Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 15, 1929.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

vanced warmly. "You would be used to it. It must be grand to be able to play football the way you did, with everybody hollering your name every time you moved."

He blushed boyishly. "Oh, I say!" he protested. "You make me sound like——"

"Well, it's true, ain't it? I feel like telling the manager so when he gets off that sarcastic stuff about no college hero ever being able to play the game without a lot of applause. Or saying that when it comes to real nerve the felows do the dirty work have twice as much—and don't expect to be patted on the back and tucked into bed every night."

Don's eyes darkened. "Did he say that?"

Penelope hesitated. She knew just what she was doing but had no right to involve her chief.

"Well, not exactly," she amended. "But that's his idea. I guess he's getting kind of touchy because every time one of J. T.'s pets quits, J. T. lands on him."

She looked at him expectantly but he said nothing. He seemed to be considering the silent pool that reflected the slender grace of the willow or perhaps the shimmer of gold on the tranquil river beyond. But she had a feeling he saw neither.

And swiftly she felt compunction —as she should have, for under the veneer of partisanship every word she had said she had definitely barbed.

"I suppose," he began slowly—and surprisingly, "that there is something in what the manager says. But just the same—"

He stopped there and Penelope literally held her breath.

"But just the same I don't think I'm a quitter," he finished.

He looked up but Penelope said nothing. He was, she realized, arguing not with her but with himself.

"I suppose," he admitted honestly, "I do like popularity and applause."

"I'm rather keen for both myself," admitted Penelope, as honestly, and, for a moment, forgetting her role.

He did not notice her lapse. "The real question," he enlarged, "is what it all leads to. I had an idea that it might lead to something worth while. But now—well, I'm beginning to wonder."

Penelope forgot her role again. "It can't help but be worth while—if you stick it out," she broke in. "Can't you see that?"

"I may be dumb—but I can't. In fact—"

"You forget," she interrupted again, "that having college men like you is J. T.'s pet idea. It hasn't worked out very well yet, but that has him all the more determined that it should. He—why, if you only stick he'll go out of his way to push you ahead. I—I only wish I had the same chance, I—"

She stopped short, conscious of something new in his eyes.

"Gee," she amended swiftly, striving desperately to get back into her role of Mabe again, "I certainly do argue both ways, don't I? Ma says I talk like a nut sometimes."

He, however, continued to gaze at her. He was, she knew, trying to fathom her. And suddenly she felt a perfectly preposterous, wholly unprecedented sense of panic. She rose swiftly, almost hectically.

"I'm always butting into other people's business anyway," she added. "I guess I'd beter paddle my own canoe."

He rose, his trim six feet towering over her slim five-feet-two. He said nothing for a moment—a pregnant moment.

It could not be anything but that, for he, after all, was only twenty-four and she but twenty-two. His eyes sought, hers and hers met them, curiously defiant. But only briefly. They fell as he spoke.

" 'Oh, wad,' " he quoted, half whimsically, half wryly, " 'some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as others see us' . . . Well, you certainly did."

Penelope said nothing—what was there to say?

"You were very clever," he went on. "Almost clever enough to get away with it. I all but accepted you at your face value."

He grinned down at her and again something feminine stirred in Penelope.

"Well, what's the matter with my face?" she inquired, on an impish impulse.

No use now, she knew, to pretend to be Mabe.

He did not answer that but his eyes darkened, for a moment, as water does when a strong gust sweeps over it. Then, abruptly:

"You did rather ache to tell me I was acting like a spoiled baby, didn't you?" he challenged.

Penelope saw no reason to deny it. "Weren't you?" she asked.

"I imagine I must have seemed so," he admitted. "I did expect a bit more attention—and approval—from the powers that be."

"But can't you see that that would only be stressing the favoritism idea —and that wouldn't have made it any easier among the men?"

"Naturally not," he conceded. Penelope felt his eyes seek hers again. "What made you pretend to be—well, the sort of girl you so unmistakably, are not?"

Penelope felt she might as well be direct. "Because," she replied coolly, "it gave me a chance to sting you—without giving you a chance to get back.'

He grinned swiftly, delightedly. "You did a thorough job," he assured her. "But why should you bother? There must have been some reason. Something that eludes me."

"There was. I'm private sec to the manager, you see. And I knew if you quit it would make trouble for the manager—at least a letter from J. T. that would spoil his day and mine too. Men are that way, you know."

He grinned anew. Then: "I had about decided to quit," he admitted—he did not, she noted, sidestep the verb.

