

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

THE PLUMBER.

I telephoned the plumber. And right on time he came. He truly was a hummer. And should be known to fame. He spent no time in gazing. But found out what was wrong. And, what is most amazing, He had his tools along.

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

When the sisters congregate On all the corners, thick, They'll strike mere man with argument Or even worse—a brick. Jimmie's in the garden Hanging up the clothes; Sammie's somewhere in the house Mending up the hose.

The Home Circle

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

Mothers' Champion Works For Poor Mothers' Pension in Every State.

It is not much of a jump in Illinois, where Henry Neil, rich publisher of biblical literature, has become the greatest champion of mothers to-day—a champion who is doing little, talking and a very great deal of acting.

many cases children who are entirely orphaned, in the case of childless women and spinsters, paying for their care and keep and seeing that they get the right attention.

Neil is a big, quiet, efficient man who thinks logically and acts directly. His home is in Chicago but he is seldom in it. He hates to travel, but he keeps right on doing it because, as he says, he believes in "doing what the Bible tells us."

And as he says this his eyes wander to a card that hangs above his desk, which reads: "HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

Visit Your Schools.

How many of our school children's parents ever visit the schools or even know the teachers when they meet them on the street? How many know what their children are studying or how they are progressing?

Woman's true mission, said a well-known writer, is to comfort the sorrowing, plead for the erring, encourage the faint of purpose, succor the distressed, uplift the fallen, befriend the friendless—in a word, offer the healing of her sympathies and a home in her heart, for all the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune that knock at her hospitable door.

The pleasures we enjoy are lost by coveting more. May your "peck of troubles" for 1913 be of very scanty measure.

A stubborn, obstinate man is the easiest one to handle. Just push him in the opposite direction you want him to go.

It is said that to spoil a cow, yell at her and pound her with the milking stool; and the way to spoil a wife is to trown and scowl at her and never give her a cent of money.

Did you ever try helping out your enemy when he is in a tight place? Do a kind favor some propitious time to your nearest neighbor. Such things have made very amiable people out of crabbed ones.

The power to be a true helper of others, a binder up of broken hearts, a comforter of sorrow is the most divine of all endowments.

"God never meant that little children should be brought up in big groups like fields of cabbages, else he would not have given them mothers."

Children respond to love—not to machine made love, but to real human mother-love for which there is no substitute, not even in the most wonderful, most scientific institution in the world.

It is the reason that Henry Neil is giving up a great deal of his money and a great deal of his time, to go about the country, asking the legislatures of some forty odd states to provide pensions to indigent mothers.

"The laws which take a poor mother's babies from her, and which are now operative in nearly all our commonwealths," says Neil, "works this nation a double wrong. It reduces the value of many of our future citizens by running them all through a similar chopper and it wrecks the lives of their mothers as well."

"A child is an anchor to any moral woman. Take that child away from her and she has nothing to live for, to strive for. So nine times out of ten she 'goes to the bad.' And that proves not only that we should not separate mothers and babies, but that we have absolutely NO RIGHT to separate mothers and babies—that when we do so, in most cases we are actually transgressing God's laws."

"But I'm all up in the clouds on this thing," adds Neil snapping his jaws. "I'm pretty practical about it too. I have figured it all out and I find that every state can save \$3,000,000 OF DOLLARS yearly by adopting my scheme as well as save thousands of little homes yearly. Small pensions to mothers, enough to allow them to keep their flock around them will not, in a year amount to nearly as much as it takes to run the various children's welfare institutions that now burden tax payers' pocket-books so unnecessarily."

"Indeed, I would go so far in this work as to let the state 'place' in

uncle who resided in the middle western states. Mr. Lutz was a resident of Centre Hall at one time, and was employed as head miller by the Weber brothers.

The state undertakers' association granted a license to F. V. Goodhart, of Centre Hall, permitting him to engage in the undertaking business. Mr. Goodhart went to Philadelphia several weeks ago, where he was examined, and, of course, passed the rigid examination. It requires both a practical and technical knowledge of the undertaking business before a state license can be procured.

Philip Lentz, of Beech Creek, and Clyde Martin, of Blanchard, both employees about the kilns of the Pennsylvania Fire Brick company, had a falling out last week when Martin struck Lentz on the head, as a result of which Lentz had Martin arrested and a hearing was promptly held before Justice of the Peace George C. McGhee. The matter was fixed up by Martin agreeing to pay the costs and furnishing a bond to keep the peace a year and a day.

