

The Home Circle

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

Don't work too hard. God meant us to work every day until we are weary, but not until we are so weary that a night's rest cannot revive and restore us to strength and vigor again. When you rise morning after morning with weary limbs and heavy heart, you may know that you are breaking the laws of health and that your punishment is and will be heavy. You must let go somewhere. The world, your friends and family have no right to demand from you more than you can do, and if you are a wise woman you will not give all the strength and warmth and beauty of your life, to labor and have only the dregs left for love. Keep enough strength, take enough strength, take enough rest to preserve a cheerful heart and a bright face, when the family gather about the fireside after the day's work is done. Do one thing at a time. Don't hurry, don't worry. Face the issue of life fairly and squarely; do your share of the work, that is, what you can do without injury to yourself, and put the rest resolutely behind you. Take some relaxation. Every human being needs recreation and amusement of some sort. Get it from books or people with news and helpful thoughts, that will keep your ideas bright and your heart cheerful.

The best society for the oppression of pernickious literature is the family. The best legislation that can be passed for the prevention of the sale of vile literature can be passed by the father and mother. Daily teaching to love and study good and useful things will bring the boys and girls to detest the opposite.

Don't scold your wife. If you must scold somebody, scold us.

What is needed in the training of the tots is more patience while their minds are developing. Let them see gentleness and by and by they will adopt it. Let us act ourselves a little more as we wish them to. Examine your children weighs more than advice. This holds good all along the road, from infancy to maturity. With wine on the sideboard, progressive euchre in the parlor, sensational, trashy literature on the table and cigars on the mantle, we need not be surprised when the crop of drunkards or gamblers of diseased hearts and wishy washy minds come in. The seed has been planted, the crop must grow. Not all may fall to the lowest depths perhaps, but who can say which will be saved? It is not the will of the Creator that one of these little ones should perish; and we are in store for him who places occasions to fall in their way.

Hold on to the troubles you have for when they go there may come worse ones.

We shall not have our grandmothers with us long, and may not the thought impel us to cheer her and

make her as happy as we can, while the opportunity is given us.

Never whip a balky horse. Sell him if you can't manage him and let the other fellow match his temper against that of the horse.

Fashion has been declined as a peculiar influence which makes a woman drape herself in a horse blanket and think she looks stunning.

Have you received a good turn? Forget it not. Have you done one? Remember it not.

Mother.

To the young ladies who weekly read this column, we are moved by the good spirit to write a few words concerning their duties to their mothers. It may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. Would it not be a happy surprise to her if you should occasionally bid her sit down and rest while you performed the arduous duties in hand? And how a tender kiss on her mouth will cause her dear face to brighten. Anyway you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little bit of a girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure by the magic of mother's kiss, your little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in the first skirmishes with the rough old world.

And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years.

Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked.

Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.

She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened on eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.

TALL BANDIT CAUGHT.

Elusive Railroad Thief Attempts Daylight Raid in Boston.

The lone bandit who has held up half a dozen ticket offices in New York and Pennsylvania in the past two months was captured in Boston, when William J. Clayton, a young six-footer, was taken into custody after an attempted daylight robbery in the offices of the Boston and Maine railroad. The prisoner is light and boyish in appearance, looking anything but a desperado. So far the police have been able to make him talk but little. He gave the name of Clayton readily and his age as 22. He stands six feet three inches in his stocking feet and weighs 175 pounds. An entry in his diary indicates that his home is in Thorne, Nev.

Foiled by Ticket Agent.

Clayton had purchased a ticket for Pittston when suddenly he drew a revolver and pointed into the face of Cashier Geo. Hacker, ordering "hands up." Sixteen pairs of hands went up with the order, but C. E. Connelly managed to slip out the door and as Clayton began to climb over the counter Connelly was upon him.

Clayton rushed from the building and attempted to lose himself in the crowd, but his great height was against him. He was arrested in a chair in a barber shop, where he had rushed and ordered a "quick shave." He made no resistance but vehemently denied his guilt. He was identified and jailed.

A diary found in one of Clayton's pockets gave what the police believe to be a list of railroad ticket office robberies, with the amounts which each netted. The list follows:

Dec. 17, New York, Wells-Fargo, \$500; Dec. 23, Buffalo, Grand Trunk, \$327; Jan. 2, New York, Erie, \$300; Jan. 10, Philadelphia, Erie, \$300; Jan. 11, Pittsburgh, B. R. P., \$54; Jan. 14, Philadelphia, S. P., \$127. The total amount of the sums mentioned is \$1,888. The police also found \$29 in cash and more than \$1,000 in Wells-Fargo money orders in Clayton's possession.

Shark Oil is Used.

