

HONEYMOON ICE CREAM AND CAKE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

HORTENSE APPLEBY came in from the back yard, where she had been hanging out the weekly wash. Hortense was thirty-five, plump, rosy and good-natured. She was known among her friends as a good sport, always ready for fun or frolic. She taught in the graded school in her home town and was well beloved by her pupils. Busy as she was, however, she still found time to lend a helping hand to her mother, who was not very strong and kept roomers. Before and after school Hortense did the sweeping and dusting and Saturdays she arose with the sun and did the family washing. This being Saturday and her regular wash-day she had donned her "regimentals," as she called them, and got an early start, and now at ten o'clock was ready to slip on a clean bungalow apron, comb her hair and rest for an hour before starting the mid-day meal. She had just gone upstairs when she heard a car stop before the house, and soon after a step was heard on the porch directly under her window. She heard her mother go to the door in answer to a brisk ring. A brief conversation followed, after which she called Hortense to come down.

"Nothing doing, mother," said Hortense positively. "We are not going to buy another thing of an agent no matter how well advertised it is. If we want any more egg-beaters, brushes or patent fly traps, we'll go to the store after them. We have enough on hand now to have a rummage sale." The window was open and Hortense in her exasperation spoke in her loudest voice, and her answers could not have failed to reach the ears of the man who stood, hat in hand on the porch below.

"But, dear," said Mrs. Appleby, in a shocked voice, "this isn't an agent, but Ben Trask. He has come to see you."

"Oh!" breathed Hortense, and she sank weakly down in the chair which stood before her little dressing table. She caught sight of her face, which was reflected in the glass, and realized that she was white as a sheet.

"Ben Trask!" she thought. "After all these years. Well, she had done it now for a fact. To have taken him for an agent. Well, there was nothing to do but finish combing her hair and go down. But could she ever face him after what he must have just heard?"

She hastily ran the comb through her hair, and when it stuck at a snarl she gave it a yank that brought out a big lock. She winced, but kept on, her thoughts racing back over the fifteen years that had passed since she last saw Ben. Ben and she had been schoolmates and they had graduated in the same class. They had been neighbors and friends and the year before he went away, sweethearts. But Ben had been restless and unsettled and wanted to go far afield seeking adventure, while Hortense was quiet and home-loving, and anyway, she had been needed at home to help on account of her invalid father. Ben had asked her to go with him when he went to California, but she had said no. He had gone, however, and had promised to return for her as soon as his fortune was made. For a time he wrote regularly, then occasionally and finally his letters ceased altogether. And as Hortense had truly loved him, she felt hurt at being dropped, and she never encouraged the attentions of any other suitor. Her mother had needed her after her father's death, and as Hortense really had a fondness for teaching, her life was soon full of new interests, and after a while she almost ceased to think of Ben.

To have the old pain thus recalled so abruptly was a very unpleasant sensation, and it was with misgivings that Hortense went slowly downstairs to meet her one-time lover.

As she entered the room Ben arose and came forward to meet her. He was big and blond and had the look of a prosperous business man. He smiled as he said:

"So, Hortense, you took me for an agent. At least I know what you think of agents. Well, I am not an agent, but sit down and let me tell you about myself," and he proceeded to relate his experiences of the past few years.

It is a fact that a man is interested only in the woman who will sit with interest in her face and listen while he talks about the one absorbing subject, which is himself—and that is what Ben talked about. The noon whistles blowing recalled him to the fact that he had talked long, but just as he was about to take his departure Mrs. Appleby entered the room and invited him to stay to lunch with them. He gracefully accepted and during the entire meal continued the interesting subject. Hortense listened and only occasionally did she interrupt by asking a question or acquiescing to some remark he made. At the end of the meal they sat on the porch for a while and then Ben, pleading a business engagement, tore himself away after promising to come again soon.

It was with almost a sigh of relief that Hortense saw her former lover depart down the road in his big red car. "My," she thought, "I didn't know Ben was such a talker." But she said nothing of her thoughts to

her mother, who was all excitement over the unexpected visit.