By the dissolution of the firm of J. H. & S. E. Weber the latter will retire at the same time taking over the ware house, coal yards, stock, etc., of the business at Oak Hall station, while the former retains the business at Centre Hall, which consists of the Centre Hall Roller Flouring mills, coal yards, lumber store, etc. The business at both places will be conducted very much as heretofore, except that each of the brothers will hereafter be in personal charge of the portions now owned by them instead of a partnership firm.

On Tuesday evening of last week P. M. Stevenson, who lives east of Millheim, fell off the iron bridge near his home, into Elk creek and was nearly drowned before help arrived. Mr. Stevenson is partially paralyzed and walks with a cane. In crossing the bridge he stumbled and fell and in attempting to save himself from a fall reached for the hand rail on the bridge, missed it, rolled through and fell about 15 feet into the deep water in the creek. His cries for help attracted the attention of Harry Keen, who was passing along the road, and he ran to his assistance and rescued Mr. Stevenson from a watery grave.

Solomon Columbus, the Millheim junk dealer, met with a serious accident at his home one day recently. He was engaged in unloading a lot of scrap iron from his wagon and in attempting to remove a large threshing machine cylinder, it fell upon him, bearing him to the ground, the sharp spikes of the cylinder cutting his head in a frightful manner, one of the spikes penetrating the right eye. The heavy cylinder held him to the ground until his cries for help were heard, and he was released from his painful position. A physician was immediately called and dressed the wounds and found that the injury to Mr. Columbus' eye might result in loss of sight.

At Mapleton, Wednesday morning, says the Phillipsburg Ledger, the water was so high from the overflow of the Susquehanna that passengers could not get on the train on the Pittsburgh & Susquehanna Railroad without wading water. There was a young woman wanted on at Mapleton. It was not expected of her to wade water, or make a run and jump for the train, so the trainmen tried to float a log in position. The woman would not risk such a perilous bridge. Finally, a big passenger in high top rubber boots got off the train, waded over to the woman, took her in his arms and carried her back to the train. She was just a nice armful for him, and as she blushing thanked him for the favor the other passengers showed their appreciation in good natured grins.

OVER THE COUNTY.

The Centre County Pomona Grange will meet in Grange Arcadia, Centre Hall, Thursday, 22nd inst.

Mrs. Lydia Kleckner has sold her property in Millheim to E. H. Zimmerman. Consideration, \$600.

Arney W. D. Crosby, wife and son Thomas, of Phillipsburg, have gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Dean Glossner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glossner, of Liberty township, is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Miss Cora Peters, of Pleasant Gap, spent Saturday and Sunday with her cousins Besse and Estelle Peters, of Philipsburg.

Nathaniel Ziegler, of Linden Hill, will follow William E. Phillips as tenant on the Foster farm, west of Spring Mills, now owned by I. J. Zubler. Mr. Phillips will move to Ohio.

Lloyd Doughenbaugh, of Howard, has accepted a position with the General Refractories Co., at Sandy Ridge, as takes to run the various children's welfare institutions that now burden tax payers' pocket-books so unnecessarily.

Willis Stover, the 16-year-old son of Charles J. Stover, while at play last week at the Vonada school house, north of Woodward, broke an arm below the elbow. A physician reduced the fracture.

Rev. James Edwin Dunning began a series of revival services in the Methodist church at Beech Creek on Sunday night, to continue throughout the week and likely longer. The public is cordially invited to all these services.

Sandy Ridge residents are very patiently waiting for that town to shine with electric lights. With the line under construction it will not be more than five weeks until the old town will have the lights they have been longing for.

It will be interesting news to many people in this section to learn that Dr. Wm. W. Woods, who has been a practicing physician for some time past in Philadelphia, has moved to Grand Rapids, Mich., his present address being 416 Michigan avenue.

