

The Centre Democrat

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

WALKER BROTHERS, Proprietors
A. C. DERR, Editor
PAUL M. DUBBS, Associate Editor
CECIL A. WALKER, Business Manager

ISSUED WEEKLY EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
Entered in the Postoffice at Bellefonte, Pa., as Second-class Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.50 per year... if paid in advance
\$2.00 per year... if not paid in advance

The date your subscription expires is plainly printed on the label bearing your name. All credits are given by a change on the date of the label first date of each month.

Legal notices marked (\*) are advertisements for the per line each issue. Subscribers changing postoffice address, and not notifying us, are liable for same.

CIRCULATION OVER 7,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

Member American Press Association
National Editorial Association

Sunday School Lesson

JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

International Sunday School Lesson
for October 1, 1944

GOLDEN TEXT: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

Lesson Text: John 9: 1-7; 13, 34-40.

For the remaining three months of 1944, we are to have a series of lessons, entitled, "Light From Christ on Life Today." It should be interesting as well as helpful in these troubled days.

As a basis for our lesson for this week, we have the incident of the healing of the man who was blind from birth. As Jesus and his disciples passed by, the disciples saw a man who had been blind from his birth and they asked Jesus whether his blindness was caused by his parents or his own sins.

While we know that sin causes suffering, the all suffering is caused by sin. The disciples' unsympathetic query was quietly denied by the Master, when he said, "Neither did this man sin, nor his parents, and then he added, "But that the works of God should be manifest in him." The blind man was not blind in order that a spectacular miracle might be wrought, but being blind, upon him Jesus would use his divine power to restore his sight.

ing him, he endeavored to draw out his faith. Did he believe on the Son of God, Jesus asked him. The man did not understand the title, but when Jesus claimed it as his own, the man exclaimed, "Lord, I believe," and worshipped him. The blind man had received not only seeing eyes, but inner spiritual vision as well.

Scholars say that if the sun were suddenly blotted out, in not more than seventy-two hours there would not be a sign of vegetable and animal life on the face of the globe. The floating ocean in the air above us would come down in blinding snowdrifts, rivers, lakes and seas would turn to solid ice; the temperature of the whole atmosphere would drop 200 degrees below the freezing point and, therefore, life would be utterly impossible.

Frederick P. Shannon, in The Un-Changed Universe, continues: "Now, as the sun creates all physical life, our Lord creates all spiritual life. I am the bread of life—he is the soul's nourishment; I am the water of life—he is the soul's perpetual cleanser; I am the light of life—he is the soul's illuminator; I am the light of the world—he is humanity's germinating power."

S. Baring Gould declares: "Christ Jesus is the Sun, the Light of the World. It is he who gives health to the heart, and fills the soul with that peace which passeth man's understanding, but there are a good number who, in their wisdom, think we can do without him. They shut themselves in and shut him out. They cannot see Jesus, the Light of the World; therefore they live in a dark night." "Master," said the Maharajah ("Indian king"), "what is the true light of man?" The Saint quietly said, "The sun is the light of man." "Master, when the sun sets, what is the light of man?" "The moon," said the Saint. "And when the moon grows dim, what then is the light of man?" "The stars," said the Holy Man. "And when the stars fade out in the dark night, what is the light of man?" "Then," said the Saint, "the soul is the light of man." That was a fine and beautiful answer. It is really what the Bible says. It says, "The Soul of man is his candle." "The light in the soul is the light of man." It is a reflection of the light of God.—Hugh T. Kerr. How bright is your light?

BLANCHARD

News of the first war casualty in the immediate vicinity of Blanchard was received last week by Mr. and Mrs. Foster Schenck. It was reported to them that their son, Donald, of State College, had been killed in action in France on August 26.

James Gardner and infant daughter returned from the Lock Haven hospital on Friday and is recuperating in the home of her parents. Mrs. Lucille Dietz and children of Lock Haven, were Sunday guests in town. They visited their various relatives here.

