

WHEN HE STRUCK A STUMP

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

UDY caught the letter her father tossed to her as he hurried through the kitchen and on out the back. She squinted at the stark and then tore open the envelope hastily. (Nobody lagged in rvest time at John Hamlin's.) Then dy's brow drew together magnetical-her lips pursed.

"Betty Lane is coming this afternoon, mother, for a week's visit," she nounced somewhat chagrined. "Of persons, Betty!"

"What's wrong with Betty?" asked a. Hamlin, coming briskly out of the ntry with a pan of rolls.

"Well," clipped Judy, "she's a flap-r!"

"Tut! Tut! Ugly word!" chided dy's mother. "To the generous-arded there are no flappers, Judy. ey are all some mother's daugh-!"

"But Betty is—" she shrugged; on wait and see for yourself. I'm raid dad isn't going to like for us have so much company. There's b's school friend—and now Betty."

"Well, if Betty links in and helps e Larry Hornsby has, dad will weme her," said Mrs. Hamlin. "When e harvest is ripe is the time to ap it."

But Judy felt no optimism about ty's coming. Her mother had ver seen Betty. She had no idea e true nature of the girl Judy ad met the previous winter at the iversity. And her letter had said e was coming to rest up from a und of gayeties so that she would e fresh for winning the heart of the ost desirable young man that had er come to Gatesville. She would uthless have no trouble in winning m—for she was an avowed beauty ith a small fortune coming her way.

At the dinner table Judy told Bob ad Larry, "You boys be ready to puce up at supper, because there's ing to be a perfect heartbreaker ere."

But this news brought no great mount of enthusiasm from them. For ob's part, Judy knew he was not o keen on heart-breakers. She felt little despondent as she cleared way the dishes. Didn't Larry like lrs, either? She would wager they ouldn't talk harvest so incessantly his time tomorrow—for Betty Lane ould wind them both around her lly-white finger and then laugh at em with her cherry-red lips.

She hoped Betty would like Bob— o! For Betty was not the kind of rl she wanted Bob to like. Betty as light-minded, self-centered, livng ly to count her conquests of hearts and to dance herself into happiness. ob's heart must never be seared by e flame of Betty's flickering love. ary—but was he not as deserving s Bob?

It was a most depressed Judy who et the 3:20 train in Mills Point. "I'm not surprised that you're glum, Judy!" Betty said, shrugging at the mall town. "What have you planned or tonight, child? I feel like I could lance till 4."

"I thought you wanted to rest from gayeties," said Judy, striving to e some light-hearted. "We haven't planned anything. Mother and dad re old-fashioned. Betty. We don't ve dances."

"My gosh! I guess I'm in for it, hen! When do prayers begin?"

"I don't think they ever end at our ouse, Betty. Oh, look at that covey of quails—aren't they beauties?"

But Betty didn't trouble to look; and they rode in silence for some me. Then she demanded peevishly: "How far down in 'Possum Holler' do you live, Judy? My! I'll have no difficulty in creating a sensation out here!"

"No competition whatever," laughed Judy. "This is our farm. And allow me to introduce you to our wonder-ful South Forty! Did you ever see a more perfect lake of gold than that field of sun-kissed grain? The boys are wild over it! I'm going to drive down this lane and let you see it—"

"Oh, don't trouble, Judy, if it's out of the way. Who are the boys? Of course, I knew there's Bob—Ooh! Ooh!"

For Judy, in making the turn had struck a stump, giving them a startled twist and jolt. The car came to a dead halt.

"See?" cried Betty Lane. "You shouldn't have come this way! And there's another car—you'll never be able to pass it in this narrow road."

"That's Bob's runabout," exclaimed Judy, hopping out. "I hope I haven't damaged dad's boat!"

The small car glided up to them and a tall figure in overalls sprang out. "What's wrong Judy?" Larry asked, removing Bob's huge straw from his head.

"Struck a stump!" Judy informed him, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, well, don't worry! We all strike stumps now and then!"

Judy introduced Betty Lane and Larry Hornsby.

"Mr. Hornsby" shrilled Betty delightedly. "Are you Guy Hornsby's brother that's coming to Gatesville next week?"

Larry nodded.

