

# Without Resort to Law

By DONALD ALLEN

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"Come and put in your vacation with me. House in the country. Lake. Fish. Golf. Mighty good-looking girl only eighty rods away. Cupid. Moonlight, etc."

So ex-Judge Gorman wrote to his nephew, Phil Walker, just before college vacation. The judge was a bachelor sixty years old, who had bought a manor house on retiring from the bench. He was alone except for his servants, and Phil was his favorite nephew.

Judge Gorman had caught only a brief glimpse of Aileen Travers as she crossed the lawn of her mother's grounds next door. Any lawyer could have made a case of false pretenses out of that letter, but Phil Walker replied that he would be happy to come. Miss Aileen Travers was just two weeks ahead of him on vacation. She had got home and settled down for the summer before he was due.

When at home she was the man about the house. She could handle saw or hammer, and when the lawnmower got out of kilter she had a way of fixing it up instead of sending it off to town to be tinkered at. She reached home on this occasion to find that many things needed her attention, and among them was the glazing of a pane of glass in the kitchen window. This was left to the last, but on the day her mother and little sister went away to be gone 'till night the cook was informed:

"Now, then, if James got that pane of glass and some putty, we will fix that window. We shall need the stepladder."

It's the easiest thing in the world for a smart and good-looking girl to putty in a pane of glass. She first takes out any fragments of the old pane. Then she mounts to the top of a stepladder and has the cook hold



"It's the Easiest Thing in the World."

It while she cuts away the old putty. Then the new pane is set in and made fast. Miss Aileen set out to accomplish this task.

Mid-afternoon came along while she was still working. So did Phil Walker.

He was walking out from town for exercise. He didn't know what house his uncle lived in, and he decided that the sensible thing to do was to make inquiries. He rang the bell at the "Travis" mansion, and as he rang he wondered if that "mighty good-looking girl" lived there.

No answer. He thought he heard voices at the rear of the house. The sensible thing to do was to go around and find the owners. He found them.

Miss Aileen was standing on the crest of the stepladder, sleeves rolled up, old skirt on, and bareheaded and her hair tousled and flying about. That's the way a glazier glazes.

The cook was hanging to the stepladder like grim death and throwing out a suggestion now and then, and the stage setting was ready when the young college man appeared. There was a yell from the cook! There was an exclamation from the mistress. There was a roar from the family dog, who has been held back until this moment to complete a dramatic situation!

The cook let go. The stepladder wobbled. Miss Aileen came down. Mr. Walker stepped backward, and it seemed to the dog as if the three people were all mixed up for a moment. Then he took after the one who fled, nipped him and chased him off the grounds and down the road, where ex-Judge Gorman, standing at his gate, threw up his arms and called out:

"What villain has dared to set a dog on my favorite nephew! Tell me his name that I may give him seven miles of law!"

Phil thought he understood the case, and when he got his breath he tried to explain. It was a case of natural cause and effect. Let any young man discover a girl puttying in a pane of glass from the top of a stepladder, with the family cook braced to prevent a wobble, and the family dog dozing in the sunshine, and exclamations, falls and bites must follow. It's like the stock market when a report is circulated that John Doe is dead—it creates a flurry. He held no one to blame.

"Say, boy," replied the uncle when the story had been told, "that girl on the stepladder must have been the one I wrote you about. I am afraid you have dished your case right in the beginning."

"I can call and apologize."

"And make another mistake? Never! You see, she's mighty good-looking."

"I—I guess so. I just got one glimpse, and then she came sailing."

"And she's a sylph."

"She flew like one."

"And she didn't have her hair done up and her Sunday clothes on, and you didn't see her in the parlor and have a formal introduction. Then—then, you all tumbled around together and the dog bit you, and the cook probably wore, and taken all together it will require all the legal talents I possess to win your case."

"But what case am I going to win or lose, sir?" was asked.

"Why the mighty good-looking girl—Miss Travers—the girl on the stepladder. I have it all mapped out. I shall give you this place and then board with you after marriage. Right hand to her mother's, you know. Pass back and forth across the dewy grass. One phonograph answers for both houses. Birds sing to both at the same time. No separate thunder showers needed. Had it down pat, my boy, and then you had to go wandering around to the back yard and making discoveries. Lands, can I ever convince that girl that you hadn't stood there for ten minutes before the cook yelled out!"

Mr. Phil Walker was contrite enough that day, but on the next he stood on his dignity. What business had a girl, good looking or not, to turn glazier? What business had the family cook to let go of that wobbly stepladder? What business had that old dog to bite him? All the injury was on his part. Miss Travers was not the only person to be considered, and he wanted her to understand it.

