

The Home Circle

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

If you want cheerfulness in your home; you must have sunshine and genial hearts. Plan to live in the sunshine; if there is a pleasant room in your dwelling, live there; if there is a dark room, shut it up; keep the children out of it; if you have trouble shut them up there—never take them into the family circle—give home the sunniest thought and plans of your whole life and fill it with love, joy, peace, gladness—sunshine.

Take the trouble to get well acquainted with your children, and to interest yourself in their pastime, etc. By this means they will learn to trust and confide in you, and are not easily led away by outside influence.

Home As Heaven.

The earthly home is only a type. Our town is "a city of homes." In my Father's house are many mansions said the homeless one of Galilee. Birds of the air had nests, foxes had holes in ground, but he had not where to lay his head. John Howard Payne, who wrote, "Home, Sweet Home," was also an exile, like his master. In a little village graveyard a tombstone to a mother has this homey epitaph: "She Made Home Happy." Sounds like Christ's "She hath done what she could." A real home is surely a happy place built on the hilltop of cheerfulness. No shadow rests there. Morning comes early; evening stays late. Life is a stormy sea, home a harbor.

Babies or Dogs?

A society in Kansas organized to find homes for homeless children, says that there are women so bereft of all womanly feeling that they actually give their dogs the care that thousands of babies are starving for.

Fashionable London boasts a sumptuous new toilet parlor for dogs. There a dog can be washed, brushed, perfumed, manicured and have its teeth brushed.

It is a disgrace to humanity and an insult to honest dog nature.

Dogs can be the most faithful of friends and can inspire great devotion in the hearts of their masters, but they are honest, doggy dogs, not pampered, spoiled pups.

The woman who has so little mother love left in her heart that she can lavish such admiration on a dog, is a pitiable object.

Every good woman is at heart a mother even though she may never bear children. Every little life is to her a wonderful, precious thing, a thing to be cherished and loved.

There are—alas! that it should be so—thousands of hungry, neglected babies in the land. These babies would think themselves in the lap of luxury if they had half the care that many a

pet dog gets. They have no soft bed, no petting, no good food. Think of a baby's little soft, tender body lying on a squalid, wretched bed while in some luxurious house a poodle lies on softest down and staid: It is monstrous and cruel.

All women are not blessed with children, but the woman who spends on a dog the money that she might give to the aid of some starving baby is a disgrace to womanhood.

It is not only for food that some of the babies are starving. Some of them have plenty of bodily luxury but their baby hearts are starving for love and comprehension.

Thank goodness that the women who spend their time and money on the pampering of dogs are rare, and that the good mother is to be found in every corner of the earth, from the throne and the mansion down to the humblest home of the peasant or toiler.

People who have been bolstered up and liveried all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down they are as helpless as capped turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and they cannot find their feet without assistance. They are like summer vines which never grow even ligneous but stretch out a thousand little hands to grasp the stronger shrubs; and if they cannot reach them they lie disheveled in the grass, hoof-trodden, and beaten of every storm. It will be found that the first real movement upward will not take place until, in a spirit of resolute self-denial, indolence so natural to almost every one is mastered. Necessity is usually the spur that sets the sluggish energies in motion. Poverty is therefore often a blessing to a young man than prosperity; for, while the one tends to stimulate his powers, the other inclines them to longer disuse.

Our sense of the value of the family needs to be revived and roused. The family, the great institution of paradise, the scene of purest love, the nursery of infancy, and the stimulus and shelter of all the virtues! Each man and woman has a duty to see to it. A homeless civilization is sure to be a satanic one; the vices will flourish and the virtues be nipped by the untimely frost. Back of the good man must needs be the good household. Here and there may be found an apostle won from the dens of vice; but, unless the den be reformed, a miracle only can insure the safety of the new convert. In the future, as in the past, the solid and reliable men and women, the leaders in business and society, will be found in the quiet and holy homes of the land.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

The Family Skeleton.—"Has his family got a skeleton in its closet?" "I don't know about what they've got in the closet, but they've got one in a hobble skirt."

Problem in Whiskers.—Governor—Who can guess the word with the word "gruesome" in it? Little Willie—I can! The man stopped shaving and gruesome whiskers.

A Fireman's Eulogy.—A well known minister was delivering a eulogy over a fireman killed at his post. Waxing poetic, the preacher said: "The soldier hath fought his last fight, the sailor hath gone on his last voyage, the fireman hath gone to his last fire!"

Too Rough.—A traveler in the dining car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give yo' fried eggs, boss," the negro waiter informed him. "Ieseen yo' want to wait till we stop." "Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

Roughing It.—In a sleeping car one night after everybody had turned in and the lights were low, a loud voice called from the upper berth: "Porter got a corker!" The porter came hurrying down the aisle. "Boss," he said, in a scandalized tone, "we don't allow no drinking in the berths. It's against the rules." "Oh, it ain't that, porter," the voice answered; "I just want to dig out a pillow that's sort of worked its way into my ear."

