

He Calls on Her Mother

By STACY E. BAKER

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Young Mr. Butler—Freddy Butler, as he was popularly known—stared at the woman in keen surprise as she cordially invited him in and placed an easy chair at his disposal. Mrs. Coyle was loquacious; as yet Freddy had not uttered a word.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," gabbled the motherly old woman. Freddy had an appreciative eye for her, despite her garrulousness. She peered kindly at him from behind old-fashioned, silver-bowed spectacles.

"Yes, I knew you at once—but aren't you pretty young for the job?"

Freddy surveyed her with reproachful eyes. Also he flushed. It was most embarrassing to have his tender years flung in his face—especially from the lips of the mother of the girl he intended to marry.

"I don't think I am," he retorted stiffly.

This woman, in spite of her anti-theistic appearance, was positively coarse; different, with all the difference possible, from Hope—sweet, slim Hope, his brown-eyed, brown-haired divinity.

It had been a whim of Hope's that he come to Switzvale alone and break the news of their engagement to her mother, whom he had never met, while she remained in Pittsburgh. It was a strange whim, but Hope was a girl of odd ideas and the personification of impulse.

Under the scrutinizing eyes of the elderly woman, Freddy drew his boyish form more erect in the great chair, and the red on his cheek thickened.

"Pretty young," reiterated Hope Coyle's mother. "Pretty young for the job. The others before you were older men; not that I am criticizing you, sir, but it seems to me that you are—pretty young for the job."

Freddy glared in amazement. Hope had told him that she had said not a



"Aren't You Pretty Young for the Job?"

word of their engagement to her mother—and Hope was to be believed. Hope had told him that he—of Pittsburgh's most promising young lawyers—was the first man to enter thus into her life—and Hope was to be believed. Still—

"I was born in Rhode Island," said the woman, suddenly smiling across at the embarrassed youth. "My husband is dead," she continued. "My first name is Loretta, and—" She interrupted herself. "Are you sure you can remember all this? Hadn't you better put it down?"

Butler mumbled inarticulately, and cast furtive and frequent glances toward the door.

"I have one daughter," continued Mrs. Coyle serenely. "She is an expert stenographer located in Pittsburgh. She—You must have a remarkable memory," she suddenly flung at the young lawyer, to be able to remember all this, you know. Now what else shall I tell you? Question me!"

Butler's dry lips clicked as he opened them to answer. Heavenly! So this was the mother of the girl he intended to marry—and she was crazy—no doubt of it—crazy as a Bedlamite.

"Well, then," continued the talkative one, Freddy showing no inclination to interrogate, "I guess I know what you want to know. This property—this house, and this lot—are mine. I also own another place in Homestead. I'll bring the deed for you to see in a moment."

"Never mind about that," the youth managed to ejaculate. "I thought you were a le-etle young for the job. But never mind," she soothed. "I'm sure every one will help you to the best of their ability."

"She must think I am a pauper," groaned the youth inwardly.

As a matter of fact, Freddy Butler, though young, and untried along paths of jurisprudence, was no pauper. An astute father and left him with a sufficient amount of the world's goods

to do with as he pleased and still not touch his principal. The girl stenographer in the Frick building had attracted his notice—and thereafter her income was perceptibly swollen by the patronage of Blackstone's youngest disciple. Imaginary clients demanded all sorts of typewritten screeds.

"We have a cow and a horse," continued Hope's mother, "but the barn doesn't belong to us. We rent it from Ownee O'Neal, the grocer on the corner. He's a perfect gentleman, too, and I'm sure you'll like him."

"I don't expect to meet him," protested Butler, shifting uneasily in his chair.

"Oh, but you will," insisted the other. "You'll have to meet him. His home is only three blocks from here, and he'll be terribly put out if you exclude him."

"Exclude him," mumbled Butler. "What the dickens is the woman raving about now? Certainly must be crazy. It's high time that I make my little talk and get away."

"We shall live in the city, you know," he explained. "So I doubt if we will meet Mr. O'Neal."

"Live in the city?" came the hesitant answer. "Why—what do you mean?"

"Firmness at the start," thought Freddy to himself. "I'll establish no precedent by allowing my mother-in-law to bluff me at any stage of the game."

