

THE MOTHER

He often said that he loved her, And she smiled as he fondled her brow. But there's no relief for the mother, When her son-lover breaks his vow.

MOTHER-IN-LOVE

She thought to keep him waiting, Narcissa knew that. She ought to be out when he arrived and breeze in on him, half an hour later, from some tea or committee meeting, finding him cooling his heels on her little hearthrug, smoking cigarets in nervous expectation, thinking over what he had to say.

"My dear! How stupid of me! Did I say five?" Narcissa knew all that. She understood the art of living. And she understood Dick. Dick had no interest in slavish devotion.

Not even his note, crashing into her life after an interval of five long years, could shake Narcissa's cynical certainty on that point. But still he had written. "I want to see you, Cissy. I have something to tell you that only I can explain."

Despising herself, she went up to her room immediately after luncheon to prepare for that casual call. It was a losing fight, this trying not to look your age, when it was the unspeakable one at which she had just arrived.

"I hope," said Narcissa severely, "that I'll always be adequate. I feel more competent than I used to. That's the only way I notice the touch of time. I'm quite equal now," she went on steadily, "to any situation that might arise."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Dick simply. There was a little pause. Dick replaced his cup upon the tea tray. He arose to stand before the flickering fire.

"Cissy," said Dick, "I've come to ask you something." "What is it, Dick?" she asked. And her voice was breathless.

"Cissy," he said, "I-I haven't got the nerve to tell you." Her heart went out to him. He was really in difficulty.

"Dick, you mustn't feel that way, ever, about me." He gave her a grateful glance. "I know, Cissy. But this—this is difficult."

Narcissa's eyes dropped before his own. He was obviously deeply in earnest. The old persuasive note had crept back into his voice. Why—? could only mean one thing. He had come back to take her on her own terms. Dick had come awfully wrong. She could not be mistaken. She knew Dick too well.

"What is it, Dick?" she said softly. "It's hard to tell you, my dear, I know you'll understand." He turned suddenly, to face the fire. He gazed at a moment, silently, at the flaming logs. "You see, Cissy, I—I want to marry your daughter."

Narcissa sat motionless on the little loveseat, her eyes upon the tea tray. This—this was beyond everything. This was an awful silence. Narcissa would have given her soul to break it. But no words came to her. She sat as in a trance.

"You want to marry—Patty?" he said at last. He turned, now, to look at her. "I want to marry Patty," he said firmly.

"I—I don't believe you," said Narcissa, "Patty is a child." "Patty is 19," said Dick very reasonably. His face lit up as he added quickly, "and Patty is adorable."

The words stung Narcissa instantly to action. "You can't marry Patty!" she said hotly. "I—I won't permit it." "Can you help it?" asked Dick with a sudden flash of anger. Then quickly, penitently, "forgive me, Cissy. I didn't mean quite that."

What a cad he was, thought Narcissa passionately. To come back like this, to the very same room, to say he wanted—Patty. Why—the echoes of their former fatal interview still trembled for Narcissa in the circumambient air. Then it was—the Azores—as his mistress. Now it was her daughter—to marry. And his note of pleading was precisely the same. But this time it had ended in an ultimatum. He had threatened her. But she wasn't helpless. She was Patty's mother. She could—but what could she do, thought Narcissa desperately, with a surging memory of the obstinate wood nymph she had faced not an hour ago, in her room upstairs?

"She asked you been much with her?" he asked, guardedly. "Why, I've been seeing her all winter. We've been constantly together." Of course that was possible. She knew so little of Patty's companion-

ship. But it seemed incredible that she should have known him so well and not mentioned him. But Patty mentioned no one, except in answer to direct questions.

"Have you spoken to her?" Her heart hung on his answer. It came quickly, reproachfully. "Cissy, do you think I would? Before I spoke to you?"

"I would put nothing beyond you," she said coldly. "You're unfair to me, Cissy. You're awfully unfair. There's no reason in the world why I shouldn't marry your daughter."

"Please—" said Narcissa gravely. "Can you name a reason? He looked at her keenly. "Is there a reason you could name?"

"Narcissa's eyes flashed fire. "I know what manner of man you are," said Narcissa firmly. "That's the reason enough."

