

EMMA'S ROSEWOOD SOFA

(By D. J. Walsh.)

IT WAS close and hot in the little west corner bedroom with the sloping ceiling, where Emma Pearson lay on her cot bed. The cot bed creaked and sagged and her sprained hip hurt her. But her heart hurt her more.

"What's the use of crying?" Emma thought over and over. "I couldn't help anything that happened. I can't help anything now. I've just got to make the best of it."

The window was open, but somebody had considerably put a screen in it, to keep out the flies. For the crowd below drew the insects. Whoever saw an auction without flies? The voice of the auctioneer came in through the open window—"How much you givin' me for this table? Two dollars—Make it three! Three—three—three, make it four!"

"That's the sitting room table," Emma sighed. The dear old sitting room table! Emma tried to hear the name of the person who bought it, but she could not. Well!

It was her own household gear that was being auctioned off in the shade of the big elm—her chairs, her lamps, her carpets and, dearest of all, her rosewood sofa. She had wanted to keep that, but what could she do with it? There would be no room for it at Mrs. Shipway's where she intended to live in the future, for the small room for which she was to pay \$3 a week was already furnished. Mrs. Shipway did not take meals, only roomers, and Emma expected to get her meals out—that is, at Nelson's restaurant. The thought of food prepared by Mrs. Nelson was somewhat distasteful to her, but she could not make any better arrangement. Besides, she suspected that her new occupation of working in Fletcher's store would be trying at first, to say the least.

Her father's death had taken place after an illness that had extended over a period of several years. During that time she had nursed him faithfully and stinted him in nothing. A gentle, kindly old man he was, but still the long caring for him had told upon Emma. She had aged slightly; that is, a touch of silver began to show in the dark hair at each temple, and she had grown thinner, with a loss of vivacity. Such a pretty girl as she had been could not, however, be entirely effaced in a difficult womanhood. She was still wonderfully attractive, and Eugene Boyden would marry her in a minute if she would let him, and Eugene Boyden was a wealthy man. But she would, rather work and keep on waiting for Dennis Steel to come back, even though she knew that people laughed at her for clinging to the foolish romance of her girlhood. Dennis had gone because there was nothing that he could do in Colchester—a straying, visionary, young fellow he had been. But although he had roamed far, he had not found success—"goes from one thing to another faster'n I can keep count," old Mrs. Allison, his aunt, to whom he wrote, said. "Well, it's my opinion when he gets sick of running round after notions he'll come home and settle down on his father's old place like he should." Emma believed as Mrs. Allison did, and so she continued to wait.

Her father's sickness and death had used up all the money, the old house had been mortgaged and now Emma was holding an auction in order to provide herself with a rainy-day fund. And the morning of the auction she had fallen down stairs and wrenched her hip. So here she lay, waiting for the auction to be over before she was moved to Mrs. Shipway's. And there was no prospect of her being able to go to work for a week at least.

"How much for this sofa?" she heard the auctioneer say. Then she stopped her ears to keep out the sound.

The door opened and Mrs. Hoy entered.

"Things are going off fine, Emma," she said. "Just think, that mess of old lamps brought \$71! You've no reason to worry."

"No, I suppose not," Emma smiled wanly. "Who got the sofa?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know. A man in a car stopped and he's bidding on it now. Mrs. Banner wants it. She's willing to give \$16 for it."

"It's worth more than that."

"Well, you can't expect to get much more. The springs are awful weak. I tried them."

Emma looked at Mrs. Hoy's tremendous proportions and smiled again.

"Oh, well! I don't care," she said, and looked fixedly at the faded ceiling paper.

"If you want," said Mrs. Hoy, "we'll get you over to Mrs. Shipway's now. Then this cot can be sold. I don't know but what I'll take it—if it goes reasonable."

"Well, I don't care," Emma repeated.

"I'll borrow Mrs. Brady's wheel-chair, and I'll get my husband to carry you downstairs," said Mrs. Hoy. "It's dreadful hot for you up here."

her eyes. She did not open them again until she was at Mrs. Shipway's.

"Well, you poor thing! You do have the worst luck," Mrs. Shipway said. "My, but you're pale! Lie down here in the porch-hammock, where it's cool. I'll bring you a drink of ice water. You going back, Mrs. Hoy?"

Mrs. Hoy nodded, intent on the cot bed from which she had just had Emma removed.