"Oh," she said serenely, "I knew that!"

He did not look surprised, nor did he ask her how she knew.

"But I think I'll stick around instead," he added. "So your afternoon has not been wasted, after all."

Penelope herself did not feel that it had been, somehow. But she did not tell him so. She merely smiled and moved toward her canoe.

"Must you go?" he asked swiftly, a new note in his voice.

He didn't want her to. And he no longer spoke with lazy assurance.

Penelope wavered. She didn't, somehow, want to go herself. And that being so, why—be silly? He was, really, awfully nice and—

"Do you prefer green olives, or ripe ones?" she asked abruptly.

He did not look suprised, merely grinned. "Ripe ones, of course," he said.

"I think," sommented Penelope, "that almost constitutes an introduction." And with that she reseated herself. Casually enough, to all outer seeming, but with a certain quickening in her. That was inevitable.

Experience—or perhaps the word should be experiments—had made her wary. Of, that is, the way a man will ever misinterpret a girl's motives. This man, she had determined, would have no mistaken conception of what she thought of him. She had gone to him not to bind his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, but to apply caustic. She had done that and still well, he was obviously as other men.

Penelope stayed at her peril—and Penelope knew it.

The soft sunshine and the dusky fragrance of the trees encompassed them as they talked of many things. And presently Penelope got the volume of verse and read bits from that. And still later she produced ham sandwiches and ripe olives and shared them with him.

The pale enchantment that precedes the sunset came on and then the sunset itself flamed into glory across the western sky. For a spell they were silent.

Then the sunset faded and she came to her feet. "I must go," she announced—and offered him her hand.

He took it and held it, perhaps a bit longer than he should. Then: "Do you by any chance come here Sundays, too?" he asked.

"Usually," admitted Penelope—which was a considerable concession for Penelope.

In fact: "Mabe herself might have said the same thing," Penelope informed Penelope as Penelope paddled back upstream through the glamorous gloom. Nevertheless, she didn't care. Not with the memory of that which had leaped into his eyes as she had spoken.

"But supposing it rains tomorrow?" he had suggested almost apprehensively.

Penelope had not told him so but she had felt very sure it wouldn't rain or that it wouldn't matter much if it did.

Because—well, because he was so nice and because he liked ripe olives and sunsets savored in silence and Edna St. Vincent Millay and because she knew now that he certainly wasn't the sort to quit when there was anything definite in sight.

Even if it should rain Sunday. —Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

J. W. WHITE & CO REBUY BRITISH BUSINESS.

J. W. White and Co., Inc., of New York City, have announced the repurchase by them of J. G. White and Co., Ltd of London, and in the forthcoming annual report will disclose the sale of the J. G. White Management Corporation to J. H. Pardee and J. I. Mange, president and vice president, respectively, of the J. G. White Management Corporation. The latter company, it is now disclosed, was sold early in 1928, although no formal announcement has heretofore been made. These changes leave J. G. White and Co., Inc., with two subsidiaries, namely, the J. G. White Engineering Corporation and J. G. White and Co., Ltd., of London.

The British company, organized more than twenty years ago, by J. G. White, was sold to their interests at the outbreak of the World war. Increasing foreign business of J. G. White Engineering Corporation is the reason given for the recent repurchases, arrangements for which were made by J. Dugald White, vice president of the New York company. The British subsidiary, which until this time has been engaged chiefly in engineering activities, will have facilities for acting in the investment banking field as well.

DON'T SLOW DOWN IN PASSING CARS.

Hesitation of motorists in the act of passing another car on the highway especially when abreast of the other car, is dangerous and provacative of accidents.

Motorists before attempting to pass another car should make sure that they have sufficient clearance ahead to do so safely, and after signalling their attention to pass should proceed to do so at accelerated speed. Some motorists actually slow down when abreast of the car to be passed which is both wrong and dangerous. Of course, in an emergency, such as the likelihood of an accident, a motorist should use judgment and it may be necessary for him to slow down and drop behind the other vehicle. But, when he has a clear road ahead and is desirous of passing, he should not confuse motorists ahead by slowing down in the act of passing.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Daily Thought.

Suspicion is the poison of friendship.
—St. Augustine.

This is the first season for separate skirts in years. A black crepe de chine is the best first buy. With it a chartreuse overblouse, a white silk pique tailored tuck-in and a biscuit colored georgette with Alencon lace make three separate costumes.

