

Bellefonte, Pa., May 21, 1915.

GETTING MA AWAY.

(By Barbara Cooper-Cushman.)

When we finally decided to go to Chicago to live, Nettie said: "Well, we must take the canary and the coffee-urn, and—ma." Ma just put her hand up to her face, so—a way she has—and smiled. She said nothing. That usually means considerable anxiety for the family. It certainly did this time.

Ma went first, a week or two ahead, then Ma was to go to finish settling, and Nettie and I—Nettie is twenty-five and I am only nineteen—were to follow two weeks later. The main thing was to get ma off.

Everything went beautifully so far as we were concerned. Nettie left the office—Nettie works; she's very clever; I just help ma keep house—well, I said, Nettie left the office for a whole morning to get ma a through ticket and check her baggage, and we both saw her aboard the express for Chicago.

Truly, we nearly missed the train even then, because ma had packed her best bonnet. We hunted high and low for it till nearly train time. Then Nettie finally concocted some sort of an affair out of a piece of crape that no one had packed because we didn't think it good enough.

Well, I think I told you before, we saw ma off, crape bonnet and all. Then Nettie sent a telegram to pa in Chicago, saying:

Ma left on the noon train. Meet her tomorrow. NETTIE.

Nettie and I were pretty busy that afternoon and evening. Several people came in, and there were a dozen and one things to be done about the house.

So that night Nettie and I slept the sleep of the just. We thought we knew where ma was. Next day Nettie went to the office as usual, and I was busy sorting out the papers in my desk when I saw a telegraph boy mount our steps and ring the bell. Maybe I didn't hurry then! I just snatched the telegram from that boy and tore it open. This is what I read:

Noon train is in from New York. Where is Ma. PA.

"It was signed 'pa.'" Nettie came along the street just here, and I rushed to her like a maniac waving the paper at her and shouting in a high key:

"Pa wants to know where's ma." Nettie stared at me in dumb amazement. Then light came, and with it revelation.

"Pat, she has stopped off at Philadelphia," declared Nettie solemnly. I forgot to tell you that ma's father, Grandpa Klein, lives in Philadelphia, and her brother and youngest sister.

Well, when we got ma placed in Philadelphia, mentally, we felt better. However, Nettie telegraphed back to pa to ease his mind:

Ma left Tuesday. Probably stopped Philadelphia. Where is ma? NETTIE.

That last sentence she just put in for sarcasm, but at the end of a week it had come to be so well known at the telegraph office near our home, that the operator thought that it was some sort of signal or code phrase. She used to try different ways of spelling it to see if it mattered. Once she had it, "Where is ma?" Another time, "Where's ma?" Sometimes she put an exclamation point after it; sometimes a question mark. Once she had it, "W's M?" but we knew what it meant.

Our telegram became such a daily affair that it was like the newspaper or the milk. Every night we had a telegram for dinner. In the meantime, where was ma?

Of course, we found out afterward. Indeed, while we were fussing in New York, ma was taking her ease and a lovely vacation in Philadelphia.

On the arrival of the New York-Philadelphia train at Philadelphia, no one was visible to meet her. So ma went to the ticket office, got her ticket validated, or extended, or whatever it is that postpones the trip from one train to another, and then found that she had forgotten my uncle's new address. Ma thought a few minutes, and then went to the telegraph office, and there if she didn't trace Nettie's telegram! She found the address.

Just as ma started up the street, she was met by a colored maid, who, recognizing her from a picture that she—the maid—had dusted many times on the mantel in aunt's sitting room, stopped and asked her if she was Mrs. Gilpatrick. Naturally ma said yes. She soon came to the house, and was welcomed with open arms. It seems the telegram had not reached them, through some delay or other, so they did not know about meeting the train.

The family would not hear of ma's leaving that night, and they coaxed and cajoled her day by day until she had stayed a week.

All this time we had no word from her, and Nettie and I were getting frightfully worried.

Finally, at the end of the week—we had telegraphed to the City of Friends twice—we received a dispatch saying:

Stayed over Philadelphia. Am leaving tonight for Chicago. MA.

Nettie and I sighed relievedly. We thought we had ma located. We went down to pa that same morning.

Next afternoon we got our daily. It was changed slightly:

Ma not here. Where is she now?

Nettie groaned. I shrieked with laughter.

"There's Bud in Wilmington, and Aunt Harriet in Washington," I gasped between my spasms of hilarity. It did seem too absurd. By the way, Bud is my younger brother.

But Nettie looked unhappy. "This is too awful," she sighed. "Will she ever get there?"

This time we were at a loss. Ma might be in Wilmington, she might be in Washington, or she might not have left Philadelphia. So we decided to await developments. And indeed we did. We waited another week.

In the meantime, ma had started from my uncle's home with the best intentions in the world. She was going to Chicago.

However, when she got to Wilmington the temptation was too great. So off went ma to see Bud, my brother. She went for an hour, and stayed two days. Poor pa!

Well, ma thought she wouldn't worry us with any more telegrams—that's what she said—so she decided to send no word from Wilmington, but to go straight through to Chicago, which was now her one and only thought—until she got to Washington. But why continue? Exactly two weeks from the time ma waved a fond farewell to us at the Jersey City terminal she landed in Chicago. The trip usually takes 28 hours, except by the limited, when it takes 18.

