

Bellefonte, Pa., June 27, 1924.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES' WOE.

By L. A. Miller.

"Some waltz, some draw, some fathom the abyss of metaphysics, others are content with music; the most moderate shine with wits, while others have a genius turned to fits."—Byron.

"Now what?" said a Junior to the first honor girl, as she sat thoughtfully contemplating the diploma, bound with blue ribbon, and the elegant bouquets bearing congratulatory notes from admiring friends.

"Ask me something easy," she replied in college slang, and went on reviewing her jewelry and ribbons and laces.

"Something easy?" exclaimed Juna. "I thought you were done with hard questions now that you have graduated."

"So did I think that this night would see the last of the hard questions, but that question of yours: 'Now what?' is more difficult than the longest problem ever evolved from the brain of Euclid."

"Mercy! Ain't your troubles all over now that you have your diploma and the first honor prize? Dear me! I would be just too happy for anything if I were where you are. Only think; here I have two long years to dig and scratch among these dusty books before I'll have a chance to stand in your shoes."

"Well, what would you do if you were in my place tonight?" said Nellie, the sweet girl graduate.

"What would I do?" exclaimed Juna, as she pruned around the small but cozy room. "What would I do? I'd cut a pigeon wing, you bet!"

"It is well to be you, dear Nellie," whispered Juna, as she hugged her bosom friend tightly to her arms.

"Do go away, please do," pleaded Nellie, as she strove to loosen Juna's grip.

"Why do you want me to go away? You used to want me to hug you," said Juna, hugging her tighter.

"But I want you to go away. Please go to your room and leave me," pleaded Nellie earnestly.

"Do you want to throw a love letter out of the window? or is your sweetheart going to climb up the outside? Don't mind me, for I will never tell. You know I never did tell anything on you," said teasing Juna, as she squeezed Nellie's face between her plump, soft hands and smacked her fair on the mouth.

"No, no, dear child, it's not for that I want you to go."

"Then tell me what it is and I'll go, but I don't want to," pouted Juna, toying Nellie's bangs.

"I want to cry," sobbed Nellie, turning her face away.

"And so do I," boo-hoed Juna, and giving Nellie an emphatic squeeze and a blubbery kiss she flew out of the room and sought the seclusion which her own quiet quarters afforded. There she cried and cried without knowing why, until compassionate morpheus bore her captive to castle forgetfulness in the heart of dreamland. Possibly she could have said, in the language of Shakespeare:

"I am a fool, to weep at what I am glad of."

"Now what?" Nellie stood before the mirror gazing into her own face. The tears had washed furrows through the dash of powder that had been artistically applied to heighten the effect of the little red that yet remained on her cheeks. Her bangs were disheveled, and the red roses that had shown to such good advantage among her raven tresses, were drooping and spiritless, the fair neck was bare of the diamonds which had sparkled beneath the well modeled chin, envious of the brilliancy that shone from the dark eyes contrasting so sharply, yet agreeably, with the white, broad forehead. "No fragrant de corsage rode an anchor or heaving billows of illusion, nor did penant rosebud nod in unison with tumultuous throbbing of the heart."

Stripped of all ornamentation, Nellie stood in the presence of herself, repeating and repeating, yet never answering Juna's query: "Now what?" Never before had she found two words fraught with such import. They seemed to have aroused her to a realization of the fact that there is a future. For years she had looked forward to this occasion; it was the end of her future. Now she had reached it, and another future spread out before her, in which she could see no commencement nor ending. It was simply a plane without shrub or shelter, bounded by a dim horizon and lighted from she knew not where.

"Now what?" Turning from the contemplation of her anxious and puzzled face, she looked sadly upon the scattered flowers that lay dying upon the floor, at the books upon the shelves, at the parchment scroll and the blue and gold prize. For these she had contended heroically; now that they were hers, their charms were gone; they were disappointing, unsatisfactory.

"Now what?" Standing upon the threshold of a new future, the past seemed to have been wasted. The weary months and years that she had toiled to reach this point now appeared as a dark and crooked trail, and she could not help feeling that she had reached the bourne of a new existence. She could not return, and how should she go forward?

"Now what?" The clock in the distance struck one. To Nellie the sound had no significance as to time, but its loneliness seemed typical of herself. It went forth unaccompanied on its mission: A message of joy to some and sorrow to others; a warning to all that a new day had been born, whose burdens must be taken up.

This single peal from the owl-haunted belfry awoke Nellie to a realization of the solemn fact that she existed; also that her future existence would depend largely upon her individual exertions. It broke the spell that had so long bound her, dispelled the halo that had shut the matter-of-fact world from her view, and destroyed the troops of pretty air castles that she had sent adrift. Life has assumed a new aspect, dreams

have merged into realities, and the battle seems about to begin in earnest.

"Now what?" These words haunted the poor girl, turn where she would. The effort to banish them from her mind only magnified them. There was no music in their song, only a dull, leaden sound devoid of cheerfulness.

This will not do. There is no time for repining. Tomorrow is near at hand, and soon she must step out upon the new future. There is no way of avoiding the step if she proposes to fill the mission designed for her. To linger within the olden shades and walk o'er and o'er again the paths that have already been trodden, time and time again, is but to waste her life. There is a noble work for every woman, and she alone the noble woman who dares do it.

"Now what?" she said to herself, as she finished braiding her hair. The sad, puzzled look had disappeared from her face and in its stead there was an expression of determination.