"In a city," he repeated. "We will go there as soon as we are married—right after the honeymoon, I mean. We decided on that step some time ago. I have a large house in the east end lying idle, and Hope is quite infatuated with it."

"Hope! Infatuated with—why what are you talking about?"

"Our marriage, of course," explained Butler, impatiently. "Hope and I are to be married in June. I see you know all about it, though how you learned is a mystery to me. Hope sent me out to explain. She said you didn't know—yet."

Mrs. Coyle burst into a shriek of hysterical laughter.

"And I thought you were the census taker," she gasped.

"Census taker!" reiterated the surprised attorney. "What in the world gave you such an idea?"

The mother of Hope had stilled her laughter and was now staring at the young man, an inexplicable look in her eyes.

"I—I don't know," she answered slowly, "unless it is that I am always prone to jump at conclusions, and I had as a working basis to my supposition the information given me by a neighbor not over an hour ago that the census taker was working this street today. She said he was young and good looking." Mrs. Coyle paused to eye the embarrassed youth critically, a half smile on her lips.

"And so you are going to marry Hope?" she continued. "And think! I don't even know your name!"

Butler hastened to give an inventory of himself for the edification of his prospective mother-in-law.

"Hall of the Thousand Mats."

It will be learned with much regret by those who have visited Nara in Japan, says a writer in the London Evening Standard, that the famous "Hall of the Thousand Mats" in that ancient city has been destroyed by fire. The flames spread with great rapidity, and before long the whole place was enveloped in flames, which lighted up the landscape for miles around. Before long the godown (warehouse) in which the temple's valuable relics were stored "for safety against fire" also took fire, and in a short space of time the godown and its contents were totally consumed. By their strenuous efforts, however, the fire brigade saved the main temple—the far-famed Hasedera. Nevertheless the damage done by the fire is estimated at £100,000. The Senjo-ji-ki, or "Hall of the Thousand Mats," was formerly the residence of the abbot. One room alone contained 150 mats, while all were handsome with fusuma by an artist of the Kano school.

To Help Erring Girls.
The Big Sisters is an organization in New York that strives to do for erring girls what the Big Brothers do for bad boys. It is said that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has become interested in the movement and will help with money. A number of girls will be sent to the country to camp out this summer.

Sidestepping.
"I should be glad to have you call some evening."
"That is nice of you!"
"I have the most amusing little brother you have ever seen, I just know you'll go wild over him."
"Amusing, eh? Pshaw! I resolved New Year's not to visit any places of amusement this year."

The Difficulty.
"I say, old boy, lend me an X."
"Would if I could, dear chap, but there's an algebraic difficulty in the way."
"What is it?"
"An X with me is an unknown quantity."

The One-Sided Frill.
Neckwear styles have not changed much since the fall fashions were put before us. The one-sided frills so much worn in the beginning of the season are seen. These are made of the finest linen lace and embroidery and button in with a front buttoning blouse or are attached to a band that will run down the front of a waist buttoning in the back.

When worn with a collarless blouse there is generally a plaited frill collar or a straight standing collar or stock, which comes with the front frill.

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

COIFFURE IS PINNED ON

SOLVES HAIR PROBLEM FOR THE BUSY WOMAN.

Variety of Styles Adapted to All Types of Faces to Choose From, Thanks to Designers and Makers of Hair Goods.

The problem of dressing the hair in the prevailing modes, for the busy women of the present day, could not be solved by the hairdresser alone, for an elaborate coiffure, or any fairly good effect in coiffures, requires the art of the hairdresser plus plenty of time.

But there is no such thing any more as "plenty of time," at least not in any quarter of the fashionable world.

Hairdressing has therefore really become, in the majority of cases, the planning on of a cleverly made coiffure; its adjustment securely and artistically to the head. Designers and makers of hair goods have been quick to seize upon the increasing demand for the pinned-on coiffure, and there are now a variety of styles to choose from adapted to different types of faces, or one may have one designed especially. These coiffures consist of one or two, and sometimes three, pieces or are all in one. For persons with a scant allowance of hair the coiffure to be pinned on is provided with an additional piece at the front.

