

### Bellefonte, Pa., August 26, 1910.

#### Is IT WORTH WHILE?

kept at work.

"Ah, this way!"

his shirt.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

his heart.

looked away, faint and sick.

ny feet and faced about.

Is it worth while to see youth's visions fade, High hopes and great ambitions droop and die To see the friends we trusted pass us by And love itself prove powerless or afraid? Is it worth while to live when steps grow slow, And frost shows white upon the soft, bright

hair. While the swift, unseen life tides onward bea Our barks to havens which we may not know?

Ah, yes-while still one hand holds fast your own In love or friendship through the flying years, While day and night harmonious chords intone, And roses bloom when happy June appears. While to the snows the pines refuse to bend,

Life is well worth the living-to the end. Ninette M. Lewater

## THE EDGE OF THE DARK.

The big framed man who opened the door of the old house eyed my sketching kit and modest bag of clothes with a look that was vaguely distrustful, even before I had ventured to ask him for a few days board and lodging.

"Will you have the goodness," he demanded, all in a breath, but with the mildest intonation, "to tell a sufferin' soul who the never-mind-the-names fool was who gave you to understand I kept a spare-the-details summer hotel?'

I explained that I was an artist and was very eager to do some sketching on was very eager to do some sketching on his land, but, because the village was a long five miles off, would find it hard to go and come every day. And I added an offer for board which was large enough to tempt any landlord in New England. "Come in," he said, enlarging the open-ing of the door. "But he so very kind as

ing of the door. "But be so very kind as to remember that your stay under my all-sorts-of-bad-names roof ends as soon as the why-speak-of-it clock strikes twelve on Friday proximo.

"All right, Mr.—" "Brace is my name," he said quickly. "An uncommon kind o' man, too. Different from the hull unfit-to-be-mentioned rest of mankind, I be! But come in 'n' choose where you'll sleep, if you have the habit."

So I closed with him, and a couple of hours later, after I had pitched my easel and umbrella down by the little river, near the soft gray willows, I could have sung from sheer happiness. My work went smoothly and effectively, and the afternoon spent in prospecting for other bits and corners of landscape I could use was delightful.

his hands at his sides. But from the moment I returned to the manded of me. house for supper the face of things altered. I was beset with a curious restlesscould manage. ness, which went far to spoil what otherwlse had been a perfect day. Did you an' I heard the laughin'." "The laughing?" He might tell his story in a minute more, I thought. ever amuse yourself by fancying that your shadow was alive-a friendly companion who shared your good times! That is all very well, but unfortunately the shadow sometimes becomes a haunting bogey. Well, hardly had I come back to Brace's house before I became conscious that this latter sort of shadow thing was near me every moment. And. what was worse, I never saw it. During supper I could feel a burning pair of eyes on me. Later, I was sure that somebody or something was looking in at the key-hole of my little bedroom; and when I tore open the door to catch him, I could

all set down; all the thing needed was to be "pulled together," when suddenly, right in the midst of my good time, I heard somebody open and shut the door the balance idly enough asked what was in it. "In that bottle?" And he studied it as behind me. I supposed it was Brace, and

"Hello!" I cried. "Come and have a But when no answer came I sprang to

"For the cat?"

It was not Brace. It was a giant of a boy that stood there, filthy and terrible to look at, with his mat of clotted hair "And the kittens," he added, solemnly. and torn clothes, the gray dirt on his feet and face. But the worst thing about him Blank silence again, I listening to the In a second the chair was in splinters. Strong, telegraph operator, on the Cleve-noise of the rain and wishing I was home, He tore it apart and smashed it as I land & Pittsburg division of the Pennsyl-Brace sitting with his eyes fastened on might a paper box, then kicked the pieces vania lines. He has been attending the was not his empty yet cunning madman's eye, but the fact that he stole along by the door, the two of us talking about aside in an excess of ferocity, as if he the wall with his enormous hands crock-ed and outstretched, as though ready to tear or squeeze. In the depths of utter boredom by a making a sudden snatch at me across the tear or squeeze.

