

BAKED BEANS FOR DINNER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

CHESTER TRENTON III of Boston put more time on that weekly letter to his mother than usual. It was an important letter. He closed his ears to the sound of revelry on the campus below as the boys prepared to go to the field for football practice. He did not answer the repeated raps at his door as his classmates went by. He did not even stop to fill his fountain pen when it went dry, but dipped it into the ink bottle on his desk. It was a long letter—that letter to Mrs. Chester Archibald Trenton II, and when he finished, he reread parts of it aloud, changing a word here and there and adding several underscorings to bring out important points.

"I certainly am glad that you are going to meet Virginia at last, mother. She wrote home and asked her mother, after I told her you wanted her to come to Boston for the weekend, and it is all right with her folks. Cecile Manning is coming with us.

"She is sure a peach and you will all like her. She said she had heard of our house through the Murrys in Detroit—you remember the Murrys—well, they live next to Virginia's folks in Detroit—Virginia's dad is an automobile manufacturer, but she isn't one of those newly rich—not by a long shot—she is the real stuff.

"I'll leave all the fixings to you, mother, because you know how to do it. We'll leave here after lunch and will be at the house around 6:30. I suppose Benjamin will meet us. It might be a good idea to have two or three in—how about Dave Laidlaw for Cecile?—I'll leave that to Sis—and we can run out to the club to dance.

"I know everything will be all fine—you know how to do it, mother, and I know you will like Virginia."

Benjamin, the Trenton chauffeur, austere in his green livery, was at the station to meet Chester and the two young ladies. Chester and Benjamin had been very close friends for years, ever since the days when Chester III sat on the front seat with Benjamin when he was driven to and from grammar school. Benjamin was on the alert for the usual effusive greeting but Chester, in a most dignified manner, much the same as that used by Chester II, said: "How do you do, Benjamin?" Benjamin smiled broadly over the wheel as the car left the station. Young Mr. Trenton was certainly grown up nowadays but just wait until the young ladies were not around. The big car rolled through the massive stone gateway of the Trenton estate and followed a winding boulevard through well-kept lawns and shrubbery. Back on a terrace elevation stood the Trenton house, as it had stood for more than half a century, since Chester I of New York and England had built it there. Massive, imposing, an architecture of an American past and magnificent in its simplicity, the Trenton house was one of the show places of New England.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" exclaimed Virginia Butler of Detroit. "Just beautiful! It looks like an old painting—we have beautiful houses in Detroit, too, but they are all so new and so extravagantly done—I have never seen one like this."

Chester III was very happy. So happy that when Benjamin stood at the car door and assisted the young ladies to alight, he winked at him, which the chauffeur knew meant a confidential chat later in the garage over cigarettes. Benjamin unsmilingly winked back.

"How do you do, James," said Chester III to the dignified butler who opened the door. "Is my mother down?"

"No, Mr. Chester, that is—she is coming now, Mr. Chester—I will send the luggage up, sir."

Mrs. Chester Archibald Trenton II was very charming. She kissed her son's two pretty guests and took them, herself, to their rooms. Chester's debutante sister met them on the stairs, very lovely in her peach-colored dress, her sunny hair bound with a band of silver.

"You have met all the family but grandmother," said Alice as she went with them. "Grandmother never comes down until dinner-time. We will have four guests—Betsy Ann Lee and Dick Travers, David Laidlaw and Robert Burman, my fiancée. We are going to the Country club after dinner for dancing. We would have gone for dinner but grandmother is so old-fashioned—a creature of habit, and she insists on the family being together on Saturday night. An old New England custom of hers and you can't change grandmother."

Cecile and Virginia whispered over their dressing.

"I am positively afraid to meet the grandmother," said Virginia. "The Murrys say she is a regular dowager—rules the whole family with an iron hand. Fearfully proud of her family, traces her ancestry back to Sir Walter Raleigh. In fact, her name was Caroline Raleigh before she married Chester Trenton I."

Chester III was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs and led them to the drawing room where before the fireplace sat a little, old gray-haired lady, in black silk and cream lace. She looked like a Sargent portrait just stepped from his frame.

"Grandmother, this is Miss Virginia Butler from Detroit, Mich., and Miss Cecile Manning from New Haven. My

grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Raleigh, Trenton."

The Sargent portrait looked at them carefully through her gold lorgnette. Then she nodded as though in approval.

"I am pleased to welcome you, young ladies, into our home," she said in a voice that was modulated, formal, exacting, "and I trust your sojourn under its roof will be pleasant. Dinner will be announced in seven minutes."

"I claim Miss Virginia as my dinner partner," said Chester Trenton II, handsome and distinguished in his dinner clothes. "I want to hear all about dynamic Detroit and that new model her father is going to put out this fall."

