

Their First Love.

[By H. M. Egbert.]

The two houses had formed one in more spacious days, but where the stout brick chimney reared itself through the center of the frame building a brick wall had been built in, extending from the cellar to the roof, and converting the one home into two. The only symbol of communion between the disunited parts of what had been organically one was that, on windy days, smoke from a stove set against the chimney on either side would issue down the flue into the stove in the adjacent room. And sometimes, too, if any one listened at the sheet iron, one could hear words spoken upon the other side.

When Frank Barton and Ida Norris were children they had played at this game; but that was long ago. The intimacies of the old house were not evoked by childish play any more. Both were immeasurably old—each was twenty.

The double house stood in a small town, just such a town as may be seen almost anywhere in New England, neither rich nor poor, and proud of its history. Greenfield folks prided themselves on being ordinary Americans. Immigration had hardly touched them, for there was only one factory, and the French Canadian hands had something of the colonial tradition about them.

The Bartons and the Norrises had lived there for fifteen years, and had known each other for fifty. Sometimes the elders looked at each other from their opposite sides of the double piazza and smiled, when the boy came home, carrying the girl's schoolbooks for her, while she stepped at his side with all the assured ownership that a small girl feels for her childish sweetheart.

But that was years before. The change of adolescence had set a barrier between the young people's lives. Frank was in the local bank now. Perhaps he earned \$12 a week. Ida stayed home and helped her mother.

The thing that happened came all in a moment. The girl had pictured it a thousand times, the boy never; but it was just as surprising to each. One moment they were friends, chatting together on the piazza, wondering whether the rain would kill the gypsy moths that devastated the shade-trees; and the next they were looking at each other in amazed wonder.

What is more inarticulate than love at twenty? The strange helplessness,



She Was Alone, Too.

the sense of some tremendous power that holds one in terror of self-revelation; caprice and shyness, as inexplicable to one as to the other! For instance:

"Best get ready for the picture show, Ida."

"I'm not coming, Frank."
"Aw, why not, now? You said you would. This is the last night of the week, and there won't be another in town for an age."

"I don't care; I'm not coming," she answered, snatching her hand away as he pulled at her wrist coaxingly. "Leave me alone!"

"Why, Ida!" exclaimed the boy, looking in wonder at her flushed face, "I didn't mean—honest, I didn't—say! You aren't mad at me?"

But the girl had flung into the house, leaving him standing outside and gaping after her. He could not understand what was the matter with her. As he stood there Mrs. Norris came out with the big watering can. She had a box of asters, which she was raising from seed; or, rather, it had been Ida's but she had ceased to care for the tender shoots.

"Say, Mrs. Norris, Ida's all right, isn't she?" asked the boy.

The old woman looked at him, pursing her lips. "I guess there's nothing wrong with her," she answered, and began sprinkling the plants. There was a wise smile on her lips, and her face was faintly flushed.

"They're too young, Jim," she said that night to her husband, when the old couple were alone.

Outside, at the Barton end of the piazza, Frank was waiting. He had meant to go to the picture show alone. He had wished that he had some other girl to take with him. They would stroll past the double house together, their voices slightly raised, and Frank

laughing. The thought pleased him; but he only sat sullenly at the end of the piazza, his chin on his hands, staring out into the dusk.

Ten yards away the girl sat by the window in the living room. She was alone, too; her father had gone out upon some errand, and her mother was making up accounts in the kitchen. From the corner of the window she could just see the Barton end of the piazza. She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading.

She had been trying hard not to cry, and she was exceedingly angry, because it was not about Frank Barton—and yet it was, too, in a sort of way. But what had he done? Nothing. That was just it; he was only a boy and couldn't understand. But what was there to understand, except that she hated him?

She went up to her room at last, and then she crouched down by the window and cried in earnest. Presently a slight squeaking sound inside the chimney made her tiptoe over to the stove. It had not been lit since the warm weather began, a month before. Something like a mouse was squeaking and scurrying behind the place where the stovepipe entered.

Frank Barton, at the end of the piazza, saw the girl's shadow thrown on the lawn. He was not going to look up at her. But he looked up, and saw that she had pulled the stovepipe from its place and was bending over something.

"She's found a mouse's nest," he thought, and a wave of disgust surged over him. He had heard the little beasts scurrying to and fro at night. He had thought of pulling out the pipe and drowning them. How like a girl!

He almost hated Ida then. He hoped she had not been angry with him because—because she guessed! The shame of that would make him hang his head the rest of his days. He saw Ida clearly again, a pale young woman whose twin pigtailed had changed into fluffy, straw-colored hair. He did not even want to take another girl to the picture show now.

"Aren't you getting cold, Frank? It's turning quite chilly," said his mother, from the window of the living room.

"I guess not," he answered.

"Shall I light the fire in the stove?" she asked.

He hesitated. "Yes, it might warm up the house," he answered.