Later in the afternoon Hortense was ironing on the back porch when Cassie James ran across from the next house, where she had been making a call.

"Mrs. Frame says that Ben Trask is back, Horty, and that he has been here to see you. Oh! what a lucky girl you are! She says he is rich—as a prince and just too handsome for words. She says Myrna French saw him down street and he said he had come back for you—and, oh, how fortunate you are, Horty! Just to think, after all these years! And in the thought of the impending romance Cassie fairly shivered. "Why it's better than a 'movie,' to think of it happening in real life. He told Myrna French he had been married, but his wife was dead and when he was left alone he thought at once of you waiting back here, and so he has come for you. Oh, um—" Cassie added all a quiver with emotion, "do have a big wedding, Horty, I can just see you walking up the aisle on the arm of Ben—Oh, all the girls will be green with envy. And do have just slathers of ice cream—that Honeymoon kind that they have down at Becker's." And little Cassie, who was noted for her sweet tooth, fairly gloated over the thought of the Honeymoon ice cream and wedding cake.

But Hortense smiled as the girl talked on and kept right on with her ironing.

That evening Ben came again and took up the interesting subject of himself just where he had left off in the afternoon, only he seemed to take it for granted that it was all settled between him and Hortense and that she only sat waiting patiently until he got talked out so he could ask her to marry him. The next day he brought his aunt, and she, too, seemed to understand that all was settled satisfactorily between the old lovers. Finally, after a week, Ben asked Hortense to say when they would be married. And then he had the surprise of his life, because the silent Hortense absolutely and finally refused him.

"You won't surely can't mean that you won't marry me, Hortense," Ben said in astonishment. "Why, girl, do you know what you are saying?"

"Indeed I do," answered Hortense. "I know perfectly well that I am saying 'no' and that I mean it. I could not after listening to all you have told me about yourself for the past week think of marrying a paragon as perfect as you. There may be girls in the world who would jump at the chance, but I will say again, as I did the first day you came, 'There is nothing doing. I absolutely refuse to take an article that is as well advertised as you' even for the sake of becoming Mrs. Ben Trask. And as there is nothing more to be said on the subject, Ben, I shall have to ask you to excuse me, as I have some papers to look over and my school work to block out for tomorrow."

And that is how Cassie James came to be Mrs. Ben Trask instead of Hortense Appleby. But neither Hortense nor Ben ever told what happened between them. That was one subject concerning himself upon which Ben was silent.

Hortense went to the wedding and ate Honeymoon ice cream and bridal cake with a relish which was perfectly apparent to everyone who saw her. She thoroughly enjoyed the whole affair, much to the astonishment of her many friends.

Principle of Lever

Old as Human Race

According to the time-honored yarn which used to be and maybe yet is found in our school readers, the inventor of the lever was our old friend Archimedes. This is the same chap who is also reputed to have jumped out of his bathtub, "as is," and run down the main street of Athens or wherever it was, yelling "Eureka!" until stopped by the police, because he had just worked out the correct dope about specific gravity. The bathtub yarn may stick around for a while, but in the interest of truth we are compelled to throw the lever story into the garbage can, for nobody invented the lever.

The reason why nobody invented levers is that they were here, there and everywhere long before any of us had brains enough to invent anything whatever. We used levers, and do it now, before acquiring any knowledge of them.

Literally all of us are full of levers. So also are all the animals big enough to be seen—certainly all the animals we ordinarily know about. Each of us has a handful of levers at the end of each arm, itself a most efficient arrangement of levers, and the same applies to each foot and leg. Besides these we have various and sundry other levers, too numerous for mention here, at all sorts of unexpected places in our frames. A pair of indispensable levers are those of our lower jaw, and very efficient levers at that.