Couldn't Deny It.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier was once on an electioneering tour in Ontario, and as the elections were bitterly contested, every effort was made to stir up race and religious prejudice. One day a Quebec Liberal sent this telegram to Sir Wilfrid: "Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial." To this the premier replied: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Getting Even.—"You must have called me late this morning, Sylvia. It was 12 o'clock when I reached the office. And I had an important appointment for 10 o'clock, too." "Why,

I called you at seven-thirty, John." "Was the clock right?" "Yes; I set it last night when you came home. You remember the calling card when you came in, and asked you what time it was, and you said it was ten-thirty. The clock in my room said one forty-five, so I turned it back to agree with your watch, and, of course, I called you by the correct time this morning."

Very Tight.—When President Taft was seven years old his mother bought a pair of short duck trousers. The first time they were washed they shrank badly. The boy was fat, but his mother wedged him into the trousers against his protest. He went out to play, but in a few minutes returned. "Mamma," he said, "I can't wear these pants; they are too tight. Why, mamma, they are tighter than my skin." "Oh, no, they're not, Billy," replied his mother. "Nothing could be tighter than your skin." "Well, all the same these pants are. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these pants."

Brought the Samples.—The doctor of a well known hospital, noted for its speedy cures of the drink habit, was called on the telephone one night. "On zhe way down to zhee you, Doc! Got fine case tremens," said a cheerful voice, laboriously. Recognizing the voice as one he had heard before the doctor expressed his regrets that he should be bothered again. "Thrasht a wri, Doc," said the voice through the 'phone. "I'm goin' co—hic—co—hic—co-operate wiz you zahish time, Doc. Goin' to make recovery in quickest time know'n." And he hung up the receiver. In half an hour a cab rattled through the receiving gate and an annoyed driver helped out the telephoning man. By this time he was speechless. The driver dragged him inside. "We shtopped at a wild animal store," said the driver, sourly. "That's why we're late. The stew here, bought a lot of horned toads and garter snakes and things." "But what for?" asked the doctor. "He said he was tryin' to help zee," said the driver. "He said he wouldn't be able to speak by the time he got to the hospital—but he would bring along samples of his symptoms."

within a few miles of you. Send your friends to the dispensary if you think any of them are suffering from consumption. The doctor will tell them whether or not they have the disease, and if they do not wish to pay for treatment in a private sanatorium, he will see that they enter the State sanatorium.

Until the patient can go to the sanatorium, he will be instructed at the dispensary as to how to take care of himself. A nurse will visit his home and will see that things are kept sanitary. When the patient comes back from the sanatorium, he should visit the dispensary regularly, so as to make sure that he is not losing ground and that the disease does not get the better of him through careless habits of life.

The dispensary tells the patient what is the matter with him, sees that he goes to a sanatorium and on his return encourages him to continue living the life which at the sanatorium stopped for him the progress of the disease.

Visit your dispensary at the first opportunity. It is your duty as a citizen and a part of your education.

OVER THE COUNTY.

A son was recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Drebbilds, of State College.

Ralph Goodhart, of Millheim, is teaching a public school at Linden near Williamsport.

J. Bruce Struble has embarked in the butcher business at State College and is sporting a new turnout.

Miss Bertha Mease, of State College, plucked a six-leaf clover in a field near Peru one day recently.

James J. Gramley, former Treasurer of Centre county, returned to his home in Madisonburg after an extended visit to Illinois.

A fine quilt made by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Madisonburg United Evangelical church is on exhibition this week at the Grange encampment.

Miles Beck, who graduated from the school of agriculture at Penn State College, is now holding a government position at a good salary, with headquarters at Charlestown, West Virginia.

A valuable mare belonging to H. Elmer Smith, of Penn township, is suffering with tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, caused by the sting of a wasp. The animal is being treated with anti-toxin.

Miss Helen Kister, who for several years has been employed as the night operator in the Bell Telephone exchange, at Millheim, has resigned her position and last week left for the home of her parents at Ridgeway.

Feron Struble, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Watson Struble, who moved from Buffalo Run in the spring and had been working for the borough at State College, is now a clerk in Snyder and Bascoe's store at that place.

Earl Motz, of Woodward, expects to build a hunting lodge on a four acre tract of land, situate in the Penns Valley Narrows, which he recently purchased from N. W. Eby. It will be for the use of the Woodward hunting club.

An Old Folks meeting was held in St. Peter's Reformed church at Rebersburg, Sunday, September 15th, at 10 a. m., at which the services were conducted in the German language. The German sermon was delivered by Rev. J. J. Stauffer, of York, Pa.