Straw hats coming out for winter resort wear point to one of the biggest straw springs and summers that have been experienced for some time. There are all kinds of varieties, but every one of them is soft and adaptable, pliable as felt and soft enough to make the brims easily manipulated, twisted, turned and pleated.

Ballibuntls and bakous are important and there are soft adaptable bodies of crochet and angora mixture, two tones of viscou plaidings for sportswear, a nice crochet hemp and innumerable other novelties. For the dressy hat, the Swiss hair-braid is an important item.

Last summer's vogue at French resorts for immense straw hats for beach wear will probably be repeated this season. These will come in peanut and other course Italian straws, usually in the natural shades but sometimes plaided to match the suit. Another straw being brought out for the new season is a horsehair in tiny, checked pattern, very amusing and dainty for summer.

Toyos and peanits, as well as every kind of fabric effect will be popular and one of the chic modistes is predicting a great vogue of the tricot cap which was so popular last season. There will of course, be new weaves in the tricot fabric, and it seems to be an assured thing that the tricot weave is here for at least some time.

The Napoleon shopes and tricornes, which are so chic in Paris just now, will very likely appear in the smart straws. They are significant of a general trend in Parisian millinery toward shapes which show the eyes and forehead but which are a little larger than the close skull-caps of the past winter.

Hollywood is far from having made up its feminine mind in regard to bobbed hair, although a careful situation in the country's movie capital indicates that short hair is decidedly on the wane, reports Rosalind Shaffer in Liberty Magazine.

"From a list of film stars comprising most of the established favorites,' writes Mrs. Shaffer, "one finds that, roughly, one-third of Hollywood's fairest has always worn long hair; another slim third is sticking (some of them reluctantly) to short locks for the present; and the last and largest third is "letting it grow." We of the girls who are letting it grow want old fashioned, romantic long hair to the knees. Shoulder length is most desired. This permits trim dressing of the hair with the youthful effect that women have learned to value since the innovation of the bob."

Everybody prizes their hair while everybody laughs at baldness. But whether we take baldness laughingly or sadly it is no joke. Few people like to be bald. Neither do they like to be gray, especially so young. But in either case it is not a matter of likes. The causes that make for baldness in men and for early white and thinning locks in women, says Dr. (and Senator) R. S. Copeland, are the same. They appear to be peculiar to some families and for this reason are frequently said to be inherited. But while the tendency to baldness may be transmitted, he points out, the actual reasons for rapid falling of the hair are likely to be found in the things we do and do not do. The hair actually depends for its life upon the blood that is sent to the scalp from the heart. Without an abundant blood supply to the scalp the hair is in danger. For this reason anything that stimulates circulation in the scalp is good treatment for falling hair. Massage and brushing are recommended, and hair tonics may be used. But the best preventive of either condition is a healthy well-fed and well-exercised body.

In controlled oven cooking the oven should first be preheated. Once the preferred temperature is known, then the wheel of the regulator is set for that temperature. The oven heat then rises to that temperature and stays there throughout the cooking process unless deliberately changed by the housewife. There are about 10 measured and controlled heats for baking and cooking from which the housewife may select the exact right and best one for her particular cake, cookie, biscuit, pastry or roast. The indicator can be set accurately and kept at any of these temperatures which thus permits shadings and niceties of cooking never before possible with the usual guesswork methods.

If you wind bits of twine around one of those wooden handles that come atop big packagee, it will be easy to get at and will not get tangled.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

One pound sugar, ½ pound butter, 1 cup water, 1 pound flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 pound seeded white raisins, 1 pound blanched almonds, ½ pound citron, ½ pound red cherries, 1 large cocoanut grated, ½ pound crystallized pineapple, ½ pound crystallized orange peel, ½ pound crystallized lemon peel, 8 egg whites.

Cream the sugar, add sugar gradually. Sift baking powder and salt with half the flour, and add alternately with liquid. Add remaining flour to chopped fruit and nuts. Stir floured fruit into cake mixture. Fold in the beaten egg whites last. Bake in loaf tins or round cake tins, lined with heavy oiled paper.

Time, 2½ hours; temperature, 250 to 300 degrees F. Size of pan, 4x9½ inch loaf tins, or 7-inch round cake tins. Amount, 4 cakes.

FARM NOTES.

—Carefully choose varieties of apple trees to be planted this spring. Many of the kinds once considered leaders are now being displaced by higher quality and better selling varities.

—Asparagus is no longer rated as luxury, but is considered a staple article of diet. For a family of five, plant 50 to 100 roots and have a delicious green available every day for the first two months of the spring garden.

