

The Home Circle

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

To honor the memory of the departed mothers and enrich the ever-enobling lives of those who are living, an "International Honor Day," has been designated in the civilized nations of the world. The general object of Mothers' Day is a simultaneous observance of the love and gratitude men, women, children and nations owe their good mothers. The special object is to honor and uplift motherhood, and to give happiness to "the best mother that ever lived"—Your Mother.

Of an earlier generation has often been deplored, but his feature of the decline can neither be excused nor defended. The postcard substitute for letters is little less than a mockery when the cards are sent to the mother who wants, and should have, so much more than that. As youth lives in and for the future, so does old age always look back over the slope as it nears the summit. The parent is wrapped up in the son and daughter; but as the son grows to manhood and the daughter to womanhood, they are absorbed in the plans and the processes of building the structure of the coming years. Such is the law of life and the basis of all progress, but it is a pitiful thing when the son and daughter fail to keep in mind the obligation to the loyalty and love of their parents. Blessed are the absent ones who write long and frequent letters to the old home. Soon they cannot know how soon the precious privilege will no longer be theirs.

A Thought for the Boys.

We do not see much written about poor, wild, reckless boys, who deserve the sympathy, tears and prayers of every Christian woman and man. There is a period in the life of a boy when, if he makes a mistake, people or some classes, at least, are apt to magnify the same, and having the tact of being more critical than correct, the matter is announced to all the world, or to that portion in which the culprit dwells. That most angelic christian grace, Charity, fails to come to the trembling balance and weigh the burden upon the side of mercy, and so the bold, hot-headed and reckless boy goes "slipping down the ladder rung by rung," till he is eventually lost to love and trust. There is not a good christian woman on earth who cannot do good if she will only speak kindly and encouragingly to those wild boys who try to draw them into something that is good and noble. Make them realize that they have one true and sympathetic friend at least: one that will assist and defend in their darkest hours. Select some wild boy, give him good advice, lend him good books, arouse the spirit of true manhood and try to impress upon his mind that "It is not all of life to live, Nor all of death to die."

Write Home Often.

"My boy," writes a white-haired mother to her son, a busy man in a distant state, "writes home often. You do not realize what your letters are to me, and how long it is between them. No, he had not realized it, and unhappily there are many absent sons and daughters who need a similar reminder. They would be indignant at the suggestion of wanting filial devotion, but in the stress of business, in the society of new friends, in the happiness of a new home circle how rarely they set part an hour for a good long letter to the aging mother in the old home—the loving mother whose heartache, as the passing days fall to bring the longed-for letter, is one of the most pathetic tragedies of old age. The decline of the letter writing habit

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Twenty-third Psalm of 1912.

1. My wife is my boss, I shall not deny.
 2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when swell company comes, and she leadeth me up Main street behind her.
 3. She restoreth my pocket book after she has spent all its contents on hobbie skirts and theatre tickets, and she leadeth me to the main aisle at church for her hat's sake.
 4. Yes, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest for she is behind me. Her broomstick and hat pin they do everything else but comfort me.
 5. She prepareth a cold lunch for me and then maketh a bed line for the aid society supper. She anointeth my head with the rolling pin. My arms runneth over with bundles before she is half through shopping.
 6. Surely her dressmaker's and millinery lifts shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of my wife forever.
- Playing Sabbath School—"Now, Willie," said the superintendent's little boy, addressing the blacksmith's little boy, who came over for a frolic, "we'll play Sabbath school; you give me a nickel every Sunday for six months, and then on Christmas I'll give you a ten cent bag of candy."
- Getting the Worst of It—"You will remember," said haughtily, "that you proposed to me four times before I consented to marry you. You wouldn't take no for an answer." "I remember," he replied sadly. "It seems to me that every time you have changed your mind I've got the worst of it."

thousand dollars, and have not assets enough to pay you half a cent on the dollar. I don't see how you can do anything unless you want to cut me up and divide me among you." "Mr. Chairman," spoke a creditor, "I move that we cut Mr. Broke up. I'd like his gall."

Horse Sense.—A Montana school mistress was giving her class in composition a drill on the relative use of words and phrases. The phrase, "horse sense" was talked over and she asked one of her boy pupils to write a sentence that would contain that phrase. The boy thought and thought, and after awhile gave her the following production: "My dad didn't close the barn door, and he hasn't seen the horse sense."