"For you, perhaps. But not for me—and Patty. Cissy—listen to me. I love your daughter. I could make her happy. Can't you see, don't you understand, that the situation concerns no one but me and the woman I love?"

"Why, then, did you come to me?" "I came because I wanted to be on the square, Cissy. I wanted to tell you what I was doing before it was done."

"How very honorable of you," said Narcissa. Dick winced at her words. Then his tone suddenly altered.

"Cissy, don't treat me so unkindly. Don't you know, you who know everything, what I've been through over it all? I'm in hell, Cissy. Absolutely in hell. I have been for months. I can't work any more—I can't think. There's no one but you to help me. I—I counted absolutely on your undertaking."

His voice tore at her heartstrings. What a fool she was! She would never get over him. He was watching her intently.

"It was foolish of me to speak as I did, Cissy," he said gently. "You have my life in your hands, of course. I throw myself on your mercy."

"I can't—be merciful," said Narcissa piteously. "You—you shouldn't ask it."

"I do ask it," he returned gravely. His eyes met hers. They were pitiful, beseeching.

Before she could reply, the door to the hall was flung open abruptly and Patty entered the room. Dick wheeled to stare at her.

"I'm hungry," said Patty pleasantly. "Can I have a cup of tea? Why, it's Richard! Hello, Dicky bird!"

"You don't look very tidy, my dear," she said. "I should worry," smiled Patty. "There's only Dick. He won't mind."

"I think you look charmingly. A sweet disorder in the dress," he quoted lightly, "kindles in clothes a wantonness."

Narcissa rose abruptly. This was more than she could bear. Dick did not mean to go. And Patty obviously had designs on a second piece of cake. But she—she really couldn't see them together like this a moment longer. She would retreat. Retreat, once more, with dignity. She would leave her daughter the field.

"I have some notes to write, Dick," she said evenly, "and I'm dining early. If you'll excuse me I'll leave you and Patty."

"I'll take good care of her," he said, with grateful humility. "Patty takes very good care of herself," said Narcissa proudly.

She wished she could believe her own words. Without another glance for the child on the love seat, she walked with composure to the door. Alone, in her bedroom, Narcissa sat quietly down on her sofa to face the future. She still felt, absurdly, that it couldn't be going to happen. To see Patty—Patty—in Dick's arms. Life could be so cruel. She had known despair. But this was complete devastation.

A step on the stair arrested her attention. Why, it couldn't be Patty! It wasn't 20 minutes since she had left them together.

Had he unexpectedly succumbed to a belated scruple? Touched by her abdications, made a generous gesture? Put off, at least until tomorrow, what might easily have been done to day?

"Patty?" she called tremulously. And again, "Patty!" The child stood in the doorway, cool, unconcerned, perhaps a trifle annoyed.

"What is it, Mother?" "Has Dick gone?" "Yes."

"There was a moment's pause. "Why did he go so soon?" "He wanted to," said Patty briefly, a hint of defiance in her voice.

"Patty—what did you say to him?" The child stood in the doorway, gesture of irritation. "Oh, really, Mother—do you know what he came to say to me?" "Yes, Patty."

"Well, you needn't trouble to argue about it, Mother," said Patty combatively. "It won't do a bit of good. I've made up my mind." "You've made up your mind?" Narcissa could hardly pronounce the words.

"Yes, and I know everything you're going to say before you say it. I know you think he's charming. I know he has millions. I've had an earful of his tragic life. But I just don't think he's attractive. That settles it for me."

Narcissa rose unsteadily from her sofa. "Mother! Have a heart! I know he's a dowager's delight, but I just don't like him. He thinks he's such a shiek."

"Patty!" cried Narcissa in horrified protest. Really, at such blasphemy her hands flew to her ears. "He does, mother. He's been hanging around young people's parties all winter. But he's 18 years older than I am—just an old man—for all his winning ways."

A wave of pity flooded Narcissa's heart. Patty never looked lovelier than she did at that moment, standing flushed and defiant on the threshold. Narcissa moved quickly to take the child in her arms. She kissed the cool pink cheeks. Then suddenly Narcissa began to cry.

"Mother!" cried Patty incredulously. "What's the matter?" "I'm so sorry for him, Patty," she heard herself incredibly saying. "So dreadfully sorry."