—Freedom from disease is essential to growing a large percentage of the chicks hatched. Choose eggs from disease-free parents, or if you buy baby chicks get them from flocks known to be free from bacillary white diarrhea.

—Weed out the poor cows. The cost of producing a hundred pounds of milk often can be reduced extensively by selling two or three of the lowest producers. Make changes gradually and be sure that rations are balanced as nearly as possible. These practices pay.

—Little weeds are tender, but not tenderhearted. They become hardened criminals. The Pennsylvania State College has free leaflets on buckhorn, Canada thistle, chicory, galinsoga, horsetail, horse nettle, orange hawkweed, poison ivy, quack grass and wild onion or garlic. Send for the ones you want.

—Maple sugar makers are preparing now for the first run. They know that the first of the season's sap is sweetest, clearest, and of the highest quality. Buckets and equipment are being cleansed, wood for boiling collected, and everything put in readiness. To miss one good run often means the difference between profit and loss for the season.

—When pastures grow short and dry, dairy cattle often graze along the fence rows around discarded machinery setting in the dry lot and other places which they would not have noticed otherwise, writes G. A. Williams of Purdue University. It often happens that bits of wire, old bolts and other forms of metal waste are taken into the digestive tract. Such material frequently proves fatal.

Once these foreign bodies pass into the paunch they are apt to pierce the lining of the stomach. The internal organs induce movement which may be in the direction of some vital organ. Although it is possible to operate and remove the source of danger in some cases, this always is risky. Prevention is better than cure.

Every effort should be taken to avoid the accumulation of such rubbish. There is plenty of it around the farm. Some dairymen are more tolerant toward it than others. If receptacles are provided at convenient places around the barn lot and along the lane much of this dangerous refuse can be collected with little extra labor. It may save the life of a good cow or heifer.

—"To produce milk that is consistently low in bacteria demands first, proper cooling, and second, cleanliness of the things with which the milk comes in contact," said Prof. J. D. Brew, of the Cornell dairy department at Ithaca, speaking on meeting bacteria requirements in sanitary milk.

"An occasional high count may be traced to a cow that gives milk abnormally high in bacteria. The number of bacteria in milk should be as low as possible consistent with economy of production, with sanitary significance, and with uncontrollable variations in making estimates of numbers of bacteria.

"The bacteria content of milk, instead of being a fixed characteristic, is too highly variable to justify its being used as a basis for placing milk in grades.

"The number of bacteria in milk is merely an index of the care that any particular lot of milk has received, and the mere difference of a numerical limit of 100,000 for one grade and 300,000 for another has no demonstrable sanitary significance. It should be borne in mind that the purpose of sanitary control is to eliminate carelessly-handled milk.

"If the bacterial content of any given milk supply is repeatedly high, the explanation is invariably to be found in improper handling."

—We almost swear by our geese and we can make each old goose bring in $100 a season. It's not easy to make cows return a greater profit when present feed costs are computed. Our old pairs, and we never attempt to raise from young geese, are good for four dozen eggs in a season and will raise 30 goslings each to maturity, writes J. L. Philips, Whitman county, Washington, in Capper's Farmer. Each goose lays three times and we let her set on her last laying of eggs.

There is little cost to raising geese on a general farm and that is the place for profits on almost any sort of live stock. Our goslings grow up on grass until after harvest. Then they fatten themselves on waste grain in the wheat and oats fields and on corn and beans scattered where the hogs harvest those crops. They get practically nothing that would not otherwise go to waste. We sell the best goslings as breeders for $5 each and the common ones at market price for Thanksgiving and Christmas. They weigh 15 to 20 pounds each. By dressing them we get better than $1 each out of the feathers to pay for the work.

Our ducks are almost as profitable as the geese and if it were not for the fact that the eggs do not hatch in an ordinary incubator, I doubt if we would have a hen on the place.

They lay splendidly and we hatch from April until August. The young are full feathered at eight weeks for the broiler chicken market and we have no trouble selling them. We like them mighty well fried, too, and use a lot of them at home. The old ducks weigh 6 to 9 pounds and the young ones at eight weeks old as high as 4 pounds. We never could get that weight with chickens.

Past Due Notes

IN common with many other banks, we have been forced to adopt measures looking to an abatement of the past due note nuisance.

After April 1st, a service charge of fifty cents for the first day and twenty-five cents for each succeeding day will be made on all notes not arranged by the day they are due. This rule will be enforced in all cases.

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