

BOY KING'S PALACE IN LOVELY RESORT

Rumania Gives Castle Pelesh to Little Michael.

Washington.—Sinaia, whose historic Castle Pelesh has been recently set aside by the Rumanian government as a country residence for the boy king, Michael, is a beautiful resort in the pine-clad Carpathian mountains and favorite summer gathering place of Balkan aristocracy, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society.

This delightful valley in the Carpathians became popular less than 50 years ago, when it was chosen as a refuge from the torrid summers of Bucharest by young Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, newly chosen king of Rumania, and his wife, Elizabeth of Newued, known to the literary world by her pen name of Carmen Sylva.

When the royal couple first visited this mountain fastness there was no summer palace built, and they stopped for weeks at a time at the Orthodox Greek monastery near Sinaia built by Prince Michael Cantacuzene in the Fifteenth century.

King Charles Built the Castle. So charmed were the new monarchs with the invigorating air and wild scenery of Sinaia that they set about the creation there of a summer court. King Charles supervised the erection of Castle Pelesh, the royal residence, on whose building, landscaping and furnishing he lavished millions.

The building, however, is in harmony with its background of evergreens and mountain peaks, and stands in a wooded park of great beauty. Its many rooms contain priceless art treasures from Europe and the Orient collected by King Charles throughout a long lifetime and added to by his successors Ferdinand and Marie. The throne room and reception halls are of Aladdinlike splendor.

In spite of this gorgeous background, court life has always been less formal at Sinaia than in Bucharest. It has been the custom of both Carmen Sylva and Queen Marie to wear native peasant costume while in residence.

It was at Sinaia that the royal family first heard the booming of the guns on the Hungarian frontier after Rumania's entry into the World war. The Transylvania frontier is a few miles away through the Carpathian passes.

Modern Summer Capital. Since the war Sinaia has become more popular than ever, not only among the native aristocracy but with visitors from all eastern Europe. Rumania combines strains of Latin gypsy and gipsy romance which seem to meet in Sinaia. Rich owners of landed estates have been hard hit by agrarian reforms, but many seem still able to maintain magnificent villas at the summer capital, and their number is constantly being added to by those newly enriched by post-war development.

On Sinaia's tree-shaded promenades are seen costumes fresh from the Rue de la Paix. Gay youths in flannels play tennis with girls in embroidered blouses, their hair held in place by colorful gipsy scarfs. Inviting bridle paths lead through the forest to mountain retreats of solemn grandeur. At the casino the wheel of fortune spins and each evening in the adjoining ballroom, music plays far into the night.

This remote Carpathian valley, in the shadow of the old Cantacuzene monastery, has seen during the last half century the surprising growth of one of Europe's gayest summer capitals. High upon the hillside above, embowered in gardens, lies the royal residence of Pelesh, built by the German monarch of a Latin country and redolent with the memory of an English queen. Now its gorgeousness is the property of a boy of five.

Sex Cost Boy \$5,000

New York.—Harry Atha Seggerman does not know it yet, but it cost him \$5,000 to be a boy. Frederick K. Seggerman, who died a few weeks ago, left a will stipulating that his prospective grandchild should have a legacy of \$10,000 if a girl, and half that amount if a boy. Harry has just arrived.

HIS WIFE, THE BETTER MANAGER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. WHIPPLE read the document carefully, ignoring the outstretched penholder in her husband's hand.

"Mortgage on the farm," she said, as her eyes reached the bottom, "and you want me to sign it?"

"Naturally, as I'm standing here holding out a pen to you."

She dropped the paper on the table and turned to him. "It's for the automobile you've been talking about, I suppose?" she asked. "Do you remember it took ten years to pay off the mortgage that was on the place when I married you? And do you realize that though Mary's expenses at the seminary and Tom's at college are all paid for the present year, \$1,500 will be needed for the next? We have some \$300 in the bank, I think, and you've rented the farm we might have counted on for some income. See your way?"

"There you go," said Whipple irritably; "always and forever trying to throw cold water on whatever I bring up. Of course, I remember, and, of course, I realize. The money'll come round all right when it's needed. It always does. But you seem to forget the farm's naturally mine. You didn't have a cent when I married you."

Mrs. Whipple flattened the paper on the table, took the pen from his hand and signed her name quietly. "I can't answer that argument, William," she said coldly. "You flung it at me when you rented the farm. It is an unfortunate fact that I did not bring you any money."

