

Home Circle Column

Pleasant Evening Reveries for Every Member of the Family

The Crime Of Crimes.

Under the above heading one of the leading Illinois daily papers most truthfully says that mother love is the finest treasure life offers. But not all mothers possess it. Some are selfish, vain, cruel.

"There my day is spoiled," a young mother exclaimed one morning, when baby began to cry. And instead of cuddling the weary little one and crooning to it the soft songs which fall upon baby's nerves like a benediction, this selfish mother began to fret and to scold and to work up a temper.

She actually believed, this foolish mother did, that baby cried just for spite.

It was this same mother who, a short time before, wishing to enjoy a vacation with sailing and dancing, turned baby over to a hired nurse, and went away to the shore for a fortnight as indifferent to her duty as if baby had never been born.

There are mothers like that. Fortunately few, but enough to warrant preachments on the rights of childhood. Do you realize as you should that it is not merely the privilege but the right of a child to be petted and loved?

That the man or woman responsible for bringing a little life into the world commits treason to the race if shirking its tenderest care?

By petting, we don't mean spoiling. Children can, of course, be spoiled; and the spoiled child is an even sadder sight than the neglected or abused child. For spoiling is rarely undone, while neglect and abuse sometimes are overcome by the kindness of others.

If the good Lord has sent into your home and arms the infinite blessing of a dear little babe, don't be so silly as to imagine that the care of it is a curse. Where would you be if mother love hadn't tenderly smoothed the trials of your infancy and made you the alter of worship and sacrifice?

Providing food and shelter and clothing for any means the fulfillment of parental obligations. They are necessary, of course; but they're not the things most important. The important, the supreme thing is to give unstintingly, ungrudgingly, in complete surrender, yourself.

Unless you are ready and eager to put your heart and soul into the nurture of the little life, to bring a baby into the world is to be guilty of the crime of crimes.

A truly happy home is a little heaven on earth. It is an empire of love. Around the sacred altar of such a home cling many of the sweetest and

dearest memories of our childhood. Kindest words like love's flowers full of freshness and fragrance most fall from loving lips to make glad hearts and happy homes. Let their inmates be perfectly devoted to all that is pure in thought, tender in feeling, kind words and noble in action.

Mother, home and heaven, three sweetest names to mortal given. Millions of happy souls are basking in the golden light that is thrown around those names.

What is Home. Ask the above question to any person you chance to meet, who has wandered from home, and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be that home is a green spot in memory, a center about which the grandest recollections of his grief-oppressed heart cling with all tenderness of youth's first love. Home has an influence which is stronger than death. It is a law to our hearts and binds us with a spell which neither time nor change can break.

Not merely friends and kindred render that home so dear, but the very hills and streams throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder the grandest harps are tuned to sing of "Home Sweet Home." No songs are sweeter than those heard among the boughs that shade our parent's dwelling, when some evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled o'er us. We may wander away and mingle with the world's strife, form new associates and fancy we have forgotten the land of our birth; but as we listen perhaps to the summer breeze, the branches of other days come over the soul and fancy bears us back to the childhood days and home. We may find climes as beautiful and friends as dear, but they will not usurp the place of "Home Sweet Home."

Appreciation. I always look forward to the coming of your paper with much anticipation, as to what good thing the Home Circle will have for us this week and am never disappointed. You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of wholesome truth for all in the home—old and young. Every phase in life receives its illumination from your pen and somehow life seems a bit brighter, the atmosphere purer and hope stronger after absorbing the thoughts you present and in appreciation of all this and many other excellent features. I write these lines.

—A Western Reader

The most miserable people are the ones that make pleasure a business.

OVER THE COUNTY.

The stork visited Centre Hall recently and left heirs at the homes of Emmet Brooks and Paul Bradford.

A mass meeting was held in the Presbyterian church at State College recently to protest against the granting of liquor licenses in Centre county and especially in Bellefonte. Petitions were circulated and received a causing short discussion. J. H. Reilly, of St. Paul's M. E. church presided.

