

# The Bridge Party

By JANE LUDLUM LEE

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COME along, Emily, we promised to go over early and help Kate fix the tables for the club meeting this afternoon, and you know how she always leaves everything for the last minute.

"I'll be down in a jiffy, Flora, but such luck as I am having. One side of my hair is as straight as a poker and the other is burnt off with the curling irons. This talk about its being a woman's duty to make herself as beautiful as possible don't go in the summer time."

Emily appeared in a few minutes, adding the finishing touches to her toilet.

"You see this skirt? Well, it don't meet by four inches. I have been taking that obesity cure for the past month and I'll wager I've gained a pound a day—that's why I have tied this pink ribbon around my 35-inch waist-line. But what do I care for that crowd? Come, let's hurry along."

They hurried down the dusty country road until they reached the outskirts of the village and soon came to a little cottage with rose bushes rambling over every shutter on the lower floor. They turned into the path that led to the house, but no sign of life was seen or heard. It was one of those still, sultry afternoons in August when even the singing of the robins seems to jar on the quiet of the atmosphere.

"Looks more like a funeral to me than a party," remarked Emily. "Where do you suppose Kate is?"

They rang the bell, rang it again, and still no answer. They looked at each other and then rang again a third time.

"I'll go round to the back door," said Flora; "they must all be in the kitchen."

And then in a few moments Flora's voice could be heard calling.

"Emily—Emily, come on around—here she is."

"Oh, girls," exclaimed Kate, "I'm so glad you came. I'm fussed to death. Mother's gone to the missionary meeting, and the hired man cut his



"Kate, I have finished the punch, but I can't find any glasses."

oe off last night and has not been able to do a single chore for me. Here, Flora, you take this duster and fix up the parlor, and Emily, turn up that dress of yours and get busy squeezing lemons for the punch.

"Kate Price, you are the worst girl I ever knew. Don't you know the girls will be here in a few minutes and you have not a thing ready?" With this, off came the pink sash ribbon. "What have you been doing all morning?" With this she loosened her collar. "Just supposing we hadn't come around." Up went the skirt and a big pin held it well above all danger.

"Oh, Emily, you wouldn't be so mean. Like a good girl, go ahead and do what you can, and I'll run upstairs and dress. I'll be done in time to make the sandwiches."

Emily proceeded to squeeze one lemon with her hands while she rolled another with her foot, while Flora dusted like a machine. For a few moments no sound was heard in the house. Presently Emily appeared in the hall and called up to Kate:

"Kate, I have finished the punch, but I cannot find any glasses. Tell me where they are and I'll set them on the table."

"Mercy me—whatever shall I do?" responded Kate from upstairs. "I loaned them all last night for the minister's donation party and they have not sent them back. Please go ask Samuel if his toe is not well enough for him to step over and get them."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Kate Price," said Emily as she flounced back to the kitchen.

"Kate—Kate," called Flora. "I've dusted the room and fixed the tables, but I can't find the cards—where are they?"

"Brother Tom was going to get home on the two o'clock train and bring some new ones, but he hasn't come yet—oh dear, what shall I do?"

"Where are the old ones?" suggested Flora.

"Why, I brought one of Rover's little pups in the house last night and while I was not looking it chewed the whole pack up in tiny bits."

Before Flora had time to express her inward feelings, the front door

bell rang. Each girl waited for the other to make the move, but no one cared to take the initiative. Flora and Emily met in the hall and gasped to hear Kate's voice calling out of the upper window:

"Please ring again. I don't think the girls heard you."

Flora dropped her apron and started for the door. She turned the catch, she pulled, she put her knee against it and pulled some more.

"Oh, Emily, do come help me. We simply must let them in."

So together they pulled, then the girls on the outside began to help by putting their combined weight against it and pushing. All to no avail.

"Kate Price, come down here this minute and let the girls in—we can't budge this door."

Kate appeared as fresh as you please in a dainty white dress, and as she came down the stairs her face plainly showed a whole expression of contentment.

"Oh, we had that door painted yesterday and I suppose it has all stuck fast." Her pretty brown head appeared at the front window as she called, "You will have to come in the back way, girls, the door is stuck."

They all turned and came around to the back door, where Kate led them in with the air of a well-trained hostess.

