

AT ILENE'S PAREY.

(Copyright) Mary Bower sat in her favorite chair, trying to read. But the printed words were blurred by the memory of others far more interesting—the honeyed phrases of her erstwhile lover, Allan James. The sting of it all was that she had only the memory of them now, for the staid and serious Allan had grown weary of Mary's numerous flirtations and had haughtily withdrawn his attentions. When two days had passed and no Allan pushed the electric button at the front door Mary knew that she loved him. On the third day she knew that she would never love any other, and on the fourth she became convinced that there was nothing for her to do but get into a nunnery. This was the fifth day and, although Mary was still certain that the career of a mother superior was now the only one suited to her broken life, she had persistently thought of another man who had been rather attentive of late. She knew his telephone number, too; and there on the library table, in front of her, sat the telephone, silently inviting her to use it. Suppose she called up Jack Bennett and chatted with him for a few minutes? It would while away part of the time which must elapse before she could get to the nunnery. She lifted the receiver and softly gave Jack's number to the operator. Silence for the space of one minute—then the cheery voice of Jack: "Hello, hello!" "Hello; I am Mary Bower." "Oh, I am awfully glad to hear you again, Miss Bower." "So am I," cooed Mary. "Isn't it a lovely day?" "Perfectly ripping." "I hope tomorrow will be fine." "Why? Is there something on?" "Yes—something wonderful." "Well, aren't you going to invite me?" Mary paused—she had nothing on for the next night—knew of nothing—but here was too good an opportunity to get Jack's society for one whole evening. "If you care to go as my escort," she replied sweetly. "Care!" Jack's tone intimated that he had no other object in life. "When shall I call for you?" "About eight o'clock." "What shall I wear? Full dress, patent leathers, et cetera?" "Yes, of course." Mary replaced the receiver and dropped the book altogether. Whatever should she do? What should she say to Jack when he came to escort her to a party the next night? Must she confess to him that she had, in plain English, lied? Then the butler showed Miss Ilene Grannis into the library. Mary threw herself into her friend's arms. "Ilene," she gasped, "I have invited a man to escort me to a party—and there is no party." Ilene grasped the situation at once and asked the man's name. "Jack Bennett." "Too good to be wasted," she said. "Where?" "At my house." "But whom can we invite on such short notice? Do you realize that it is tomorrow night?" "Yes, perfectly, but we will have that party. I will phone you tomorrow. Good-by, dear; don't worry." Thereupon Ilene went off, leaving Mary much relieved, and wondering whether she could ever care as much for Jack as she had for Allan. After twenty minutes spent in honestly examining the true state of her feelings, she knew that she couldn't. However, she would never get Allan back, and she was manifestly unfit for a nun. At four o'clock the next afternoon Ilene telephoned. "It's going to be a perfectly beautiful party; I've got six men and three girls, besides ourselves." "You are a darling," declared Mary. Before she could inquire who the six men were Ilene rang off. Six! Mary repeated the auspicious numeral subconsciously, and with the same delight that a mighty hunter repeats the news that there are ten tigers and five lions prowling in the adjacent forests. Mary began to regret that she had invited Jack Bennett at all. He was nice, of course, but not quite nice enough for her. Surely among six absolutely new men she could find a more suitable substitute for Allan James. She had been foolish to ask Jack to escort her to the party. That would mean that she must devote her evening to him, and there would be six men there whom she had never met before! Entirely forgetting that had Jack not responded so readily to her vague invitation there would have been no party, Mary called him up again. "Hello, Mr. Bennett," she began sweetly. "I'm terribly sorry, but I shall have to ask you to meet me at the party tonight. It's at Ilene Grannis' house, and she has invited me to dine with her before it begins." "Oh, all right," replied Jack cheerfully. Mary hung up the receiver, shuddering. Another fabrication!