The case in which J. S. Sayers, a Penn State student, who was charged with passing forged checks on State College merchants, has been settled by the district attorney, the father of the young man having paid all claims and costs. Sayers was released from jail and went home with his father.

E. A. Carson, justice of the peace, storekeeper and farmer of Potters Mills, is something of a potato raiser and this year has a crop of eight hundred bushels in his cellar. The tubers will be sold direct to the consumer in the Lewistown district and at State College. Mr. Carson is quite a successful farmer.

One of the best crops of wheat, and probably the largest in number of bushels, in this locality, was grown by John Delaney, tenant on the Albert Spayd farm at Earleystown. The total yield was eleven hundred and sixty-two bushels, from forty-two acres, an average of almost twenty-eight bushels per acre, machine measured.

Luther D. Fye, the State College groceryman, met with an accident recently, the first since he purchased his Ford car. In attempting to alight from the machine his coat sleeve caught in some of the apparatus causing short circuit and when he started to crank the motor it backfired, with the result that Mr. Fye had his arm broken.

Mrs. B. F. Bieber and little daughter, Frances, of West Milton, visited among friends at Spring Mills, Tusseyville and Centre Hall during the week ending at Earleystown. Rev. Bieber was having the time of his life with the Georges Valley hunting party in the Seven Mountains. The party was successful in killing a deer, but the honor fell to a local hunter.

Messrs. John Fretz and Allen Potter, of Collegeville, near Philadelphia, were visitors during the past ten days at the home of J. W. Mitterling in Centre Hall. Mr. Fretz is proprietor of the Perkiomen Bridge Hotel where Mr. Mitterling holds his cattle sales, and Mr. Potter is a salesman of automobile tires. They were in the valley hunting small game and were quite successful.

Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Jones and daughter, Gladys, of Centre Hall, attended the wedding of their sons, Prof. William R. Jones, of Spring Mills, and Miss Christine M. Shumaker, which happy event took place on Thanksgiving Day at the home of the bride in Harrisburg. The young couple will make their home at Spring Mills where Prof. Jones is principal of the Gregg Township High school.

The Centre Reporter says: "H. H. Garver, son of E. S. Garver, and the junior editor of the North County (Missouri) Times, has been appointed a commercial agent with headquarters at Chicago by Secretary of Commerce Redfield. The senior Mr. Garver is a native of Potter township, and got his inspiration, mechanical, political and otherwise, in the Reporter office, way back in the early seventies when the Reporter was printed on the second floor of the meat market building, now owned by the local lodge of Odd Fellows."

Texan Hugs Bear to Death. Hood Mendel, of Alpine, Tex., and a fair sized black bear engaged in a hugging match in the Davis mountains, near Alpine, that resulted fatally to the bear and in serious injury to Mendel.

For a while it appeared that the bear would hug the hunter to death, but he finally got both arms around the animal's neck and killed it. Mendel had killed a bear in a cave and was dragging it out when the mother bear came and attacked him. He shot it and was dragging its body when the third member of the family appeared. His gun was thirty feet away, so man and bear grappled.

Constipation Poisons You. If you are constipated, your entire system is poisoned by the waste matter kept in the body—serious results often follow. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will soon get rid of constipation, headache and other troubles. See at Druggists or by mail H. E. Bucklen & Co. Phila. & St. Louis.—Adv.

Not in Sight.—A countryman named Street owned a runaway cow. As the season advanced Street was compelled to make several long pilgrimages to the country for the reprehensible animal. On one occasion the trail led on and on until Street had entered the environs of a town where a new trolley car system was installed. Just as the cow-hunter turned a corner in the outskirts, the car lumbered up and the conductor alled out: "Cedar street!" The owner of the strayed cow stopped in his tracks and bawled back at the men in blue and gold: "No, darn her, I ain't seed her; when I do it won't be good for her blamed old hide, either!"

Brilliant Lawyer.—Some years ago Daniel Lord, Jr., as he always signed his name, was counted among the most brilliant lawyers in New York city. He was arguing a case before the court of Appeals, when a visiting lawyer from Providence asked a local attorney the name of the gentleman speaking. "That," said the attorney, who was rather nettled at something Lord had done, "that, sir, is Daniel Lord, Jr., and he puts the 'junior' after his name so that he may not be taken for the Almighty."