The boy was in his room and it was morning. He leaned over the window sill. Underneath a lilac tree was beginning to blossom and the scent came up to him. The world was very fair that soft spring morning. Why was his heart aching so?

In the next house, but shut off as by a thousand leagues, was Ida. Sometimes she would lean from her window and wave a good morning to him, and he looked for today. But there was no sign of her.

"She's still mad at me," he thought, and the old sense of resentment began to stir in him again.

Suddenly he heard a sound of sobbing. It came from the next house. He heard it through the chimney, and put his mouth to the stovepipe.

"Ida!" he called. "Ida! Ida!"

There was no answer, and he went downstairs. He stood beneath the lilac tree. The beauty of nature seemed suddenly to have become accursed and dreary. He leaned against the trunk and idly plucked a spray of lilac. Then he saw a girl coming along the piazza and went toward her, a little sheepishly, not yet decided in what spirit to approach her. But he saw the tears in her eyes, and his heart leaped with remorse. And in her hand she was carrying something. She held it out indignantly.

It was three little dead birds—chimney swifts, which had been killed by the fire he had let his mother kindle.

"Aw, say, Ida! I didn't know. I thought they were mice," he protested. "You have killed them for wantonness, just like a boy!" she said indignantly.

Her eyes were wet. She stroked the limp little wings, and then suddenly burst into passionate tears. Frank stood by helplessly. He was sure now that she would never speak to him again.

"I'm sorry, Ida—honest, I am," he muttered.

She raised her eyes to his, but there was no anger in them any more. There was something he had never seen there. It was not love; it was more like humility—that which is born of sudden understanding. Something of the tragedy of life had gripped them both, and the seriousness of it when one puts aside childish things.

"You didn't know—did you, Frank?" she said. And she slipped her arm through his, and in that moment the new life lay before them, though they only dimly realized what was happening in their souls. For when the butterfly emerges from the cocoon it at once forgets and only rejoices in its new happiness.

From her window Mrs. Norris looked down at the pair, strolling under the trees, and called her husband. There was the shadow of a smile upon her face.

"I don't know—maybe they're not too young, Jim," she said. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

It Depends.

"How long does it take to go through those woods?" asked the summer boarder.

"That all depends," replied the farmer. "I have noticed that when a man is with his wife it takes about thirty minutes, and when he is with his mother-in-law he can make it in 18 minutes. If, however, he is with his fiancée it usually takes about two hours."—Judge.

TRICKS OF SOME TRAVELERS

Depredations of Thoughtless Tourists Who Desire Souvenirs Are Innumerable.

We often hear complaints from tourists about inattention and lack of courtesy on the part of those whose duty it is to cater to the traveling public. But there is another side to the story; for instance, the custodians of places of historic or scenic interest frequently visited by travelers are obliged to maintain constant watch against the vandalism of souvenir hunters, Leslie states.

What satisfaction can be found in mutilating and demolishing things of interest and value to procure a souvenir, or in appropriating from well-known hotels such property as knives, forks, pepper and salt shakers, napkins, towels and bath mats? The manager of a prominent hotel in New York even reports the disappearance of pillows from the bedrooms. The value of this stolen property yearly amounts to a very large sum. It has been the underlying cause for the appearance of such items as the following on menus: "Chicken en casserole in individual souvenir" or "souvenir cocktail" in which the appetizer is served in a container bearing the house name, and which container is given to the patron. There are numerous little souvenirs, such as silver-plated trays, teaspoons, etc., for sale by various hotels to satisfy collectors. Not all things that disappear from hotels are taken with deliberate intention. Major Bowman, manager of a famous New York hotel, has concluded that linen is not always purloined, but is taken away unconsciously as wrappers for shoes and other articles when packing, and men, he says, unconsciously tuck bar dories in their coat pockets after using them, and these are dropped at the next hotel visited. This wholesale purloining of hotel articles has led to the formation of a linen exchange. Many of the leading managers now have stock taken of all the foreign linen in their hotels, and at regular intervals this material is sent to its rightful owners, who then return linens not belonging to them.

WEREN'T LOOKING FOR THAT

Work Allotted Fictitious "Red Cross Workers" Not at All What They Wanted.

All Paris a short time ago wanted to visit the French firing line, but the required passes were extremely difficult to obtain, and there were therefore only a few of the many who finally found their way within hearing of gun-fire. Even these seemed an abomination to the French general staff. Spectators were not wanted, and consequently every means was used to turn them back. The New York Times tells of an amusing incident in which an overzealous group had their patriotism tried cruelly and found wanting.

They had collected on a hill overlooking Soissons to watch the artillery duel that was going on across the river when a staff officer rode up and asked what they were doing there. All with one accord said they had come out to see whether they could be of any use in Red Cross work.

The staff officer at once sent them to the surgeon in command of the nearest field hospital with a message placing the whole party at his disposal. The surgeon rose to the occasion.

"It was most kind of you to come," he said; "you can be of the greatest service here as pickers and graders. Will you kindly bury these dead horses?"

