

MEN ARE DANGEROUS.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

now a most desirable lover who belonged to someone else!

Jim Pennington was making what headway he could with Angelica. He would not have dared to say the very insinuating things Hurlky Ora was now whispering to Emma—but Angelica found his hesitating, diffident worship very soothing. Had she gone too far in her encouragement of Hurlky to draw back now? she asked herself.

"Ought I to take away Angelica's man?" wondered Emma.

"Have I the courage to go ahead with this or should I jump the fence?" argued Pennington.

"I have at last found what I am looking for," decided Hurlky Ora, with no backward thoughts, "and I'm darned if I am going to take the wrong woman twice!"

Next day Jim proposed an excursion up into the lovely hills—with a luncheon basket. Everyone agreed—the niece had been paired successfully with another member of the polo team—so the six started, the four together and the dummy pair in the young man's automobile.

They all talked nicely—except Hurlky Ora who was provokingly silent. Emma became uncomfortable—was this perfect creature going to develop a habit of her late husband who would remain inscrutably silent for hours? But he did speak when they had wandered away up the hills after luncheon had been eaten. He was admiring the way Emma had ordered everything—he remembered how helpless and tiresome she had been in the past when circumstances had forced him to rely upon her.

"Let us sit on this rock and look at the view," Mrs. Kranwertz said when they reached a vantage point. "There will be no rattlesnakes," she went on, practically.

"That's as well since we are in the Garden of Eden. You are Eve and I am Adam and we have not eaten any apple."

"I've often wondered—would it have grown into the same thing as in the fairy-story of the 'Palace of Revenge' had the serpent not appeared—would they have grown dreadfully bored with Paradise?"

"Certainly. They had nothing to compare their happiness with; they would have been devoured by curiosity and resentful at being unable to gratify it."

This opened a train of thought in Emma's brain.

"Then you think if one found what one wanted after having known things that one did not want, one could have a chance of not walking into the 'Palace of Revenge.'?"

Hurlky Ora permitted his voice to be tender.

"I think one would be grateful to Fate for allowing one to have a second chance—and that would ward off the danger of fulfillment's suffocating one."

"A second chance? That is what troubles me sometimes; I wonder if I threw away the first one?"

"If you want to, tell me about it." Hurlky Ora moved closer to her and—accidentally—touched her arm with his smooth fingers.

Emma was conscious of the touch in every nerve of her body. She always had hated the feel of Ludwig's wrinkled hands. A great longing came to her to confide in this sympathetic being.

"My husband was really a wonderful person," she said at length, "but he dominated me so, nothing which I now know I must always have had in me ever came out."

"He could not have been intelligent then." It was my fault, but I suppose, although I did not know it, I was just like other women, awfully affected by outward appearance in a man—Ludwig was thick-set and unromantic-looking, rather stout, you know, and square, and his ears stuck out, and he had such a high forehead." Here she glanced suddenly at Hurlky Ora. How glad she felt that he had none of these defects!

"You think appearance matters enormously to women, then?"

"Yes, I do. I suppose if you were in love it wouldn't matter, but you are not likely to get in love if the person has all the things you don't like."

"And what do you like?"

Emma actually blushed—it was absurd of course, and she was annoyed with herself for doing it—but there it was! She looked down.

"Well, I suppose I like balance. That is, things just right; and I like the marks of breeding, and no fat."

Hurlky Ora also looked down but it was because he was afraid some whimsical gleam might emerge from his eyes.

"This is interesting," he said abstractedly. "I have often wondered if the same man could have two different bodies, would he be loved equally in both?"

"I suppose it would depend on the women." Emma became reflective. "I could never have loved Ludwig and yet plenty of others did."

"And freedom has changed you?"

"Oh, yes. I've learned things myself without being forced to and I've realized that I had no sense of humor! That is a great discovery for anyone to make. Ludwig had an immense sense of humor I can see now, but I couldn't then; he just made me uncomfortable."

Hurlky Ora leaned back against the rock and his eyes looked weirdly melancholy as he gazed at the sea. "I feel awfully sorry for your husband. He possessed a perfect woman like you and he did not know it—and the poor devil was so ugly you never troubled to teach him to understand you!"

Emma sighed. "I suppose not." She began to wonder—he was silent so long—and then he said:

"True love should be above any earthly things, I suppose."

"But that is only in romantic books," Emma responded in her sane way. "In reality, once you really loved, it might stay if the person you loved was disfigured—though I doubt it—but it could not be kindled if he were revolting to start with."