Our bodily levers, however, are all of the first and third classes and we lack good examples of those of the second class. This doesn't help Archimedes any, for the very first prehistoric man who turned a turtle over on its back with a stick or pried a flat rock out of the dirt had it all worked out.—Kansas City Star.

Modernized.

"We'd like to have you stay for dinner with us if you are content to take pot luck," said the wife, cordially. "You mean can luck, my dear," murmured her husband.

Fates Proved Unkind to Spanish Explorer

Capt. Pedro De Quiros long had been intrigued by tales of a vast continent in the southwest Pacific ocean and finally coaxed Phillip III, of Spain, to let him go in search of it. On July 27, 1605, at Callao, Peru, he drew a flourish under his signature, commissioning the captains of his two ships, and was ready to sail on "the discovery of the unknown austral regions of this South sea by the order of the king."

One of the captains presented himself, respectfully asking De Quiros to lay down a course for them to follow. "Let her go as she is," returned De Quiros grimly, "God will take us some where!"

In the following year they sighted one of the islands of the New Hebrides group and De Quiros, under the impression that it was his long sought land, named it La Australia de Espiritu Santo. Followed sickness and discontent, the crew mutinied and forced a return to Mexico. But not before De Quiros had caught a glimpse of a long, mysterious coast line, that to this day some believe was the Australia of his dreams. Another expedition was organized by him in Spain but on reaching Panama he died of a fever and there he lies, buried in an unknown grave.—Detroit News.

Nest of Three Rooms Required for Stork

A three-roomed tenement is built by the hammer-headed stork for the housing of himself and family. He is a native of Africa and in his construction work utilizes enormous sticks which he fixes between the branches of a tree. Any ordinary boy could creep into the lowest compartment. From this a passage slopes up to another flat decorated with bright pebbles and bleached bones. Above this is the nursery, the walls of which are lined with mud to keep out drafts. A curious nest is the one the swiflet builds in Borneo, and which is known to commerce as the edible nest of the Chinese gourmet. The bird builds in caverns around the coasts, and nest-seekers go with torches and tear them down and export them. It is said that edible nests to the value of \$1,500,000 are imported into China every year. The nest is woven from a secretion the bird produces—hence its food value.

Old Cities in Tiers

The Inca museum at Lima, Peru, has recently come into possession of 300 mummies of aboriginal Peruvians brought back by an expedition to the Pisco region. From these and other discoveries it would seem that there was an advanced civilization in that part of the country long before the time of Christ. Cities of different periods were found one built over the other, the earlier ones having been buried. The expeditions also returned with a great wealth of embroidered tapestries, beautifully decorated pottery, some in the shapes of animals and serpents. One of a llama design showed five toes on the forefeet instead of the present split hoof. Llama skeletons showing the same characteristic were also discovered.

Not Alone

After herculean efforts against temptation the wayfarer once again found himself listening to yet another sentence to prison.

The magistrate knew the prisoner of old and admonished him thus: "If, as you say, you want to live, apply in this world, you must keep straight. Now, do you understand?" The prisoner frowned and had to admit that he was puzzled. "I am afraid I don't, your worship," he said doubtfully. "But if you'll tell me how a man is to keep straight while he is trying to make both ends meet, I might."—London Answers.

The Scottish Race

The Scots did not originate in Ireland, but the tribe that supplied the name Scotland did. Like all the other inhabitants of Europe, the Scots are a mixed race. When the Roman General Agricola invaded Scotland in 78 A. D. he found tribes with varied dialects, some probably speaking Gaelic and others, Celtic, the speech of the Britons. He called them all Caledonians.

The Scots came in when Rome with drew her legions in 410 A. D. They were a tribe from Ireland who conquered a lot of territory and gave the nation its name.

None to Leave

Luther Charles was very fond of angel food cake and had been permitted by his grandmother to go to the pantry and get himself a piece. He returned with an enormous chunk of cake in his hand and his grandmother inquired: "Luther Charles, didn't you leave any?" "Leave any?" he replied with an innocent expression. "Why this was all there was."