The Barber's Joke.—Christmas morning and the barber very busy. "I rather shave ten Germans than one American," the German in the chair smiled broadly through the latter. "Goot!" he chuckled. "Dot vos right, but Vy?" The barber took a former hold on his victim's nose as he replied: "Ten Germans pay me a dollar and a half—one American only 15 cents." And you could have heard the thermometer drop.

Wanted to Help.—In the cook's absence the young mistress of the household, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The hurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce. "Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

A Case of Bacteria.—A medical student, hurrying along, was stopped by a friend. "What's your hurry?" "A good case," rather, said the student. "We've got in the ophthalmological ward a woman so cross-eyed that the tears run down her back." "Dear me," said the other. "You can't do anything for her, can you?" "Of course we can," the student answered. "We are treating her for bacteria."

It Was a Warning.—During the panic of 1907, an old darkey, being very desirous to borrow a sum of \$10 went to a money lender for the same, putting up his mule and cart for security. The money lender loaned him the \$10, charging \$2.50 interest for 30 days. The old man left the office with the \$7.50, feeling rather blue. Meeting a friend, who was outside, asked him if he didn't get the money. The old darkey replied, "Yes, I got the money alright, but I'll tell you one thing—don't you ever borrow ten dollars from that fellow for four months, for if you do you won't get anything."

A Woman's Way.—A Wellesley college student rushed into a telegraph office a few days ago and asked the clerk for a message blank. She immediately wrote a message and after she had finished it she tore it in two and began another blank. This was also torn in two and then she wrote a third, which she handed to the telegraph operator. After the girl departed the operator became curious and picked up the torn pieces of paper. The first read: "It is all off. Never want to hear from you again." The second read: "Do not write me again, as I never want to hear from you." The third message, which was sent, read: "Come at once on the first train."

OVER THE COUNTY.

Remember the Special Bargain Day at the leading stores in Bellefonte next Wednesday.

The trustees of the M. E. church of Fillmore will hold a festival on the church lawn, Saturday evening, 17th. Mrs. J. Emory Hoy, of Philadelphia, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mingle, in Centre Hall.

The McClellan-Fleisher families are holding their annual reunion in the Tussey Slink grove, Potter township, today.

Mrs. Carl Beck, of St. Louis, Mo., was called to State College recently by the serious illness of her father, A. C. Bowes.

Thomas Coble, of Los Angeles, Cal., is making a tour of the east and at present is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Percival Rudy at State College.

James Sweetwood, of the Centre Hall had who was injured several weeks ago by falling from a telephone pole, is said to be recovering rapidly.

Miss Pearl M. Stover, who had been in Williamsport for some months, has returned to Centre Hall, and will keep house for her father, James Stover.

A birthday party was held for Mrs. William E. Bressler, at her home east of Centre Hall last Tuesday night. A large number of guests were present.

Miss Alice Musser, of Altoona, daughter of Curtin Musser, a former resident of Pine Grove Mills, is visiting friends at the latter place, Linden Hall.

Prof. W. Vernon Godshall, who holds a position in the University of Porto Rico, joined his family recently, who have been spending the summer in Centre Hall.

James H. Lohr, of Rutledge, a suburb of Philadelphia, is enjoying a week's vacation in Centre county, having joined his family who are visiting in Centre Hall.

Messrs. E. S. Erb, M. E. Heberling and George Resides, of State College, together with their families, left last week for Howard where they will camp for a week.

Miss Kate Alexander, of Los Angeles, California, a former resident of Centre Hall, is visiting friends at present in the latter place. She is a sister of Dr. J. F. Alexander.

L. P. White, who served as principal of the Ferguson township high school last term, has been chosen principal of the Tionesta high school. He left for the latter place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Swartz, of Detroit, Mich., are taking their annual vacation with friends and relatives at Clintondale and Lamar. Mr. Swartz is an expert machinist, and at one time resided in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Burkholder, of Pottery Mills, had as their recent guests Mrs. Burkholder's sister and her husband, Mr. Fultz, of Milroy. The latter is an invalid, having fallen from a chestnut tree several years ago and injured his spine.

Members of the Lutheran churches of the Centre Hall charge met last week for the purpose of electing officers for their annual picnic, and unanimously decided upon Georges valley as the place, and Thursday, August 22nd, the time for holding same.