The water revived Emma and she lay there in the porch-hammock, sensing the pain in her hip and trying to keep her face straight while Mrs. Shipway was with her. Then Mrs. Shipway went back into the house and she was alone.

"Oh, well," she thought, "it's all in a lifetime. Some folks are made to be happy and some aren't. I'm one of the ones who aren't. But hurting my hip did seem like the last straw."

An automobile came into the street, and stopped. It was a dusty roadster, powerful and obviously second-hand. Out of it stepped a man who looked tired and excited. He came to the foot of the steps and paused, then he came up on the porch where Emma could see him.

They looked at each other a long minute.

"Emma! I—" he began. "I don't know whether you want to see me but—" he choked.

She held out her hand with a smile. "I'm real glad to see you, Dennis," she said.

He came forward and sat down beside the porch-hammock and wiped his face.

"I just got back," he explained. "I was driving into town when I saw the auction and I stopped. I'm going to stay. Guess I'll run a market-garden. I got the hang of it out in California. The old place looks pretty seedy and the house needs some work done on it."

"The trumpet-vine has been real pretty all summer," Emma said in a low tone.

"Yes, I noticed as I came by. Well, might better have stayed right here in the first place." His honest, handsome eyes looked wistfully into Emma's. "Why didn't you tell me to, Em?"

"Why, I didn't have any business to tell you," Emma answered.

"Yes, you did. You had all the business in the world. And you've got it yet, Em." He reached out and got hold of her hand. "I've bought a few of your old things, that old rosewood sofa and—you know," he breathed fast, "I could just see you sitting on it under one of those gold-shaded lights. I thought the things would help furnish my house. I thought—" Suddenly he was red, stammering, boyish again. He gripped her hand. "Em, if you knew how I felt about you, you'd marry me," he said.

Ten minutes later Emma drew herself out of his arms with a glory on her face that made her beautiful to her lover's eyes.

"Oh, Dennis!" she said. "They're putting up my old base-burner. We are going to need it for the sitting room this winter. If you hurry you can get there in time to bid it in yourself."

Times Hard for the Ambitious Poet Today

"Times have changed," grumbled the poet. "It isn't as easy to find subjects you can write about as it once was. There's much too much law!"

"Look at Scott. A wild young man, comes chasing out of the West and Scott makes a whole poem out of it. What would happen if you tried that today? You'd get one stanza done and then you'd fetch up against this:

"Reginald W. Lochinvar, scion of a well-known New Jersey family, was arrested early last night as he was coming out of the West Shore ferry in New York. He was held in \$1,000 bail for speeding and assaulting an officer. His excuse that he had had a date at a wedding brought forth the sarcastic rejoinder from Magistrate Hoodlun that he ought to have been glad he hadn't kept a date with the undertaker."

"Or take Longfellow. Longfellow shot an arrow and sang a song and got a poem out of them. Would he get a poem today? He would not. He'd get something like this:

"Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Case of William Smith, aviator, vs. Henry W. Longfellow, poet. Action for assault with arrow. Verdict for plaintiff for \$5,000."

"And this: 'Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Case of International Composers' Union vs. Henry W. Longfellow. Action for injunction to prevent defendant from broadcasting a song. Verdict for the plaintiff, with costs."

"No wonder," said the poet, "that poets are either writing about their feelings or going into advertising."

Reduces Rail Dangers

Electrified fences are being tried in California to warn approaching trains of landslides in their path. These fences will be erected along the railroad tracks near places where slides may be expected and if they are broken the electrical impulses will set the signal block against the approaching train.