"He's sorry for himself," remarked Patty coolly. He thought he was irresistible. Well—he's learned that I can resist him."

Narcissa turned, sobbing, and sank upon her sofa. "You th's—terribly—cruel," said Narcissa weakly.

Patty advanced to the sofa side and regarded her mother with mute amazement. Narcissa's tears broke into hysterical laughter.

"But you don't have to marry him, darling—to please me!"

242 ONE ROOM SCHOOLS REPLACED BY 66 NEW ONES Schools consolidation has grown steadily in the rural sections of Pennsylvania, since July, 1930, according to the records in the department of public instruction, which show that 66 consolidated schools have been organized this year; that 6 of these schools are housed in newly erected buildings; and that most of the other 10 are in remodeled school plants.

The reports also show that these consolidated school buildings are modern and range in size from four to twenty rooms; that many of the buildings contain gymnasiums, auditoriums, laboratories for special work, libraries, cafeterias and rest rooms; and that these are built on sites ranging from two to sixteen acres in area.

There were two school consolidations in Clearfield county; two in Blair; one in Clear; one in Jefferson; four in McKean; three in Indiana.

Other information contained in the reports shows that these 66 consolidated schools have replaced 242 one room and a few larger schools; that the instructional force in the newly organized schools is divided into 32 elementary and 52 high school teachers; that the enrollments show 13,442 elementary pupils and 1482 high school students; that these children are provided with superior instruction; that 5579 children are transported to the new schools; that each school has a library adapted to all grades; and that the number of library books in these consolidated schools totals 19,622.

In addition to the 66 consolidated schools organized since July, thirty-one new buildings were erected for consolidations that were organized prior to the present school year of 1930.

MOTOR LICENSE CARDS WERE NOT FORGED

With a dozen or more letters being received daily by the State bureau of motor vehicles concerning the validity of the 1931 operator's licenses card, Benjamin G. Eynon, commissioner of motor vehicles, has found it necessary to again deny the rumor that a wholesale forgery of licenses has been promoted. In some cases writers of these letters have enclosed their cards requesting new ones.

"This rumor is entirely unfounded," Commissioner Eynon said. "It is causing the bureau no end of trouble and brings needless worry to Pennsylvania motorists. There has been no counterfeiting of license cards. Every license received from the bureau of motor vehicles is a valid one. The rumor probably arose because of the two different style numbers appearing on 1931 operator's license cards. This was due to the installation of a new type numbering machine in the bureau."

"The new style numbers are of a plain machine block type, approximately three sixteenths of an inch in height and are stamped on the card in black ink. The hand stamped numbers are italic in style, three sixteenths of an inch in height and are stamped on the operator's card in blue ink. The automatic machines did not have the capacity for numbering all the operator's licenses issued. Consequently there is in circulation operator's licenses with two different styles of numbers. Both were issued by the bureau of motor vehicles and both are legal."

GAME COMMISSION ADOPTS 5517 ACRES

The Board of Game Commissioners recently completed the purchase from the Central Pennsylvania Lumber company of 5517 acres of land in Pleasant Valley and Clara township, Potter county, and extending into Annin township, McKean county.

In making that announcement, W. Gard Conklin, chief of the bureau of refuges and lands, stated that the tract is in the heart of ideal deer, bear and game territory and is a valuable addition to the Game Commission's holdings. The tract has been designated State Game Lands No. 59. For the present the entire tract will remain open to lawful public hunting.

The Game Commissioner's holding now aggregates 240,705 acres distributed in thirty counties of the State.

Officers of the Game Commission during March brought 133 prosecutions covering almost every citation of the game laws. They have been very active in trying to get the sportsmen and the farmers to keep their dogs under control, thereby saving a lot of game birds and animals during the nesting and breeding season. During March 1930, 152 prosecutions were brought.

Visitor—"And wot was you thinkin' of doing wiv your boy, Mrs. Smith?" Mrs. Smith—"Well, 'e's that fond o' animals 'is father was thinkin' of making a butcher of 'im."

WORK BEGUN ON NEW U. S. PRISON

Preliminary construction has started on the world's most modern prison, the new United States Federal Penitentiary for the Northeastern District, on a 26-acre tract in Kelly township, Union county, Pennsylvania.