Mrs. Sarah Bellman, of Millheim, who last spring went to Michigan on a visit to relatives and friends returned to her home the past week. She expects to make sale of her personal property in the near future and take up her residence at Rockford, Ill.

On Thursday of last week eight cows belonging to Luther P. Bower, a Penn township farmer, were bloated at the same time, but by promptly securing the services of Dr. M. P. Felder, all the animals were saved. A stock bull died from the bloot for Mr. Bower a few days previously.

A short time ago farmers in the various parts of Penns and Brush Valleys were wondering whether or not the corn crop would amount to shucks, and now they can't get done telling of the bumper crops that are growing. Corn has been fairly snapping on account of its growth. C. D. Runkle, of Pittsburg, who attended the recent re-union of the 148th Regiment at Bellefonte, took the opportunity to visit his old home at Centre Hall and to pay a visit to his mother, Mrs. Lucinda Runkle at Spring Mills. Mr. Runkle is employed by the Pittsburg Land Improvement Company.

Miss Aida Musser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Musser, and Miss Sara Kessler, daughter of merchant John Kessler, are two Millheim young ladies, who are attending school away from home. The former is in Keokuk, Iowa, and the latter has become a student in the Indiana State Normal school, Indiana, Pa.

From the State College Times it is learned that the citizens of that beautiful borough are opposing the erection of the proposed school, by Messrs. Noll and Kimpfort. The first complaint is that the dirty linen should not be washed in the center of the town, and that the building would mar the surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde F. Condo and Mrs. Margaret M. Michel and Clyde, and Daniel Downey, all of Greensburg, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Condo, near Centre Hall. Mr. Condo conducts a successful meat market at Greensburg. Mr. Downey is a clerk in the office of the Westmoreland Coal Company. They will stay until after the Grange encampment.

There was quite an excitement at Clarence, one day recently, when the little boy of George Kollassa was lost in the woods. A diligent search was made for him, but he could not be found. The boy wandered to John Bodenboks place, who brought him home to his excited parents. The mother was completely prostrated. He stayed in the woods all night.

The Phillips farm, in Brush Valley, was sold the second time within a month. Frank M. Fisher, being the last purchaser. The price is named at \$7000. This farm lies along the Kline farm, owned by Mr. Fisher, and it is said he has had an eye on the place for several years. George Weaver, of near Penn Hall, was the person who first brought the farm from the Phillips estate.

Predictions that the price of potatoes would be very high this year on account of the immense crops are being verified day by day. A dispatch sent out from York, Pa., Monday, says: "Potatoes are cheaper here than they have been for a score of years. Some farmers are offering their crops as low as 25 cents per bushel. Some farmers have taken out more than 300 bushels from an acre." The price in this section, we understand, is 25 cents per bushel.

Friday, September 6th, was quite an unlucky day at Clarence. Harry Oswald got his leg broken, while working on the mine drinkey, of Chamber's and Uzzel; an Italian laborer working on the N. Y. C. bridge fell and received injuries which necessitated his removal to the hospital; and the brick layer at the new Daugherty store building, who fell from a height of 20 feet when the scaffold gave away. He noticed it giving way and leaped into the cellar, just in the nick of time. Fortunately no one was seriously injured.

John Sholtis, Jr., of Clarence, killed three big rattlers recently. They each measured five feet in length and had two rattles on.

T. C. Cronover, whose large barn on the Branch road in Ferguson township was recently burned, has decided not to build until next spring.

Wills Breen of Lamar, lost a valuable horse—one of a team for which he paid \$500 last fall—last week, caused by inflammation of the bowels.

Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Armsby, of State College, sailed from Baltimore Sept. 10th, on the North German Lloyd steamer Rhein, for an absence of about four months in Germany.

The Snow Shoe borough schools opened on Monday of last week. A fairly good attendance is reported and the prospects are fine for a profitable school year, under the direction of Prof. Geo. Weber, of Martinsburg.

Mrs. L. C. Brinton, a former resident of Phillipsburg, and the mother of Captain Louis C. Brinton, U. S. A., died in Philadelphia last week. Her husband, who died at Phillipsburg 14 years ago, was a well known business man.

The board of directors of the Bituminous National Bank, of Winburne, at a meeting held the other day, elected R. H. Sommerville president to succeed his father, the late James L. Sommerville. There were no other changes. J. M. Laurie continues as cashier.

About October 1st the borough of Unionville will begin work on their new water works. The reservoir will be of stone with concrete cap and will have a capacity of 75,000 gallons. There will be one mile of 7-inch pipe and one mile of 6-inch pipe. J. H. Wetzel, of Bellefonte, is the engineer.

Cholera is killing hogs by the hundred in Sugar valley and farmers have become so thoroughly alarmed over the ravages of this disease that the state authorities have been appealed to. More than 200 hogs have already died in a very brief period and each succeeding day adds others to the list.

