

# Home Circle Column

Pleasant Evening Reveries for Every Member of the Family

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; pass a friend's infirmities but not his vice. He that does a base thing in zeal for his friends, burns the golden thread that binds their hearts together.

### Looking Ahead.

In little things we must look ahead and think of the future. Perhaps the little deed of kindness, the loving word, the sweet smile, or the wrong act, idle word or angry frown, may not affect our lives nor the lives of anyone else today, but looking into the hereafter, see what the influence will be there.

It is in more subtle, and so to speak, higher affairs than these that the wisdom of looking ahead asserts itself.

When Esau, coming in weary and spiteful from the hunt, the soldier to crafty Jacob, for a mess of pottage, the birthright which belonged to the elder brother, he simply did what hosts of men have been doing ever since. He did not look ahead but acted on the moment's impulse. For a temporary pleasure, an apparent present advantage, he bartered his heaven bestowed right to dignity, consideration and manhood. And yet today, many of us, to gratify ourselves for the present, indulge in some pleasure which perhaps may be our ruin. It is done without thought for the future.

In Esau was exemplified the fatal weakness which is the besetting danger of strength. Not one of us who forgets to look ahead when accepting some compromise with conscience or venturing into some doubtful path is the least nobler or wiser than Esau. Let us look even farther, yea, beyond this transient life to the eternity beyond and, looking above in thoughtfulness and prayer, prepare ourselves for the future.

The beautiful home over there  
Where flowers eternal bloom,  
And loved ones watching a land so fair  
For others to join them soon.

Isn't it remarkable when good books and papers are so cheap that men and women read so little and neglect the minds God has given them to improve? If we would make our homes and our home life pure, happy and elevating we must seek knowledge on the various topics that are daily discussed. Too many boys and girls grow up now that by the time they have entered their teens have cultivated such a taste for trashy, im-

pure literature which is scattered broadcast over our land, that anything sold or that would improve their minds or character is considered dull and uninteresting.

It is the work of heaven to make people happy. Some of us bask in so much happiness we grow to think we have a right to happiness and when trouble comes we are in a way defrauded. There is some right and truth in the feeling, for plainly the Lord we love meant that we should be happy; and when we are not so it is the fault of those who have disobeyed the eternal order of things—sometimes, alas ourselves. Opportunities of making happiness are abundant. Kind words, encouraging words, words of commendation, thanks, little courtesies, the seat yielded, preferring one another, oh, so many little ways all of which contribute so much to the happiness of others; let us make our lives full of them and bright with them.

There are some lovely people in this great world of ours that remind us of fragrant flowers. Whenever they draw near, we are glad, but know not why. They may not possess physical beauty, or riches or marvellous intelligence, but embodiment of peace. They inspire us for they are full of inspiration of the highest order. These people are like a quiet lake beside which grow tall and beautiful plants, which, when reflected in the water, make a pleasant picture. There is no jarring, nor a ripple on the mirror-like water. The colors of earth and sky harmonize exquisitely. Birds sing a soft lullaby into their ears. The world with its din is only a sweet song. They themselves make harmony.

The true home maker is a happy combination of the "Martha" and the "Mary" sort of women, for while not "troubled about many things," she leaves none of the essential things undone, and yet, "chooses the better part," and gives to love the first best place. Her house is healthfully clean from cellar to attic, but painfully neat nowhere; she is orderly and sympathetic enough to keep the machinery running smoothly, and not so prime that anyone is afraid of incurring reproachful looks or words by misplacing a chair; and if books and papers are now and then left scattered around, one is not told of it next morning at the breakfast table. The meals are well cooked and served on time, the beds thoroughly aired every morning, and sunshine and fresh air coaxed into the farthest corner of every room.

# FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

### THE HORN OF IMPATIENCE.

For blocks around the neighbors  
Know when Pa and Ma are going out,  
An' just how long Ma takes to dress  
They know  
Each time beyond a doubt:  
An' how impatient Pa can be they know,  
For every night an' morn'  
He goes an' gets the car an' then  
He calls her on the Klaxon horn.  
At first he signals "Here I am," an'  
Sits a while in peace, an' then  
He presses that old buzzer down  
An' signals "Here I am" again.  
An' then Ma yells to one of us "For  
Goodness sake, he'll wake the town,  
Go tell him, please, to stop that  
Noise for in a minute I'll be down."  
Pa sits a little longer there in silence,  
Then  
His fingers slip  
To where the Klaxon button is, and  
gives  
The horn an awful zip;  
There never was a "Hurry Up" said  
plainer  
In the world than that  
An' Ma says: "Listen to that man!  
Here, one of you, hand me my hat!"  
By this time Pa is mad all through, as  
even  
Passers-by can tell.  
An' now the horn goes "Grr! Grr!  
Grr!"  
A sign of Pa's impatient spell,  
An' things he'd never say in speech  
An' words that he has never sworn  
He hurls at Ma when he gets sore  
By tooting that Klaxon horn.  
Pa couldn't rile Ma quite so much  
The times these short delays occur  
If he should come right out an' say  
the  
Things she knows he toots at her.  
She says she's sure that it would rile  
The sweetest woman ever born  
To have a man outside the door who's  
Swearing at her through a horn.

**What It Proved.**—A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now what does that prove?" From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

**Wet Knights.**—His ignorance of history recently shocked one of the woman friends of a young Buffalo society man. It was at a dinner party at his house and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me, Mr.—, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

**It Didn't Work.**—A clerical-looking gentleman, in the hope of obtaining a contribution, entered the office of a newspaper and, finding the editor in, began: "I am soliciting aid for a gentleman who is in need of a little ready money, but is too proud to make known his sufferings." "Why!" exclaimed the editor, "I'm the only man in town answering that description. I'm sorry to say I am not at liberty to disclose it." "It must be me, patron. Heaven prosper you in your good work," said the editor, wiping away a tear.

**Flagged the Train.**—A man once owned a fine and resourceful goat of which he was very proud. One day this goat lost caste with his master

by swallowing a red flannel shirt which was the property of his owner. Angered beyond reason the man led the goat to the railroad track, and tying the animal to the ties, left him to what he believed was certain death. The goat was opposed to capital punishment and made violent efforts to release himself from his bonds. In this he was unsuccessful, but in straining himself he produced a violent fit of coughing and he coughed up the shirt and flagged the train.

**Would Not Tell His Name.**—At Denver a few weeks ago a colored woman presented herself at a registration booth with the intention of enrolling and casting her first vote at the ensuing election. She gave her name, her address and her age; and then the clerk of registration asked the question: "What party do you affiliate with?" The woman's eyes popped out. "Does I have to answer that question?" she demanded. "That is the law," he told her "Den you jes' scratch my name often dem books." The said "Ef I got to tell him, I don't want to vote. Why, he ain't got his divorce yet!" And out she stalked.

**Should Pull Down the Shades.**—Two charming sisters who live in New York are engaged to two brothers, and, as far as New Yorkers ever interest themselves in anything, their neighbors have been interested in this dual love affair. The girls occupy the 4th floor apartment on the south side of the street, and the other day the elder sister was stopped in the street by the young scion of the family who occupies the fourth floor apartment in the house opposite. "Oh, Miss M.—," said the small boy, as he trotted along by her side, "my papa said last night that some one ought to tell you that if love is blind the neighbors are not, and that you ought to pull down your shades."

**His Experience.**—A noted evangelist was preaching the other day in an uptown church. The family who entertained him had a son who was usually fond of attending service. When his parents were ready little Charles flatly refused to go with them. "I don't want to go to church," he declared. "What's the matter?" asked the mother, much surprised. "Are you ill?" "No, but I heard Dr. H.— before, and I don't like him," confessed the child. "Oh, Charlie, that's a wicked thing to say," gasped the mother. "Tell mother why." "Well," said Charles, "he preaches so long that I can't keep awake, and he preaches so loud that I can't go to sleep."