Circumstantial Evidence.—A certain representative of Georgia says that when he was judge of his county court he was before him charged with having stolen a pair of pantaloons—they called them "britches" in Georgia. There were several witnesses, but the evidence was rather meagre and the accused was acquitted. He was told that he could go, but he remained in his seat. His lawyer, to whose successful defense he owed his liberty, hinted to him that he was free to depart, but he didn't budge. "I don't want to go," said the fellow. "And why?" asked the lawyer. "Let the witnesses go first." "Why?" "Why, sir, I've got on the 'britches' I stole."

AFTER CORN HUSKERS' BELT.

Mr. Editor: I notice in the Centre Democrat that Wm. E. Welty claims the championship for big corn huskers. I want to inform him that he will have to give up the belt as he is not entitled to it. Here is my record:

Year 1909.....1476 bushels
Year 1910.....1684 bushels
Year 1911.....1575 bushels
Year 1912.....1643 bushels
Year 1913.....1497 bushels

This was done each year in the shock. If there is anyone in Nittany valley that can beat the above record we would be glad to hear from them.

H. K. WALKER, Yarnell.
P. S.—Mr. Welty will please send the belt over by parcel post. H. K. W.

A Satisfactory Company. Manager Kelle, of Madison Theatre, Onida, N. Y., says: "The Norwood show is better than any dollar show that has played here this season." At Garman's Opera house, balance of week. Tonight, "Her only way; or the Power of Conscience." Friday night, "Dora Thorne." Saturday night at the Cavalry Post, commence 2:30 Saturday afternoon. Refined specialties between acts. Don't miss this show. 10, 20 and 30 cents.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of John W. Harter, deceased, late of Miles township. Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to the undersigned.

IDAM M. HARTER, Admrx.

W. H. Musser

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REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John G. Fields et al to George E. Rider, tract of land in Ferguson Twp.; \$250.

Wm. L. Foster et al to Wm. H. Tomhave, tract of land in State College; 1050.

Helen Rodzwill et bar to Annie Jablonsky, tract of land in Rush twp.; \$1200.

Etta Grether et bar to Wm. H. Noll, Jr., et al, tract of land in Spring twp.; \$1.

Benj. Hoberman et ux to Moses Hurwitz, tract of land in State College; \$1000.

Wm. H. Clark et al to Benj. Hoberman, tract of land in State College; \$900.

Wm. T. Speer, Jr., et al Exrs. to Mary E. Struble, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1600.

Rachel M. Van Daniker et bar to Horatio S. McClintock, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$500.

Anna E. Moore et bar to John C. Bower, tract of land in Howard twp.; \$2500.

Dr. Hobson's Ointment Heals Itchy Eczema. The constantly itching, burning sensation and other disagreeable forms of eczema, tetter, salt rheum and skin eruptions promptly cured by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Geo. W. Pritch of Mendota, Ill. says: "I purchased a box of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Have had Eczema ever since the civil war, have been treated by many doctors, none have given the benefit that one box of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment has." Every sufferer should try it. We're so positive it will help you we guarantee it or money refunded. At all Druggists or by mail 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co. Philadelphia & St. Louis.—Adv. Dec.

The Tortures of Rheumatism

are aggravated during climatic changes because the impure blood is incapable of resistance and ordinary treatment seems useless—but the fame of Scott's Emulsion for relieving rheumatism is based on logical principles and scientific facts. This oil-food promptly makes active, red, life-sustaining blood corpuscles and its body-building properties regulate the functions to expel poisonous acids.

Scott's Emulsion, with careful diet for one month, will relieve the lame muscles and stiffened joints and subdue the unbearable sharp pains when other remedies fail.

Beware of alcoholic imitations and insist on the purity of SCOTT'S. AT ALL DRUGGISTS 15-82

SCOTT & BOWNE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JUST THE THING---a Photograph. Strange I didn't think of it before. Nearly studied my head off about these gifts. And I'll get some of those dainty "Fotettes" too, they'll be nice to include with these other gifts; time is short, I know, must go this afternoon, to

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Fatal Flashes.