The Tyrone Herald says: A game warden operating through upper Bald Eagle valley claims that wild turkeys are being shot and that arrests will be made in a few days. Out of a flock of forty turkeys seen in the vicinity of Vall only twenty are left. The warden is under the impression that foreiners are doing the job.

A vicious bull on the farm of N. E. Hess near Pine Grove Mills, made a savage attack on him while he was attending a herd of cattle. Mr. Bull knocked Farmer Hess out in the first round and rolled him into a nearby stream, where Mr. Hess took refuge under a convenient bank. The animal made a desperate attempt to get at him and only for the timely appearance of a neighbor the bull would have made things rather lively for Newton.

A very serious accident occurred at Lamar, at the H. S. Nyhart barn one day last week, when his son, Boyd, fell from the overhead down to the barn floor striking on his head and rendering him unconscious. In company with several others he was jumping out onto the stack in play, but by some means he fell through the flooring, with the result stated. He remained unconscious for more than a day, and is said to be in a serious condition.

John Hagen, of Gainesville, Florida, is spending several weeks in Centre county visiting relatives and renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Hagen is a native of Sugar valley, where he was born in 1850. During his early life he worked for different farmers, among them the late Philip Royer for whom he worked four years and also one year for Daniel S. Royer, now living at Springfield, Ohio. For the past thirty years he has lived in Florida, where he has amassed considerable property. He has one brother, Anthony, in Sugar valley; one brother in Philadelphia, and several sisters in different places.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Mary J. Wian et al to William D. Shope, premises in Centre Hall; \$190.

E. H. Auman et al Adms to C. W. Hockman, premises in Potter twp.; \$2700.

S. C. Benford et ux to John A. Erb, premises in Phillipsburg; \$725.

Eliza Moore et al to S. C. Bower, 125 acres of land in Howard twp.; \$200.

John L. Holmes et al to M. O. Hoy, lot in Ferguson twp.; \$500.

Elizabeth Strickland to Clara M. McCallon, tract of land in Howard twp.; \$2.

Clara McCallon to A. R. Strickland, tract of land in Howard twp.; \$1.

E. M. Strickland to A. R. Strickland, lot in Howard twp.; \$1.

Lillie Dale et al to Blanche Musser et al, 92 acres of land in College twp.; \$4625.62.

G. Fred Musser, trustee to Olive E. Miller, premises in Spring twp.; \$722.

Albert B. Hunt et ux to Alice Mattley, lot in Phillipsburg twp.; \$1.

Alice Mattley et ux to Citizens B & L Assoc., lot in Phillipsburg; \$1000.

Joseph W. Harvey et ux to Oscar M. Bowersox, premises in State College; \$450.

Catherine Ann Bail to Candace Crossmyer, 4 acres of land in Boggs twp.; \$1.

Martha J. Furl et al to Clara E. Bortlorf, 19 acres of land in Boggs twp.; \$1.

1913 Overland \$985

F. O. B. Factory.

3-Speed Sliding Gear, 30-Horsepower, 110-in Wheelbase—Completely Equipped, which means Mohair Top and Slip Cover, Wind Shield, \$50 Warner Speedometer, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, Tire Carrier and Self Starter—More Car for the Money than is elsewhere produced.

WE WILL HAVE A FEW CARS FOR FALL DELIVERY. ASK FOR DEMONSTRATION.

John Sebring, Jr., Agent for Centre County.

Bellefonte, Penna.

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THE LADIES' SHOES

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Yeager's Shoe Store,

HIGH STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

It Is Not What You Spend.



nor what you earn, but what you save that counts. You may work hard, earn much, but if you spend all you are not advancing in worldly welfare. By putting aside every week a part of your earnings and entrusting it to this institution for safe keeping, it will accumulate and work for you, as we pay three percent interest on all deposits.

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The impression exists that this store is the best place to buy School Shoes. The opinion is correct. We have earned the reputation by selling our trade only such durable, well built, comfortable, good looking School Shoes as we can back by a guarantee.

Boys' School Shoes \$1.50, \$3.

Girls' School Shoes \$1.50, \$2.50

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS.

The Boy or Girl, who wears a pair of our School Shoes, is proud of the fact that they came from this Home of Good Shoes.

Mingles' Shoe Store, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Hair Falling?

You certainly cannot lose your hair and keep it, too. Which shall it be? Lose? Then do nothing. Keep? Then use Ayer's Hair Vigor. That is about all there is to it. Ayer's Hair Vigor is also a splendid hair-dressing and hair-tonic. It keeps the hair soft and smooth and greatly promotes its growth. It does not color the hair. Consult your doctor freely. Doctors are studying these hair questions much more than in former days.

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