

# CREAM OF THE NON-FRAT MEN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

**A** LITTLE old lady in homespun clothing entered the great reception hall and looked nervously around. She seemed stiffly out of place with her loose-fitting dress, her frightened smile and the knitted bag hung from her right arm. She appeared to be lost.

She passed the receiving line as if in a daze and began to scan the dancers with eager eyes. She was the only person at the president's reception not in evening dress.

Worthington Adams saw the little old lady and took pity on her. He bowed to where she stood.

"Looking for some one?" he asked courteously.

The old woman looked up at him and smiled in a motherly way. She patted him lightly on the arm.

"Sammy, I'm looking for my Sammy," she said. "He wrote he was coming here tonight."

Adams was president of the Junior class and one of the campus leaders. He eyed the entire party were on him as he stood talking to the little woman.

"I'm sure I don't know who you mean by Sammy," he said. "If you'll tell me his last name perhaps I can aid him for you."

"Sure, Sammy Smothers." He's a college boy like yourself," she replied. "Been here two years. Thought everybody would know him. Folks at the end always told of how everybody got to know him so easy."

"I'm sorry, but I don't remember him," apologized Adams. "But if you'll be seated I'll send a freshman to find him." He led her to a little rest room.

The little woman looked hurt at the last statement.

"I don't see why you don't know my Sammy," she said. "Why, the dean and all the professors know him by his first name. But perhaps you haven't been here long?" she added.

Adams called a freshman into the room and set him to look for Smothers. The freshman scowled and walked out, appearing to resent the orders from an upper classman. He winked at Adams as he left, attempting to appear amused at the little woman.

"You see, my Sammy never had a chance before he came to this college," he said. "That's why he has done such wonderful things here. Why, he was president of his class last year, elected by an almost unanimous vote. And the dean told him that he was one of the smartest boys they had ever had here. Don't you think I have a right to be proud of my Sammy?" she asked. "All the folks at the Bend tell me as how I ought to be proud of him."

Adams looked again at the little old woman. He liked her for her frankness. He even thrilled at the slight touch of her hand on his arm. Here was something that he had missed in life—a mother whose one reason for living was her son, a confidence in him that was overshadowed by nothing. He smiled slightly as he replied: "Yes, Mrs. Smothers, you have."

The little old lady touched his arm again, and looked into his eyes with frank confidence.

"Sammy is a writer, too," she said. "Some day, folks say, he will be famous. Why he wrote me that Professor Bentley said that his work was the best he had ever had from any student in his whole college career." She waited for some word of praise from Adams.

The campus leader looked again at the little old woman. He allowed his hand to touch her on the shoulder and wondered why he had never heard of the literary work of Sammy Smothers.

"Does Sammy write under an assumed name?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "He is so modest. He will hardly let me tell anybody at home about the great things he does, especially to Mr. Sherwood. You see, Mr. Sherwood is the lumber man that came to the Bend two years ago. He's been to colleges and everything. Why, he's even studied abroad, and seen as how Sammy ought to come here, I wrote to the college here and asked as how much it would cost for educating my boy and they wrote back as how they would be glad to have Sammy enter. They sent pictures of the college and a book that Sammy read to me about the societies, fraternities and everything. Do you know the fraternity he belongs to?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Smothers," Adams replied. "You see, there are so many of them."

"It is Sigma Delta, or something like that," she offered.

Adams gasped as he heard the name of his own fraternity. But he caught his composure in time to reply before the little old lady noticed anything wrong.

"Yes, Mrs. Smothers. It is a very good fraternity." The little old woman smiled broadly at that, and pulled again at Adams' sleeve.

"Sammy didn't expect me here tonight," she said. "He told me in his letter that he was a going to be here, so I came as soon as I got off the train. I got three extra washings last week, so I thought I'd come and surprise him. Won't Sammy be glad, though?" The little old woman beamed.

Adams turned his face away. "Yes, Mrs. Smothers. He should be very glad." In his heart Adams knew that the son would not.

The little old woman was fumbling in her knitted bag. Presently she pulled out a crumpled piece of paper and began spreading it out.

"Here's a wonderful poem that Sammy wrote about me and our home at the Bend," she whispered.

"You mustn't tell him I let you see it, cause he'd rave. Said in his letter I shouldn't show it to a soul, as he didn't want them to know how good he could write until he was famous."

Adams picked up the paper and began to read aloud:

"She lives in a house by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by.  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As good and as bad as I—"

Adams read no further. The form of a boy in loose-fitting evening dress hurried through the door and tore the paper from his hand. The pimply face and wiry blonde hair Adams remembered as belonging to some one called before the council for cheating some weeks before.

The boy stood before his mother and refused to receive her proffered caresses. He raged at her:

"Mother! What has this sap been saying to you? Tell me!" He pointed threateningly at Adams.

"Why, Sammy. Mr. Adams has just been telling me about the college and how good you have been getting along. I told him about how I'd come here to surprise you and I showed him your wonderful poem. Why, Sammy—"

"You ought to be shot," Adams muttered to the lad so that his mother could not hear. "I haven't told her anything."