Every room in the Grannis house was lighted brilliantly that night when Mary arrived. Ilene was wearing her best gown, and in a rear room might be seen Mrs. Grannis, gorgeously frocked in charmeuse and lace, playing checkers with her husband until it should be time to play the chaperon. "I told Jack Bennett to meet me here," said Mary. "That's a good idea," replied Ilene. "The girls have come, and five of the men. Everybody's here now except Jack and Allan James." Mary's dainty white hand sought a chair-back for support as she gasped: "You invited Allan?" "Yes." "Then there is nothing for me to do but go home. Allan and I are not speaking." "You can't go," replied Ilene decisively. "Jack Bennett is coming especially for you, and if you can't speak to Allan I can." The doorbell rang, and Mary started violently. Perhaps that was Allan now. To recover some of her usual self-possession she went to the piano and began to play. Presently a careful glance over her shoulder told her that Allan was in the farther room, presenting a large bouquet of flowers to Ilene. Just then there was a frightful discord in the music. Mary recovered herself quickly and went on. No one seemed to notice the discord. Everybody was having a remarkably good time. Mary played softly, for she wanted to know the minute that Jack Bennett came. Then she would show these unappreciative men whom Ilene had invited that she was not without charms for their sex. But Jack was disgracefully late. A clock in the hall kept a sickeningly accurate account of the flight of time. Was it possible that he would not come, after all? She stopped playing abruptly and wheeled around, anger and indignation visible in every line of her youthful figure and piquant face. The others looked up, startled and embarrassed. "Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Ilene contritely. She got up and went over to her friend, slipping her arm appealingly around Mary's waist. With superior tact she attempted to draw Mary into the pleasant circle that had been formed behind her back, as it were. But Mary could not mix that night; the presence of Allan James embarrassed her, and the task of listening for Jack to come made her silent and distraught. The evening slipped by with sickening rapidity, and Jack did not come. The fact that Ilene grew gayer and more amusing with every passing moment did not comfort Mary. A girl whom Allan James favored with flowers and attention for one whole evening could well afford to be gay. But what was she to do? In the simple society of Mary's native town it was understood that the young men of a party should escort the girls to their homes. Mary's escort had failed her. The party showed signs of breaking up, and Mary was on the verge of asking Mrs. Grannis to let her remain there all night when Ilene informed her that Allan James was going to "see" her home. Mary tossed her head, but she offered no objection. Of course, Ilene had asked Allan to do this, and he had consented for her sake. Mary, muffled in furs, with warm overshoes, went out into the beautiful night, conscious of a little rift of light in her dark cloud. For one whole block she and her tall, serious escort made no remark. At the beginning of the second block Allan remarked stiffly: "It's a beautiful night." "Very," replied Mary politely. At the end of the third block he took her arm and helped her across the street. Mary glanced up timidly. "I am sorry to have to trouble you," she said. "How?" he asked shortly. "Why, like this," she answered. "This is no trouble," he replied decisively. "Did you enjoy the party?" "Yes, I enjoyed the party," replied Allan. Mary sighed; it had always been difficult to start things with Allan. She must plunge at once into personalities, or her golden opportunity would be gone. "I didn't flirt tonight," she said softly. Allan laughed in a way that made Mary wince. "You couldn't very well," he answered; "Ilene carried off all the honors." "I suppose," she said wearily, "that it would be difficult for you to understand how interesting it is to flirt with new people." Allan considered the proposition for several minutes. "Not after this evening," he replied honestly. "Oh," she said, breathlessly, "you were flirting, then?" "Didn't it look like it?" "Yes, but I wouldn't have dared say so." They had reached Mary's home now and they paused just inside the high box fence. "As for me," said Mary, casting her eyes down, "I am going to be a nun." "A nun!" Allan almost shouted the words. He took Mary's unresisting hands and drew her quickly to him. "That is impossible," he said, "because you're going to marry me."