Wooden Clogs

Clog making is still an industry in Wales where the cloggers, hereditary craftsmen, work in the woods shaping the alder blocks into some semblance of a shoe sole, ready for the Lancashire factory where the finishing touches are added.

No Complete Leisure Even for Richest Man

Some one wrote the other day of a man who has leisure twenty-four hours every day.

There is, of course, no such man. Combine the hours a man needs for eating, sleeping, dressing, cleaning himself up, selecting the food and clothing he needs, cutting his finger and toe nails, looking after his fires, making duty calls on kin and neighbors and receiving their calls, cutting his coupons and checking up his bank account (providing he has all the money he wants, which no man ever had in history); grumbling about the nuisances in his neighborhood (a dog in mine in annoying twenty-four hours every day; is it any wonder I devote some time, also, to cursing those persons who say a dog is man's best friend?) and he will have plenty to do. Ever so often he must take his automobile to be looked over; and once a month his bills must be checked up and paid. Then there is his income tax to pay; the call of the assessor; there are frequent visits to the dentist—a rich man supposed to have nothing to do may be the busiest man in town.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Working Principle of Explosive Engine Old

The basic idea of the explosive engine was conceived long before the appearance of steam. In 1630 Huygens described an explosion motor which was to be operated by discharging a quantity of powder to drive the air out of a cylinder and raise the piston. To that point, his engine relied on a force somewhat similar to the working principle of those today, but the useful work was to be done by the piston being forced down by the pressure of the atmosphere against it, thus lifting a weight or doing some other task. There is no record that this engine ever was operated. The steam engine of 1705 functioned on about the same plan, that is, steam was used to lift the weight of the piston, and after this was done, the atmospheric pressure was relied upon for the real work. After Huygens, almost 100 years passed before inventors caught the vision of rotary motion from their engines. His idea simply involved a piston and a cylinder.

Too Complicated

Mother was trying to teach little Sophia the meaning of fractions.

"Suppose," she asked, "I cut an apple into halves, how many pieces would I have?"

That was easy for Sophia. "Two," she answered.

"Now, if I cut the apple into quarters how many pieces would I have?"

Sophia thought a minute and, carefully counting on her fingers, gave the correct answer.

"Very good," said mother. "That's what fractions are."

Sophia was not satisfied, however. After a few moments she came back.

"If you cut an apple into tiny snips," she wanted to know, "how many pieces would there be?"

Mother thereupon decided to leave the lesson in fractions to teacher.

Kangaroo Superstitions

The Australian aborigines of certain tribes held a number of superstitions connected with the kangaroo. These strange animals are believed to give warning of danger.

If a black-fellow of these tribes goes along saw an old-man kangaroo hopping toward him it meant that an enemy was near and it was time to have his spear in readiness to strike. To dream that a number of 'roos were sitting around the camp was an omen of serious warning that danger beset the camp. In at least one tribe during their initiation period boys were not allowed to drink out of a water-hole unless through a hollowed 'roo bone.

Bacon and Shakespeare

There are three main points upon which the supposition that Bacon was in reality the author of Shakespeare's works are based: First, there are a few passages in Shakespeare's works which are similar to passages in Bacon's; second, the existence of certain supposed ciphers in plays which have been interpreted as cryptic signatures of Bacon; third, a single sentence written in a letter to Bacon by Sir Tobie Matthews at some date subsequent to January, 1621.

Puzzled

Billy, age four, had frequently made the acquaintance of a little switch, for Billie was slow in learning that he could not play in the street, that he could not run away and that bedtime came at a regular hour each day.

One day Billy, who had been thoughtfully gazing out the window, turned to his mother and asked: "Why do we call a tree a tree, when it is outdoors and a switch when it is in the house?"

True Wife a Servant

A true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is falling in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamor, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.—Ruskin.

Poisonous Insects in Jungles of Bolivia

In the Jungles along the River Beni, in Bolivia, are found some of the most malignant blood-sucking insects in the world.