The pimply-faced sophomore gazed dolefully at the door. His mother put her arms around him and kissed him tenderly. "What's the matter, Sammy?" she asked, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, mother, I just thought—"

"He thought I had been telling you that he was not here, Mrs. Smothers. He was afraid he would not get to see you," interrupted Adams, lying. "Let's show your mother the campus, Smothers. Come on, my car is outside."

Smothers looked at Adams in amazement. Would this fellow who was the campus leader socially, scholastically, politically let his country jake mother ride in his car when even her own son would be ashamed to walk down the street with her?

"What?" exclaimed the pimply-faced boy, unable to understand the situation.

"I say, get your coat and let's show your mother the campus. I'll get Gertrude."

In a daze Smothers led his little old mother to the big car standing in front of the building and waited for Adams and Gertrude Stein, reputed to be the most beautiful girl on the campus. To his still greater amazement, Adams insisted upon riding with Mrs. Smothers, while Gertrude climbed into the rear seat with the son. Gradually the young lady accepted the situation. She understood Adams.

They showed the little old woman the college buildings. They told her of the century-old traditions. They rode far into the night and at last stopped in front of Gertrude Stein's sorority house. The coed leader insisted that the little old woman share her quarters for the night. Smothers could not speak. He failed to understand these people.

"Good-night, Mrs. Smothers," said Adams warmly. "Sammy and I will call for you tomorrow. We will have dinner at the fraternity."

Adams took Smothers to the Sigma Delta house. During the ride not a word was spoken. The pimply-faced lad was living in a daze. Not until they were within the great chapter building was the silence broken.

"With a mother like that, you ought to conquer the world, Smothers," said Adams. "But don't you, you ought to be shot."

The eyes of the lad were filled with tears. Brokenly his voice attempted to express his feelings.

"Until tonight I did not understand, no, I could only please her by lying to her. She seemed so common in spite of all she does for me."

Adams introduced the pimply-faced boy to his brothers. He met them all with a new determination. Adams noticed that he did not attempt to appear other than he really was. Somehow he had changed.

"It was following the midterm examinations that the Sigma Delta chapter began discussing rushes."

"There is Smothers," some one said.

"I hear nearly all the houses are rushing him—him out of him. He's the cream of the nonfrat men now. If we could only rate him."

"I hear he has sold a book of poems. Oughta be good for a editorship of the mag next year," added another.

"Say, boy, you should know how hard he worked on those poems. Why, Professor Bentley said that he couldn't write at all this fall, but that he worked day and night with a determination such as Bentley had never seen before."

"He has a good scholastic record this semester," said a member of the rushing committee. "And he's so close to Adams that he'd give old Worthington his shoes and walk barefooted down the midway. Adams is the man to bid him."

Adams smiled and thought of a little old woman that had taken dinner at the house several months before.

**Put Him on Short Time**

"Doesn't Jack call pretty often?"

"He's called every night since I met him a fortnight ago, but what can I do?"

"I suppose you could at least put him on a five-day week."

# LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By GRANT DIXON

**Coincidence**

New York.—Several months ago an author of my acquaintance completed a novel, which has been appearing as a serial in a magazine but is not yet out in book form. In which the hero is the inventor of a machine which enables motorists to serve themselves with gasoline by dropping quarters in a slot. A few weeks ago it was announced that a California inventor had perfected such an apparatus.

**City Museum**

New York, which already may lay claim to being the city of museums, will have a museum of its own next year, wherein will be displayed the municipal waxworks. Unlike the waxworks at Coney Island, which pictures such civic events as the murder of Arnold Rothstein, this museum will depict the more serious and important moments in the history of the municipality. The first scene will show Henry Hudson on the deck of the Half Moon, approaching the island of Manhattan on his search for a route to the Indies. Other scenes will show Peter Minuit making his famous \$24 deal with the Indians, and Washington's inauguration at Federal hall. Also pictured will be a draft riot in Union Square during the Civil war, and the waterfront in the days of clipper ships. No plans have been laid for picturing more modern events, but I, for one, vote for the inclusion of a scene depicting the returning of Lindbergh from Paris. There was something that for sheer magnificence may never be duplicated.

**Floating Hotel**

Several years ago an imaginative reporter got himself and his newspaper into all sorts of trouble with a highly colored story about a floating palace on Run Row, where the elite of the fast set were enjoying gambling and drinking orgies. The vessel was pure imagination on the reporter's part, and every one agreed, a very superior grade of imagination. But now the real thing has appeared off the coast of Long Island. It is a luxurious boat, operated as a hotel where stage and society folk spend their week-ends. It is no gambling hell or floating liquor dispensary, and it operates within the law.

**Foolish Squirrels**

Columbia university, where men and women are equipped in a superior fashion for their battle with life, has proved the undoing of a community of squirrels. These animals have been broken down mentally to such an extent that they have forgotten the inborn squirrel instinct to bury nuts in summer so that they may eat in winter. The students are at fault. Apparently all of the thousands that attend the university in the winter session have been willing to provide nuts for the campus squirrels, and the squirrels have developed a devil-may-care philosophy. And the strange part of it is that early summer is the leanest period of the year for these improvidents, for the winter students have departed and the summer session attendants have not yet arrived.