"Were Juna here I would answer her question. I'll be a true woman, meet the trials of life philosophically, and bear its burdens with cheerfulness." In this dilemma she took Longfellow's refrain in Keramos:

"Stop, stop my wheel! Too soon, too soon The noon will be the afternoon. Too soon today the yesterday; Behind us in our path we cast The broken potsherd of the past. And all are ground to dust at last, And trodden into clay."

Real Estate Transfers.

G. W. Holt, et ux, to J. W. Burns, et al, tract in Union Twp., \$100.

Anna Valentine, et al, to Vincent Bolden, tract in Spring Twp., \$1

A. M. Hoover, et al, to Donald Snyder, tract in Bellefonte, \$500.

Julia Hale, et al, to Harold M. Haworth, tract in Rush Twp., \$700.

John H. Shuey, Exr., to Fearon J. Struble, tract in College Twp., \$1,700.

Walter B. Dreibelbis, et ux, to Albert Lutz, tract in Ferguson Twp., \$800.

Anna T. H. Henszey, et bar, to Phi Lamba Theta Fraternity, tract in State College, \$2,500.

Frank Sasserman, et ux, to John W. Sheckler, tract in Bellefonte, \$300.

American Lime and Stone Company to Nathaniel H. Krape, tract in Benner Twp., \$495.

John H. Hartwick, et al, et ux, to W. R. White, tract in State College, \$450.

F. Amelia Long, et al, to John Summers, tract in Rush Twp., \$3,900.

E. M. Huyett, et ux, et al, to Theodore D. Boal, tract in Ferguson, \$10,248.14.

Edward L. Lingle, et ux, to Ray H. Lingle, tract in Gregg Twp., \$700.

James G. Tyson, et ux, to John B. Lucas, tract in Howard Twp., \$1.

John B. Lucas, et ux, to Sarah J. Tyson tract in Howard Twp., \$1.

John L. Holmes, et al to Ruth F. Myers, tract in State College, \$1,500.

Victor Shedlock, et ux, to Carrie M. Lee, tract in Rush Twp., \$1.

M. B. Bigelow, et bar, to John

Petriskie, tract in Philipsburg, \$175.

Olive Bartlabaugh, et al, to Robert C. Blackburn, tract in Halfmoon Twp., \$350.

Harry Lyons, et ux, to Clyde L. Johnsonbaugh, tract in Spring Twp., \$400.

Carrie M. Lee, et bar, to Victor Shedlock, et ux, tract in Rush Twp., \$100.

L. Frank Mayes, Treas., to Savilla Rupert, tract in Liberty Twp., \$5.40.

L. Frank Mayes Treas., to George Walker, tract in Snow Shoe, \$40.

L. Frank Mayes, Treas., to Frank T. Philip, tract in Potter Twp., \$39.12.

Adam N. Krumrine, et ux, to Richard B. Snyder, tract in State College, \$600.

Elizabeth J. Winter, to Effie K. Harvey, tract in State College, \$1.

Good Riddance.

Ole Svenson, a son of the silent North, after having lived by himself and prepared his own meals for three years, had taken a wife. Mrs. Svenson proceeded to live with her husband for the better part of two months, after which she ran away to the city.

"Well, Ole," said a friend some time after the lady's departure, "are

MEDICAL.

All Out of Sorts?

So Was This Bellefonte Woman Who Tells Her Experience.

All too often women accept their pains and aches as natural to their sex. They fail to realize that weak kidneys are often to blame for that backache, those headaches, dizzy spells and that tired, depressed feeling. Thousands have found new health, strength by helping the weakened kidneys with Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. This Bellefonte case is one of many:

Mrs. Susan Lyons, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 49, says: "I suffered with disordered kidneys and my back gave out and ached as if it would break. I was hardly ever free from nervous, dizzy headaches. I used Doan's Pills bought at Zeller & Son's drug store and was relieved."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Lyons had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

you sorry she went?" "No," replied Ole. "No? Why not?" "Well," was the reply, "she was always getting in de vay ven I was cooking."—Los Angeles Times.

Fine Job Printing
—A SPECIALTY—
AT THE
WATCHMAN OFFICE.
There is no style of work from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest **BOOK WORK** that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 22 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. **SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE**



Who Can Tell?

Take the average man—what does he know about the inside details of clothes? Can he really tell the difference between artful tailoring and indifferent making? The chances are that he can't.

All he can do is take the word of the store. Lots of men in this locality take our word when it comes to clothes because we have gained a reputation for keeping the faith.

For one thing, we have **Griffon Clothes** here. Famous clothes. Clothes known for their un-failing quality. When men choose clothes here, they pick the style and color that they want knowing that the rest will be all right.

A. Fauble

Come to the "Watchman" office for High Class Job work.

Click
*Never too hot
Never too cool*

The famous Westinghouse Iron—the iron with the beveled base, greatest ironing surface, even heat distribution, perfect balance—now performs the almost impossible.

Whether you work fast or slow; whether you use it constantly, leave it for a while or even forget it—it is thinking, acting and maintaining that perfect ironing temperature.

Get one today from your Dealer

Westinghouse Automatic IRON

KEYSTONE POWER CORP., Bellefonte, Pa.

LADIES' Guaranteed Silk Hose

All Colors \$1.75 Pair

If they get a runner in the leg or a hole in the heel or toe you get

A New Pair Free

Yeager's Shoe Store

THE SHOE STORE FOR THE POOR MAN
Bush Arcade Building 58-27 BELLEFONTE, PA.