"Just look at my dress, all green paint—I won't have a thing to wear to the hop." "Dear me this organdie is ruined—it won't wash," were just a few of the greetings she received.

Kate rose supreme, however, to all such trifles, and she had soon managed to pacify all of the girls, and they were seated around the tables, when the bell rang again. Out of the window went Kate's head, and the minister's voice was heard to say:

"My dear Miss Price, I've run over with the glasses that you sent last night, and Mrs. Perkins asks you please to accept these few goodies that were left over from the donation." A large, substantial-looking basket was handed in the window.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, do come in and meet the girls, and have some lemonade. Will you climb in the window or come around the back way?"

"I'm coming in, Miss Price, just long enough to preach a sermon to one of your party. I met Tom down the road sitting on a rail fence in a most dejected frame of mind, and, by the way, here is a package he gave me to deliver. Now a rail fence on a hot afternoon is no place for a young man to be sitting with a broken heart, and I propose to send Miss Emily down to tell him so."

"He can sit there till the fence gives way," snapped Miss Emily. "I'm not going."

"Oh yes you are, Miss Emily. Tom told me all about it, and it's quite your own fault. Sam did cut his toe. You are wholly to blame, so go tell him so before he succumbs to a sunstroke."

It took the combined pleadings of Mr. Perkins and the club members, but after much persuasion, and even threats, Emily started for the rail fence that ran around the orchard. She diplomatically approached from the rear. There Tom sat, hunched up like a blackbird in the rain.

"Tom!" called a rather weak voice.

"Emily, darling!" and with a bound he was at her side.

"I'm sorry I didn't let you in last night, Tom, but you see I thought you stopped in to see Lucy Wright and that made you late."

"No, dear, I told the truth. Sam did cut his toe off with the wood cutter, and I had to go for the doctor."

"I know it now," admitted Emily. "Mr. Perkins told me, and then, besides, I've seen Sam." Then with a shy little glance she stole up to Tom and said:

"I know where Mr. Perkins is now, Tom."

"Emily, can it be? Will you really be mine today?"

"Yes, Tom, today, if Mr. Perkins thinks I've atoned sufficiently for my sin."

Tom took her in his arms for just a moment, and then together they started for the house. They found Mr. Perkins prying open the front door in order that the club members might at least make a proper exit, and the two told everybody of their plans.

There was a quiet little wedding in town that night, and the club attended in a body. Sam recovered sufficiently to drive the bride and groom to the station, and to this day the members of the Bridge club have always contended that Emily won the prize at their last meeting.

While They Detect.

"Every criminal is sure to leave a number of clues behind him."

"Yes," replied the old police officer. "I suspect that some of them leave as many as possible so as to keep the detectives theorizing while they catch a steamboat."

Would Be Sensible.

"Yonder is an early robin. See his red breast?"

"Yes; and it gave me quite a start at first. I thought the intelligent bird was wearing a chest protector."

Safe and Sure.

"What is the best way to induce chest expansion?"

"Medals."

## LIVE STOCK



### SCRUB HOG IS UNPROFITABLE

Can Consume More Valuable Feed and Give Less in Return Than Any Other Farm Animal.

(By W. G. WESTCOTT.)

Possibly there is no other farm animal that can offer as poor an excuse for his existence as the scrub hog. He is an unprofitable animal any way you take him.

As an economical pork-producer he is a failure. Even his ability to shift for himself does not recommend him to the people within the limit of his range, as he has the reputation of preying upon neighboring cornfields when food is scarce.

His build naturally adapts him to his manner of living, since he is long-legged, narrow in the chest, has a long, narrow snout. This adapts him to his manner of living. With the scrub hog it is "root, hog, or die," hence the long snout. His narrow body aids him in getting through small fence-cracks and if he fails to find a place large enough to go through the fence, he can soon dig under with his long snout.

There is no standard of excellence for the scrub-hog, since he may pos-



Champion Middle White Sow.

sess almost any form except a beautiful one; he may be of any color. He has the reputation of being able to stand all kinds of rough treatment and still survive.

He is regarded as being able to resist disease better than the improved breeds of hogs. We very much doubt whether this quality attributed to the scrub hog is true, since we have noticed that hog cholera takes the scrub as well as the wild bred hog.

One thing is sure that the scrub hog can consume more valuable feed and give less in return than any other animal that we know of.