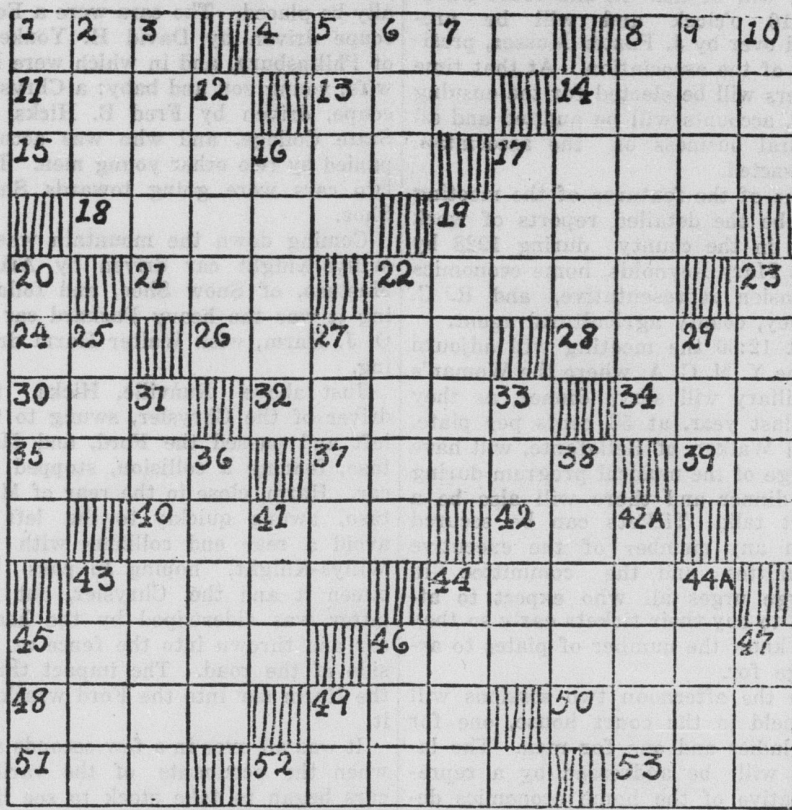
Work on Big Air Liners

Work on the huge air liners for the England-Australia route is being rushed to completion and it is hoped to start the service by next year. Work on the rudder skeleton, nearly 15 feet high, is nearly finished. The ships will be fitted with every modern convenience.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 1.



(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.

- 1—Native of Japan (short)
- 4—Killed
- 8—Distant
- 11—Metal
- 13—Skill
- 14—Large bundle, as of cotton
- 15—Kind of verbal noun (pl.)
- 17—Festivals
- 18—Airplanes (coll.)
- 19—Angry
- 21—Point of compass
- 22—A trap
- 24—That thing
- 26—To choose
- 28—Repairs socks
- 30—Fabled bird
- 32—Archaic pret. of "swear"
- 34—To bring suit
- 35—Family quarrel
- 37—To give pleasure to
- 39—Note of scale
- 40—Whiskers
- 42—Intelligence
- 43—Repairs socks
- 44—Rest for the foot
- 45—Doctrine of retribution
- 46—Welcomed
- 48—Female sheep (pl.)
- 49—To observe
- 50—To talk wildly
- 51—Insect
- 52—Walks lamely
- 53—Hastened

Solution will appear in next issue.

Vertical.

- 1—Kind of dance
- 2—Extent
- 3—Holes in skin
- 5—Boys
- 6—Land measures
- 7—That thing
- 8—Adds weight to
- 9—Toward the lee side (nautical)
- 10—Thing (Latin)
- 12—Attendant for a sick person
- 14—Grizzles
- 16—Christmas songs
- 17—Brother of a religious order
- 18—Prefix meaning within
- 20—Original of an ending
- 22—To burn with water
- 23—Sugary
- 25—Boy's plaything
- 27—Fitchers
- 29—Belonging to us
- 31—Cafe offering entertainment
- 33—Toilet case
- 36—Semesters
- 38—Kind of duck
- 41—Collection of information about one subject
- 42A—A Tartar
- 43—Daybreak
- 45—Proposition (abbr.)
- 44A—Monetary unit of Bulgaria (pl.)
- 46—New Zealand parrot
- 47—Jewel
- 48—Lair
- 49—Note of scale

Highway Officials Seek to Make Soliciting of Free Rides Unlawful in State.

Hitch hikers are in for slim picking in Pennsylvania if the highway department has its way. The next session of the Legislature probably will be asked by the department to place restrictions on soliciting rides along the highways of the State.

At present the highway department is without authority to place any curb on persons soliciting free rides from motorists. The custom which has its inception among college students hiking to foot ball games will be a thing of the past if the Legislature concurs in the department's wish.

The department, it is understood, favors the passing of a law that would make it unlawful to stand on the highway and solicit rides from the operators of private vehicles.

Companies with investments in bus lines, trolley lines and even railroads will not fight any legislation of that nature. In recent years they have told the Public Service Commission that the increase in passenger automobile travel is seriously affecting their revenue. Lately "hitch hiking" has increased to such an extent that trolley and railroad companies have threatened to curtail schedules on that account.