Hurlky Ora realized that this was devastatingly true. And then suddenly he laughed. How astonishingly kind Fate had been to him. Here he—the real he—had returned to life with a new and attractive body, and had found a soul born in his perfect block of clay!

Emma had been looking at him while he looked at the sea. Why did this slender, handsome young man in some way remind her of Ludwig? There was no feature the same, and he was considerably taller. Could it be that Fate was going to be so kind as to send her a mate who pleased her senses, and interested her mind as well? Ludwig could have done the latter, she now knew—but oh!—never the former! Never!

"I adore that black mole on your neck," Hurlky Ora suddenly whispered irreverently. "I want to kiss it."

But this was too precipitate for Emma.

"I see the others waving to us," she announced, and rising with swift sure movements, she gave him her hand and suggested that they should run down the hill.

Things were also going at too fast a pace between the attractive widow and Jim Pennington—so both she and Emma felt that it might be wiser to return to their former beaux for a little—just to give the ones they really desired a jolt. And both ladies arranged that the rest of the picnic should be spent with the man who would have preferred to be with the other!

The consequence being that both males were cross.

Turning into a back passage as she went up to dress for dinner, Emma ran into Johnson.

"Why, Johnson!" Her voice died away as though she had met a ghost.

"Very pleased to see you, ma'am. I'm Mr. Hurlky Ora's valet now. I found myself lonesome without work even after the master's generous provision for me, so I took service in Budapest. I was hoping to see you ma'am, during our visit."

Emma said something suitable and passed on. In her well-balanced head there seemed nothing strange in all this; coincidence certainly, but merely coincidence that her late husband's valet should be with the man she now wanted as a lover—a lover of course who might turn into a husband—but yet a lover primarily.

Both she and Angelica intended to relent and let their real preferences show tonight. For things move fast in a climatic setting made for Olympian gods, and marriages can be arranged (and divorces procured) in a tenth part of the time it takes in the bleak East.

"I love you and I intend that you shall belong to me," Hurlky Ora told Emma on the balcony after dinner. He would not stand any more fencing.

"You're just the biggest peach of a girl I've ever met and I'll worship you forever!" Jim Pennington whispered fearfully to Angelica.

"I've something to say to you!" Pennington growled grimly to the attractive Hungarian.

"Let's walk on the terrace then," Mr. Ora replied.

"I don't know who you are really and I've not got a darned cent of evidence to prove what I am saying, but you keep reminding me of Ludwig Kranwertz somehow—I knew how clever he was—and if you won't give up the girl I'm set on, I'll get a pressman and start the hare. Take it or leave it."

Hurlky Ora quietly slipped his hand into the pocket of his immaculate evening coat and drew forth a minute gun which he suddenly pressed to Jim Pennington's temple.

"I'll take it—whatever you call—but which girl do you want? We'd better know that first!"

"You are a fool!" Jim cried. "Why, Angelica, of course!"

"That is just first grade since I want—Emma! So it almost seems as if we might shake hands!"

They did.

"Oh, Jim. I have to be taken care of—and—comforted and loved."

"You'll get that from me—and more!"

"Oh, Hurlky, I've never loved before. I adore your hair and your beautiful eyes. I wish, wish, wish I'd never been married before and you were the very first. Does that matter to a man?"

But as Hurlky Ora crushed Emma in his arms, he whispered with lips on her lips: "Not always!"—Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan.

LABOR MOST STRICTLY FORBIDDEN ON SABBATH

The Israelites developed the idea of the seventh day being one of rest; and in the time of Moses the law on the subject were so strict that a man was put to death for gathering firewood on the Sabbath, and even the lighting of a fire was forbidden on that day under penalty of death. In the time of Christ the orthodox Jews kept the Sabbath not much less strictly; but Jesus very definitely opposed Himself to this observance and, according to the Gospel of St. John, actually risked His life in attempting to emancipate His followers from the bondage of the custom.

There must, indeed, have been a tremendously strong and clear tradition among early Christians that Jesus had freed them entirely from Sabbath observance, for in the Gospel He is reported as omitting the commandment—"Keep holy the Sabbath day"—from His list of ordinances (Matt 19, 18), while St. Paul also omits it (Rom. 13, 9) and attacks the Galatians for observing any special day as holy, his attitude being confirmed in the Epistle to the Colossians where it is said that neither the Sabbath nor any other day should be observed as sacred.—London Weekly Graphic.

CHANGE IN LAW COVERING BOUNTY.