"Oh, come, now, Mary," apologized her husband as he picked up the paper and slipped it into his pocket, "you know I didn't quite mean that. I'm always making fool statements. I'm sorry for afterward. Of course, I don't really own the farm. There was the \$3,000 mortgage, and you helped pay that off—in fact, it was your idea and energy that rid it. I never could have paid it off by myself. So it's really part yours, and I only rented it for two years, you know. I'm forty-eight and have worked pretty hard, and I—I feel I ought to have a little rest—that both of us ought to. We can take up the farm again at the end of two years if we like."

"I'm awfully glad you've come around to see the automobile buying same as I do," he mumbled. "It's time we had one. Olem Anderson and Sam Potter, and—"

"I understand," she interrupted. "Mrs. Anderson was talking with me the other day. They mortgaged their farm to buy a car. Mr. Potter got his father to indorse a note for him at a bank. The Smiths have considerable surplus money, I believe, so it was all right for them, I understand all right. You had automobile on the brain three months ago, when you first hinted about renting the farm. You'd never have dreamed of such a thing otherwise. You wanted more time to play with it."

"There, that proves you don't understand!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "You think it's just extravagance. It isn't. The agent says there's no trouble at all in selling automobiles. It's fair time now, and he's going round to the big ones and says he'd like a man along to help. So this afternoon I'm to get my car and then go with him a few weeks to learn about driving it and how to sell. Why, I wouldn't wonder if I could sell lots of 'em. The \$1,600 won't be needed for nearly a year, and I'm likely to make it two or three times over in that time. The agent says—"

"Just what day does the renter take possession?"

"Next Monday. But he'll come into the house today with his family. That will make it pleasanter for you, me being away, so you won't be lonesome. They take only the back part of the house, so there needn't be any more mixing than you like. It'll be lots easier and pleasanter for you, Mary," conciliatingly; "board with them, have all the company you like and go visiting whenever you like."

"I shall go away myself tomorrow," she said calmly. "No use my staying on here."

"You—go away! But you mustn't, Mary. It wouldn't be right. Then, there's nobody but your sister, and you wouldn't want to live there. Her husband—"

"Not there, of course. I'm thinking of the \$1,600. I shall be doing what I can to—"

"Mary!" quick wrath mingling with the expostulation. "You surely don't mean going back to your old work of demonstrating family flour to the public, baking biscuit and waffles with it, and having your girls pass 'em round with cups of coffee to gaping listeners while you talk? I don't mean but its nice work, and you used to draw big pay, and it was listening to you lecturing on a platform that started me to falling in love—but—but, Mary, can't you see? Going back to work would make it seem like—like I was hard up."

Mary Whipple looked at him with a half smile, tenderness in her eyes, but resolution on her lips. She was still the striking figure that had demonstrated flour to the public twenty years before, a little older, a little stouter, but with the same friendly eyes and clear, persuasive voice. "Will Whipple," she smiled, "you're

a dear, good man, with a warm, loving heart as big as your body. Your face is still the same handsome, clean-souled one that I once singled out from the crowd looking up at me. But, for all that, you're only a big irresponsible, headstrong boy, as you always have been and always will be. Just now you've taken the bit in your mouth in spite of reason and my wishes. Indeed, you didn't even ask my advice, knowing you were contemplating a foolish move. But we'll let all that pass. Now you want to lock me up while you're racing with a lot of future trouble. It can't be done. Will, really and truly it can't. I've got to try to head you off in some way, get between you and the stone wall, and arrange as best I can for that \$1,600. To tell the whole truth, Mary and Tom are more in my thoughts just now than you."

After dinner Whipple left, with profuse but unsaid apologies in his eyes and hesitating voice. The next morning the new tenant arrived with his family, slipping quietly into the back part of the house. Toward noon there was a whirr and honking outside that drew Mrs. Whipple to a window. She supposed it was her husband, returned unexpectedly. But, no, it was a strange car, much handsomer and more substantial looking than her husband's.

She already had packed and dressed for departure and had been about to call the tenant's boy to harness a horse when the honking came. She went to see what was wanted.

"Mr. Whipple at home?"

"No, and likely to be gone several weeks."

The man seemed much disappointed. "Too bad!" he exclaimed, "and here I've made a run of twenty miles to see him. We heard he was thinking of buying a car and we've got the best for the money that's on the market. You see, I happened to be in this section starting a new agent and, fearing he might not be experienced enough yet to show off the car properly, I came up myself. I'm the traveling manager of the firm and must leave tomorrow. Well, I may as well go."

"Wait a few minutes, please," said Mrs. Whipple, as she stepped outside. "I'd like to look at the car and have a little talk with you."

They looked over the automobile together, he explaining and listening to what she said. His first impatience soon gave place to a forgetfulness that he was in a hurry. At the end of twenty minutes he was nodding and smiling.