One of the prettiest and simplest of the pinned-on coiffures is shown here. It consists of a chignon of smooth, well-arranged puffs made of hair sufficiently long to allow several of them to be pulled out into short curls which are brought down to the front hair of the wearer. Springing from the puffs at the back is a cluster of short curls. These are allowed to fall free or are pinned down to the neck, as shown in the picture. It seems incredible that so simple an arrangement of hair, and one so easily adjusted, can work such a transformation in the appearance of the wearer. But this simplicity is only an apparent simplicity after all. Such a coiffure is the result of the careful thought, long experience and consummate art of the designer. It is made to fit over and fasten to a coil of the natural hair at the back of the head. It is very light in weight and delicately woven, giving the scalp as

good, if not better, ventilation than the natural coiffure. It requires only occasional dressing and is easily combed.

To dress the hair with this coiffure successfully requires only that the natural hair shall be clean and the front slightly curled. The curling is accomplished by rolling the hair on kid rollers at night, if one must count the minutes in the morning, or by curling a few locks with the curling iron.

The hair is combed back and tied at the crown of the head, the ends twisted and coiled at the back. This coil, pinned with short, strong pins, makes a secure foundation for the chignon. The hair about the face and neck is then pulled out a little from the coil to make it soft and loose about the face.

The chignon is next adjusted over the coil, pinned to it and to the hair. A few of the puffs are pulled forward



and pinned in with the loosened hair about the face. The small, hanging curls are arranged close to the head or allowed to hang free, as is most becoming to the wearer.

For daytime a plain band of black velvet ribbon makes a good finish and helps keep the front hair neat looking for the entire day, but the coiffure is successful without the addition of ribbon or any other ornament. For evening, this coiffure needs only the addition of a more or less elaborate ornament to complete a hairdress of which the wearer may be proudly conscious that it is good enough for any function.

NEAT FLORAL SCENT SACHET

Flower Design Is Used and Same Scent as Flower Chosen for Sachet.

It is rather a nice idea to choose some favorite scent, and to have special sachets provided for drawers and wardrobes, so that all ones clothes may be slightly perfumed with the same pleasant odor.

For this purpose, various ornamental sachets can be used; such, for in-



stance, as the one which is shown in our illustration.

This sachet is made in pale mauve satin with a border of white lace and a square of white satin in the center, with a large single violet embroidered in the natural violet and green colors in the middle, and a border of smaller violets all the way round.

The sachet should be filled with violet scented powder to correspond with the embroidered flower. The same idea might be very prettily carried out with other flowers embroidered on the satin center, such, for example, as lilies, roses, hellebore or carnations; the same scent as that of the flower being chosen to perfume the sachet.

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POPULARITY OF THE SASH

Comes Back With Other Accessories of Toilet for Spring and Summer Use.

With the other accessories of the toilet for spring and summer use the old-fashioned sash comes back to us once more. It is in some new fancies, as revived fashions are apt to be, yet it is none the less attractive and welcome. It is such a great aid in varying summer gowns, especially white ones.

The general style seems to be the girle effect in the front, slightly raised in empire fashion at the back, the square bow and the long, flowing ends. Some of those in pastel-colored moires are edged with black chiffon ruffles, finished with black chemille fringe and chemille flowers at the ends. Others are finished with feather trimmings and have little wreaths of the gold French roses at the ends.

The velvet sashes are lined with gold cloth and are embroidered with gold on the ends and on the square bows, with medallions around the girle in the front also. The soft chiffon sashes are double, in two shades, to give the changeable effect so popular this season. Some of the sash ends are gathered into tassels at the ends, some are knotted half way up, while some are heavily fringed. There are styles to suit all wearers, even lace sashes coming in for their share of popularity.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

Some manufacturers say short capes are coming back.

The broad girle is again appearing on fashionable frocks.

One would go far to find a more attractive waist than the new chiffon jumper.

The strong favor for serges in black, navy and white shows no signs of decreasing.

Corals that nearly reproduce the real thing are set on a bar, making a most attractive veil pin.

Tea gowns often have hanging sleeves, and the peasant sleeve cut in one with the bodice is by no means as yet discarded.