'Stand back?" I yelled, catching up my short tap on the door. Rap, rap, rap, it went, and then twice again

stool. I tell you my stock of courage was bankrupt, all right. "Clear out!" "Why did you look round?" he com-plained, whiningly, dropping his ugly hands. "They always look round too soon—all chickens. But some day," he "Leave the room!" said Brace to me, curtly. But the next second he cried: "Stay here. I'd rather you did." Rap, rap, rap, and then two more of went on in that uncanny croon of his-

The rain was roaring on the roof. Brace sat perfectly still. Only his hand For his restless eye had caught sight For his restiess eye had caught sight traveled to his coat pocket, and I distinct-of a hen which had strayed into the cow-shed and was now jerking and picking ly heard the click of a revolver being state watched my grisily opponent's every mo-shed and was now jerking and picking ly heard the click of a revolver being tion; but instead I leaned forward again education. With the awards for 1910 the average of the Thomp-"Would you mind openin' the door?" recklessly, and snatched up my sketch-he asked, blandly. "You're next to it. book from the table. By sheer good luck son scholarship fund receiving a college education. This number will be mainand went to stalking her. It sounds silly enough when I tell it, but, by Heaven! It's probably the man from Clinton way it was wicked to see until with a horrid about the bull." yell he pounced upon his prey. Then I |

ooked away, faint and sick. He came back, rubbing his hands on door. Even in the darkness I could see some pictures! There was a dreadful pause of doubt. "I'm good," he announced, dropping looking chap, with little earrings, and he dropped his horrible hands and gave a

down by my easel. "Make another bossy was asking if this was where Meestare picture. I like pictures. I saw you make Brace lived. grin that was not ugly at least. them outdoors, chicken. But you were always looking round, so's I couldn't get At my answer he sighed happily, and disdaining the very thought. "You make his teeth flashed in the widest of smiles. bossy pictures."

you. Make a picture now?" "I come-a so far to-a Never did I do anything quite so quick- the visitor, plaintively. "I come-a so far to-a see heem!" said ly as picking up my palette and brushes. And nobody knows what kind Providence "Let hlm in!" came from Brace at that moment, and the stranger passed me, drawing from his pocket a letter address-ed but not stamped. There was scrawled on it a rude drawing of a skull and cross-bones. "Let hlm in!" came from Brace at that inspired me to paint a silk hat on my splendid bull's head, and a red tie round

unholy laughter. "Ho, ho!" he bellowed. "Ho, ho, ho!" I responded, till the sta-ble resounded, and the big bull scram-bled to his feet with a snort. Understanding of the cock-my fancy I conjured up a picture of the interview between the two men-between the two nours by the clock I sat drawing and drawing cattle-dancing, drinking, standing on their heads, anything!--while all that time the maniac stood behind me in absolute silence save for his reci-the two nours by the clock I sat drawing and drawing cattle-dancing, drinking, standing on their heads, anything!--while in absolute silence save for his recihis mighty neck; but that is what I did,

the cruel mate of the Sagamore, the pirate chief, thieving leader of a gang, or The door opened a second time, and Brace stumbled into the stable. His face was gray with fear. He panted for wearied. At length I had filled the book. "Make another," he pleaded, sadly, breath. His hand was pressed against room, which was so very quiet. Nonsense, wasn't it, to believe any such foolishness "Sonny-son!" he gasped; and at his about them! But-well, I've often wonightening his grip again. cry I pricked up my ears. "'Vast!" he shouted. And at the queer dered since what it was that Portugee really wanted, and why Brace had waited Raising my eyes, I saw the bottle on the mantel-piece, and conceived a most command the boy whipped to attention, for him half in fear, half in eagerness, so fantastic hope. very long. Why had he decided to let "Do you want a big one?" I asked "Are-are you all right?" Brace de- me stay near, after all, at the close of the him.

waiting time? "Why not?" I replied, as coolly as I The visitor came backing out of the door again.

locked my throat. "So-o big!" I explained, stretching out my arms. Rising cautiously, and keep-ing my arms extended as if to measure "It must a be so," he said, not threateningly at all, but as if merely stating a something very big indeed, I edged to the "All right," Brace answered, steadily. fireplace. I felt along the mantle-shelf behind me, and my fingers closed on

"Bigger than the bull?"