Rev. F. W. Barry, of Centre Hall, was called to Hartleton recently to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. Wamler, nee Helen Catherine, widow of C. C. Catherman, of Hartleton, who died at Parsons, West Virginia. She had just been married last October.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brooks and children, Ruth and Madeline, of Centre Hall, left last week for Pittsburgh, where they will visit Mrs. S. A. Fleck, and from there go to Clairton where a son, Joseph Brooks, lives. They also expect to view Niagara Falls before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. McClellan, of Osnatim, who autored to Centre county recently and spent some time with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Geiss Warner, at Centre Hall, returned to their home last week, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Long, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. W. Evans and children, Savanna and Wagner, of White, South Dakota, are in the east for a visit of six weeks or more. Mrs. Evans is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Goodhart, of Centre Hall, and expects to spend the greater portion of her time in that place.

The State College Times states that the large auto hack of the Transportation Company, plying between that place and Lewisburg, skidded when in the vicinity of the city at Centre Furnace, one morning recently, and sunk up to the hubs in the ooze of the run, scattering five of the passengers in all directions. No one was injured.

Rev. and Mrs. James Runkle and Mary, of Newport, were at the Centre Hall hotel for a few days recently. Rev. Runkle was called home later to officiate at the funeral of one of his parishioners, and during his absence Mrs. Runkle and daughters were at the home of Mrs. Lucinda Runkle, at Spring Mills, mother of Rev. Runkle.

Dr. H. C. Campbell, one of the owners of Penns Cave, Mr. and Mrs. William Mentz, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Terkesbury, all of Philadelphia, are spending some time at this famous Centre county resort. Dr. Campbell is a brother of Robert P. Campbell, the host at Penns Cave, and is connected with the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Among the strangers entertained in Centre Hall recently was E. D. Melling, of Philadelphia, who was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Moore. Mr. Mellinger is an old friend of the family, their acquaintance having been formed when both were residents of the City of Brotherly Love. He is superintendent of the carpet department at Wanamaker's store.

Augustus Miller, a farmer residing about one and three-fourth miles west of Tylerville, fell from the roof of his barn at 7 o'clock Friday morning and was painfully injured. Mr. Miller was in the act of patching the roof with shingles when he slipped and fell. He alighted on his feet and then fell on his back. Dr. Bright, of Rebersburg, was summoned and discovered that Mr. Miller's spine was injured so that he is unable to walk.

Recent visitors in Centre Hall were, Messrs. Hugh A. James F. and Robert R. Brown, sons of Mrs. Emma Brown, of Urbana, Illinois, who spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Potter. Their father was the late Hugh Brown, formerly of Millin county, and while the former son holds a good position with the Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., his two brothers are students in the University of Illinois.

By making purchases in Bellefonte next Wednesday, you can save money. See the inside pages of this issue.

The popular Baileyville picnic will be held this year on Saturday, August 17th, near that place. This always proves a large gathering from several counties.

Prof. Bromley Smith, of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, will occupy the Methodist Episcopal pulpit at Smulton, 10:15 A. M., and Milheim, 7:30 P. M., in interest of the Anti-Saloon League of Penna.

Herbert McClellan, who has been young with his grandfather, George Robb, Coleville, since he was six years old, returned last week for Columbus, Ohio, where his father resides, and where he has secured employment.

John Orwig, of Hannah, met with a painful accident on Saturday afternoon while hauling manure on his farm, of his sister, Mrs. Orwig, striking a bad place in the road Mr. Orwig toppled off and the heavy wagon crushed that member. A physician dressed the man's injuries.

Lightning for the second time within the past two years struck the premises of J. J. Twigg, near Phillipsburg, Friday evening. The bolt struck an apple tree in front of the residence, shattering a large limb which was attached to the tree, and stunned Mr. Twigg's daughter, Mrs. Joseph Ramfiza, who was nearby. Her husband, fortunately, escaped without serious injury. Two horses for Mr. Twigg and set fire to his barn which was destroyed together with all implements.

The farm house occupied and owned by David Keller and family, east of Centre Hall, has a narrow escape from total destruction by fire a short time ago. On the day in question Mr. Keller arose about five o'clock in the morning, and on coming down stairs to the kitchen he discovered a large fire on the floor on fire. The flames had burst into the floor around the stove and the latter had toppled over. Mr. Keller cannot account for the conflagration, as there had not been fire in the stove later than five o'clock the evening before.

The fire is covered by insurance in the Grange Fire Insurance Company. But for the timely discovery of John Snyder, who saw smoke issuing from the basement of the Athletic store at State College last Tuesday morning, that town would have had a bad conflagration to report. Mr. Snyder summoned Harry Litzelt, one of the owners of the building, and together the men made their way to the basement, which they found filled with smoke, and flames issuing from the hotel side of the cellar. After a hard fight they succeeded in getting the fire out. It is presumed that the fire had its origin in an ash heap piled against the wooden door, and it was possibly been smouldering for several days.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Margaret M. DuBree to Charles R. Custer, premises in Phillipsburg; \$125.