Walter Williams of the U. S. Navy was again home on leave. He and his wife visited at the John Williams home over the weekend. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Spangler and daughter entertained Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Albert of Middleburg, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Albert and daughter Carol of Beavertown, Sunday. Mrs. Foster Schenck, driver of the school bus taking pupils to Lock Haven High School, was taken suddenly ill on Friday and rushed to the Lock Haven Hospital. He was able to return home on Sunday and resumed his duties on Monday. Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Shope of the Baptist church, will attend the Centre Baptist Association at Hollidaysburg on Sept. 28 and 29.

Every citizen of Bellefonte can help the war effort by saving waste paper. The organization to gather the scrap paper is not working for experience.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666 Cold Preparations as directed.

J. W. Brungart Relates Early Years

(Continued from page one)

elderly people was created in me that lasted through all my life. Another recollection while residing there, was the great Johnstown flood, which was at its height June 1, 1889, and which I believe brought about the greatest change affecting the economic life of the people of Brush Valley. I now refer to Elk Creek, which had nothing to do with the flood at Johnstown. The dams that were swept away were first, Haugh's, then Wolfert's, then Walker's, and last, Joseph Meyers'. They are all a past memory now, as well as the once thriving grist and flour and sawmills.

I attended school known as Grammeys school. My teachers were J. C. Morris, Guernsey Webber, W. H. Klepper, Henry Gilbert, T. A. Auman and brother, E. M. Brungart. In 1893 my father purchased the farm where we formerly lived, and we moved back to the old homestead. On the eleventh of April, 1893, we had a tremendous snow, covering the ground to a depth of 36 inches. Here again in new surroundings, many things of daily routine to young life happened, and I was good and bad just like the rest of the boys of the community. I attended school at Brungart's. My teachers were Forrest Emerick, brother Herbert Brungart and J. H. DeLong. That completed my school education, but from there on I took the matter in my own hands. Just the same, those one room township schools have nothing to be ashamed of. And comparing the schools of then and today as far as education is concerned, well, I would like to take a crack at it, but I cannot at this time. Now I am about full grown and ready to go on my own.

In 1894 I had \$18 saved up, and with two companions, Samuel Wise and Herbert Yearrick, we left for Bellevue, Ohio. I secured employment from Adam Jordan at \$16 per month, on a large truck farm. We had 25 acres in cabbage, raised 2400 bushels of potatoes, besides berries, watermelons, peaches and poultry, which we dressed and shipped to New York. In February, 1899, I went to Hiawatha, Kansas. Was employed on a large wheat, corn and stock farm. There I received \$20 per month. With trained cattle ponies, we rode around on the prairie many times in blinding blizzards, riding up on cattle, bringing in little dogs and weak cattle; husking corn in sunshine, rain and snow, and sleeping sometimes in sheds at 25 and 30 degrees below zero, with snow blowing over my face. But I was strong and in good health and did not mind it a bit. I did not get to a town for five months. Travel on the prairie was next to impossible at certain times of the year. I remember one trip to Nebraska, when we bogged down. We crawled off the wagon in two feet of water, got the horses on solid ground, pulled about 100 feet of wire off the fence. With the wire attached to the wagon, I longed to get again on solid ground. By the end of the day we again reached home and happy.

Late in the same year I returned to Pittsburgh and suburbs, where I worked in the steel mills and pipe mills. In 1900 I was turkey in the Centre county jail while Uncle C. Brungart was sheriff. Then I went to Williamsport and started to learn the painting trade. While home on a visit, I met Mrs. Sue Bortner, who visited her former home and remaining relatives. She lived for many years at Glen Rock. She was a stranger to me, but I tasted that I come along to Glen Rock. She said she would get me a place to board and assured me a job and besides, she assured me that there were plenty of girls there. I told her the work was all right, but as for the girls, it was the least of my troubles because I had no money to get married direct. I was a little later I went to Glen Rock, got a job at the Cosmo Carriage factory, just starting operation. I got \$3 per week and paid \$3 per week room and board. I liked the work and the wages were considered good, and the girls were like they still are, slaking their victim. But I could not get along with the superintendent, so I returned to the Pittsburgh area, worked in the car shops and various jobs.