He gave a kind of skip of joy and un-

"Tell Smith I understand. Will you see "Good Lord!" And the big man leaned him soon?" he added.

what I wanted. against the wall. "Sorry he bothered you," he said. "Come, Bill, you go home." "Maybe in one hour." "Maybe," said Brace. "Wait here a minute," he ordered, when the Portugee "He looked round," the boy comptain-ed. "I guess he ain't the Right One." "No," said Brace. "Mind that. This is not the Right One at all." "But you'll tell me when he comes— "But you'll tell me when he comes— "He looked round," the boy complainfully. again. He stood over by the door, ap-parently listening. Unconsciously I glanced out the window, and what I saw

"I looked round!" I yelled, hoping Benjamin M. Snyder Jr., of Elmira, N. Y., and Wallace B. Porter, of Youngstown, against hope. "Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed, tiptoeing on. Ohio, won the scholarships in 1909. "You're a chicken! One I caught in the Young Wolfe is a son of George B. road. One I caught in the yard-a big Wolfe, a locomotive engineer on the "In that bottle?" And he studied it as though trying to recall where he had ever seen anything like it before. "Medicine?" I hazarded. "Now what a lot of questions you can ask!" he exclaimed, not ill-naturedly. "That's chloroform, my son." "That's chloroform, my son." "That's chloroform, my son." "That's chloroform, my son." "That's chloroform, my son."

"That's stronger than you pointing. versity. are!" M. Roy Strong is a son of Arthur W.

Case School of Applied Science, Cleve-land, Ohio. He is twenty one years of age, and expects to continue at the Case school. Strong is at present a member table. I owe my life to the fact that my of the engineer corps on the Cleveland & Pittsburg division. The Thompson scholarships were escoat was buttoned tight, his big paw swept so close to me. And I thank all the gods that his lurch against the table tablished by Anne Thompson, Frank only set the smoky lamp to rocking on Graham Thompson, and Clark Thomp-son, children of the late President Frank its base, for if it had been put out-! ]

Thompson of the Pennsylvania Railroad shiver still, thinking of that darkness! flung myself backward out of his reach, company. The grantors of this trust when right in the midst of my terror a fund of \$120,000.00 declared it was their thought flashed to me which seemed to desire to afford to the sons of living and

about the bull." "Pictures, Bill!" I shouted gayly, fut-But it was no farm-bred specimen who tering the pages. "The bull! Let's make

## Learning to Swim.

Nothing is easier than for the young of the human animal to learn to swim-un-"You're not a chicken!" he said, as if less they've been pampered and neuroticized out of all the naturalness of youth. Animals never reach that condition. Con-Till then I thought I had passed through sequently, all animals swim the first time they find themselves out of depth. The only reason man does not is because he as many dark hours as fall to the lot of is afraid, and, in order to save himself from the dreaded catastrophe, he strug-gles frantically to keep half out of the water, until it becomes a matter of chance which half is above and which is below. This is a grave error of judgment. With only your nose and mouth under, you are quite as badly off as the ostrich with its head in the sand, and just a breath or two of water in your lungs dispels what is left of your senses. On the other hand, hands rested on my shoulders, to travel up now and then and tighten experimentally round my throat, if for a single with nose and mouth out, all the rest of you can stay under with impunity, and that's the whole story. Now, if the foolish "human" really insecond my invention flagged or my hand

sists upon thinking in such an emergency, it is a great pity he won't think on these lines, and, moreover, if he thinks at all, he must realize that the human body is apt to be a little lighter than its bulk of water. The proof of this is in the fact that most people can float with the face out, especially in salt water, pro-vided all the rest of the body is carefully submerged. Even if you happen to be unusually heavy boned and thin, the slightest movement of the hands used like fins will be sufficient. Get that fact thoroughly in your head-that only rank stupidity can make you sink.