"We've never tried a woman before," he said; "but with your previous experience and manner I really believe it's going to be great. And your grasp of things is nothing less than intuition. In a few days you'll know as much about the car as I do. Now you say you were all ready to start. Have your suitcase brought out and put into the car and I'll take you right through. It will be quicker than a train, and I will want to introduce you to the general manager myself. You'll be just the person to reach the higher class of woman traveler."

At the end of six weeks Whipple came home. He was not a good correspondent, and in all the six weeks he had not written a line home. He approached the house apologetically. But all he found was a brief note from his wife, giving her address in care of a well-known automobile firm. He looked at the name perplexedly.

"Demonstrating flour," he muttered, "and to be addressed here. What—oh, I see. Using one of their cars, of course."

For a week he stayed at the farm, not knowing what to do with himself. Then he took his car out on a selling trip through the neighborhood, without success. One man really wanted a car and he looked over Whipple's very carefully and then went up to the city and purchased one just like it. When Whipple heard of it he scowled. "I primed him up for the purchase," he thought, dismally, "but he felt a plain farmer's opinion on automobiles couldn't be depended on, so he went and bought of some dapper city salesman. Ho-hum! Wish I hadn't rented. Wish Mary'd come home."

But it was six months before Whipple saw a handsome machine cross the yard swiftly and curve to a graceful stop directly in front of the door. He was admiring the skill of it while hurrying forward to find out what was wanted. Then he stopped short, staring, when he saw that his wife was the driver and only occupant.

"I didn't know you could run a machine, Mary," he stammered.

"Been running this one nearly six months," she answered, as she dropped lightly to the ground and offered her face for a kiss. "How are things?"

"Rotten," he groaned. "I've paid out half the rent money in repairing my car, and now I guess it's nothing but a junk pile, for I can't make it stir any more. Wish we could go back to where we were before we rented. But that's a dandy car you've got. Where did you hire it?"

"Bought it, Will," she answered. "Or rather, the firm gave it to me as a bonus on sales. I've had fine success, and the \$1,600 is already banked. Of course, we can't come back to the farm till the two years are up, so I'll keep on machine selling till then, Will, for I have a sale pending at Milltown this evening. I sold one this morning fifty miles the other way, and came by here in hope of finding you at leisure. I need a man to help me in my sales. Will you do it, Will?"

And Whipple, to his glory be it said, answered: "Yes, glad to Mary. You're the leader."

Motor Federation Publishes Queries.

Each day a great many Pennsylvania motorists write to the Pennsylvania Motor Federation at Harrisburg for information concerning the motor vehicle laws, regulations of the State Highway Department and roads in Pennsylvania. Many of these queries are of a general nature. In the belief that the questions and their answers will solve problems of other motorists, the Motor Federation from time to time will publish these questions and answers in Pennsylvania newspapers. The first installment will be found below.

Q. To end the dangers attendant upon "cutting in" or "cutting out" of traffic lines, would it not be a good thing if the State law provided that no passenger car might trail another car closer than, say, the distance between two telegraph poles?

A. The Motor Law, which becomes effective January 1 next, contains the provision that trucks on the highways must stay one hundred feet apart. It is doubtful if a similar provision in the case of passenger cars would be beneficial, because there are altogether too many passenger cars. The smart driver does not attempt to pass the vehicle in front of him unless he is absolutely sure he has plenty of room.

Q. Is there no short cut between Central Pennsylvania points and Baltimore and Washington?

A. The State Highway Department recently completed the highway route connecting the William Penn Highway at Mill Creek with the improved roads leading from McConnellsburg, Fulton county, to Gettysburg, Baltimore and Washington. The distance from Huntingdon to McConnellsburg approximates fifty miles. From McConnellsburg the best route to Washington is by way of Mercersburg, Greencastle and Hagerstown, entirely improved. The cross-over in question connects three main thoroughfares—William Penn and Lincoln Highways and National Pike.

Q. How many Motor Patrolmen are employed by the State Highway Department?

A. There are two troops of Highway Patrolmen, totaling 335 men. They are located at 25 sub-stations and the activities of these men are directed by two captains, four lieutenants and twelve sergeants, responsible to Patrol Headquarters at Harrisburg.

Real Estate Transfers.

John B. Shontz, et al, to Harold Woodring, tract in Phillipsburg; \$3,000.

Margaret Barger heirs to Roland F. Barger, tract in Burside and Snow Shoe Twp.; \$700.

Cyrus M. Powley, et ux, to Charles W. Simpson, et ux, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$4,500.

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