Then again I returned to York, Pa., worked at the Pennsylvania Agricultural works, and at the same time conceived the idea of writing visiting cards on the way back. The best I made was \$6.25 in 9 hours and that meant slinging ink. That was in 1901. Getting back to those females that are bent on getting their man, while working at York I left myself persuaded to nose around in Glen Rock once every two weeks, and like a fly in a spider web, I gradually realized I might as well surrender and take my medicine. So during teachers' institute week this young lady by the name of Bertha V. Die was boarding. So things went from bad to worse, and we took a walk to Penn Park—that was before automobiles were a family necessity, or at least before they were used for spicing. So after walking around for a while we sat down on a park bench. While sitting there I was absent-mindedly staring into space and many things were passing through my mind. So she, in a sympathetic way, looked at me and said, "Say something to me," and I, off my guard, said "will you marry me?" and she replied "of course I will!" Then I again sat staring into space, and she said, "speak to me some more," and I replied, "Young lady, don't you realize that I have talked too much already?"

Well, that was forty-one years ago December 23, 1943. We started housekeeping in York and lived there until 1904, at which time my father-in-law, Mr. U. S. Die, started to build and organize the Die Furniture Co., of which I then became a member of the firm. In 1908 I sold my interest in the company and moved to Smiltown, where we bought a home. I say we, because ever since we were married our home and all our financial affairs were a 50-50 partnership and will always remain so. At Smiltown I had a well equipped wood-working shop.

Query & Answer Column

M. T. E.—When were the first minstrel shows given?
Ans.—This American form of entertainment began in 1928 when Thomas D. Rice sang the "Jim Crow" song of a Negro stage driver in blackface at Pittsburgh. Soon imitators sprang up all over the United States.

B. C. B.—What was Harold Bell Wright's first book?
Ans.—His first book was "That Printer of Odells," published in 1903. It was written in installments to read to his congregation while the author was serving the church in Pittsburgh, Kans.

P. W.—How many times has the Liberty Bell been heard so far this year?
Ans.—The Liberty Bell was tapped on January 18, 1944, at the opening of the Fourth War Loan Drive. It was also sounded on D-Day, June 6, 1944.

N. P. L.—What is the source of the saying "square men"?
Ans.—It occurs in English literature as early as 1611 and was used by Beaumont and Fletcher in 1616. While the exact origin of the term is not known, it is believed to be based on the thought that anything square is solid or steady.

B. N. P.—Has the United States recognized the new government of Ecuador?
Ans.—The government of Ecuador, now organized under Dr. Jose Maria Valado Ibarra, was recognized by the United States on June 6, 1944.

A. C. T.—What is the oldest lock canal in the world?
Ans.—The Imperial Canal in China, a thousand miles long, is the oldest canal with locks in the world.

T. F.—Who administers the oath of office to the Vice-President?
Ans.—Ordinarily, this is done by the retiring Vice-President. If there is none, the oath is administered by the president pro tempore of the Senate.

D. D. J.—Where is the golden spike that was used in the ceremony at the completion of the first transcontinental railroad?
Ans.—The golden spike is kept in the Wells Fargo Bank vault in San Francisco, for Stanford University. An exact replica is on view to the public in the university's museum of fine arts.

S. E. C.—Is there such a thing as a flying snake?
Ans.—The Chrysopeia ornata of India and Malaya is famous as the flying snake because of its ability to glide to a limited extent. To accomplish this feat the body is held straight and rigid, the ribs pushed outward to their full extent and the belly drawn in so that a considerable concave surface is produced which checks the fall of the animal and enables it, in an emergency, to descend with safety from a considerable height.

G. V.—Why did not Thomas Jefferson take part in the numerous political debates of his time?
Ans.—Jefferson disliked such contests and had a poor voice. He preferred to spend his energy in writing rather than speaking. Some 18,000 letters will be included in the compilation of Jefferson's writings now under way.