His uncle saw how things were with him and didn't interfere. Ten days passed—very quiet days. The glass was in and the putty all used up; the stepladder was laid away, and the dog was at rest!

Then the college man ached for exercise. There was an old dead tree on the shores of the lake at the back end of the ground. He would remove it.

He took the saw and went forth. Hat off, coat and vest off, shirt sleeves rolled up, he mounted into the top of the tree to cut away a limb. Nothing startled him. He simply slipped and caught his foot in a crotch, and there he was, hanging head downward and yelling for help. He had been yelling for five minutes when he heard footsteps on the grass and some one lifted up his head and shoulders until he could get a grasp with his hands. Then that some one softly said:

"Please don't set your dog on me for it!"

That "mighty good-looking girl" had been rowing on the lake and witnessed the accident just as she landed. She was gone before the tree-climber could descend.

"Say, boy, your case is won, and that without resort to law," exclaimed the uncle as he rubbed his hands in glee. "You discover her—she discovers you. Two discoveries, with the cook and the dog left out. She can't call and thank you for discovering her, because she was on top of a stepladder, but you must call and thank her because you were hanging head downward from a tree. See the difference? Why, boy, your case is won without the jury leaving their seats. Prettiest affair I ever handled."

Mr. Phil Walker called and explained all about that tree and several other things, and there were blushes and smiles and laughter, and a game of croquet on the lawn. And, later on, Judge Gorman was called upon for his house—as a wedding present.

All Dodge Soup. Soup is probably the most unpopular dish in the luncheon menu of the New York business girl today. She acknowledges that it may be nourishing and all that, but it simply doesn't taste good to her. The only time, so a down town business girl says, that the girls she knows resort to soup is when their finances are at a very low ebb.

"What would astonish you, though," says this same girl, "is the number of mothers that think that their daughters should eat soup every day, and try to persuade them to do it. They say soup is so sustaining. Well, perhaps it is. I can't argue as to that. But I know soup doesn't taste especially good, and doesn't make any too good a foundation for an afternoon's work. It would be different—if we could have soup, then a meat dish, and then a dessert; but very few girls, I tell you, can afford that. So we all cut out soup. Probably it disgusts the dietician young women just out of college, but we all feel we know what's best for us."—New York Press.

It's Natural. "He knows all the best people in town."

"Why doesn't he associate with them, then?"

"They know him."

## RECIPES FOR CAKE

### OATMEAL COOKIES MADE TENDER BY USE OF KNIFE.

Ingredients Used in Making Three-Layer Hot-Water Cake, Orange Preparations—Also Good Directions for Kisses.

**Oatmeal Cookies Help.**—Almost every one is fond of oatmeal cookies, but there is one thing disliked by many, that is the uncooked taste that the oatmeal has if not ground. I have learned by experience that by using the coarsest knife on your food chopper and grinding the oatmeal through it improves the cookies very much. This does not pulverize the oatmeal, but makes the grains finer and distributes the flavor more evenly, and they never have that uncooked taste. Below is my favorite recipe: One cup shortening, half lard and half butter; one large cupful sugar creamed with butter, two eggs well beaten, nine tablespoonfuls sour milk, one scant teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk, one teaspoonful cinnamon, half teaspoonful nutmeg, pinch of salt; one-half cupful chopped nut meats; one cupful chopped raisins, one small teaspoonful baking powder sifted with two cups flour. Add one cup ground oatmeal last. I bake these in muffin tins, but can be baked as drop cookies if preferred.

**Hot Water Cake.**—Four eggs, separate them, beat yolks light, gradually stirring in two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Beat well together, add one cupful of boiling water, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat whites to a froth and flavor. This makes a good, large, three-layer cake. Bake slowly.

**Orange Cake.**—One cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, half cup orange juice, grated rind of one orange, one and one-half cups flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cream butter, add sugar, beat; add eggs unbeat; beat thoroughly; add orange juice, then the flour sifted with the baking powder. Bake in gem pans and roll in powdered sugar while warm.

**Kisses.**—The secret of good kisses lies in the beating. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, then add two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of vinegar. Beat well for twenty minutes. Turn your baking pan upside down and cover with oiled paper. Drop the mixture in teaspoonfuls on the pan. In baking they swell quite a bit. Do not turn the light on the oven until they are in. Then bake slowly 25 minutes. This quantity makes two dozen.