Pa, by this time, had business which took him to Duluth. He was staying at a hotel not far from the house which we had leased, waiting for ma to come and finish settling. When it became a necessity for him to go to Duluth for a day or two, pa raked his brains considering how he should describe ma to the hotel people well enough to have them put her in his room and look out for her until he got back.

Finally he thought of her picture, which he always carried in his watch, and he gave it to the clerk.

"This is my wife," pa said. "Now, if she arrives before I get back, don't let her go away again. Put her in my room, give her the best of everything, but don't let her go away."

This was on Friday. Early Wednesday pa came back from Duluth and found ma sound asleep, snug and warm and snug.

That evening Nettie received a telegram:

Congratulations are in order. Ma is here. PA.

A week later, when Nettie and I started to join them, I sent a telegram. It read:

Nettie and I are starting for Chicago. Where's ma?

AS TO "COLOR BLINDNESS"

Many Strange Things Connected With Faulty Vision Which Has Been So Designated.

When a woman is able to match a sample of material from memory, she is said to have a good eye for color. It is a very convenient gift, for if the possessor wants to select, say wall paper to match a rug, or ribbon to match her frock, she does not find it necessary to take time to find a piece of the original material to carry with her, which, piece by piece, is often mislaid when the time comes to use it.

Children should be trained to recognize colors and the difference in colors, an important point in both the Montessori and ordinary kindergarten systems. But it is found that not all children or grown-ups either can define difference in colors, or indeed even recognize a color when they do see it. When this fault in vision is so pronounced as not to yield to training it is known as "color-blindness."

The strange thing about this faulty vision is that it has been found to be like extra fingers and toes, an inherited trait, but unlike most hereditary diseases it is transmitted only from the mother's side. Thus, while a son may have inherited the trait from his mother, he would not transmit it to his own children, although his sister, if she has a child, will pass it on to her offspring.

If the trait has been missing through more than two generations, it rarely crops out again, but a daughter of a color-blind mother can produce children with the trait even though she herself has escaped.

This knowledge and the prevalence of "color-blindness" have led to a wise rule for eye-examination in engaging engineers and others to whom exact eyesight is essential.

To Test Eggs Before a Candle.

For the benefit of farmers and all persons who handle and use eggs the Department of Agriculture has recently published a colored egg-candle chart, which if used will enable persons to test eggs accurately before they are opened. This chart shows the eggs in their natural size as they appear before a candle, and also as they look when in an open shallow glass dish or saucer. The pictures show absolutely fresh eggs, slightly stale eggs, decidedly stale eggs, eggs with yolks sticking to the shell, eggs where the chicken has developed so far that blood has been formed, moldy eggs, added eggs and eggs with a green white. Generally housewives do not know that a green color in the white of eggs is due to the presence of billions of a certain species of bacteria that make a green coloring matter. Eggs with this greenish tint, even though the yolks seem to be perfect, are not fit for food.

A Runaway.

When a team runs away it is usually the result of carelessness; the reins are loosely held, the horses break away and in a short time are beyond control. There is a runaway disease called "galloping canse" which is usually the result of carelessness. The neglected cold, the cough, unchecked, bronchial affection developed, depleted vitality, blood too little in quantity and too poor in quality to nourish the body and renew the wasting tissue; then the runaway gallop of disease which cannot be checked. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently recommended as a remedy for diseases of the respiratory organs, obstinate coughs, bronchitis, "weak lungs," spitting of blood and like forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption.

CASTORIA

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That tired feeling that comes to you in the spring, year after year, is a sign that your blood lacks vitality. Just as pimples, boils and other eruptions are signs that your system is in a low or run-down condition inviting disease. It is a warning, which it is wise to heed. Ask your druggist for Hood's Sarsaparilla. This old standard tried and true blood medicine relieves that tired feeling. It cleanses the blood, gives new life, new courage, strength and cheerfulness. It makes the rich red blood that will make you feel, look, eat and sleep better. Be sure to get Hood's, because it is the best. There is no other combination of roots, barks and herbs like it, no real substitute for it—no "just-as-good" medicine. 60-19.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets relieves heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and the many other physical evils resulting from constipation. The "Pellets" are small, the dose is small. The benefits are large and lasting.

For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

Restaurant.

Bellefonte now has a First-Class Restaurant where Meals are Served at All Hours.

Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Oysters on the half shell or in any style desired, Sandwiches, Soups, and anything eatable, can be had in a few minutes any time. In addition I have a complete plant prepared to furnish Soft Drinks in bottles such as POPS, SODAS, SARSAPARILLA, SELTZER SYPHONS, ETC., for pic-nics, families and the public generally. All of which are manufactured out of the purest syrup and properly carbonated. C. MOERSCHBACHER, High St., Bellefonte, Pa. 50-32-ly.

Little Hotel Wilmot.

IN PENN SQUARE PHILADELPHIA.

One minute from the Penna Ry. Station. 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, a hot and cold running water in every room.

The Ryerson W. Jennings Co.

Meat Market. You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere. I always have — DRESSED POULTRY — Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want. TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street. Bellefonte, Pa. 34-34-ly.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT OF CENTRE COUNTY.

Table with multiple columns listing names, addresses, and businesses for various locations in Centre County, including Allentown, Berks, and Lehigh valleys.

RESTAURANTS

Table listing various restaurants and their locations throughout Centre County, including Bellefonte, Mifflinburg, and Lewisburg.