B. B.—What is a session of Congress?
Ans.—The term generally means that both Senate and House are in session, i. e., meeting for the transaction of business. The length of a session varies, some having run 300 or more days.

M. E. R.—What is known as "the smile of Reims"?
Ans.—At the west portal of Reims Cathedral, the archangel Gabriel is found smiling, bringing in little dogs and weak cattle; husking corn in sunshine, rain and snow, and sleeping sometimes in sheds at 25 and 30 degrees below zero, with snow blowing over my face. But I was strong and in good health and did not mind it a bit. I did not get to a town for five months. Travel on the prairie was next to impossible at certain times of the year. I remember one trip to Nebraska, when we bogged down. We crawled off the wagon in two feet of water, got the horses on solid ground, pulled about 100 feet of wire off the fence. With the wire attached to the wagon, I longed to get again on solid ground. By the end of the day we again reached home and happy.

O. B. D.—Did Ireland refuse to enter the first World War?
Ans.—Ireland as a nation did not refuse to take part in the war, and many citations for gallantry were made to Irish troops. The Irish Free State did oppose conscription and this was not endorsed in the Irish Free State.

did carpenter work, helped to organize the Smiltown Water Co., and also started in the plumbing business. In October, 1910, we sold out, and with a number of other families moved to Stowell, Texas. I continued the carpenter trade, and later moved to Port Bolivar, Texas, and Galveston, where, besides the carpenter trade I joined the International Longshoremen, and also did a good bit of house and sign painting. I helped to load millions of feet of lumber for Germany and other countries in preparation for World War I. We loaded and unloaded ships to and from all parts of the world. Here we were very happy, likewise our daughter and our son. They had the best time of their life, and we were prospering.

Then on August 17, 1915, came the most disastrous hurricane of which there is any record. It started Sunday evening and lasted until Tuesday, 48 hours. Railroads, homes and everything was wiped out. The railroad was never rebuilt. For a distance of thirty miles in any direction we were surrounded by water and dashing waves. We could not step on dry ground. The barometer broke at a velocity of 123 miles per hour. There was lots of work now, but many had no means left with which to rebuild. In November, 1915, we loaded our belongings on the steamship San Jacinto, and topped off at Key West, Florida, and then on to New York. From New York we went to Lewisburg, Union county, where I was employed in a chair factory. Later we again moved to Glen Rock and I again purchased a share in the Die Furniture Co., and bought a home where we still reside. My interest in the Die Furniture Co. and secured a position with the Enterprise Furniture Co. In 1928 I secured employment with P. S. and C. F. Sechrist, helped to build from foundation to completion what is known as Sechrist's Garage.

It is now 1944 and I am still employed at Sechrist's Garage and Glen Theatre. Now I would like to retire from work and enjoy a few years of leisure and do the things I have often wanted to do. This bit of information that I have put down in writing might seem foolish and silly and self praise. Well, such is not the case. I am not ashamed of my life and could have done some things better and avoided many mistakes if some one only would have given me the benefit of confidential experience and advice. Some people would not have the public know of their life's journey for anything. Others live and die with very few people knowing of the good things they have accomplished. The mistakes that are made need not be published, they travel far and wide on their own power, something like perpetual motion.

Now this story would not be complete if I omitted two things, religion and politics. First, religion is just what you believe. Second, politics is one of the most obnoxious rackets in this country today, and unless it is checked or stopped it will lead to revolution and the complete destruction of our American form of representative government. There is a cure for everything, and I could draw any pay in any office where the pay, salary or wages is derived directly or indirectly from money collected by taxation. Any person drawing pay from tax collected money would have to be elected by direct vote of the people, from the President on down to secretary and street sweeper. Every national, federal, state, county, city, borough and township office-holder would have to be elected by direct vote in each district where such person is in office, and amount of salary paid available to public inspection. No more political plans for votes at taxpayers' expense. Think it over American citizens.

JULIAN

There will be preaching in the United Brethren church Sunday evening, Oct. 1, by the new minister, Rev. A. D. Thompson, of the Port Matilda charge.