Construction work of the general outline and the first unit is in charge of the Great Lakes Construction Company of Chicago.

The contract, awarded for \$2,781,000 calls for completion of the first section, to accommodate about 1,500 prisoners, in 425 working days.

The entire project covers a 10-year building program, an expenditure of about \$12,000,000 and a penitentiary to accommodate 5,000 prisoners to be drawn from the northeastern section of the United States.

The builders' first task was grading of the site by removing from eight to ten inches of the top soil over the 26-acre area, jurisdiction over which has been ceded the federal government by Pennsylvania.

The wall, which will surround the tract, will rise 21 feet and will be eight feet below the surface. Estimates of materials to be used included 3,500,000 bricks; 650,000 square feet of cement block; 650,000 barrels of cement; 70,000 tons of sand; 60,000 tons of cut stone, and 30,000 tons of other stone.

Wells are being dug to provide adequate water supply. The Reading railroad has run a two-mile siding to the tract. Electric lines and telephone lines are being strung from Lewisburg.

Within the walls construction will express some of the new ideas in prison arrangement and penal practice to be developed at the penitentiary.

The familiar "big house" of most prisons will be missing. Accommodations will range from a small block with inside cells for less tractable inmates to small dormitory quarters on par with those of an average-salaried person. Conduct and character will determine occupancy of the more favored dormitories.

Inside the walls, too, will be buildings providing kitchen, baking, manufacturing facilities; class rooms and laboratories; a hospital; a radio room; a theater and auditorium and a comfortable library. Outdoors extensive fields for farming and dairying have been planned.

WORSE THAN WAR

During the 18 months of the World war, 50,510 members of the American Expeditionary Force were killed in action or died of wounds.

During the 18 months preceding January 1931, 50,900 people were killed in automobile accidents in this country.

There could be no better illustration of the seriousness of the automobile accident situation.

According to a survey by the Travelers Insurance Company, the leading cause of accidents in 1930 was failure to give right of way, which accounted for 15 per cent of deaths and 31.5 per cent of injuries.

Second was excessive speeding, which was responsible for 21 per cent of all accidents, and third, driving on the wrong side of the road, which totaled 16 per cent.

Higher speed is a natural result of improved roads and cars. But the other two primary causes of accidents—which together accounted for 27 per cent of deaths and 47.7 per cent of injuries—amount to simple ignorance, recklessness or carelessness. They show improper training on the part of the motorist, coupled with inadequate enforcement of modern traffic codes, is well within the limits of plausibility.

Every year complete and detailed resumes of the previous year's accident record are prepared. Study of them should show what enforcement is needed, what can be accomplished, a few States, in a period of rising hazards, have managed to appreciably decrease accidents within their borders. All other States can do the same.

MRS. HOOVER IS ASSISTANT TO PRESIDENT

A new unofficial "assistant president" has been awarded, without salary, to Mrs. Herbert Hoover, by the President.

While there has been no formal appointment the chief executive has created the post by calling upon the First Lady frequently to assist him in duties beyond the ordinary functions of a mistress of the White House.

Mrs. Hoover has represented the chief executive at two functions within the past few weeks, and it is understood she will take his place on another occasion this week.

It has not been the custom for the wives of Presidents to make speeches or to act in any save a social capacity. Only since the adoption of the Women's Suffrage amendment have they participated to any great extent in the functions of the executive office.

Mrs. Harding was the first wife to be prominently identified with an administration. Mrs. Coolidge appeared alone only at national women's social gatherings.

Figures released by the United States bureau of mines show that Pennsylvania has retained the lead for 1930 from the standpoint of bituminous coal production. The 1930 production for Pennsylvania was 122,459,000 tons, as compared with a production of 143,516,241 tons for 1929. The production of West Virginia for the year 1930 was 120,040,000 tons, and for 1929, 138,518,855 tons.

The production of the major coal producing States follows: Illinois, 53,275,000 tons; Kentucky, eastern, 40,497,000 tons; western, 10,200,000 tons; Ohio 23,440,000 tons; Indiana, 15,840,000 tons and Alabama, 15,240,000.

—The Watchman prints the news

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

You can't buy the sunshine at twilight. You can't buy the moonlight at dawn. You can't buy youth when you're growing old. Not the life when the heart beat is gone.