TRIBUTE TO MARK TWAIN The Greatest Boy of Fiction, the American Boy, Who Knew Human Nature. What a man Mark Twain was! Beginning as a barefoot boy in a sleepy Mississippi river town, a journeyman printer with a little education and no promise of a future, a river pilot, an unlucky prospector, he became a man of worldwide fame and immense influence. His books have gone everywhere, have made generations laugh and weep. He was not only a great humorist, he was a man of high courage and fine ideals, a man who hated shams and lies, and struck at them fiercely. He knew human nature, laughed at its queer contradictions, admired and respected its goodness and kindness. Always he is intensely American, without being provincial. Not only did he have a genius for writing. He had a genius for being a man. If, as a young man, he was inclined to be too extravagant, too irreverent, he conquered that tendency. He grew in wisdom and in perception, and he loved people, loved men and women and children. That is why we all love him. There is a glow to him. You can warm your heart at his books, much as you warm your hands at a fire. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the English author, and a wit himself, says of Mark Twain: "All honest people saw the point of Twain's wit. Not a few dishonest people felt it." But to the whole world of youth Mark Twain is Tom Sawyer, the immortal boy, the greatest boy of fiction, the American boy, and yet the essential boy that links all boys of whatever nationality together. Tom and Huck—what more do you want.—St. Nicholas Magazine. ENDED TRICK OF WILY YOUTH Boy Was Naturally Annoyed When Harvest of Dimes Was Brought to an End. A bootblack stood sobbing on a Fifth avenue corner. "What's the trouble?" asked a sympathetic passer-by. "Ah! boss," he moaned, "some guy stole my t'ings. Day was new, an' I can't go home tonight widout 'em. Me fadder 'll sure gimme a lickin' . . ." and so on. The passer-by was reaching into his pocket, when the wailing one turned so that the electric light fell on his face. His eyes were dry. The incipient philanthropist walked on, but looked back to see developments. The boy was quiet until three women neared him. Then he began his outcries. They stopped, heard his tale, and gave him dimes. Two nights later the same man was at another corner. Again he heard a dolorous sound. There was the bootblack in the same attitude. He did not recognize the passer-by, who stopped and questioned him. The same tale was forthcoming. "Who taught you this performance, and how much do you make a day?" the boy was asked. He suddenly stopped weeping, looked up in affright, and bounded away, shouting as he ran: "Hey, you think you're wise, don't you?"—New York Evening Post. Color Photography. The physicist employed by a leading camera company of this country has developed a new process of making portraits on color by photography, which, it is claimed, gives remarkably perfect results, and is simple enough for practical commercial purposes, although not suited for amateur work. This process is stated to be a modification of the Ives three-color process, except that only two colors are used, red and green. Two negatives are taken in a special camera, or in a regular camera using color screens. These negatives are so treated with dyes that the coloring matter replaces the silver in the film, and the plate becomes its own positive. The two plates are superimposed and mounted in a frame so constructed that an electric light may be placed behind the picture, which is to be viewed by transmitted light. "Queer" Money in 313 A. D. The fact that counterfeiting in coins existed 1,600 years ago was brought to light the other day when the University of Pennsylvania museum announced that among Egyptian relics recently purchased were three counterfeit outfits, according to the Philadelphia correspondent of the New York World. The molds are of brick. The plan was to make impressions of each side of a coin in soft clay and then burn the two sides. An opening was left at the top, in which molten metal was poured. The rogues flourished in the reigns of the Roman emperors Maximus, Licinius and Constantius, from 313 to 367 A. D. A Dietetic Motto. Between the fatter and the faddist the mere commonplace everyday man finds himself nowadays between the devil and the deep sea; his gastronomic path is strewn with difficulties and beset with fears. Trembling, he pursues his way, with no heart left in him to achieve that perfect ideal of the true simple life, as expounded to Max O'Rell by the cabman who wore a yellow ribbon in his buttonhole: "Eat what you like, drink what you like, and don't care a damn for anybody."—In "The Epicure."

Few Indeed Are Their Hours of Enjoyment and Sad the End That Awaits Them All. Drones are usually looked upon as lazy, useless creatures. They never do any work, but are fed by the worker bees on the best the hive can afford, and this in a season of the year when the workers are busiest for 24 hours a day with the gathering and curing of honey. Why do the bees treat them with such respect in the busy harvest time? The reason is that the bees are raising a number of young queens at this time, for the future generation. The queen is destined to be the mother of all the bees reared in the hive for the next year or two. She is the only one in the hive that can lay eggs, and she will some day lay them at a rate of from two to four thousand a day. The drones are the male bees raised at the same time with the queens. From their midst the virgin queen will some day select her mate. Without them she could not attain maternity, held by the bees in greatest honor. For this reason they are treated royally until the wedding trip of the queen. When she returns a widow, leaving her drone-mate (usually the most persistent of all suitors) dead in the field, the bees make short work of the remaining drones. They seize them by the neck and throw them out of the hive bodily to die of hunger in the midst of plenty.