Those who called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Williams the past week were Mrs. James Andrews and daughter, Mrs. John Flack and son, Eugene Phillipsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Markle and daughters, Carol, Nancy and Sallie Ann, of Pleasant Gap, Mrs. W. C. Shoemaker and daughter Eleanor, Mrs. R. S. Arts and daughters Shirley and Nancy, of Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Altona Nearhood and daughter Ann of Tyrone, visited at the home of their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin E. Williams of this place.

Pvt. William Weller of Fort McClain, Ala., is spending a ten-day furlough with his wife and family at his home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walk attended the funeral of Mrs. Walk's aunt, Mrs. Grace Richards, at the crossroads near Warriors Mark.

Mrs. Mary Fulgar and daughter, Patty Ann, and Mrs. Fulgar's mother-in-law of Mill Hill, is spending the weekend at the former's mother, Mrs. Nora Breon.

Mrs. Thomas Turner and little son John Frederick, who for the past three weeks has been with her mother in Altoona, returned to her home in Julian.

Miley Green's daughter and two sons of Tyrone, spent Sunday last with her father at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Richards.

Mrs. Etta Holt is ill at this writing. We hope for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Hazel Dando and mother, Mrs. Marcella Beah, spent one day last week in Phillipsburg. There is a mild case of scarlet fever in our town, the child afflicted with the malady being Darl Weller, second son of Joseph Weller.

The economic experts are divided in their predictions as to the post-war economic situation; they don't know whether we are to have a boom or a blow-up.

Narrator Tells of Capt. John Smith

(Continued from page one)

"It was published in the column in one of the articles on Ed Meadows, how a woman in Doubling Gap would hang out her red petticoat that the coat was clear, and he would come out of his cave near the sulphur spring. Other times he had to stay in because the troopers were about."

"Lewis robbed a drover in the gap and escaped in the direction of Perry county. They organized a posse at Elliottsburg, and called on all to run down and capture the insolent marauder."

"In the crowd were several sheep-like looking strangers who were interrupted to enlist. One of them with an innocent face volunteered if they would furnish him a horse, saddle and pistols."

"I want to help rid Perry county of this monster of iniquity," he stated modestly.

"He was given a mount and saddle and bridle and a brace of silver mounted horse pistols. The pistols were probably the ones he left with Daily Saury, his last love in Penn's Valley, Centre county, when he went to his death in the wheat field on the Drywood branch."

"The stranger was a bold rider at first, but gradually lagged behind as night came on. Then the sheriff missed him altogether, and the hunt shifted to find the stranger that went off with a horse, bridle, saddle, a brace of pistols, and 20 rounds of ammunition. Of course it was Lewis, and they found his tracks leading back to Doubling Gap, but he had too much of a start and escaped to Cumberland county."

"Cap' Smith used to like to tell of the 'Skeedaddler's' camp where copperheads, deserters, and conscientious objectors, found their cause during the Civil War and entrenched themselves."

"I am not too sure where the fort stood, whether across the line in Juniata county. I will leave that to my young historical friend, Mary Schlegel of Thompston, Pa. Say, that town's never been the same since Doc Erb, late of Altoona, passed on. The fort may have been in Perry. Guess H. H. Hain could tell. They were going to drag cannons from Boiling Springs and blast them out, only Lee surrendered, and the thing was dropped."

"Old Mr. Busler has told of a similar 'wiper's' nest up in Centre county in 1861-1865. When I think of how our boys suffered at Valley Forge, such traifers burn me up. I can't keep from repeating Major W. C. Murdock's fine patriotic poem. Here it is:

"When Washington upon his knees
Knelt under Valley Forge's trees,
And prayed for strength to see
him through,
He bared his breast to him who knew
The justice of the cause he led,
The sufferings of his men who bled
That liberty might stand again
And be the goal of patriots' aim.
Those wooded hills and sloping dells
Saw the noblest tale that history tells,
Our country's first gettisemane,
The real birthplace of liberty.
Washington's prayers were answered there
Liberty's cause threw off despair
And thence emerged that patriot band
That brought freedom to all our land."