It is a known fact that some cod liver oil from the warmer fishing banks is adulterated with oil from the shark and haddock, and sold in many places for medicinal purposes. Unfortunately this fact is not known by good faith from a jobber who in turn purchased it from a dealer, etc., etc., with the ultimate result that the consumer is the real sufferer.

There is one way, however, to be absolutely sure that this popular medicinal oil is of superior undiluted quality and that is by following physicians' example and insisting on the pure, genuine Scott's Emulsion, the makers of which import their oil direct from the northern coast of Norway in sealed metal containers, and the oil is then tested to insure its purity.

Finger Stops Wedding.

Marla Pobea, of Aurora, Ill., aged 18 who was the betrothed of Flora Opra twenty-four years old, at the eleventh hour discovered a fatal bar to their wedding. The little finger on the fiancée's right hand was shorter than the one on his left hand.

IN NEED OF FUNDS.

State College Has Grown Rapidly in Recent Years.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Pennsylvania State College held at Harrisburg on Monday, President Sparks presented his report showing that there are 2,446 students enrolled in the college this year, of whom 973 are in the school of agriculture, 724 in engineering, 165 in chemistry and 98 in mining. Every county in the state is represented, with Philadelphia first, Allegheny second, Dauphin third, Centre fourth, Luzerne fifth and York sixth.

During the past 10 years the number of students has increased 400 per cent, the available state appropriation 72 per cent, and the building 28 per cent. Owing to the growth and lack of necessary funds the college has lost many valuable instructors during the year, especially in agriculture. For the same reason few new projects have been inaugurated in the experimental stations of agriculture or engineering and the extension work of every school has been hindered. No agricultural or good roads trains will be possible this year.

Owing to the critical financial condition of the institution the report will recommend asking the Legislature for \$1,800,000 for the different schools and departments, two-thirds of this sum to be applied to maintenance and one-third to new buildings.

A NOBLE WOMAN MARRIED.

Miss Helen M. Gould was married to Finley J. Shepard on Wednesday at her country home in New York. Perhaps no other bride has received so many letters, telegrams, cablegrams and gifts from so many friends as has this wonderful American woman.

For while born an heiress and inheriting one of the greatest fortunes in the world Miss Gould is the most democratic, the most modest and unselfish of women. The nation indeed is rejoiced over her marriage, for to the thousands and hundred of thousands who have been aided and made happier through her great philanthropies, her marriage comes as the crowning achievement of a life spent for humanity.

Sailors, soldiers, policemen, little cripples, railroad employees, school children and thousands of old men and women are among those who have written to Miss Gould, who to them has been a fairy god mother in times past, and in order to show their love of her, gifts—many of them humble, but inspired by love and good feeling—have been sent to her.

Wedding to Be Marked by Simplicity. Like everything else in her life from the days of her childhood when at school she wore the simplest, the least showy of frocks and wore her hair brushed smoothly back from her fine strong forehead, her wedding was characterized by extreme simplicity.

How to Avoid Poll Tax.

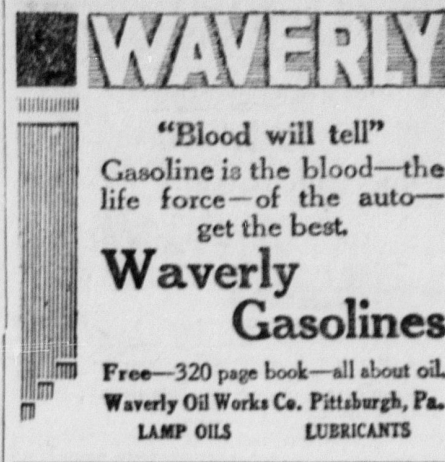
In an effort to avoid payment of a poll tax, a German taxpayer in Jersey City, who chopped down a pole in his back yard, grew "peevish" when another "poll tax" bill was sent him and nearly had a fit when he learned that "poll" did not mean "pole" to be used in hanging clothes on in a backyard.

EGGS IN WOMAN'S HOSE.

Pittsburg Lady Didn't Want to Be Seen Carrying Bundles.

Whether the high cost of living or her pride, which kept her from wishing to be seen carrying bundles on the street, induced Mrs. Anna Miller, of Pittsburg, to place three eggs and two pounds of bacon in her silk stockings is a subject of inquiry by the police of the Smoky city. She has been held under a technical charge of a suspicious person.

Mrs. Miller, who claims to be a church worker, had an unnatural step which attracted the attention of Policeman Schendel. He watched her and when she raised her skirt to step into a street car he placed her under arrest. He declared the woman's leg did not "look natural" and that is why he arrested her. Investigation by the matron at the station revealed the bacon and eggs. Mrs. Miller refuses



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to state how she came into possession of them, and it is suspected they were stolen at some market.