Chester III glowed with pride as his father offered his arm to his pretty guest; he knew the family approved and now it would be much easier to tell them that he and Virginia—well, she was wearing his frat pin. He was proud of his distinguished father and his charming, dashing mother; Sis was a nice little thing, too, and grandmother—well, she was all right as far as grandmothers go, although he did wish she would relax a bit and forget she was a kin to Sir Walter Raleigh. For the first time Chester III felt a real glow of pride in his beautiful home; he had always lived there and had taken it as a matter of course; but it sure was a corking place—perfect—every detail. He looked around at the great room in which they were standing. Then he looked up at the framed painting of his grandmother's famous relative over the fireplace and grinned. Sir Walter refused to grin back.

The butler announced dinner and they started for the dining room; ahead he could see the soft glow of a candle-lit room; an expanse of glistening linen, silver, flowers. Dinners in the house of Trenton were works of art and he knew that Virginia was accustomed to the best. Just wait until she puts those pretty white teeth into some of the delectable viands prepared by Oscar, the French chef.

And then James came in, bearing a familiar big silver dish; a serving dish of huge proportions. He set it down in front of Chester II and removed the cover of silver. Chester III looked—closed his eyes—opened them and—ked again! Baked beans! Baked beans! It was Saturday night. He had forgotten! Baked beans! Oh, the irony of it!

He was dancing with Virginia on Detroit a few hours later.

"I'm having a beautiful time. Chester—just gorgeous."

He held her closer. He knew it was bad form to apologize but she sure had an apology coming about that dinner.

"I'm deucedly sorry about the baked beans, Ginny. You see, I had forgotten about Saturday night—and grandmother—New England custom."

The music stopped and Virginia slipped her hand through his arm.

"Apologize! Why, I would have been terribly disappointed if it hadn't been baked beans in New England on Saturday night—and Chester, dear, if you want what you said at the prom the other night and—well, you can make up your mind it is baked beans on Saturday nights—always!"

Enormous Herds of

Buffalo in Australia

Most people will be surprised to learn that huge herds of wild buffalo roam the plains of the northern territory of Australia. These animals are not native to the country, and there appears to be a considerable diversity of opinion as to their origin. It is generally accepted, however, says Michael Terry, that when the military stations were created near Darwin, in 1823, Timor buffalo were imported for domestic purposes.

The earliest English settlers who arrived to develop the country found the animals in considerable numbers and tried to tame them for domestic uses. Most of them, however, had become too wild for this, and so they were left alone, so far as the white man was concerned, for the next fifty years. The climate and other conditions, apparently, were ideal for their requirements; they multiplied in numbers and increased in size till you can now shoot enormous specimens.

It is estimated that there are at least 30,000 of them at large in the northern territory. Their horns—which have a spread up to ten feet from tip to tip—are as big as one's thigh at the butt and taper to pencil points at the extremities. The hide, an inch thick, will turn an ordinary bullet; the hunters use a .450 Martini with a short barrel. With his formidable equipment of horns and hide and his powerful physique, it is easy to understand how the buffalo has been able not only to hold his own but to increase and multiply.

The black man with his spear can do nothing against him, says Mr. Terry, and so keeps at a respectful distance; the dingoes, or wild dogs, which hunt down domestic calves, dare not tackle him. Only a handful of professional hunters, in quest of hides, make systematic war upon him.

Remains of Columbus

Columbus died May 20, 1506, and was interred at Seville, Spain. In 1542 the body was exhumed and placed in the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 or 1796, upon the cession of San Domingo to France, the remains of Columbus were re-exhumed and transferred to the cathedral of Havana, Cuba. After the Spanish-American war, as the result of which Spain lost Cuba, the relics of Columbus were removed to Seville where they still remain.—Pathfinder.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

—Dame fashion is a logical woman. Marjorie Howard, fashion editor of Harper's Bazar, said so last night. She even explained this seeming paradox by saying:

"During the war—ten years ago now—duchesses and princesses were so busy with war work that they had no time to think of elaborate fashions, and no disposition to wear them. Now society is once more thinking in terms of luxury in its apparel."

"Evening dresses can be as decorative and individual as is desired, but they must be worn in surroundings that set them off. With the return of trailing skirts, canopies will return also and Milady must use an automobile to protect her frills and laces. Miss Howard arrived from Paris a few weeks ago to attend the fashion conference under the auspices of Harper's Bazar at the Ritz Towers October 9 and 10.

She pointed out that afternoon dresses will not be more extreme this Winter than last, nor will they be much different.

She went on. "Daytime styles have crystalized into what most women want. They are practical for sports wear and for the constant rushing about that most women do nowadays. This season there is a noticeable return to the satin and velvet afternoon frock of black, heretofore neglected for the lazy sports outfit.

"Mannish bobs are becoming taboo, especially with the new evening styles. The curly, feminine headdress is returning. At Polret's I saw one headdress inspired by that of the Empress Josephine and another of Oriental origin, made of flat, gilded feathers.