Now, when it comes to swimming, or The idiot watched me intently, scrapat least swimming so that you will know ing his thumb along his furry jaw. "The big bossy?" he queried, doubtwhere you are going and will get there, the problem is only slightly different. Turned on your face or side, more or "Come on!" I answered, briskly, crossless of your head will have to be out of ing the room to the widest stretch of water as well as your nose and mouth. That makes just the difference between plaster wall, and planting two chairs in front of it side by side. "All ready, Bill!" "All ready!" he echoed, sliding across the room. "Ho, ho, ho!" keeping up without effort and with it, but even now the least paddling motion of almost any kind with hands and feet will insure buoyancy and progress. I have often wondered at the denseness of led off. "He's no charge of mine," was the turdy answer. at which I had a hard ime to keep from showing my surprise, sliding pace I had heard behind me that the figure moved at the same sneaking, sliding pace I had heard behind me that the figure moved at the same sneaking, sliding pace I had heard behind me that the figure moved at the same sneaking, sliding pace I had heard behind me that the figure moved at the same sneaking, th "So big!" And he flung out his arms nearly all the would-be teachers of swimarms and legs. Why bother the novice with such problems? Tell the learner I tied a handkerchief about the lower part of my face, and he doubled up with just to paddle like a dog-any way, only slowly-to swim dog-fashion, as the boys mirth, I tore a sleeve out of my shirt. call it, naturally, as it really is, and one and with what courage I could muster, and with shouts of joy in which he joined whole-heartedly, I knotted the linen strip lesson is usually enough to overcome all the fear of sinking. This much accomaround his nose and mouth. Then I plished, and the strokes which are better for speed and for the changing and restwrenched out the cork of the bottle, stoping of muscles can be taught easily "Now!" With a sweeping stroke of my enough .- Duffield Osborne in Collier's.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

# DAILY THOUGHT.

Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, among other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.-Coleridge

Hints to the "Horsey" Girl .-- Remember that a girl seldom appears to better ad-vantage than in a riding habit. Therefore, she should be as well turn-

ed out as possible. Absolute neatness is the mast import-

ant point about a riding habit. Anything bright or remarkable is al-

ways considered in poor taste.

The hair should be arranged compactly and securely to the head.

The habit should be quiet in color and simple in cut. Knickerbockers, ending in riding boots

and covered by a long coat when on the horse, are now no unusual costume, particularly for young girls. While for formal occasions a derby or

a horseback sailor are usually selected for cross-country riding many women prefer a panama, because it is so light, and because it may more completely shade the eyes.

Baths of certain kinds undoubtedly reduce flesh, but as a rule I am opposed to them because this is not the normal way of getting rid of adipose tissue. Exercis-ing and judicious diet take longer, but accomplish their end without flabbiness of flesh later; nevertheless, because of many queries lately on the subject, I am writing today of reducing through baths.

Iodine soap has stanch allies among those who claim merit for it in taking off flesh. It is made into a lather and rubbed under the arms, over the abdomen and under the knees, the lather drying in and remaining. When it is understood that iodine acts by drying the fat cells, thereby taking away the many tiny cush-ions beneath the skin, it will be understood readily that sagging or what is more commonly called flabbiness may result, and to obviate that I think massage should be severe. Sometimes the flesh grows sensitive under the treatment, when it will be well to do certain places one day, the others the next, thus alternating, yet continuing the action of iodine in the system. The application does not always agree with the digestion, and should this seem to be affected, the soap should not be used.

A pound of alum in a tub of warm water daily, staying in the water for 20 minutes or so, will probably reduce fat, the action of alum being similar to that of iodine. Hot soda baths, four pounds of sal soda to a pound of bicarbonate, in a tub of water, immersing the body in this daily for 20 minutes or half an hour. is a quick method of reduction if dieting and exercise accompany the treatment. But it is to be remembered that such a bath would be extremely weakening when the vitality is the least low and that few women can use it with impunity in hot weather.

No baths and no external applications will be of the slightest benefit if the diet is not carefully regulated. Foods containing oil, fat, starch or sugar should not be taken at all. All fish is good, except salmon, eels, mackerel and sardines. Eggs and milk in moderation may take the place of meats. No liquids should be taken with the meals, but on arising a cup of warm water, into whice half a lemon is squeezed, hastets the cure for some persons. No white bread, unless it be toasted crisp, and no pastries, cakes or deserts, are to be eaten. Women whose flesh gathers about the abdomen will find their figures improve if they will sit correctly in their chairs, well back so that the tip of the spine is erect, and not bent. When, as is very usual, the latter is curved a little, the internal organs are pushed out of place and large abdomens are inevitable.

swear that the spy or the shadow had just whisked out of sight round a corner or up-stairs to the attic. In the middle of the night I woke from a most horrid dream to catch a glimpse, as I thought in my half daze, of a shape which slipped noiselessly across the porch roof and down a pillar.

Brace heard the tale of my fancies with a laugh. "Haanted, eh!" he cried. 'Guess you've got a not-fit-to-be-mentioned bad conscience, ain't you? There ain't no ghosts here, not unless you brought 'em.