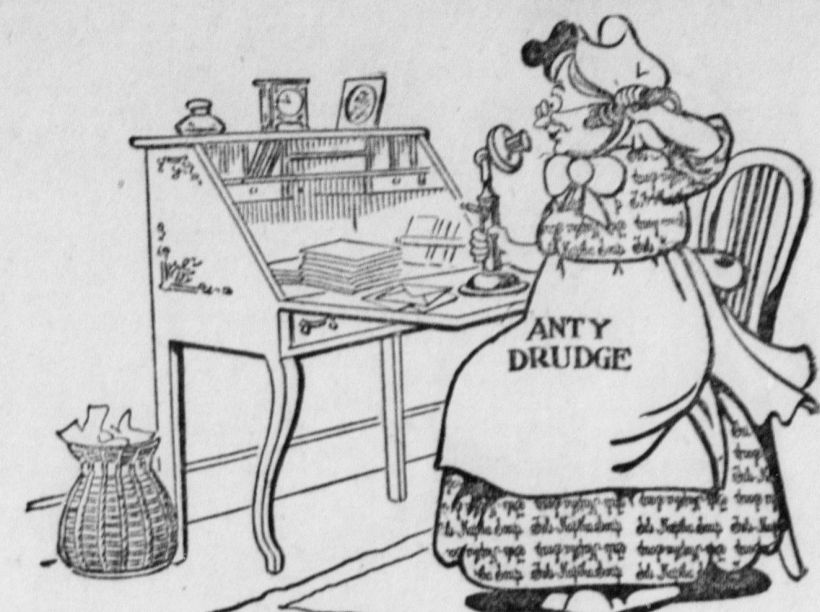
The Phillipsburg Journal states that G. W. Rees, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, has made his final visit to Phillipsburg in an official capacity, as that city was recently transferred to the territory handled by Deputy Collector A. P. Kresky, of Altoona.

John S. Dale, of State College, who has been suffering greatly for the past two weeks from blood poisoning, is slightly improving. The injury was caused by a lead pencil penetrating his hand at the root of the thumb, a portion of the pointed lead remaining in the flesh.

John Mayes, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Mayes, of near Beech Creek, was removed to the Lock Haven hospital last week, and operated upon for the removal of pus in the plural cavity. The condition of the young man appears much improved and his friends hope he may speedily recover from an illness of some duration.

John B. Albert, one of South Phillipsburg's oldest residents, had the misfortune to fall down the stair steps at his home one morning last week, breaking his collar bone and bruising his side and hip and receiving painful cuts about his head. The fact that Mr. A. is 82 years of age makes it altogether probable that he will be confined to his bed and home for some time.

The Centre county friends of Harry E. Lutz, who conducts the Bald Eagle flouring mills, near Tyrone, will rejoice with him in a stroke of good fortune in which he fell heir to a \$15,000 legacy through the death of an



Anty Drudge Always Has Time to Help Others

Anty Drudge—"No, indeed! I'm never too tired to do a favor for you nor anybody else, Mrs. Hardwork. For years I couldn't have said that, for I was tired all the time, and tired on washdays; but I have used Fels-Naptha Soap. The only regret I have is for the years I didn't know about it, and went around wornout and disagreeable because I was too tired to be pleasant. I have time now to do things for myself and other people."

With Fels-Naptha Soap the drudgery of washday vanishes. Did you know that in twenty-five years a woman washes through a pile of clothes 1000 times her size? That is, if she is of average size and doesn't do too big a wash every week. Sounds big enough to frighten you, doesn't it? But you needn't be frightened if you know the way to do it right. The weekly wash doesn't have to be such a terrible piece of work.

By using Fels-Naptha Soap you can do these things: You can get through in half the time it used to take; you can use cool or lukewarm water, because it works best in that; you can throw away your washboiler, because clothes washed with Fels-Naptha Soap don't need boiling; you can save your hands, because the clothes won't need hard rubbing, and you save the clothes, too. A great army of wise women are saving their health and looks by using Fels-Naptha Soap.

Follow the directions on the Red and Green Wrapper.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

J. M. Kryder et al to H. W. Kryder. 2 tracts of land in Gregg twp.; \$50. Mary Barrett et al to Peter Kasplik. tract of land in Rush twp.; \$375. J. Spigelmyer et ux to Jonathan Harter, tract of land in Penn twp.; \$225. Susan C. Geary to Jonathan Harter, tract of land in Penn twp.; \$535. Sadie L. Emerick to S. K. Emerick, tract of land in Unionville; \$1125. E. J. Markle to J. W. Lee, premises in Hublersburg; \$700. Frank C. Kohlbecker et ux to Penna. R. Co. strip of land in Boggs twp.; \$150. Willard S. Fisher et ux to Penna. R. Co., strip of land in Union twp.; \$150. Samuel Spangler et ux to James Herliacher, lot of ground in Eagleville; \$50. Margaret Hewitt et bar to Anna L. Krumrine, lot in State College \$500. John W. Bruss et ux to Carrie Green, premises in Huston twp.; \$900. Elizabeth M. Wagner to Louisa V. Wagner, lot of ground in Phillipsburg; \$1. John Wagner et ux to Elizabeth M. Wagner, lot of ground in Phillipsburg; \$1. John L. Holmes et al to Henry M. Corl, tract of land in Ferguson twp.; \$175. George A. Confer to Penna. R. R. Co., strip of land in Howard twp.; \$2000. Maria S. Eisenhauer et bar to Penna. R. R. Co., strip of land in Boggs twp.; \$250. Charles F. Harrison to Maud Harrison, premises in State College; \$550. Elsie H. Noll et bar to Dwight Stover, premises in Marion twp.; \$500. Jennie R. Andrews et al to Edward G. Jones, premises in Phillipsburg; \$1. Adam Stover et al, Adms. to John Homan, premises in Ferguson twp.; \$12,000. John I. Thompson, Jr., et al to John M. Homan, premises in Ferguson twp.; \$60. Emma Mitterling et bar to Edward Gill, premises in Spring twp.; \$1.