Fool afloat. Rocked boat. Wooden coast.

Houston Post. Ignored bells. Flagman's yell. Immortelles.

Waco News. Thin ice. Scorned advice. Paradise.

Cincinnati/Enquirer. Silly kid. Car skid. Glass lid.

Altoona Gazette. Highball "Swell". Delirium spell. Gone to.

The successful man never tells you what he is going to do next.

Perhaps babies are so expensive because the stork has such a long bill.

And many a woman has married a man to reform him—because she discovered him before the fool killer found her.

Canned Peaches.—Mrs. Shimmerpate was surprised when she visited her husband's office with a friend to find that the force included a half dozen girls, all in the "squad" class and very pretty. In the course of the conversation the friend inquired: "Did you put up much fruit this season?" With a glance about the room, Mrs. Shimmerpate replied: "Not yet, but I have made up my mind to can a few peaches."

He Was Game.—A native six feet tall in his sock and as graceful as a steer, who had lived up in the West Virginia mountains for 40 years, visited the city for the first time. After he had "taken in the town," as he termed it, he dropped in to a photographer's place and the man of pictures asked him if he wanted his photo taken. "No," answered the mountaineer, "might break yer masherben."

"No danger," said the photographer, "it has been tested; make you six for a dollar." "Now," says the photographer, "how do you want them? Full size, or bust?" "Full size, if it busts I'll pay fer the durn masherben," answered the mountaineer as he crossed his legs.

Hank's Cabbage Story.—"Naow, I mind th' time," drawled old Hank Calkins from the counter as he applied a match to the sputtering bowl of his pipe and stared at the smooth-shaven face and cropped mustache of the stranger through the smoke; "I mind th' time, three years ago come June, when I had a purty good garden, th' seed all planted in th' moon. I was grubbin' th' cabbage that day when I lost my watch—one o' th' most akreted timepieces. 'Mandy an' me muntered night all th' mornin', but next day I had to swap a calf with Deacon Vedder fer another watch. 'Wa-al, it run along till about Thanksgiving, when th' ole woman says fer me to get a head o' cabbage fer th' b'lied dinner. I brought up out'n th' cellar a big head an' some cider—' 'Yer al-

ways do when ye go down cellar,' interrupted Deacon Vedder, maliciously. 'You shut up an' let me alone! As I was a'sayin', I brought up th' head an' was cuttin' it in ha'f when my knife struck somethin' hard. Cuttin' keerful, I opened it, an' out droppin' my watch from th' center o' th' cabbage an' still a-runnin' an' only two minutes behind th' right time.' "But how in the name of time could it be running?" queried the drummer, "after being lost five months?" "Wa-al, ye see," answered Hank, "it was one o' them curly heads o' cabbage, an' th' leaves had kept growin' an' twistin' around th' steam an' windin' that watch till she was most wound tight when I picked it up, by hen!"

She frowned on him and called him Mr. Because, in fun, he merely kr. And then, in spite. The following night, The naughty Mr. kr. sr.—New York American.

It's the love of money that makes a man root for all evil. Vaccination may keep people from taking things, but it won't cure kleptomania.

Up to the time a man is 40 he rather enjoys being referred to as "The Old Man."

When a young man is dissipated and worthless the people say: "He ought to enlist in the regular army." After a man has loafed around while waiting for his ship to come in he is willing to compromise on a schooner.

Similia Similibus.—The superintendent of a lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds a few weeks after his appointment, when one of the inmates came up to him, and touching his hat, exclaimed: "We all like you better than the last one, sir." "Thank you," said the new official, pleasantly. "And may I ask why?" "Well, sir," replied the lunatic, "you see, you are more like one of us!"

Came to Stay.—Meg (five years old) was overjoyed over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor. "Oh, you don't know what we've got in our house to-day." "What is it?" "It's a new baby brother," and she waited to see the effect of her words on the neighbor. "You don't say so. Is he going to stay?" "I guess so," very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."

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