**Veal in New Style.** Get two pounds of the breast even if there is to be no company, for it can be eaten cold the next day. Roll out the long narrow piece and fill it with a stuffing of dry, stale white bread, and chopped pimentos seasoned with cayenne and salt. Mix the mass together with olive oil, put in a raw beaten egg and lay the dressing on the veal, shaping this into a roll. Skewer or tie with cords and dredge with flour, pouring over a little olive oil to start the roasting if there is little fat.

This must be thoroughly done to be perfect, and when it is served the carver cuts a round slice, putting the stuffing beside it and covering the two with the gravy.

**Fruits.** Anything from a watermelon down to strawberries unhealed with a little paper of powdered sugar to assist in their service goes well at a picnic. A few lemons should always be carried—a squeeze of lemon juice added to each cup of drinking water making it not only more refreshing but serving as a germicide in case there is anything out of the way with the water supply. In packing bananas, carry separately from the rest of the luncheon, as their heavy odor permeates everything laid near them.

**For Broiled or Fried Fish.** Blend one tablespoonful each of flour and butter, then add slowly one cupful of boiling water and cook smooth. Beat an egg light and pour the hot mixture over it very slowly, stirring the while. Cook one minute, take from the fire and beat in a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a teaspoonful of chopped capers and a pickled onion chopped fine. Season with salt and a quarter teaspoonful of French mustard, pour over the fish and garnish with sliced lemon. Serve at once.

**Light Buns.** Set sponge for bread at noon. Before going to bed take out about one quart of the sponge, add one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, a lump of shortening the size of an egg, and knead. In the morning mold into biscuit, let rise until light, and bake. When done touch over lightly with butter. This makes the crust tender. These buns are delicious and enjoyed by every one.

**Luncheon Dish.** Four pound pot roast, cut up sweet and bring to brown, cut up an onion, celery and parsley with it. Take piece of meat, dust with salt and pepper and rub in flour. Sear raw edges of meat thoroughly. Put in kettle and cover with cold water, adding a tablespoonful of salt to one quart of water. Add one bay leaf, peppercorns, or parsley, and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Boil slowly three to four hours.

## KEEPING THE CLOSET CLEAN

One Solution of This Problem That Confronts Many Is to Paint It White.

Usually there are about the house closets so dark that except at the yearly or semi-yearly housecleaning it is impossible to tell whether or not they are dirty. They are breeders of disease, even in the best-managed households, for no maid and few mistresses will crawl into the dark hole under the stairs or back in the kitchen after perfectly invisible dust.

One solution of the problem is to paint these closets white, ceiling, floor and walls. It is easy enough to see dirt then, and the other and more useful contents of the closet as well. If one can keep the hall closet clean, and find the family overshoe on sight, simply by painting the closet white, then, by all means, let us hasten to the paintshop and remove the obsolete and horrible wall paper that usually incumbers these germ hotels.

If the closet is still dark after this treatment, try cleaning with the aid of the electric flashlight. There is no danger of fire, and corners can be closely investigated. All of which is an advantage to the housewife who does not love dirt and disorder.

But always, when cleaning day comes, consider first the closets, and most important of all of these is the sloping, dark, neglected closet under the stairs.

**Rice Cutlets.** Two eggs, one-quarter pound of rice, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, two ounces of any kind of nut food, one-half cupful of brown bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, a few sprigs of parsley, pepper and salt. Wash and put the rice in one pint of boiling water; boil rapidly until rice is tender and water absorbed; turn on a sieve, add one-half teaspoonful of salt when half cooked. Stew the nut food in a gill of water for ten minutes, add the rice and the cheese, seasoning, then the yolks of the two eggs, well beaten. Stir the mixture thoroughly until set, then turn on a dish and let the whole cool. When cold form into cutlet shapes, dip each into white of egg, and roll in fine bread crumbs. Fry in smoking hot fat and serve hot. These two recipes are fairly rich in body building elements and will be found to be excellent meat substitutes and greatly relished now that meat prices are ever soaring.

**Filler for Floors.** When you are having your floor stained here is a good filler, recommended by a paint man, to cover up the cracks in a carpetless floor. It is nothing more nor less than newspaper and mullage. Soak the newspaper in warm water until it is reduced, by tearing and squeezing, to a mere pulp; mix this pulp with enough mullage to give it consistency and stuff the cracks with it by means of a pointed stick, smoothing them off carefully so as to avoid lumps.

This will do just as well as an expensive and troublesome putty filler.