Here lives the apasana, a bird-eating spider, attaining a length of from 8 to 10 inches, whose poisonous bite is sometimes fatal. It has a body resembling a ball of wool, with black hairs on its body and red ones on its legs. Its eyes are black and quick moving, with a most malevolent expression. It is very active and jumps about two feet at a single bound.

The palo santo ant, a fire ant, which lives in hollow-stemmed trees, is common here. A touch on this tree brings down a shower of the ants, whose bites feel like red-hot coals, the sting lasting for hours.

Other plagues are the zaputama, an almost invisible insect which flies in the grass bites the legs of men and causes an almost intolerable itching; the gannaco, a bug which lives in the sand and whose bite is usually fatal; the baregul, a sand fly with a painful sting; sweat bees, which suck the perspiration from the hair; the anopheles or malaria-carrying mosquito, and wasps, ticks and jiggers.—New York Times.

Recalling Old Times and the Stereopticon

"What has become of the stereopticon lecturer," asked an old Washington lecturer, "asked an old Washington lecturer the other day.

"I remember when they used to be popular here in the city and crowds turned out to listen to them and to look at the slides.

"When he wanted a slide changed, he would push a buzzer, clearly audible to the audience. Sometimes the operator of the machine would either be asleep or talking and failed to hear it.

"This necessitated a number of extra sharp buzzes on the button. We were patient with him, though, even if occasionally he was describing the Leaning Tower of Pisa while a picture of the ruins of the Coliseum was being shown on the screen.

"Then there was the era of ill-graded songs, when a sour tenor sang maudlin songs about some girl who lived in a village by the sea. They were foolishly sentimental things, but we managed to get a kick out of it. Of course we didn't have the diversions in those days that occupy us now. Imagine our young generation attending a stereopticon performance." We can't.—Washington Star.

Young Financier

Don't dismiss this as a made-up story, for it happens to be based upon an actual happening.

A boy in a town not far away called at a store to say he had come to pay a bill owed by his father. "No hurry about it," said the merchant. "I will send him a statement."

The boy insisted he was there to settle the account, so it was figured up and the money paid.

"Now give me the 2 cents it would have cost you to mail the bill," suggested the lad, who would seem to have in him the making of a shrewd financier. He got the 2 cents and went away satisfied.—Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise.

Tomatoes

Diet, which is one of the favorite obsessions in these days of discontent, has given us many a laugh at the expense of the calorie hounds, but one cannot help feeling a wee bit sorry for the lad who wrote to the Times medical department the other day. He said:

"My mudder says I am a blue blood. She is on a diet for something I can't spell. She says diet will cure anything. What diet will I use so as not to be a blue blood but have it nice and red like the rest of the boys?"—Los Angeles Times.

Not So Much Interest

I have observed in reading that it is frequently said of the hero that he "knows books," and is able to talk about them. This being admitted, it is at once concluded he is a man of education and character, and worthy of all confidence. The most interesting people I know do not talk much about books, or mention them; I have never been in a bookish atmosphere, except when occasionally in company with publishers or writers.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Gems From Dr. Johnsing

Garrick having a law action coming on to be heard, the Great Lexicographer advised him to get some married witnesses.

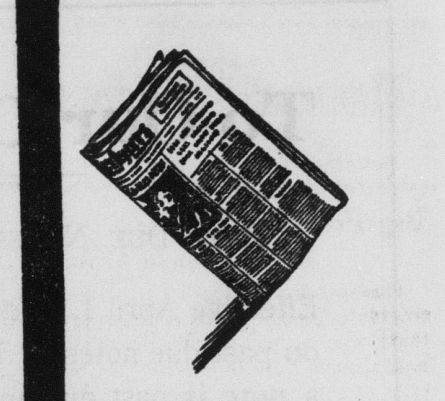
Garrick—Sir, what is the difference?

Doctor Johnsing—Why, sir, a married man is used to cross-examination.

Gas Forces Woman to Sleep in Chair

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