"Jewels and accessories grow more important and more modern, etc. If a woman has a limited income she may buy one evening dress and many accessories."

Miss Howard suggested the following as a practical wardrobe.

"A tweed costume in brown, with fur trimmings and brown or tan suede shoes and accessories to match. This costume will keep the modern woman well dressed until 7 o'clock each day no matter what happens. "A black broadcloth coat trimmed with caracul or Persian lamb afternoons. A black satin dress and a brilliant colored crepe one, which may be alternated according to one's mood.

"For evening wear as varied and extreme gowns as the purse will permit."

—Men have long contended that women have small minds. If this be true, there are good reasons. And considering the long years during which women have been entirely concerned with infinitely small matters, it seems to me that the modern type is remarkably intelligent.

A girl born of working parents spends her entire life with her mind concentrated upon the drab, the tedious, the uninteresting. Though she may get an outside job for a few years and thus have shorter hours, still even then she is only looking after details. Stenographers have to attend to the deadliest routine of the office work, and the sales girls have little to inspire them to brilliant thinking.

After marriage life is spent in an effort to keep the home clean, husband and children fed, buttons sewed on, and stockings mended. A woman may have a fine mind but all its energies must be devoted to the garnishings of her few rooms and for this life-long labor she is paid nothing. When given money she is regarded merely as an administrator and must put out her funds to the best advantage not for herself, but for her family.

And the rich woman is hardly in better case. Her life is practically empty of real or interesting affairs. She manages her home, looks after her servants, and acts in the capacity of housekeeper. If very rich and entirely free from domestic worries, she is engaged in an endless round of paltry and boring social affairs. Morning musicales, luncheons, teas, bridge parties and dances.

Say what you will about the nobility of woman's sphere in the home, but it can be infinitely wearying and does not tend to develop the mind. This incessant looking after the curtains, and laundry and suits for the cleaners; this calling of plumbers and planning of meals and keeping linen in order and this futile effort to pay off social obligations gets tiresome.

Most women are today either thralls of domesticity or parasites of wealth. They are smothered by little things. The wonder is that out of this deadly dullness woman has been able to advance at all. Let the man think on this before he criticizes. Would he have done any better under the circumstances?

—Any painted wall may be successfully washed, whether it is plain or decorated with some novel treatment. Stencils and Tiffany glazes are as easy to do as a plain wall finish. Wall-paper that has been varnished may also be washed.

The easiest way to wash a painted wall is to prepare a solution as follows: Shave a cake of pure neutral (nonalkaline) white soap into a quart of boiling water. Dissolve about two ounces of glue in another quart of boiling water and mix the two liquids together.

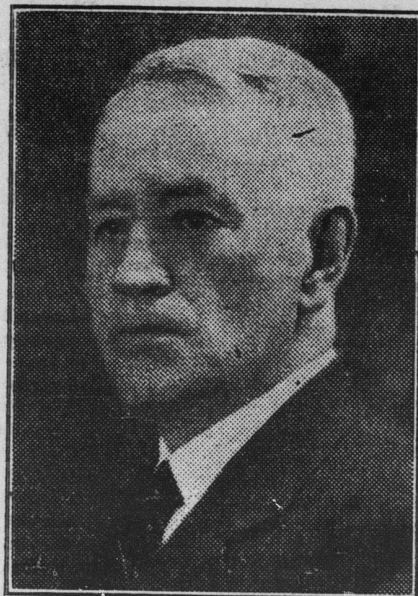
A little flour may be added to make a thicker solution, and a little soda or washing powder to make a solution. This jellied cleaning liquid is applied with a soft sponge, working from the bottom up.

The wall is then wiped down with chamolis. If the surface is quite soiled it will be easier to apply the solution to a wall area with a kalsomine brush allowing it to stand two or three minutes to loosen the dirt. Then wash off with a clean sponge and a pail of clear water.

—For Prune Pudding—Half pound of prunes stewed, with only sufficient water to cover them. Cook until soft, then press through a sieve. Beat the

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9. Opposes centralization in government.
10. Will represent all of Centre County.

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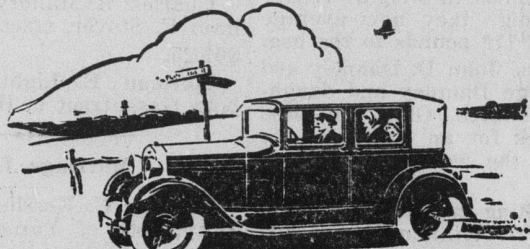


whites of two eggs light; add the prunes; sweeten. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. These should be sent to the table as soon as cooked.

—Get your job work done here.

—Everybody is glad that John Coolidge has a job, but the idea of providing him with a body guard at public expense is not unanimously approved.

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Joseph Drapp, et ux, to Emro Drapp, tract in Snow Shoe Twp.; \$1.

Andrew B. Struble, et al, to Robert E. Dengler, et ux, tract in State College; \$9,000.

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