Mary D. Valentine to Kathryn M. Brown, premises in Bellefonte \$1200.

W. L. Foster et al to Thomas Foster et al, lot in State College \$150.

J. C. Meyer's exrs to Rose G. Parish, premises in Bellefonte \$5000.

John D. Harris et al to John M. Sinclair, 400 acres of land in Snow Shoe twp.; \$4000.

John Sinclair to Edward C. Edgerly, 400 acres of land in Snow Shoe twp.; \$4000.

Hamill Holmes et ux to John L. Holmes, premises in State College; \$3000.

Charles Boyer, Jr. et ux to Daniel W. Bodie, premises in Huston twp.; \$25.

J. R. Irish et al to Johanna Ossa, 10 acres of land in Rush twp.; \$200.

William Bilger et ux to Commonwealth of Pa., 97 acres of land in Benner twp.; \$725.

John C. Barnes to Commonwealth of Pa., 18 acres of land in Benner twp.; \$150.

John M. Musser et ux to Harry S. Wolf, 6 acres of land in Haines twp.; \$250.

T. G. Wolf et al, admsrs to Harry S. Wolf, 76 acres of land in Haines twp.; \$254.40

Jefferson Royer et ux to Jonathan Royer, 24 acres of land in Marion twp.; \$524.50.

James A. Beaver, trustee et al to Grant Thomas, tract of land in Rush twp.; \$75.

N. B. Spangler et ux to Commonwealth of Pa., 83 acres of land in Benner twp.; \$1.

Chas. T. Bilger et ux to Commonwealth of Pa., 83 acres of land in Benner twp.; \$735.69.

Caroline Blattenberger to Robt. J. Walker et al, tract of land in Rush twp.; \$3000.

David Chambers et ux to John Boyce, 1 acre of land in Snow Shoe twp.; \$140.

Jacob Bower Jr. Admsrs to Jacob Stover, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$14.25.

Jacob Bower Jr. Admsrs to Jacob Stover, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$1225.

Benj. Haffley et ux et al to Simon Korman, premises in Haines twp.; \$550.

"WORN OUT" FARM A WINNER.

What can be accomplished when brains are mixed with the soil of New Jersey farmland has been demonstrated in a remarkable manner on the old Slack farm, on the Mount Holly road, near Burlington. A few years ago this farm of 300 acres sold for \$31,000; last spring the owner, declaring the ground was worn out and that it would take five years to bring it into condition again, sold the place for \$12,000.

The purchaser, Charles Jeffries, put a young superintendent in charge and with modern methods of cultivation and fertilizing, practically the whole place was planted in potatoes. They began harvesting the crop last week and the "worn out" ground is turning out an average of over 300 bushels to the acre of the largest Irish Cobler potatoes found in the vicinity. The income from the crop will nearly pay for the farm.

Man Who Shot Gayner Dying.

James J. Gallagher, who shot Mayor Gaynor of New York city on the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse two years ago, is near death, according to the doctors who have him in charge at the State hospital at Trenton, N. J. The doctors said that Gallagher is in an advanced state of paralysis and not likely to live long.

Gallagher, who is serving a twelve year sentence, was removed from the State prison to the hospital in January, owing to his weakened physical condition.

It's all right to have plenty of go but you also want to have some staying qualities.



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Sells Bleached Sparrows for Canaries. Theodore Benny, 60, no home, without a doubt has the strangest way of making a living ever heard of. In a Cincinnati police court Friday he told his story. "You say you can make a good living?" said Judge Fricke. "Yes, sir," said Benny, who had been arraigned on a charge of vagrancy. He was smiling. "How do you make your living?" asked the judge. "I bleach sparrows and sell them as canaries," answered Benny. "You should have been charged with obtaining money under false pretenses; \$50 fine and costs," said the judge. **He Got It.**—A quite amusing story is told of a tramp who, being very fond of whisky, was walking past a saloon one day. He having only three cents in the world and being very thirsty for a drink, was suddenly struck with an idea. He opened the door of the saloon and walked in. Just at that time another man ordered a glass of whisky (which, by the way, cost ten cents) and he had not drunk any of it yet. The tramp walked up to him, patted him on the back and said, "Say, comrade, I'll bet you three cents that I can drink that glass of whisky without it touching my throat." "All right, I'll take your bet." The tramp picked up the whisky, drank it, and as he laid down the glass said: "Here are your three cents, I lose."

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