**Chicken Salad.** An attractive way of serving chicken salad is to place it in a ring of ham jelly. Two cupfuls of the salad should be poured in the ring of jelly after it is placed on a platter. To make the dish attractive the jelly should rest on lettuce or watercress. For the ham jelly whip one-half pint of thick cream until stiff, stir in a cupful of aspic jelly, cool a little, and add a jar of potted ham. By adding a few drops of fruit sirup it will make the jelly pink.

**Mock Roast.** One cup of beans, boiled and mashed; one cup of peas, boiled and mashed; one cup of finely chopped peanuts or pecans, one cup of dry bread crumbs. Moisten the bread crumbs with water and mix with the mashed peas, beans, and nuts. Season with salt, pepper and onion juice. Put into a buttered baking dish, cover with a cup of rich cream and bake about an hour and a half. This is very healthful and a fine substitute for meat.

**Apple Dessert.** Take a large apple cut in half, not lengthwise. Remove the core and all the inside of the apple, leaving just the shell thick enough to serve the salad in. Slice some apples very thin, cut dates in small pieces and break the nut meats. Mix all together and fill the apple shell with this salad. Place on a dessert dish, cover the top with whipped cream and sprinkle with ground nuts. Put a walnut meat in the center.

**Uncooked Ripe Tomato Relish.** One-half peck of ripe tomatoes, peel, cut in small squares, drain two hours; add one cupful of grated horseradish, one cupful yellow mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of black pepper, two red peppers cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, ground, one quart of cider vinegar; bottle cold and seal. Do not heat or cook any of it.

**Pineapple Punch.** Boil a pound of sugar and a quart of water for five minutes; strain, add to it the juice of one lemon and half pint of grated pineapple; stir and strain again; add sufficient amount of cracked ice to make it palatable, and add half a pint of finely picked pineapple and a few raspberries may also be added.

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### His Best Clothes.

At an inquest at Tottenham last evening on Frank Bloom, aged four years, a Walthamstow boy who was drowned in the River Lea while trying to reach a piece of cork, an elder brother said he told a man who was close by what had occurred and asked him to save the deceased. The man replied that he had his best clothes on and could not do so.—London Telegraph.

### An Insect in the Ear.

If in riding through the country roads a winged insect flies into the ear, do not try to dislodge by poking, for that will send it further in, and the buzzing against the drum of the ear become almost unbearable. Hold the head over to one side and fill the ear with water, which usually drowns the insect and floats it out. If a house is nearby where you can get sweet oil, that is better yet.

### An Editor's Recollection.

Do men flirt a great deal with strange women? The writer of this recalls that when a very young man he was once riding on a railroad train and admired a pretty girl across the aisle. We frequently looked at her timidly, and once she winked in a broad, bold, unmistakable way, and had she shot at us we would not have been more thoroughly frightened.

### Genius Out of Place.

The valuable newspaper reporter must have talent, but must not be a genius. He must have the power of observation, and the love of fidelity to facts such as the chronicler has. But no genius is on record as a good reporter. If his imagination were to lead him into telling fairy tales instead of writing the story of his day, he would have to seek other means of earning his bread.

### Two Daily Texts.

Instead of abusing the devil so much, it would be more healthy for you to take a recess and praise the Lord some.

Sometimes, when you see old Trouble coming down the road, Joy has hold of his arm, and is telling him a joke, and he's laughing fit to kill!

### Superstitions About Babies.

In Ireland a belt made of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away. Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a newborn baby in Holland. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children.

### Constantly Finger Beads.

All Turks and Arabs habitually finger beads during their prayers, and so fixed does the habit become with the more devout that they slip the beads on the chaplet through the fingers one by one even while they are selling goods or carrying on an ordinary conversation.

### Indispensable.

The congresswoman had arrived and they were fitting up her desk. "It's not complete," said the presiding speaker. "But I have placed the pen holders and the pencil holders in position." "Yes, but where are the chewing gum and powder puff holders?"

### Optimistic.

"Alas!" sighed the chipped cup to the ice cream cone, "we've been dealt so great a blow by the germ-hunters that I fear we can't come back." "It's all over with me, all right," said the cone, cruelly, "but just watch and see if I don't get an immunity bath!"

### A Legal Tender.

The witty man of the Middle Temple students said at a city chop house, "I won't pay for steaks as tough as these! No law can compel me. They're not legal tender."

### Record on the Bench.

J. S. Dugdale, K. C., recorder of Birmingham, England, and chairman of the Warwickshire quarter sessions, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday recently, has tried ten thousand prisoners.

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