GILLIAM'S DEPARTMENT STORE

NEW YEAR—1913. We will open the year by giving to every little girl that visits our store and make a purchase of 10 cents in our Candy Department, a pretty little Doll free. To every lady buying 3 Handkerchiefs for 25c we will present 1000 votes in the Piano Contest. Now for Ribbons—A most beautiful assortment in all colors and widths from 5c to 25c a yard. Ladies' Misses' and children's Underwear bought cheap and will be sold at 25 per cent. off on former prices. Hosiery in wool and cotton for ladies, men, misses and children. The best line direct from one of the largest manufacturers in the country and you save the middleman's profit. Blankets 48c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.35 and \$3.00. They are the best we have secured this season and 20 percent lower than December prices. Comfortables 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.48. New Gingham and Outings at prices to attract.

Rich Hair. Long, thick, heavy hair. Want this kind? Ayer's Hair Regulator promotes growth. Does not color the hair. Ask Your Doctor.

Of course Not—"Mamma," said the little girl, "Sister don't tell the truth." "Why you mustn't say such things," reproved the mother. "Well, last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more and she didn't call."

The Greatest Bet—"Father," asked Dot, "do you ever bet?" "No, my child," answered her father. "Some folks do, don't they?" "Yes, dear." "Do you know the greatest bet ever made by man?" continued the tot. "No, dear; do you?" "Sure! The alphabet."

He Can't Kick. Mother wears a hobble skirt; Daughter wears a tube. Father wears last year's suit And looks quite like a rube. Mother's hat's from Panama; Daughter's from Patee. Father wears a wornout lid He's worn for seasons three; Mother's purse is golden meshed; Face does sister's fill; Father needs no purse at all. For father tops the bills. —Milwaukee Free Press.

Calling Down the Nurse.—Little Frank's nurse, when finding him in mischief was in the habit of exclaiming: "What in the name of common sense are you doing?" One morning while she was talking him, he asked: "What in the name of copper cents do you mean by getting soap in my eyes?"

The Animal.—"Little boy," asked the well meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?" "Yes, sir, answered the bright lad. "Well, do you know what poor animal it was that had to suffer in order that your mamma might have those furs?" "Yes, sir—my papa."

Ideals. She thought he was a god, and so She married him. Poor Fan! She was so shocked when she found out That he was just a man. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

He thought she was an angel as He clasped her to his heart, But when they had been wed, alas, She played another part. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

They thought their child a cherub when The first one came, but that's A dream they'll never dream again: The other five are brats. —Chicago Record-Herald.

They thought their flat a heaven, one They'd never care to quit, But now they have eleven hundred ways of cursing it. —Springfield Union.

He thought that he would surely like His brand new ma-in-law. Alas, the poor man changed his mind When she began to jaw! —Allentown Democrat.

Spencer's Client.—One day there entered the office of a western lawyer a bright-looking, well-dressed Chinaman. He took a chair and proceeded straight to the big lawyer. "Yes," Spencer, "How much you charge to defend a Chinaman?" "For what crime?" "Murder." "Five hundred dollars." The Chinaman said he would call again. A few days later he returned to Spencer's office, gravely placed \$500 in coin on the desk before the astonished attorney and said: "All lithe, I kill 'im." Spencer defended and acquitted him.

Trying to Improve Him.—Farmer Brown's daughter had just returned from boarding school, and like many girls who take pride in their grammar, she seldom lost an opportunity of trying to improve her father's speech. They were sitting in the parlor at home one evening when Mr. Brown began: "That air—" He got no farther. "Father, dear," she interrupted, "That air," is vulgar. Say "that there," if you must, or preferably "this air." "This air—" He began again. "Oh, no, papa, say only 'this.'" "Now, look here, miss," said her father, "I'm going to say what I started to say, and you just keep still. That air is bad for this ear, and I'm going to close the window."

STOTESBURY GUESTS ASSAILED.