There was only one really important piece of legislation affecting the sportsmen of the State passed at the session of the Legislature. That is known as the Ederer bill and it provides that when any change is made by the game commission as to change in seasons or regulations, the proposed changes shall be advertised. In addition, there shall be opportunity for hearings.

This bill had the endorsement of the game commission. It made some other revisions in the game laws relative to the deer season.

Bills tending to put the commission out of business or seriously hamper it were killed by the Legislature. The matter of handling the doe deer situation remains in the hands of the game commission, but the methods are regulated. When the necessity for reducing the number of deer is apparent the commission will deal with the situation probably along county lines. It will retain the power to decide whether special licenses are to be issued for certain days.

Under the Ederer bill the commission will have better protection against any agitation than it did under the old law, when it could be harassed by everybody.

The financial side of the issuing of game licenses will pass to the new department of revenue, but it will not make any difference to the hunters. This is for the purpose of consolidating all of the fiscal business of the State.

One of the bills killed was to substitute a button for hunting license tag. It was opposed by many sportsmen and farmers. Hunters said that the button could be torn off easily in the brush and the farmers contended that it could be easily concealed by reckless shooters and that identification of an offender would be almost impossible. The game commission found fault because the button would have been three inches in diameter.

There was a bill to prevent the killing of ruffed grouse for a period. It was defeated, being killed in committee.

One of the interesting changes in the bounty law was to place a price of \$5 on the head of each goshawk killed in Pennsylvania. This bird is one of the most vicious of the falcon group. It makes raids into Pennsylvania from Canada and is most destructive on grouse and rabbits.

The goshawk seems to delight in killing for the love of slaughter. It has been known to slay a grouse and almost immediately start after another.

The bounty on wildcats has been reduced from \$15 to \$10 and the bounty on red foxes has been cut from \$5 to \$3. While the wildcats are destructive on both grouse and rabbits, they are becoming very scarce and there is a feeling among many sportsmen that no species of wild life should be exterminated.

With regard to red foxes, there was a different reason for reducing the bounty. They are numerous and in some regions they seem to be holding their own, if not increasing. But the value of the red fox pelt has been growing each year. Average pelts fetch about \$8 and there are instances of prime Pennsylvania red fox skins selling as high as \$25. Many bring \$15.

The high prices have encouraged trappers and during the past winter there were more traps set than ever. It was felt that the state bounty could safely be reduced and not hurt the business of holding down the fox tribe.

A rather serious attempt was made to increase the bounty on weasels from \$1 to \$2, but it was killed in the final days of the session. One of the arguments used against it was that the increased bounty would encourage men to go into the business of raising weasels for the bounty money. The State could not afford to encourage such ventures and the proposition came to an end.

Then there was an effort to make it legal to trap skunks at any time of the year but it was stopped. Skunks can be slain when invading a hen roost but the trapping is limited to the winter season and the value of the pelt is so high that the State officials favored the trapping industry.

Few changes of any kind were made in the fish laws. The legal size of muscullunge and great northern pike was reduced but there are only a few lakes in the state where they are found and it makes small difference to the average fishermen of the state at large.

There was the usual flock of bills to permit the catching of eels in eel baskets and traps and to take suckers with nets. One of the most interesting hearings of the entire session was on the eel trap, but arguments by Susquehanna river men failed to have any effect upon the legislators.

A bill charging a \$5 fee for the commercial raising of gold fish was passed. The gold fish industry has become an important one in the state and the law enabled the men owning ponds to come under the protection of the regulating commercial fish hatcheries. It will not interfere with the persons raising gold fish in the pond on the lawn.

A bill was introduced to increase the size limit on trout but it was smothered in committee, most of the anglers being satisfied with the present six-inch limit.

There is no need to discuss the opening of the trout season. It was spoiled by the great storm and will not improve until the streams come down to normal and the water gets warmer. Fishermen have called it the most miserable opening of the season in half a dozen years.

Salt water fishing is confined to winter flounders, which are continuing to bite.

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IT CANNOT BE DROPPED.

In removing front wheel bearings for cleaning or some other purposes it is well to exercise caution against dropping these units to the floor. Many a bearing has had its efficiency reduced by being pulled off with the wheel with no thought given to the fact that its cage may be flattened by the impact against the floor. Incidentally, it will be found just as simple to leave the inner bearing on the spindle if cleaning is the only care it needs.

—Read the Watchman for the news

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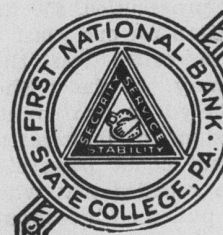
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