Reports thus far received show that 86 deer and 22 bears have been killed in Clinton county since the opening of the season. Wild turkeys have not been so plentiful in years and local hunters are getting their share. Pheasants are scarce as not nearly so many were killed thus far as was the case last year. Rabbits in some sections are plentiful and hundreds have been killed."

ADJOINING COUNTIES.

John B. Quigley, of Lock Haven, has turned over his handsome residence at Island, Clinton county, at a nominal cost, to a Citizens' Committee, for use as a public building and town hall. A park will be formed of the eight acres of land included in the deed.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Davis, of Carbondale, have just welcomed the advent of their twenty-second child. Only twelve are living. The father of the family is almost totally blind and lost both arms at the elbow a few years ago as the result of a mine accident.

Altoona Tribune boasts of an intelligent canine in that city who sings the angelus. The dog is owned by Alderman Louis Casey, who resides near the Sisters of Charity's convent. When the angelus bell starts ringing the dog begins to bark, and keeps up the accompaniment as long as the ringing lasts. It has attracted the attention of passers-by on many occasions.

John Yurko, of Morrisdale, the Slavishman who was shot on Sunday morning, 20th, by Ross Perry while attempting to gain an entrance into the latter's home at Morrisdale, died Thursday morning at 8 o'clock at the Cottage hospital, Philipsburg. From the time of the shooting there was little or no hope of Yurko's recovery, his condition being very critical right along. Yurko was aged about 65 years, a widower and a miner by occupation.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

T. B. Bulfinger et ux to Kelley Bros. Coal Co., June 8, 1911, tract of land in Snow Shoe; \$200.

Wm. P. Humes et al to Chas. P. Norris, Aug. 26, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$750.

Clement Dalk et ux to Elizabeth Wetzel, Sept. 20, 1911, tract of land in Boggs Twp.; \$550.

Mary H. Lynn et al to Edward H. Gehret et al, Oct. 31, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$200.

Wm. Weaver admr to Conrad Long, Apr. 20, 1892, tract of land in Howard Twp.; \$27.50.

John Gilson et ux to Agnes Hoover, June 17, 1911, tract of land in Rush Twp.; \$50.

W. E. Hurley sheriff to A. R. McNitt, Nov. 13, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$2700.

M. I. Gardner et ux to A. Clyde Smith et al, Nov. 20, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$7250.

—Some of the store windows are already grinning with Christmas goods. Christmas is the happiest festival for the little folks, and many of the larger ones have a banking for its annual visit. Old Santa serves all, both great and small.



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and get the best lumber obtainable for your new house. If you specify that it is to be furnished by the Bellefonte Lumber Co. you will receive just what you call for, the finest, well seasoned, kiln dried lumber, free from all knots and cracks; then you will have a satisfactory house—one that will be a credit to your builder and to yourself. Now that Christmas is here you should make your plans for spring building.

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