W. C. T. U. Objects to Smoking by Women in Philadelphia Hotel. In the monthly meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance union Monday it developed that letters had been sent Mrs. Edw. T. Stotesbury and the Ritz-Carlton Hotel management, objecting to smoking by women guests. These letters, which are unanswered, were sent by the union's corresponding secretary on motion of Mrs. D. Clarence Giboney, passed in a recent executive meeting. The action was taken when it was heard that women were at liberty to smoke in the hotel, and that some who had attended dinners given by Mrs. Stotesbury in the hotel had smoked there. Smoking cigarettes by women would be an appropriate topic for Bellefonte's Woman's Club to discuss publicly.

Want Pay For Diseased Trees. Somerset county farmers are circulating a petition to be presented to their district members of the Legislature, asking that timber owners be compensated by the state for chestnut blight given by Mrs. Stotesbury in the hotel had smoked there. Smoking cigarettes by women would be an appropriate topic for Bellefonte's Woman's Club to discuss publicly.

Poor Cat!—Hazel, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner table, was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said, "I think it is a shame, just because she is a poor dumb animal, to treat her just like a hired girl."

Whoa, Amos!—A farmer who had a scary team met an automobile on the road and had trouble to keep the team from running away. A short distance a motor cycle came around the corner, the farmer yelled to his wife who was on the seat with him, "look out, there comes that darn thing's coat."

Fifty—Eighty. Don't think because you're fifty You've no more work to do. Don't think because you're seventy You're pretty nearly through.

Don't think because you're seventy There's no use trying more. Don't think because you're eighty Your usefulness is o'er. Man's at his prime at fifty If careful he has been. Strong, vigorous, at sixty At least are many men.

Man laughs at age at seventy. Results have often shown He's still in prime condition When fourscore years have flown. Some of the world's great leaders Are half a century old. At sixty many statesmen High office often hold.

At seventy merchants, bankers, Are safest men we know. Many are hale and hearty At eighty years or so. Blot out the birth date record And five times out of ten Men of seventy, eighty, You'd think much younger men.

A man is never older Than what he feels he is. With heart kept young he'll fool you If smiles are on his phiz. Pure Canaries.—A woman went to a bird shop to purchase a canary. She was in search of a good singer and several were recommended to her. "But," she said, "They seem to be marked very strangely. Are they pure canaries?" "Pure!" cried the proprietor of the shop. "Pure! Why ma'am, I raised them birds from canary seed."

Courteous Burglar.—A lady going from home for the day locked everything up well, and for the grocer's benefit wrote on a card: "All out. Don't leave anything. This she stuck on the front door. On her return home she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added: "Thanks; we haven't left much."

A Cheerful Patient.—A persistent ringing at the doorbell brought the sleepy physician down to his door in a hurry. "Well, what do you want?" he demanded, as a dilapidated tramp walked in and planted himself in a chair. "Treatment, Doc, and I ain't got a cent," was the announcement. "Well, let's have it over with; I want to get back to bed. What's the trouble with you?" "Snake bite, Doc, and the antidote is whiskey."

Equipped For It. There was a woman in our town Whose gossip was a sin. We thought she talked so much because She had a double chin. —Springfield Union.

There was a woman in our town Who could all talkers drub. She got her skill from talking when Hubby came from the club. —Houston Post.

There was a woman in our town Who talked both night and day. In spite of the fact that half of the time She hadn't a thing to say. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

He Knew the Worm.—A country girl was home from college for the Christmas holidays and the old folks were having a reception in her honor. During the event she brought out some of her new gowns to show to the guests. Picking up a beautiful silk creation she held it up before the admiring crowd. "Isn't this perfectly gorgeous?" she exclaimed. "Just think, it came from a poor little insignificant worm!" Her hard-working father looked a moment, then turned and said: "Yes, darn it, an' I'm that worm!"

Herd of Twenty-Four Elk. Arrangements are being made to receive and care for a herd of 24 elk, which the State Game Commission has procured in the state of Wyoming, on the state lands in Clinton county, at the head of the Swamp Branch of Big Run near the camp of Warden Skinner Fenton. The elk will arrive at Renovo soon where crates are being constructed in which they will be carried over the mountain roads to the one-acre piece of ground which has been enclosed with an eight-foot fence to confine them until spring and where they can be properly fed during the winter. The animals will not be more than a year old when procured. In the spring they will be liberated but will be protected against being killed by hunters for a period of six years, for which protection the legislature will be asked to pass an act.

Foils a Foul Plot. When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 35c at C. M. Parrish, Ph., G., Bellefonte, Pa. Adv.