The department also seeks to check the possibility of innocent motorists falling the victim of criminals by giving them "lifts" along the highways.

Fox Fur King in Paris Styles.

The fox is king of the furs in Paris this autumn and this means practically every one of the fifty-seven varieties on the market. Fox hunting is now the most important sport for Madame for she must suit her fox to her complexion as well as costume.

The very smartest one of the season is a slaty-blue fox which flatters a fair, fresh skin and looks very well with navy blue and black costumes. Jean Patou is showing them with chic slate-grey tailleurs which he makes to match.

Premet is showing some white foxes with tufts of black peppering them in a fascinating pattern. They are ideal to wear with black or navy-blue.

Blue ones which are a kind of mauve bois-de-rose tint are favorites with the brunette or rosy blond. They give a bright touch to black and dark red-brown costume.

Cross foxes mingling tones of black and grey with fox-red give a great variety of choice. They are best with rich brown or black.

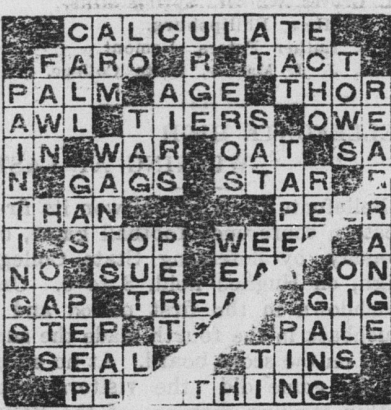
Silver foxes are best on mature women. Red foxes are reserved for the lucky auburn-haired and those with a golden tone in their skins.

Turquoise-blue, green and beige foxes are the perfect complement to certain complexions, hair and costumes.

Small Sized Paper Money Next July.

The new issue of paper currency, which will consist of notes of smaller sizes than those now in circulation is being printed by the presses of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at the rate of several million dollars a day.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



\$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000 and \$10,000. Approximately 53 per cent. of the entire issue will be of \$1 denomination.

The present plan of the Department of the Treasury contemplates release of the new money for general circulation about July 1 of next year.

Black Locust is in More Demand.

Scattered stands of black locust are common throughout the forest areas of Pennsylvania, especially in farmers' woodlots. The tree has always served a valuable purpose with the farmer for fence posts, but is coming into prominence in the Eastern markets because of a recent demand for insulator pins manufactured from this wood, according to reports recently received by State Forester Joseph S. Illick, of the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters.

For more than 150 years black locust wood has been used extensively in the building of ships, as it supplied the large pins which hold the timbers together. The modern tendency of wooden vessels lessened the demand, but even at the present time the demand is usually ahead of the supply.

The method of lumbering and the process of manufacturing insulator pins is comparatively simple. After felling the tree it is cut into billets about fifty-seven inches in length. The wood is classified into two classes, first and second class. The first class comprises all sound material over six inches in diameter, the second class includes all sound material below six inches in diameter and partly sound material over six inches in diameter. The billets are cut into sections having the length of the desired pins, and then run through a rip saw, after which the pins are turned on a lathe to the desired form, together with the thread. The insulator pins are then placed in burlap bags and stored in a drying shed for about a week.

Careful inspection of the pin is necessary before shipping. A thin trace of bark, superficial boring, or a split are considered defects. Pins with major defects are scrapped, while pins with minor defects are worked into smaller pins.

A full operating crew of six men can turn out about 6000 pins per day. Such a small industry may be a good source of revenue for owners of timberland which contains black locust.

The Watchman gives all the news while it is news.

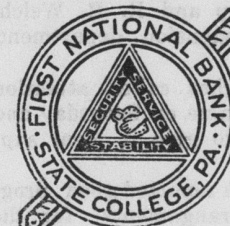
New Subjects for Conversation

NOW that the Election is over we shall have to find new subjects for conversation — get down to real business.

Let us talk about saving something each year and begin to do it now. This is the one safe rule that leads to material success.

The man who does not save is doomed to failure.

The First National Bank
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IDEALS are like stars — you will not succeed in touching them with your hands — but you can choose them as your guides — and following them reach your destiny. Let an account with this bank be your guiding star to success.

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They should be seen to be appreciated.

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Do you think it worth while?

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