You can't buy your way into heaven. If you had all the wealth that's untold. And when you lose your Mother, you can't buy another. If you had all this world and its gold.

—Backs are very much in vogue. While it is probably no pointer to turn the back now than at any other period, it seems almost a shame not to, with all the elaboration of the costumes concentrated there. Necklaces that almost appear to be throttling the wearer drape their heavy pendants down the back while they gag the lady in front; coiffures that are plain to the point of severity in front, form pretty little curls or soft elaborate coils in the back; capes, bows, suspender-like straps, clips and flowers have slid over the shoulders to anchor in back. Reverses have got lost and find themselves softening the décolletage in back and the corsage bouquet has wandered around to emphasize the point of a deep V décolletage.

—We seem to be going wild over woolly clothes this season. Everywhere one sees wool dresses, even at formal afternoon functions, and the best coats and suits are all of wool weaves. The new cool weaves are more soft and subtle than ever and make up with a maximum of smartness. Bulkiness, the former bugbear of the woolen frock, has been entirely eliminated and this is probably why we are all indulging in a long pent up desire for a woolen frock.

The tailored models and the softer creations are equally smart and are being selected by the most fashionable clients of the leading houses here. Woolen coats, too, have relegated to the background the coat of silk, and it is very rarely now that one sees a day coat of satin or faille. Instead, we seek the unostentatious smartness of a fine tweed or wool crepe and go our tailored ways rejoicing in our insistence on the practical rather than the softly pretty.

Molyneux's opening was marked by dresses and sleeveless hip-length tunics of plain and printed linen. The latter were worn with light-weight wool suits, or with the coats lined with linen, or with matching linen coats and wool skirts. Full length and seven-eighth length coats of a number of suits were lined the depth of the blouse with material to match it, the remainder of the lining being plain material, matching the coat in color. Evening gowns in crepe brocaded gold figures displaced those of lame gauze. Much brown and beige shown for street wear.

—Although women are vastly different from each other, every woman fits into a general classification or group of women whose outstanding characteristics are similar.

Thus it is essential to the full development of individual charm and beauty that each woman recognize her "type," and do all in her power to enhance her good points, blending her moods, her make-up, her clothes and her activities into perfect reflection of herself.

For example, the most important feature of a business woman is her intelligence and a confident ability.

But this doesn't mean that the business girl must be plain and unattractive in appearance. Far from it, because her personal appearance is a definite reflection of her spirit and her intelligence. But, instead of accentuating her beauty of face and form, she should subdue them a little, so that instead of their being her outstanding characteristics, they are only a perfect background for her business faculties.

Smart frocks are helpful because they show taste and discernment, a clear fine skin delicately touched with make-up if necessary, adds to her powers without detracting from them.

But should that same girl wear a heavy make-up and more informal clothing, they would be completely out of harmony with her position.

Find your type by analyzing yourself until you know what your outstanding points are.

The chances are that you have been intending to make a Chiffon Lemon Pie for a long time, but that you just haven't gotten round to it yet. Apple pie, judging by the current pieces of that delicacy that go past on the cafeteria trays, is the prime favorite with men. But Lemon Pie ranks a close and faithful second.

Let's have a Chiffon Lemon Pie for supper tonight! To make it, beat the yolks of four eggs until light, add one-half cup of sugar and the juice of a large lemon; cook in a double boiler until thick and smooth. Remove from the heat and let cool a little. Whip the four egg whites until very stiff, add a speck of salt and a half cup of sugar. Fold the whites into the cooked mixture. Have ready a baked pastry shell, turn the cooked mixture into it, and bake in a moderate oven until the filling sets.

Then there's another Lemon Pie Recipe which has always been a favorite. You mix one and a third cups of sugar with five level tablespoons of cornstarch and a pinch of salt. Over this pour water: stir until thick and let cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler. When almost done, add two tablespoons of butter. Beat the yolk of four eggs, add to them the grated rind of one large lemon and six tablespoons of lemon juice; combine with the cornstarch mixture and cook two minutes more.

Let the mixture cool, pile into a baked pastry shell and cover the top with a meringue made from the egg whites. Brown the meringue slightly in a slow oven.