"Ge, that's great! And here I am ahead of all the girls, getting to know you first! You see you're creating quite a sensation in Gatesville since we heard—"

"Blab! Blab!" broke in Larry, his

face suddenly flushed. "I've called off my visit to Gatesville, Miss Lane, since I've heard that Guy has made a fool of himself—and myself as well!" He dropped to his knees to examine underneath the big car. "I'm sure you're going to enjoy it down here in the country," he added, getting up. "How do you like the looks o' that?"

with a flourish of his harvest hat toward the boasted South Forty.

"What is it—wheat, oats, or barley?" drawled Betty. "I'm no farmer girl. I despise the country—if you want to know. But this friend of mine insists on burying her otherwise intelligent self out here in the sticks—and I had a longing somehow to see her. I understand now that it was only the hand of Providence leading me into the wilderness—since you're here! Guy told me how perfectly you dance—and this knot on a stick says she hasn't planned a single dance for us!"

"I should say not!" said Larry, indicating with a nod that the car was ready to go. "When night comes—on this place—everybody is too tired to dance. You see this is harvest time, Miss Lane, and we're all true harvesters."

That night Judy lingered on the back porch as she returned from the milkroom, putting the last pan to draw cream. Her heart was heavy, her throat tight. A firm step crossed the kitchen and came out very, very close to her—and stood gazing into the heavens, too—for of course the was a harvest moon. Judy's head heart leaped suddenly through her tight throat and pounded foolishly in her ears. She had thought him with Betty. Betty had scarcely permitted him out of her sight since her arrival.

"I'm the one that struck a stump now, Judy," he muttered dejectedly.

"She's the girl Guy has set his heart on—for me! Lord help me! Why did you let her come now, and pester me to death? Can't you persuade that girl-shy Bob to take her over and leave me to my happy thought of you, Judy?"

"I'll tell you—Larry," she spoke his name softly. "We'll put Betty to work—real hard work—and before two days she'll be gone. That's the stump that'll stop Betty! Anyway, who minds Betty—now?"

Holds World's Record as Keeper of Diary

The diary of Samuel Pepys, covering a period of about ten years, which came to light long after his death, probably attracted as much attention as any other journal of similar nature. Pepys has many imitators among columnists and elsewhere. It remained, however, for Maj. S. Willard Saxton, of Washington, to bring forth a diary for which he might well claim honors. From the standpoint of continuous effort it probably surpasses any other of which there is a record. He had been making daily entries for 84 years. Major Saxton celebrated his one hundredth birthday in Washington and that served as an occasion for the newspapers to mention his diary. It covered four of the wars in which this country has had a part, beginning with the war with Mexico, including the Civil war and the war with Spain and ending with the World war. Before the Civil war he was a printer and railroad surveyor. President Lincoln gave him a commission as major on the staff of his brother, Gen. Rufus Saxton, and he served throughout the period. Thereafter he entered the civil service and was employed in various department positions until his retirement in 1921. The mortality among diaries must be something appalling. Every year the diary publishers bring out their blank volumes in attractive and convenient form, ranging all the way from the line-a-day variety to those having plenty of space for opinions as well as facts. Most people begin with the start of the year, make entries faithfully for the first few days, postpone the work for a time with the intention of making it up, and then discard the diary altogether. The consistent diarist has his work before him and it is a task that must be done at a regular time, every day, else his journal will go the way of thousands of others. If there ever might be an association of diarists, Major Saxton certainly deserved to hold the position of honorary president.

This Cave a Concert Hall

For the purpose of testing its acoustic properties a concert was held in the caverns of Postumia, which wander through the earth for a distance of between 10 and 20 miles, not far from Trieste. This subterranean auditorium, located in the center of the subterranean galleries, is a vast hall called the Mythological hall, or the Elysian fields, nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference and which can hold probably from 10,000 to 20,000 persons. The dome of the hall rises more than 300 feet and is decorated with crystals of huge size. Fantastically shaped stalactites like veils and curtains hang over the various passages of approach.

Well, Why Not?

A teacher in a school in the Northeast was having a lesson in long measures in her classroom and wanted to make her question clear, so she said, "Now, children can anyone tell me what can be bought by the foot?"

After tense moments of silence a diminutive little fellow raised his hand and in a voice full of confidence said, "Teacher, I know." "Well, William, what is it that you can buy by the foot?"