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# Army Studies Airplane Equipment for Camping

Washington.—Airplane field equipment to provide for camp expeditions by air is being devised by the army air corps. Secretary of War Good has directed Maj. Gen. James E. Fechet to initiate a study of the equipment question, with a particular view to lightweight sleeping bags, camping stoves using gasoline fuel, and "tents" to fit over the lower wings of an airplane to provide shelter. All these must be light and most compact, for storage in the plane.

# Mayor Tyson Busy Man With All His Positions

Denmark, Tenn.—Mayor T. H. Tyson is a busy man. He serves as notary, justice of the peace, road supervisor of this section, farmer, miller, substitute rural mail carrier, a physician of sorts, and as a side-line sells tombstones. He is also chairman of the Sons of Rest.

**First Fog Starts Fire**

Philadelphia.—Smoking his first cigarette at the age of fifty-four, W. W. Cole set fire to his home and was nearly overcome before he rescued his four-year-old niece. Mr. Cole's first smoke was a bigger one than he intended.

# Claims Plane Shakes Dishes Off Her Shelf

Syracuse, N. Y.—That a low-flying airplane keeps her awake and "shakes dishes off the shelves" in the wee hours of the morning was the complaint made to the police here recently by one housewife.

"It flies so low it wakes us all up and the vibration from the engine shakes dishes off my shelves," said the woman, adding that she wanted "something done about it." The sergeant promised to do his best, though as yet there are no "air cops" on the force.

# Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is time or research has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone circle is the Hele stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on June 21—namely, at the summer solstice—the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer. At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in softude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

# Baboon Formidable Foe When Incited to Fury

At night the South African baboon is a timorous creature, and as its sight in the dusk is far inferior to that of the leopard, the latter sometimes steals up to where the troop is sleeping, makes its pounce, and escapes with a shrieking victim. But the leopard does not invariably have the best of it. There are several well-authenticated instances of such a night marauder being surrounded and torn to pieces. Another enemy much dreaded by baboons inhabiting the warmer localities is the rock-python. But there are instances of even the python being destroyed by the combined fury of a troop. All snakes, whether poisonous or not, are equally feared by baboons. This is somewhat strange in view of the circumstances that the latter can at once distinguish between berries that are wholesome and those that are poisonous, even though they may never have seen them before. The hiss of a snake will reduce the most enraged baboon to a state of abject terror, and a dead snake placed in the vicinity of one will drive it almost distracted.

# "Spoiled" Child Handicapped

Many parents feel that the first few years of a child's life are an unimportant twilight before the real dawn of personality and utterly ignore the importance of those early years for development, observes Clara Bassett in Hygeia Magazine.

Careful study of the spoiled child problem shows that such children do not outgrow their early habits as parents often think they will. Many of them go through life with these attitudes and then develop mental and nervous breakdowns when they find they are not equipped to meet bravely the vicissitudes and responsibilities of adult existence.

# New Invention

A small boy had watched a telephone repairman climb a pole, connect a test set and try to obtain connection with the testboard. There was some trouble obtaining the connection. The youngster listened a few minutes and rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Mamma, come out here quick. There's a man up a telephone pole talking to heaven."

"What makes you think he is talking to heaven?"

"Cause he hollered 'Hello! hello! hello! good lord, what's the matter up there; can't anyone hear?'"—Forbes Magazine.

# Echo Measures Distance

By means of a new device to be installed upon airplanes, the aviator will be enabled to judge the distance to the ground very accurately. This device makes use of the echo of the exhaust explosions from the engine and even though the earth may be obscured by a thick fog the echo of the explosions, reflected from the surface of the ground, will tell the airman his exact height. This apparatus is of immense value when the view of the earth is cut off and it is said to be very accurate even when quite close to the ground.

# So Simple

Mrs. Suburbs, who was absorbed in a romance of the Seventeenth century, suddenly looked up at her husband.

"George," she remarked, "listen to this: 'By my halldom,' exclaimed Sir Percival, 'it is past the hour of 12! Now, what is a halldom, George?'"

"What do you suppose it is?" he responded. "Doesn't the context tell you? Sir What's-his-name said it was past 12 by his halldom, didn't he? Well, I should have thought anybody could have seen that halldom was the make of his watch."

# Sight Influences Handwriting

If the average handwriting of a person with normal vision is taken as a standard, that of the individual suffering from nearsightedness will be found to be much smaller and that of the farsighted individual much larger.

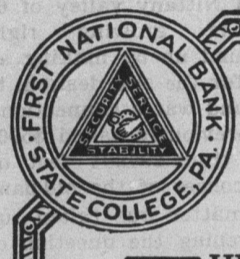
The nearsighted person does not realize that his writing is small, for he sees it enlarged, and the farsighted person does not know that he writes large, for his eyes reduce the image for him.

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