"Sure?" I asked, lightly; and to my surprise the man blazed up in red anger. "You didn't see nor hear nothin'," he insisted, then laughed again, and went off into a long rambling account of himself and his fortunes, perhaps to divert my overstrained attention. I grew interested enough to hazard the guess that at some gittin' out o' bounds this way.' time or other he had followed the sea, such is the mark the forecastle leaves on a man forever.

Think so?" he grunted. "Wal, there was a mate on three or four tramp steamers. 'Specially on the Sagamore. Oh yes, there was a plenty good mate on her. Speakin' of which and all, ain't it 'most time for you to get out 'n' art some?"

"You're right, Mr. Brace." And Istood

He followed my example instantly. "Say," he confided, lowering his voice. "I didn't mean to be cross just now. But, my beloved brother, don't-don't go round sayin' there's ghosts in this house. struck by a sudden scruple, born perhaps neighborhood, and besides, it ain't com- helpless son, for such I was sure the boy fortin' for a man to hear what has to live must be. by himself

anything like decent work.

It occurred to me, however, since I hate to let a day go by without making at least some little study or sketch, that a possible place of refuge could be Brace's cow stable. No ghost would be likely to walk there, for sure; and Brace's magnificent Holstein bull was an interesting subject for a painter like myself, much interested in cattle as material for pictures. I had no great heart for the work. to be sure; but at least it would fill some of the time I had left before my departure at noon.

To reach the stall where Mr. Bull was waiting to have his portrait painted, I had to walk down a passage some twen-ty feet or more, the length of the low-ceiled, dingy cow-shed, so that, as I sat

"Sure. I'll show him to you, all right, my boy." Your charge seems well trained," was there brought me to my feet. For there all I could say, when the idiot had sham- had crossed the light a huge figure. I his. bled off.

"I-I hadn't seen you for quite a while,

"His!" said Brace, nodding at the idiot.

from the Neck Road, Bill does, lookin' of an eager, grinning mask.

for the Right One, whatever that is. "I don't like the way he carries his hands, then," I retorted. "Nor the look "Sit still," he growled. "What you "Ands, then," I retorted. "Nor the look "Makin' all that noise about?" "The boy!" I cried, making for the He'll do murder. in his eye when he's sneaking up behind a human being." And I told him all my

tale. "The brute meant to strangle me," I concluded, hotly. "Him? You're nervous. And—say, which felt like a bar of steel against my this little affair may's well be a secret be- breast. For a moment I struggled des-

tween us, eh? After you git back to town. Bill's folks 'd feel awful about his Of course I agreed. This tale would The steel bar turned to a coil of wire not have been told at all unless certain rope, twisted round me, and jerked me things had happened, which, so far as I across the room. can see, quite released me from my prom-

ise Brace followed his queer changeling out into the yard, with me at his heels, and, with a comforting wink in my direc-

tion, he started off with him round the house, ostensibly down the road. But it seemed to me that the two of them dis-

appeared with strange rapidity, and I thought I heard in the upper part of the house something like a scuffle and a shout of laughter. But I stayed where I was, It's things like that make scandal in the of the man's rough tenderness for his

Right there is where' I ought to have I promised with a laugh, for, to tell the truth, I was a good bit ashamed of my town-on foot, if need be. My time was foolish notion, now that by daylight what nearly up, anyhow, for I had asked the I had named The Eyes had ceased their watch. But when I had gone to work in the open, the certain knowledge came back—call it instinct, what you will! that The Eyes were once more following my every motion. It wasn't a case of Brace and the boy could mean; I had, nerves, for I was never nervous in my whole life; it wasn't imagination, for I haven't any. All that day, and the next, and the one after, that shadowy thing followed me after of I haven until Feider followed me afar off, I knew, until Friday northeast rains which was evidently going morning found me tired out and unfit for to prevent a team coming for me, after all, as I decided about one o'clock

"I'm afraid I've got to stay a little longer," I said to my host.