DAIRY BARNS NEED PROPER VENTILATION

Many dairy farmers should be planning to improve the ventilation of their dairy barns and stables if they wish to maintain healthy herds and produce milk with a clean flavor. County Agent R. C. Blaney points out. He has plans for installing a system of ventilation that takes moisture out of the barn, keeps air sweet and clean, avoids drafts on the cows, and keeps the temperature above freezing. The digestive process of dairy cattle produces considerable heat, which causes a cow to ooze enough moisture through the skin and lungs to cover her stall floor with water about three-sixteenths of an inch deep in one day. When the barn is poorly ventilated, stable air becomes saturated with moisture, and the lack of evaporation raises body temperature. Under these conditions cows refuse to eat well. In poorly ventilated barns, moisture condenses on walls, ceilings and around hay stacks, causing rotting of barn timbers and feed spoilage. Air laden with barn odors often gives the milk a characteristic smell. A properly planned ventilation system changes the air every few minutes, removing moisture-laden air before it cools and condenses. The air is removed near the barn floor, so that warm air near the ceiling is retained, keeping the barn from getting too cold. The absence of drafts aids in keeping dairy cattle healthy. There are plans available at the Agricultural Extension office in Bellefonte for installing a good system of ventilation for any dairy barn or stable. It provides a series of intake openings without causing drafts and outlet flue that will help keep cows at a temperature which is healthful for them in winter.

One year farming is a blight upon any country; real agriculture depends upon men and women who farm for the generation to which they belong and a little bit beyond their time.

Random Items
(Continued from page one)
really works at the hobby. He has made a total of nine tiny gasoline engines for model planes, including a two-cylinder job which he designed and manufactured himself. Not content with assembling airplane kits on the market, he drew his own plans for a six-foot plane and made the craft. But the engine are the real job. Tiny cylinders, crankshafts, bearings, valves, carburetors, timing devices and other parts all are machined to cigarette paper exactness, and the engine run with amazing speed and power.

JOURNALISM:
President Roosevelt's speech, Saturday night, may go down in history as one of the most important ones in his career. And yet the Philadelphia Inquirer, Sunday, failed to carry a line about the address. Or did we miss it even after combing through the paper?

About three years from now some adjective-slingers will tell us how the war was won by a man and in a way that none of us suspect and none of us will believe.

Land inflation is threatened, according to real estate experts, but it can't bite a man who doesn't buy land.

Constipation
Luebert's Laxative Tablets
are a purely vegetable combination of drugs which generally give prompt relief. They have been very effective for Asthma, Rheumatism, Hay Fever, etc. as well as a laxative or cathartic. Take according to simple precautionary directions. Write for a box at 100 Broadway or by mail, A. G. Luebert, P.O., Coatsville, Pa.

W. M. B. Rankin Agency
Mary M. Rankin, Agent.
COMPLETE INSURANCE SERVICE
Crider's Exchange Building
Bellefonte, Pa.

THE OFFICE CAT
"A Little Nonsense Now and Then, Is Relished by the Wisest Men"

Modesty
When every pool in Eden was a mirror
That unto Eve her dainty charms proclaimed;
She went undressed without a single hair
Or thought that she had need to be ashamed.
'Twas only when she'd eaten of the apple,
That she became inclined to be a prude
And found that ever more she'd have to grapple
With the much debated problem of the nude.
Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and all her money to her clothes
And that was the beginning of convention
And modesty as well, so I suppose.
Reactions come about in fashions recent;
Now girls conceal so little from the men,
'Twould seem that in the name of all that's decent
Some one ought to pass the apple 'round again!

Naughty, Naughty
On the campus of a leading university stands the statue of a famous man. In a scholar's robe and his head bared to the cold and the heat the great man looks down on the thousands of students who pass every day. On the steps leading up to the figure, students have often paused to rest and chat.
Two very lovely young ladies laid down their books and sat down on the marble steps. One of them surveying the bronze figure remarked to her friend:
"I wonder if that statue is hollow?"
"I don't know. I suspect that it's solid."