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As a special offer, during January and February only, we will send our new illustrated catalog of these presents FREE.

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Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be assorted with tags from HORSE SHOE, TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, and coupons from FOUR ROSES, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags of coupons issued by us.

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\$350 \$400 \$450 \$500

Mingle's Shoe Store

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OVER THE COUNTY.

William R. Jones, son of Rev. R. R. Jones, of Centre Hall, is teaching school in Benner township.

The Centre County Pomona Grange is being held in Grange Arcadia, Centre Hall, today, opening at 10 o'clock and continuing all day.

D. W. Meyers, of Boalsburg, left last week for the South to spend several months with his son, who resides in Jacksonville, Florida.

A three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Council, of Beech Creek, died on Friday last, of convulsions, and burial was made at Romola on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Sarah Payne and daughter, Mrs. Arthur White, have returned to their home in Guelph, Canada, after spending three weeks with Mrs. Payne's brother, Joseph C. Swartz, at Beech Creek.

Charles Stover, who had been located for some time past at Berea, Ohio, has gone to Jacksonville, Florida, to be employed in the postoffice. Mr. Stover is a son of Mrs. Eliza Stover of Centre Hall.

J. H. Weber, of Centre Hall, has secured the services of John C. Bailey to assist him in his coal and implement business. Mr. Bailey is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Business College of Lancaster.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haines, of near Des Moines, Iowa, are visiting Mr. Haines' mother near Woodward, and other friends in Centre county. Recently they spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Stover, in Millheim.

The auto bus owned by Victor Walker, which was recently wrecked by skidding over a steep embankment, is again making its usual trips between Rebersburg and Coburn. Mr. Walker made his first trip last week since the accident, with a rebuilt car. It was necessary to have an entirely new body built on the running gears.

H. E. Harter has finished cutting timber from the Bald Eagle mountain and has moved his mill from near the Beech Creek station to the tract of timber recently purchased by him from the estate of John Streck, deceased, in Beech Creek township. It required just about one year's time to complete the sawing of the timber on the former tract.

Prof. Samuel Bechdel and bride recently spent some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Bechdel, who reside between Howard and Albachard, returning to their home in Alabama a short time ago. Mr. Bechdel is a graduate of Pennsylvania State College, and is now holding a lucrative position under the United States Department of Agriculture.

John B. Miller and family last week moved their household goods and farm stock from their former residence in Liberty township to the property Mr. Miller purchased from Charles W. Hunter in the same township near Beech Creek. Mr. Miller intends to give up farming and devote his time to carpentering. His former farm property was purchased by Alexander Masden.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles L. Greeno, a veteran of the Seventh Penna. Vol. Cavalry, and well known to many Centre county residents, died at his winter home in St. Petersburg, Florida, on Dec. 31st, and was buried at Millford, O., Jan. 3rd. Col. Greeno, with his wife and daughter, spent several months in Europe last fall, and on his way home stopped for a short time with friends in Milesburg. He was the senior member of the C. L. Greeno Company, of Cincinnati, O., jobbers of upholstery goods.

Mrs. Joseph Brady, an elderly Beech



Anty Drudge Tells How to Be Happy

Mrs. Weary—"I read the other day that a woman could get out of many a tearful situation by the aid of a good laugh. I'd like to know what can get a woman out of the feeling of dread she has on washday. I, for one, can't laugh, and if I let myself cry as I often want to I'd only be that much longer getting done. I guess we women just have to grit our teeth and bear some things!"

Anty Drudge—"Nonsense, my dear. Women did use to have to bear things, but these days there are lots of ways to do things differently, and make the housework easy. I used to feel the way you do about washday, but now I use Fels-Naptha Soap in the Fels-Naptha way, and when I'm not laughing I'm singing."

Fels-Naptha Soap makes your work easy. How do you do your work? Do you try to find the best and easy way? Or do you have the idea that if a thing is done easily it cannot be done well? That is a mistake. Many people slight things in order to get through quickly, but many women today are doing their work the Fels-Naptha way because they have proved to themselves that it is the best.

Fels-Naptha Soap makes your work easy; does it better; is more thorough. It works sensibly—that is why it appeals to sensible women. It gets right into the dirt and dissolves it, and does this with cool or lukewarm water. There is nothing that soap and water can do that Fels-Naptha Soap and water cannot do better.

Follow the directions on the Red and Green Wrapper.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Wearing of Shoes a Crime.

Prof. K. Jefferson Richards, of Boston, champions going barefooted at all seasons as a remedy for the ailments of the human race. "It was never intended," says the learned professor, "that a well developed foot should be pinched, distorted and punished by being shut up in pieces of sewed leather."

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. 25c at C. M. Parrish, Ph., G., Bellefonte, Pa. Adv.