—Francis Jaeger. KNEW WEAKNESS OF MEN Dr. Johnson's Idea of Their Glorification of War Showed Him a Student of Nature. Sturdy Englishman that he was, one hardly associates Doctor Johnson with dicta that will serve in a recruiting campaign. Perhaps the times, says the Westminster Gazette, hold events of such gargantuan import that it is hardly a matter for wonder that in casual reading one may chance upon a passage in the utterances of a past giant that seems particularly apt in reference to current events of our time: "We talked of war," says Boswell Johnson: "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having at sea." Boswell: "Lord Mansfield does not." "Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in a company of general officers and admirals who have been in service he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table." . . . "No, sir; were Socrates and Charles XII of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, 'Follow me and hear a lecture on philosophy;' and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me and dethrone the czar;' a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the impression is universal; yet it is strange." The impression, at any rate, continues widespread today. Medical. Results Tell THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE RESULTS IN BELLEONTE. Results tell the tale. All doubt is removed. The testimony of a Bellefonte citizen. Can be easily investigated. What better proof can be had? Mrs. Katie Capani, 224 S. Allegheny St., Bellefonte, says: "For about a year I suffered almost constantly from a very painful back. I had soreness across my loins and the doctor told me my kidneys were not acting properly. I had heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box. The first few doses relieved me of the awful pain in my back and I continued until I was greatly improved." Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Capani had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 60-3-11. Books & Magazines. A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY THE MERRIAM WEBSTER The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years. Contains the pith and essence of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book. The Only Dictionary with the New Divided Page. 400,000 Words, 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars. Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume. Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc. Name this paper and we will send free a set of Pocket Maps G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Mass. 50-48-4t

Whale Sought Liberty. Thrills are by no means out of date in the New Zealand of today, and a few weeks back the workers in a sawmill at Whangaparapara were given an exhibition of the vigor that lies in a thwarted whale. One of these monsters of the deep, many of whom are seen about the coasts of the Dominion, where whaling was once a very profitable industry, recently found its way up one of the small harbors, and finally got inside the booms where the logs are kept for the saw mills. It seemed happy enough there for a while, till it suddenly discovered itself in enclosed water, and then the fight began. It lashed round and round in blind fury, sending huge hauri logs tumbling about like walking sticks, and then cleared a passage and made off full speed ahead for the open sea. Unfortunately for itself, it drove head on against a pile, and the blow stunned it so that it was stranded on the beach. —If you always want to have the best take the WATCHMAN and you'll have it. When a woman grows nervous and irritable, she says and does things which cause her untold suffering. She says something unkind to her husband, boxes her child's ears, and then shuts herself in her room to weep and wonder why she is so "ugly." To an experienced physician the reason is not far to seek. There is local derangement of the womanly organs and the nerves are strained to the limit of endurance. The suffering woman is not to blame for lack of self-control. The cure of nervous disorders which result from diseases of the womanly organs, is one of the special features of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals inflammation and ulceration, cures female weakness and the headache, neuralgia, and nervousness caused by these diseases are cured at the same time. Little Hotel Wilmot. The Little Hotel Wilmot IN PENN SQUARE One minute from the Penna Ry. Station PHILADELPHIA We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room. The Ryerson W. Jennings Co. 59-46. Shoes. Hats and Caps. Clothing. You Can Save \$5.00 to \$10.00 On Your Suit or Overcoat if you buy it at Fauble's. Mid-Winter REDUCTION Sale now on. FAUBLE'S BELLEFONTE, PA. Automobiles. ....NEW FEATURES IN... STUDEBAKER CARS Three-Passenger Roadster and Five-Passenger "Six" Added to Line. Prices are Lowered. Improved Design and Manufacturing Method Add to Values. Timkin Bearings, Full Floating Rear Axle, Crowned Fenders, Non-skid Tires on Rear, Wagner Separate Unit Starting and Lighting, Dimming Head Lights, Switch Locking Device, Hot Jacketed Carburetor, One-Man Type Top, Over-size tires. The equipment on all models includes the Wagner separate-unit starting and lighting system, Gasoline gauge, dimming attachment for head lights, switch locking device, and rumble gasoline tank in dash, crowned fenders, Shilber carburetors and non-skid tires on rear wheels. THE NEW PRICES. 3-PASSENGER ROADSTER \$ 985 5-PASSENGER "FOUR" TOURING \$ 965 5-PASSENGER "SIX" TOURING 1385 7-PASSENGER "SIX" TOURING 1450 BEEZER'S GARAGE. GEORGE A. BEEZER, Propr. 59-3-4t Bellefonte, Pa.