A farmer who owns a herd of scrub hogs seldom needs any other corn-crib than his hogs.

He never gets rich selling pork, and in fact if he depended upon his hogs to make him money to buy better bred hogs he would never own better ones.

The scrub hog usually keeps his owner so poor that he is not able to buy better stock. In fact, this is the excuse usually given for his existence. Poor farming and scrub hogs are usually found associated together.

They are near and dear companions. Both make a rapid retreat before a progressive spirit and there is not a better evidence of the general progressiveness of a people than the absence of the scrub hog from a community.

### HEREFORDS WIN AS GRAZERS

Their Ability to Fatten on Grass Diet is Characteristic Which Appeals to All.

There is no breed of cattle which approaches the Hereford as grazers, and their ability to fatten on a grass diet of their own grazing is a characteristic which appeals to all who are looking for the most economical method of producing beef.

Extremes of weather, which will cause other cattle to seek shelter or shade—does not deter the Hereford from eating his fill; and the contrast after an unfavorable season between the Hereford and other breeds is very marked, writes August Haedecke in the Northwestern Agriculturist.

The Hereford can be fattened at any age with equal rapidity. Whether baby beef or a more mature product is desired the Hereford will satisfactorily meet all requirements.

The impressiveness of the Hereford sire, when used on scrubs or native cattle, is a quality which recommends itself to breeders of every section. The color, coat and markings are all ideal and all are transmitted by the sire to his offspring, making a uniform bunch of animals which will instantly attract the buyer.

No hothouse pampering is requisite to fit the Hereford steer for market. There is nothing capricious about his appetite and all that is necessary is to give him a chance at the feed trough.

The Hereford bull is of a mild, even temperament, not in the least excitable or cross, yet never overlooking an opportunity to increase the number of his offspring. The cows are good mothers and supply abundant milk for their calves.

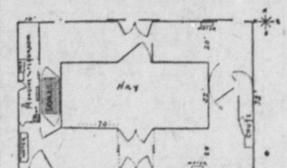
Feeding Rye.

Rye in early summer is a good feed, but will not solve the feed question. It should be followed quickly with a mixture of wheat and other crops in succession.

### FOR FEEDING YOUNG CATTLE

Modern Barn is Built Throughout on Concrete Wall Averaging About Two Feet in Height.

The ground floor plan of a barn, shown in the illustration, was originally intended for feeding young cattle; it is built throughout on a concrete wall averaging about two feet in height; the gates shut across the 20-foot shed so as to divide it when necessary, writes H. G. S. Todd of Plymouth county, Iowa, in the Breeder's Gazette. Hay is taken in through the center driveway; the feed room is floored with concrete and has grain and feed bins overhead; the grain feeds to the mill and is elevated to a bin over the scales. There are two-inch pipes set on the inside concrete



Ground Floor Plan of Barn.

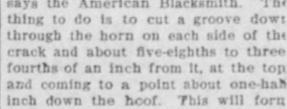
wall about 12 inches apart and hay is thrown from the top of the mow into a rack built on the braces, where it slides down so that the cattle can reach through to it.

The arrangement is quite convenient for the purpose intended. The chute at the east end is used to castrate, vaccinate and mark calves and ring bulls. The stanchion opens with a lever about 2 feet—wide enough for anything to pass through and closes to 6 inches. There is a door at the side of the stanchion for vaccinating and another side door at the rear for castrating. This is much the handiest contrivance I have ever seen.

### CARING FOR HORSE'S HOOF

Place to Stop Movement of Crack It Where New Horn is Being Formed at Coronary Band.

The proper place to stop the movement of a cracked hoof is at the top of the crack where the new horn is being formed at the coronary band, says the American Blacksmith. The thing to do is to cut a groove down through the horn on each side of the crack and about five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch from it, at the top and coming to a point about one-half inch down the hoof. This will form a V-shaped line with the crack in the middle, as shown in the sketch. Clamp



Treating a Cracked Hoof.

the V-shaped part of the hoof about half way up and draw a hot iron deep ly across the top of the V, just above the horn.

Any flat, ordinary or bar shoe will do, if the bottom of the hoof is properly leveled. A clamp or two may be put in below the V. If the horn is kept at work, it will not grow together again. The object is to keep the part where the new horn is being formed from moving, and by practically isolating it from the other part of the hoof, nature is given a chance to do the work under most favorable circumstances.