**Good Water.**—Congressman Harrison, of Mississippi, was traveling along a country road in his district one broiling hot day in mid-summer, when he passed by a spring which bubbled forth from beneath an oak tree at the foot of a hill. An old-fashioned gourd hung on a peg in the oak; a mammoth dark-green watermelon, for all the world like a government submarine, lay almost submerged in the water, and a coal-black negro lay in the grass nearby. This combination caused Mr. Harrison's mind to revert to the days of his boyhood, and he was immediately possessed of an insatiable thirst. He dickered with the darky for half the melon, and after he had put the finishing touches on his part of it, he inquired as to the quality of the water. "Dat suttenly am good watum boss," the Senegambian replied. "It's been scandalized by foah different phenologists, an' dey foun' it contained aurora borealis, 'pendicitis, sagacity an' one other I forgits de name of boss, but it was as good as any of de others."

### OVER THE COUNTY.

J. A. Mark, seventy years old, walked from Sugar Valley to Loc Haven to get a hunter's license. It must be some hunter.

A. C. Williams, of Phillipsburg, growing in his orchard, near Phillipsburg, an apple tree full of blossoms. This is one of nature's freaks hard to explain.

A new street is being laid out at State College, back of the college woods, and the appropriate name of Royal Place has been suggested for it by Prof. C. Hildebrandt.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hildebrandt, of State College, observed their 40th anniversary, recently, at the home of their son, Albert F. Hildebrandt, who is instructor in the department of Horticulture.

Bruce Hettlinger will succeed Edward Wiser as tenant on the Jerry Snavely farm, below the Old Fort. He is now living on the Bruss farm near Centre Hall and is an energetic young farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Weaver and son, of Birdboro, are at Mr. Weaver's home near Tusseyville. Mr. Weaver is a telegraph operator on the Pennsylvania lines, and although pretty busy, likes to get back to his old home.

John Markle, who for many years lived in the old tenement house on the James Alexander farm, near Old Fort, was in Centre Hall, recently, greeting old friends. He lives in Tyrone now and is employed in the paper mill.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bressler of near Spring Mills have been entertaining Mrs. Harry Hoy of Akron, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. John Haun, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raudeback of Jersey Shore, and Mrs. Hannah Luse of Centre Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ruskin Jones visited at the Reformed parsonage in Tyrone, Pa., for a week recently. Mr. Jones is a resident of Allentown and is on the clerical force of the New Jersey Zinc Company. He is a brother of Rev. R. R. Jones, of that place.

Mrs. W. A. Magee, after spending several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huyet in Centre Hall, on Monday of last week returned to Philadelphia. In a very short time Mr. and Mrs. Magee will take up housekeeping in their own home in New Jersey, in a pretty suburban town.

William Cummings, one of the progressive young farmers in the North precinct of Potter, is just recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever which kept him on his back for about four weeks. Although not able to even direct farming operations for a time, the work was taken care of by Howard Frazer, his right hand man on the farm.

Recent local showers have moistened the ground somewhat, and the farmers are busy putting in their fall crops. Most of them will finish this week. Others are busy cutting corn that on high ground is ripe, while that on low land has not yet fully matured, but several heavy frosts have killed the stalk and it is all being harvested.

Some person or persons, presumably at present residents of State College, have been sending anonymous letters through the mails to persons connected with the college and to the college authorities. Some of the most objectionable letters have been submitted to the United States authorities and some interesting developments are being followed. It is not safe to use the mails for such purposes.

Dr. William S. Dunn, class of 1909, Penn State, and who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, department of medicine, last May, left State College, Thursday noon for New York from which port he will sail for Honolulu, where he will enter upon hospital work. The variety of the work on the island will afford him unlimited means for study and research in his profession as a medical practitioner.