Shoulder scarfs seem universal for day and evening wear. Much wider than heretofore, they serve in cold weather to give warmth.

STATE NEWS.

Phoenixville.—The heroic rescue

of their children from their burning home by Andrew Garay and his wife, and then the devotion of the mother which led her again to enter the building to secure clothing for the children, made the burning of the Garay home the most sensational fire that has occurred in this vicinity for many years. The Garay home is in Charlestown Township and the members of the family were sleeping when fire started in the rear. When they awoke the house was filled with smoke, and flames compelled the parents, with their four small children, to escape by means of a stairway in the rear. Fearing the children would contract colds, Mrs. Garay rushed back into the house to get clothing, but she was forced back and succeeded in escaping by leaping from the second story. The woman severely injured her ankles.

Lansaster.—The Sproul \$50,000, 000 road bill was denounced by Dr. A. E. Leaman, of West Willow, president of the Lancaster County Supervisors' Association, in his address at the second annual convention of the supervisors. Dr. Leaman advocated the adoption for the roads of a system similar to that governing the schools. He said that under the Sproul bill the State roads in Lancaster County will mainly follow the established turnpikes, thus giving Lancaster County no new, permanent roads. The only benefit will be the freedom from toll charges, he declared.

Bedford.—President Judge Joseph M. Woods filed an eight-page opinion refusing all the liquor licenses in the county except the Bedford Springs Hotel. This hotel is open less than four months of the year. Hearings in the License Court were held on March 1. There were 25 applications. Last year there were 26 applications, and all but seven were refused. This makes practically two dry counties in Judge Woods' district, as there are no licenses in Mifflin County.

Kennett Square.—The village of Unionville, near here, will be "dry" the coming year from rather a peculiar cause. When Landlord Newlin filed his application for license, it is said, several of his signers resided outside the voting district, where the hotel is located. The temperance people found this out and filed a remonstrance against the license for his house, because the law requires all the signers to live in the voting district.

Media.—J. R. Foster, of Chester, was killed by a trolley car on the Media and Chester division of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, being cut almost in half. He was walking at the side of the track, and just as the car was reaching him he gave a lurch and fell in front of the car. He was near-sighted and the fact that he could not see well is believed to have caused his death.

Pottsville.—Congressman R. E. Lee, who succeeds A. B. Garner, of Schuylkill County, performed an act of heroism which makes him eligible for a Carnegie medal. He was walking along the city's main thoroughfare, when a pair of spirited horses without a driver came plunging along at a wild rate. Directly in their path was a nurse girl wheeling a baby in a coach, crossing the street at the time.

Pottsville.—William S. Guiterman, a Port Carbon editor and formerly owner of the Shamokin "Daily Dispatch," died Thursday after months of suffering with cancer on the tongue. The trouble began last fall with a pimple on the tongue, which was not regarded seriously by Mr. Guiterman.

Basket.—Seven months ago, while crossing a room in her bare feet, Annie Himmelreich trod upon a two-inch steel pin. Wednesday the pin was removed from her foot after many attempts had been made to locate it. The woman suffered great pain during the long period.

West Chester.—Mrs. John Spangler, wife of a farmer near Rocky Hill, had just stepped outside her home when the high wind carried away the roof of a silo. In its descent the roof struck the woman, injuring her so badly that she died shortly afterward.

Shenandoah.—Thomas McDonald, 17 years old, met a horrible death at Hammond colliery. He was in the act of oiling machinery when his clothing caught in the elevator line, which tore and mangled his body.

Berwick.—Breaking through a bridge over Wapwalopen Creek, John Cornell, aged 35 years, was killed, as was one of the horses he was driving. His body was found by his wife.

Lancaster.—The will of Dr. P. J. Rosebuck, of Litzitz, admitted to probate, disposes of an estate of more than \$100,000. The sum of \$5,000 is bequeathed to Litzitz for the maintenance of the Rosebuck public fountain. The bulk of the estate goes to the widow.

Ten years ago the total number of passengers carried one mile in the United States was about 13,300,000,000. In 10 years' time this has been increased over 120 per cent., reaching a total of 29,500,000,000.

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