"Well, why not?" "I thought you wanted to get rid of me oday," I could not help remarking. "I today," supposed you were expecting some other

That was purest guess work on my part; but Brace started as though stung. "Who d'you think 'd come to see me?" he growled. Had he forgotten what he had said to me on my arrival? It looked that way. He flushed a dull crimson, biting his lip under his beard. "It may

be a man 'll come from over Clinton way,' he added, slowly, his steady look daring me to question the truth of what he told me. "I— He talks of buyin' my come back alone? Would—and I whirled round, stung sharply by some horrible presentiment, remembering that the door to the kitchen was unlocked. And there He stood, with his cruel

"Ho, ho!" My laugh was as good as "So-o big!"

did not see it distinctly-only enough to sturdy answer. at which I had a hard the figure moved at the same sneaking, time to keep from showing my surprise, sliding pace I had heard behind me that you may be sure. "He strays over here morning in the barn; and I had a glimpse

I must have cried out, for the first I Seems like he likes to kill chickens. He's knew Brace had pushed me back into my

door. "I saw him. He'll do murder. Stop him, Brace." ping it with my thumb. But he held me back with an arm

which felt like a bar of steel against my crayon, the bull's head and shoulders were set down in profile on the wall. perately, fighting to warn that poor devil "Ha!" And I pretended to tip up the bot-tle against my mask. "Ha!" I was able who was being tracked like a chicken out there in the night. But it was no use. to wet my companion's thoroughly. "Now The steel bar turned to a coil of wire sit down." I could see his eyes smile as he drew

in the sweet, numbing odor. He dropped down into the chair at my side. "I said," remarked Brace, smiling evilly, "Watch, Bill!

"for you to keep quiet." "The boy—!" I cried again. "What do you mean?" he asked, coolly. There's nobody left the house since the ortugee. jailer's mask well soaked with the drug. "Yes

"No!" he replied, his eyes narrowing. "You-murderer!" For in a flash the "Look, Bill!" I was making circles now whole of the man's villainy showed be-"Look, look!" fore me in letters of fire.

"Can you prove it, son?" "You set the boy on him! You trained him to wait for the Right One!" "In a court of law?" he continued,

finishing his sentence composedly. "I suppose you don't know anything

about that bottle of chloroform, either, blurs. There came from him some inwent on, wildly. "It's lucky that Por articulate murmurs, and his great bulk tugee didn't want to sleep here tonight. pitched forward from the waist. I jump-He'd have never waked up, you coward! ed back as he recovered himself, hardly daring to believe even then that my plan He's lucky to have even the chance he's got now. You-

but I stopped short. Out of the dark-But I stopped short. Out of the darkness came a horrid yell of joy and a volgiant half rise and stretch out his hands in the old, cruel gesture. He wavered toward me blindly, but I dodged outside ley of that laughter I heard in the stable For what seemed an hour we sat in frozen, stricken silence. The roar of the rain to hear him go crashing to the floor. And was like thunder then I made off, in a stumbling, fear-"I'm goin' out," said Brace, presently. struck run through the darkness and the

"Wonder who it was that laughed just rain. now," he added, game to the last. "For God's sake, stay here!" Somehow That's all. That's why I'm tired of

painting cattle, since you've asked the question .-- By Emerson Taylor, in Har-I could not bear the thought of even this rascal's going out to meet that cruel, creeping shadow. "You mightn't turn round in time." per's Weekly.

Frank Thompson Scholarships Awarded. "I don't know what you mean," he answered, and with that black lie on his George F. Wolfe, of Youngwood, Pa.,

lips he resolutely stalked out into the

and M. Roy Strong, of Cleveland, Ohio, In an agony of fear and helplessness ] were announced as the successful candi-dates for the Frank Thompson Scholarwaited alone. The noisy clock ticked off ships. With the addition of these two young men, there will be eight holders of these scholarships, which amount to \$600.00 annually, and which are awarded five, eight, eleven minutes; but still no sign from outside. I watched the black square of window till my eyes ached; my heartbeats I could hear. Would Brace come back alone? Would-and I whirled upon a competitive examination, to sons of employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

The successful candidates for And there He stood, with his cruel ceiled, dingy cow-shed, so that, as I sat painting, my back was to the entrance. It was a kind of blind alley, you under-stand, ending in the rough pen where lay you retraced your steps to the door. Well, I had been at work an hour or so, I suppose. At any rate, my sketch had begun to take pretty definite shape. The great black-and-white beast, the yellow-gray straw, the darker woodwork, were scholarships in 1907 were W. B. Rudd, of Media, Pa., who graduated in June of this year from Yale University, and George J. Richers, of Altoona, who is taking a J. Richers, of Altoona, who is taking a course in engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1908, Merritt E. Gill, of Grand Bapids, Michigan, now at the University of Michigan, and Harry Wallis Anderson, of Folcroft, Delaware county, De man at the University of Pennsyl

Are We Old at Forty?