And Willie, without a quiver in his voice, answered, "A pair of shoes."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WOULD SAVE DEWEY FLAGSHIP AS RELIC

Congress to Give Question Deep Consideration.

Washington.—The final disposition of the U. S. S. Olympia, flagship of Admiral George Dewey at the battle of Manila bay, is likely to be considered at the next regular session of congress, as a strong sentiment has developed among veterans and patriotic organizations for preservation of the vessel as a historic relic.

The vessel, having outlived its usefulness as a fighting craft, might in the ordinary course of events be slated for scrapping, but the tradition of its prowess as a fighting machine, gained at Manila, still lingers in the public consciousness.

Heading telegrams from all chapters of the Veterans of the Spanish War, the Navy department has officially announced that the disposal of the Olympia has not yet been decided upon, and that its preservation will be fully considered before disposal is approved.

Flagship in 1898.

After service as the flagship of Rear Admiral F. V. McNair from 1895 to 1898, cruising in waters of Japan, China, and the Sandwich (now Hawaiian) Islands, the Olympia became the flagship of Admiral George Dewey in command of the Asiatic squadron on January 3, 1898, Capt. G. W. Gridley, U. S. N., commanding, according to information furnished by the Navy department.

On May 1, 1898, at the battle of Manila bay, the Olympia led the attack on the ships of the Spanish squadron.

The Olympia has seen service in many parts of the world since the time of the war with Spain. It continued for a few months with the Asiatic squadron, but went out of commission on November 8, 1898. After recommissioning in January, 1902, it joined the North Atlantic squadron as flagship. During the period from 1908 to 1905 it went on errands of protection for American interests and lives in Panama, Smyrna, and the Dominican republic.

When the United States entered the World war, the Olympia was designated flagship of the United States patrol force. She was employed in patrol duty off the coast of Nova Scotia and ocean escort for British merchantmen en route to and from New York and the war zone.

Carried Unknown Soldier.

In December, 1918, the Olympia became the flagship of the commander of United States naval forces in the eastern Mediterranean, and cruised the Adriatic and Black seas. After several important missions of post war transport and relief in eastern European waters, the Olympia returned May, 1921, to Philadelphia.

In September, 1921, she was assigned the distinguished duty of bringing home for burial in Arlington cemetery the Unknown Soldier representative of the heroes of the American forces of the World war. She left the Philadelphia navy yard on this mission October 3, 1921, reaching Plymouth, October 16. She arrived at the Washington navy yard on November 9, 1921, with the Unknown Soldier, and was met by representatives of the army and navy and other services.

Bird Paradise Set Up on West Indian Island

Tobago, West Indies.—The island of Little Tobago, 11 miles from this port, has become a bird paradise. This small island of less than 500 acres attracted the attention some years ago of Sir William Ingham, former proprietor of "The London Illustrated News." He conceived the idea of making it a refuge for birds of every size and description. He imported a large number of birds of paradise which have thrived and multiplied in their new surroundings.

On the death of Sir William the island went to Lady Ingham for life. On her death in October, 1925, Sir Herbert Ingham and Mr. Bruce Ingham came into the property. Later they expressed the wish to convey the island to the king and to rename it Ingham island. The government of Tobago and Trinidad arranged to care for the birds. Food and water have since been carried regularly to the island. The birds are increasing in numbers rapidly.

Russia Transplants U. S. Clock Factories

New York.—Soviet Russia is rushing plants to manufacture for the first time the American dollar watch and the alarm clock. To manufacture inexpensive watches and clocks of those and other types, the Soviet Precision Machinery trust, it was learned recently, has bought, through the Amtorg Trading corporation here, the entire equipment and machinery of two American clock and watch factories. The factories purchased are those of the Ansonia Clock company, Brooklyn, and the Dueder Enmpden Watch company, Canton, Ohio. They will be reconstructed in Moscow, and will be ready for production in 1931, according to an Amtorg Trading corporation representative.

Honor Roman Poet

Naumagen.—This small city on the Moselle, which still retains much of its ancient Roman appearance, has just unveiled a monument to Decimus Magnus Ausonius, the first man known to write a poem about this beautiful German river.

Dutch Woman's Costume

"Colorful and Ample"

The costumes of rural Holland are indeed unique. Women wear six or more skirts, lest the form be immodestly displayed, and a bright-colored waist with elbow sleeves, for strong, red arms are admired by men. The climax is a lace cap, the shape of which distinguishes the province in which the wearer lives.