Where Johnson Wrote Rasselas.

Staple Inn, London, Eng., where an alarming crack has appeared in the brick work of the outer court, seems so called because originally a hostelry of the merchants of the wool staple, and has for arms a woolstack. It has been an inn of chancery since the reign of Henry V., and in the spacious days of Queen Bess had 145 students during term and 69 out of term, a larger number than any other house of chancery. The much-admired Holbein front, one of the oldest existing specimens of our street architecture, dates from the time of James I. Dr. Johnson removed hither on the breaking up of his establishment in Gough square, and wrote from here to tell Miss Porter that he was "going to publish a little story book." This was "Rasselas," which he wrote "in the evenings of one week" to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. In the present garden behind the inn are two small service trees, said to have been planted about that period.

Guard Shakespeare's House.

The trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace have held a special meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, at which it was unanimously decided to purchase for \$4,500 the house occupied by the secretary to the trust, since its proximity to Shakespeare's house would enable their chief officer to exercise full and constant control over the most important property belonging to the trustees, and its acquisition would permanently secure the birthplace against any defacement by unsuitable buildings in its immediate neighborhood.

It was reported that the secretary's dwelling house had been placed in direct communication by telephone with the police and fire stations and with the burglar alarm at the birthplace.

An Opportunity Lost.

Billy—Say, what did do old jay want ter know?

Reedy—Wanted ter know where Wall street was.

Billy—Gee! Why didn't yer get him up do alley and skin him at craps?—Pick.

Excepting oil meal a farmer should grow all the varieties of feeds news sary to the most successful swine husbandry.

### MEGAPHONE ACTS AS CUPID

Old-Time Lovers Reunited When Widow Recognizes Voice of the Train Announcer.

For the first time in its history, the megaphone has played the part of Cupid, and as a result a wedding uniting Frederick Mulhaus, train announcer in the Jersey City terminal of the McAdoo tunnel and Mrs. Julia Swal-lenger, a German widow, will take place in a few days.

They knew each other when he was a youth in Germany and visited her at her father's cigar factory. Together they often sat beneath the arbor, and while she rolled cigars, he dreamed of a fortune to be made in far-off America. He finally bid his sweetheart good-by, but no fortune. He could not fill his part of the agreement made beneath the arbor, and she married a prosperous cigarmaker.

Then he, too, married and lived in comfort for many years, but ten years ago his wife died. He finally obtained the position of train announcer in the Pennsylvania railroad station of the McAdoo tunnel. He it is who calls out which trains to take for Twenty-third or Cortlandt streets, and to carry his voice he uses a megaphone.

The other day, while he was busy at his daily task, a middle-aged woman who had been standing at the end of the platform turned suddenly and looked at him. She waited thus until he called out his message once more and then went up to him.

"I am Julia, Frederick," she said "and I know you by your voice."

"There must be some mistake," he answered, this time without the aid of the megaphone.

"I would never have guessed it if you had not used that instrument," she answered, "but you must be Fred Mulhaus, for your voice is the same strong, deep, manly voice of my old friend. It is different; it is weaker when you talk naturally, but, then, you are older now."

"Julia!"

This is all Mulhaus said. He then learned that her husband had come to America, made a fortune and a year ago had died. He told his story, and in a few days the two will trip up the aisle of St. Patrick's church.—New York American.

He Found Out.

Accustomed as New Yorkers are to paying big sums of money for the gratification of curiosity the more prudent passengers in a Broadway car disapproved of the reckless squandering of a quarter by one of their number, says the Sun of that city. For several blocks ahead the cars were stalled. Nobody knew the cause of the blockade. That seemed to worry the impatient man more than the holdup.

"I can stand 'most anything," he said, "if I only know why I have to stand it."

Presently a messenger boy pressed his face against the outside of the window and made faces at the crowd within. The impatient man lowered another window and collared the boy.

"Son," he said, "if you will run—run, mind you—up to the head of the blockade and see what is the matter. I will give you a quarter."

Like a shot the boy was off. Apparently he made the round trip at record speed, for he was back in a very short time.

"Coal wagon broke down on the tracks," he said.

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