"I'm going to see," she said, whereupon she leaned toward the statue and put her hand out to feel up under the robe which hung above the great boots. She burned a beautiful crimson when some youth passed by just then with a waving finger and said:
"Ah, ah, sister, Naughty, naughty."

Slangy and Literal
An American soldier walking in a London fog heard another pedestrian approach and said, "I'm lost. Can you tell me where I'm going?"
"Into the river," was the reply. "I've just come out of it."

Little Mary Lou had partaken of just about four too many lollypops the day before. "Mummy," she said on arising, "I had a beautiful dream last night—all in technicolor."

Under the Bed
The scene was a lady's boudoir, where a quaint old maid held sway. Preparing to retire at the close of a lonely day. She cautiously stole to the window and carefully drew the blind. Then she naively went to the dresser and sternly peered behind. And she tip-toed across to the closet and gazed so carefully there; Then to her bed she wandered and underneath it to stare. HORRORS! A MAN! Indeedly, under her bed she found. Her eyes shot out of their sockets and her heart took a fearsome bound. Then she seized a gun from her dresser and leveled it at the thug. "Come out, you beast," she chortled, "or sure as snootin' I'll plug. The miscreant stole from his hiding and manfully crawled into view. "Have mercy!" he wailed. "Oh what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to call up the parson," the old maid cried with delight. "I've captured a man, and I'll keep him, for this is my wedding night. I've waited for years for a romance and now it has come to a dead; And you are gonna be married, or else you're gonna be dead!"

Belly Laugh
Susie and Sally, two-year-old twins, were playing in the back yard, attired only in abbreviated sun-suits. Susie, unseen, closely watched, had a habit of slipping out of her clothes and scampering away with the nonchalant ease of a hardened nudist. On this particular occasion, after a period of unusual calm, came Sally's shrill cry, "Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Mamma! Susie's going bye-bye in her belly!"

A certain young lady that I know
Was as shapely as Venus de Milo;
But she drank so of beer
Great goblets of beer
Now her waistline resembles a kilo.

And Without Points!
A family living in an apartment house in the suburbs of a large city had a cat to which they were very much attached. One day the cat got sick and finally died. As there was no rear yard to their home in which to bury the cat, father was forced to wrap the body up in a newspaper and take it with him, being carefully reminded by mother to toss the bundle from the train window when enroute to his work. Father placed his bundle upon the baggage rack over his seat, but struck up a conversation with a fellow commuter and forgot to toss the bundle out the window. He took the package on to his office, thinking that he would dispose of it on his way home that evening. But again he got to talking to someone on the train, forgot about the cat, and still had the bundle under his arm when he arrived home. His wife scolded him about it and father promised to take care of the matter the next day. But once more his memory failed him. When for the third time he arrived home still carrying the bundle, poor mother became quite angry.

"You've got to dispose of that cat right now," said she. "Put it in the furnace right now as the superintendent is seldom there at this hour."

Well, father decided perhaps he'd better take it to the basement and put it in the furnace, but as he lifted the bundle from a table it fell open, and lo and behold, there was—a boiled ham!

That's all, folks. In these days of rationing, the women gas about beef and the men beef about gas. —SCAT—

HOLTS HOLLOW
Don't forget Communion services next Sunday. We're hoping for a good attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Johnson and Mr. Brooks of State College, were weekend visitors at the Ida Johnson home, and also called on the Fetzer girls. We were sorry to hear of serviceman Harry Johnson being wounded in France, and hope for him a speedy recovery. Mrs. Orvis Watson and children were dinner guests with Mrs. Orvis Scholl at Moore Run, Friday in honor of the latter's birthday anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McKinley and children of Bellefonte, spent Sunday at the Lee Johnson home. Mr. and Mrs. Orvis Watson and family, Gertrude and Arvilla Peter and Mrs. Bert Kessling were Sunday guests at the Roy Shesley home near State College. Harvest Home services will be held Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

Land inflation is threatened, according to real estate experts, but it can't bite a man who doesn't buy land.