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the a century ago a man was old at 40. You to find gentlemen of 35 described as midnow there, stopping every few seconds to renew my own pretence and to keep my jailer's mask well soaked with the diana of 45!

Fifty years ago, when a man reached the age of 45 he grew a beard under his at the full stretch of my arm, and as fast chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters as I could. His eyes drooped once or twice. and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manners were so different from The circles grew smaller and even more rapid. I whisked some more drops under his nose; he took no notice. I held the those he had known as a "young man." Nowadays the popular notion of irresponbottle right against the cloth; his head sible, irrepressible youth is illustrated by Colonel Roosevelt who is 52. In our gen rolled from one shoulder to the other: the eyes he turned up were merely gray eration 32 is outwardly indistinguishable from 52, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheek and its waistcoat.

As for the fair sex, the genus old lady is all but extinct. The pretty, vivacious matron you admire at a garden party may have seen 65 or 70 summers. As Queen Alexandra not long since said to Mme. Adelina Patti: "We are two of the voungest women in England." The illustrious royal example has been so sedulously followed that the ladies-always active, always in the height of fashion-may be said to laugh in the very face of Father Time.

Grangers' Picnic at Williams' Grove.

The 37th annual great Grangers' picnic exhibition will be held on the "Old Camp grounds," Williams' Grove, August 29th, September 3rd, 1910. The exhibition of farm machinery, implements, etc., and live stock promises to exceed that of any former year, fully 15 per cent more exhibits being entered.

with a number of Republican politicians to treat towels in the same way. and State officials are expected.

Thursday, Hon. Wm. T. Creasy, Master Pa. State Grange, and other prominent Grangers. They will have with them Grangers. They will have with them Hon. Wm. H. Berry and Hon. D. Clarence Gibboney, Keystone Party candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor respectively.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday even-ings, Mr. Frank R. Roberson in illustrated ctures. Thursday and Friday evenings, Ideal Vaudeville company.

Clean attractive amusements Everything High Grade and Up-to-date. Excursion on all railroads. your station agent.

There can be no doubt that the really short skirt has thoroughly established itself this spring. Of course, for walking and all out-door games, it is a delightful and most sensible fashion, but there is some question as to its beauty and suitability where the dressy afternoon frock or evening toilette is concerned. For the quite young woman who is still period of old age, says a writer in the in her teens, or has only recently quitted September Strand Magazine. Less than them, the short frock looks girlish and pretty, and is moreover, very practical have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels and comfortable. But with the older woman it is quite a different matter. She dle-aged. At 60 they were gabbling in looks simply ridiculous in these fashion-their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick— ably curtailed skirts, and, far from giving her a girlish appearance, they add years to her apparent age.

> Ants in the larder are just now troubling many housewives. A correspondent gives the following simple remedy as infallible, after many other more com methods of extermination had failed to conquer the pertinacious intruders:

One teaspoonful sugar and one tea spoonful tartar emetic to one-quarter of a pint of water. This should be placed a saucer in the neighborhood of those holes which can be traced.

The holes should afterward be cement ed up, and a sharp lookout kept for anyothers that may in time be eaten through for ants will eat through the hardest cement.

There is every prospect of a pretty rivalry, too, being set up between moire and heavy corded silk for tailor-mades that will doubtless give an impetus to many other silken fabrics in the same quest. But whether or no the main medium be silk or cloth, the braiding employed is sure to be of a heavy raised character, and for the most part arranged in detachments in square geometrical de-

Sheets, as they begin to wear, should be turned sides to middle. Sew the selveges neatly, not drawing the thread too tight, or there will be a hard seam. In this way the middle part, which has had Wednesday, Hon. John K. Tener, Re-publican candidate for Governor, together Where economy is studied it is advisable

> Chocolate Cream Cake .-- Beat together for 20 minutes the yolks of four eggs and two cupfuls of sugar: add one teaspoon-ful of vanilla and mix in carefully two cupfuls of flour; add one-half of a cupful of cold water and one-half of a cupful of flour, mixed with one heaping teaspoon-ful of baking powder. Put in the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth, and bake in three layers.

The all patent leather belt may be had Consult in a straight two inch width or as a deep shaded girdle.