Jacob Snyder, of Blanchard, is the owner of a pruned tree that, in spite of its new environment, is bearing a nice crop. Mr. Snyder received the tree from California several years ago, when it was but a mere shoot, and he planted it as an experiment in his yard. It has grown nicely, and during the past few weeks a total of one hundred and sixty-eight quarts of handsome prunes were picked from the tree, which are of a large size and freestone.

When Fred, youngest son of Levi D. Rupert, near Beech Creek, stepped up to the delivery window for the family mail, Saturday night, he received from Postmaster H. H. Fearon a very slippery package. The contents, oleomargarine, were much on the outside. The inside of the mail pouch was badly smeared and considerable mail matter in the same pouch was smeared, although the first-class mail escaped much, containing the "oleo" came in on the night mail train and was much the worse for the wear.

Harry E. Bible has become the owner of a grocery store in Huntingdon and moved from Altoona to that place last week. The Huntingdon Cash Grocery Store, including all stock, fixtures and auto truck was purchased from James E. Ford, who retired on account of ill health. Mr. Bible for several years was assistant manager of the men's furnishing department in the Gable store, Altoona, and has also had some experience in the grocery business. He was raised in Penns Valley and is quite well known in that section.

The semi-yearly installation of officers of Summit Encampment, No. 74, L. O. O. F., of State College took place Tuesday of last week. The installation officer was M. L. Altenderfer, district deputy grand patriarch of Bellefonte. The officers for the current term are: Chief patriarch, Chas. E. Musser; senior warden, Wallace Woerner; junior warden, John M. Shope; high priest, Clayton Eiters; treasurer, George Glenn; financial scribe, Harry E. Woerner; recording scribe, George B. Jackson; guide,

(Continued at bottom of next col.)

## Save Your Health

Most sicknesses that impair health have their start in quite ordinary ailments of the organs of digestion or elimination. Stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels are quickly benefited by the action of

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

### RECENT DEATHS.

**EVERHART.**—The 22-month-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Everhart, died at Altoona, Saturday evening, October 20th, following an attack of intercolitis. The body was taken to State College the following Monday, interment being made in the Branch cemetery, Rev. J. McK. Kell officiating.

**SCHRACK.**—Russell D. Schrack, a well known farmer, of Booneville, died at that place Saturday, Sept. 20th, following an operation performed on Friday morning for bowel trouble by Dr. E. P. Ball of Lock Haven. Mr. Schrack had been ill for several weeks, but his condition did not become serious until Thursday, and next day Dr. Ball was summoned and performed an operation in an effort to save his life. Deceased was aged twenty-eight years and is survived by his wife and two young children.

**LEITZEL.**—Lizzie C., wife of Percival J. Litzel, died at Belvidere, Illinois, September 20th in her sixtieth year. She was born at Spring Mills, Centre county, and in 1872 married Mr. Litzel, who with two sons and one daughter survive. She also leaves six grandchildren and two brothers. In 1877 she moved to Kansas and in 1890 to Illinois. In her early days she united with the Evangelical Lutheran church. On going west where her choice of church was not represented she joined the Methodist church and remained a faithful member for the last thirty-five years of her life. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church on Tuesday of last week, Rev. Rompel, her pastor, officiating. The services at the cemetery were conducted by Belvidere Eastern Star Chapter of which she was a member.