Wives of rich farmers wear gold casques, like helmets, with ornamental gold curls. An ancient dame told us that hers cost a hundred guilders (about \$40).

Workmen wear exceedingly broad trousers, oftentimes colored vests and short coats. Children and the poor wear klompen—wooden shoes. If you hear what sounds like a troop of cavalry passing down the street, it will more than likely turn out to be a group of school children returning home. Concealed weapons are not needed in Holland. In case of a row, a lad flicks off his klomp and wallops his adversary over the head. It has great weight in settling an argument.—National Geographic Magazine.

Church Constructed to Resemble Giant Organ

Scattered throughout the civilized world are churches of varying degrees of beauty—some small, some large and lofty, some with towering spires, others with beautiful domes, of exquisite glass windows—but perhaps the most unusual and original church in existence today is to be seen in Copenhagen. The whole edifice is shaped like a gigantic organ outlined against the sky, and at first sight is almost overwhelming. One almost expects to hear music coming from the pipes that constitute the roof of this wonderful building, so natural is the effect.

While on the subject of Copenhagen, another curious sight to be seen in the city is a tower that rises above the Church of Our Savior. This remarkable tower is 288 feet high, and is built like a corkscrew, round which are steps, on the outside, leading to the top! This tower was built in 1690, and has long been a special feature of the city.

Playing for Safety

Although he was new to the beat, it was not long before the young policeman noticed that in one house lights were left burning in every room until the early hours of the morning. "Thanks very much, officers," said the householder, on being informed; "but it's not accidental."

"Oh?" said the policeman, suspiciously.

"You see, my wife has been on holiday for a week or two, and I've written telling her about the lonely nights I've been spending at home."

"Well?"

"Don't you see? I don't want the meter to give me away!"—London Tit-Bits.

Church Bells Gaming Stake

In the reign of Henry VIII, writes Satis N. Coleman in his book, "Bells," there stood in St. Paul's church yard a lofty bell tower containing four bells called "Jesus Bells," the largest in London. In a gambling game with one of his courtiers, Sir Miles Partidge, King Henry staked the bell tower and its bells.

Sir Miles won, and had the tower pulled down and the bells broken up. A few years afterward this gentleman was hanged; and some of the old writers have said that it was a judgment sent upon him for gambling for bells.

Republic of Mind

In the republic of mind, one is a majority. There, all are monarchs, and all are equals. The tyranny of a majority even is unknown. Each one is crowned, sceptered and throned. Upon every brow is the tiara, and around every brow is the imperial purple. Only those are good citizens who express their honest thoughts, and those who persecute for opinion's sake are the only traitors. There, nothing is considered infamous except an appeal to brute force, and nothing sacred but love, liberty and joy.—Robert Ingersoll.

Woman Rules Home

I believe, as men generally do, that mothers are most responsible for management of children. It is in the nature of things: in their formative years, children are much more with mothers than with fathers. While the father is away hunting a dollar or a deer, he cannot possibly also control the children, and is somewhat incapable when he returns, and his wife says: "I can do nothing with them; you try it."—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

We Women

Four-year-old Patricia was washing her hands in her mother's bathroom. She had no towel of her own in there, so when she had finished washing she looked toward her mother's towel rack, then hesitatingly toward her father's; then coming confidently to her mother, said: "I'll use your towel, mommie; we women must stick together."—Parents' Magazine.

Too Much Static

Fundamentally, a Cleveland doctor states, man is a sort of electric storage-battery. Bear this in mind, and when, at home, you are being told something you don't care to hear, remark: "My B battery has run down. I guess. You aren't coming in very strong."—Detroit News.

Banking

Banking has become a varied occupation. The early banks did little more than receive money on deposit, pay it out on checks, and lend to borrowers.

These duties, while still the chief functions of a bank, now are supplanted by many others of importance. For example, National Banks, in recent years, have been granted all the fiduciary powers of a Trust Company, and can act as Executor, Administrator or Trustee. More and more the public is becoming financially interested in our great industries, in public utilities and carriers, through the ownership of stock in these corporations.

Today expert knowledge is necessary to the proper settlement of an estate. We advise everyone to make a Will, and to name a proper bank as Executor.

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