**FREEMAN.**—Harry E. Freeman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, and a brother of Mrs. Hugh N. Crider, of this place, died at 8 o'clock Thursday morning last, in the Mercy hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, death being caused by albuminuria. Harry Earl Freeman was born in Tyrone on June 27, 1888. After leaving school he filled a clerkship in the office of Supervisor J. D. Lovell and on account of ill health resigned on June 30, 1912, and left for the far west. After spending some time at the various points of interest he secured a position as timekeeper for one of the large mining industries at Mohrland, Utah, and later held the important position of storekeeper. He left home several weeks ago for another tour after which he expected to resume his former occupation, but sickness overtook him while visiting his uncle E. L. Carpenter in Salt Lake City, Utah, and at the hour above named death claimed him. Besides his parents, he leaves two brothers and two sisters: Charles, James C., and Mrs. Harold Biddle, all of Tyrone, and Mrs. Hugh North Crider, of Bellefonte. The remains reached Tyrone Monday and the funeral was held Tuesday afternoon. Interment at Tyrone.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

W. J. Carlin, exr. to Elmira R. Gramley, house and lot in Smulton; \$1.  
B. F. Frankenbarger to H. B. Frankenbarger, tract of land in Gregg twp.; \$4000.  
B. F. Frankenbarger to G. W. Frankenbarger, tract of land in Gregg twp.; \$2000.  
Noah W. Eby et ux to E. W. Metz, tract of land in Woodward; \$51.75.  
Emma R. Butte to Mary O. Foster, premises in State College; \$10,000.  
James Barnes exrs. to Ned Irish et al, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$4000.  
Ned Irish et al to Guy C. Irish, trustee, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$1.  
Margaret B. McDonald to Wm. T. Garrett, tract of land in State College; \$600.  
Joseph Myers heirs to Theodore D. Boal, tract of land in Harris twp.; \$1250.  
Margaret C. Gates to George W. Holt, tract of land in Howard twp.; \$125.  
Clara Mayer et al to George W. Bretton, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$1000.

**A Matter of Principle.**—A Scottish boy, and an English boy, who had been fighting, were separated by their respective mothers, the Scottish boy, although the smaller of the two, being by far the more pugnacious. "Whit garred ye fecht a big laddie like that?" asked his mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fecht him again," exclaimed the lad. "If he says Scotsmen hiv tae wear kilts because their feet are too big tae get into their trousers!"

Clark Herman; watches—first, William Kennedy; second, C. Meginney-Hood; third, Robert Edmiston; fourth, George B. Kline; inside sentry, H. Koons; outside sentry, Frank P. Knoll; guards of the tent, P. B. Meek and Michael Womer.

### Make This and Try It for Coughs

This Home-Made Remedy has no Equal for Prompt Results.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.  
This simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually conquers an ordinary cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup and bronchitis. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.  
This makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.  
Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this plan.  
Making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful mixture has never been equalled.  
A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## TO KEEP YOUTH

and beauty—to prevent wrinkles and "crow's feet" and deep black circles under the eyes—nothing is as good as

### Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

Give it a fair trial for banishing those distressing pains or drains on one's vitality. This prescription of Dr. Pierce's regulates all the womanly functions, it eradicates and destroys "Female Complaints" and weaknesses that make women miserable and old before their time. Every girl needs it before womanhood. Every mother needs it. It is an invigorating tonic for the female system. All medicine dealers have sold it with satisfaction, to customers for the past 40 years. It is now obtainable in liquid or tablet form at drug stores—or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box, to R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

**DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS**  
regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.  
Sugar coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.


He leaves home a boy--he comes back a man. Have a good photograph made of him before he goes out into the big world--before the boyish features and expression have taken on the older impress.

Don't trust to memory to recall them. Memory plays queer tricks on us all.

Make a date with your photographer to-day and spare yourself the regrets of to-morrow.

## Mallory

CRIDER'S EXCHANGE, BELLEFONTE, PA.  
The Photographer in Your Town.



QUALITY FIRST. Quality is the importance of any Stove. You will get it in a Dockash.

### OLEWINE'S HARDWARE.

HIGH STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

## A Big Bundle of Currency



Is a pretty dangerous thing to display or to be known to be about you. But a check book of the Bellefonte Trust Company is never a temptation to violence. It is of no use except to the owner. Why not carry such a check book instead of the dangerous cash. Some murdered men would still be living if they had followed that prudent plan.

### The Bellefonte Trust Company

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.