Not many of the horses were ever buried, but that corner of the field of battle was successfully cleared of spectators.

Health Work in the South.

At Jacksonville, Fla., on Monday, November 30 occurs the opening session of the American Public Health association and the whole of that week will be devoted to sessions of the five sections of the association and to general sessions in which gather members of all sections.

Not only will the latest developments in the campaign against the hookworm disease, diseases among negroes and other distinctly southern problems be placed before the country, but every effort will be made to stimulate public interest in health matters, throughout the southern states, in the hope that legislative and other public action may be taken to place that section on an equal footing with the states most advanced in the work.

Red Man's Agriculture.

The federal commissioner of Indian affairs has issued an urgent plea to superintendents of Indian reservations throughout the country to encourage Indian agricultural fairs and Indian agriculture in general not only for the benefit of the Indians themselves, but because of the opportunity offered them by the European war to do a service to the nation by bringing their agricultural pursuits to the highest state of efficiency.

Life-Saving Garment for Aviators.

David Williams Ogilvie of Balboa, Canal Zone, in a patent, No. 1109140 presents a life-saving garment especially designed for aerial operators and which has means for retarding a fall, means to cushion against injury from a fall, and float means to act as life preserver if the operator should drop in the water.—Scientific American.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND WAR

Vast Advances of Recent Years Have Greatly Reduced the Mortality.

While the war in Europe is by far the greatest in the history of the world and the destruction of life cannot fail to be tremendous, there is satisfaction in considering that, on account of the vast advances that have been made in medical and surgical science in recent years, the percentage of loss will be greatly reduced.

In the Franco-Prussian war the surgeons looked upon the infection of wounds as a matter of course. They regarded the presence of the attendant pus as a necessity, and as long as the pus was what was known as "laudable" they were satisfied with the condition of the patient. Other patients developed another form of pus, streptococcal, which caused the doctors of those days gravely to shake their heads and prepare for the death of the patient. Even the best hospitals were not properly ventilated and were filled with the foul odors emanating from infected wounds and gangrene. All this was considered unavoidable. At that time suppuration and kindred complications in wounded men were regarded as of spontaneous origin, although the researches of Pasteur had already pointed the way to a general understanding of germs. When at length purulent infection was found to be the result of germs disseminated from infected wounds and gangrene. All this was considered unavoidable. At that time suppuration and kindred complications in wounded men were regarded as of spontaneous origin, although the researches of Pasteur had already pointed the way to a general understanding of germs. When at length purulent infection was found to be the result of germs disseminated from infected wounds and gangrene. All this was considered unavoidable. At that time suppuration and kindred complications in wounded men were regarded as of spontaneous origin, although the researches of Pasteur had already pointed the way to a general understanding of germs.

SPHERE FOR WOMAN DOCTOR

Writer's Opinion Is That She Has Properly Taken the Place That Is Her Right.

They tell us now that we are the fighting sex. Why have we been so long? Ardent, beautiful, sweet as a nut, with nut-brown eyes under lids like glowing white flames, with her rippling ring of hair in the same sweet, hot tones, with her tall grace and grave glance and white, expert, sensitive hands—the scientist's hands which take account of a hair—why is she here—this woman—bending over her tubes and flasks and microscope instead of in a drawing room, with bowls of white hyacinths at her elbow? Why, within sixty years after medicine is open to women, are 10,000 practicing in this country alone? Is it because we are tired of ignorance in pity?

If there were no other field for woman doctors, unmarried mothers would make a place in the world for them. If there is any psychology of sex, or sex antagonism, or sisterhood among women, or any of the other things we talk of so gaily in our search to get at the truth about men and women, surely it is easier to look into a woman's eyes than into a man's when you hear that you are to undertake motherhood outside the plan society has for this service to it.

"I am a woman myself and I know what you bear"—the eyes of the woman doctor answer to those others which meet hers in their first startled comprehension.—The Metropolitan.

Early History of Pittsburgh.

The investment of all there was of Pittsburgh at the time by the victorious army of General Forbes was completed November 25, 1758, the day following the blowing up of Fort Duquesne by the French and the flight of them and their Indian allies. The small and scattered forces commanded by the dying General Forbes, who had insisted on being brought on for the celebration of the fall of the fort, assembled at the "meeting of the waters," one strong detachment under General Armstrong having come down from Kittanning by hasty marching, at which place they had fought a severe battle with the Indians, the general being later honored by having the county named for him of which Kittanning is the county seat.

Conforming to the Censorship.

The censors on the other side seem to be as particular about information that a correspondent sends to his wife as about the news that he cables to his paper, evidently having faith in the old tradition that whatever is told to a wife might as well be screamed aloud in the market place. It is related that Irvin S. Cobb writes to Mrs. Cobb: "I am here at a town in Germany. From here I am going to another place. I can't tell you where, because then you wouldn't get the letter."—Kansas City Star.

The Dont-Snow Wedding.

John G. Dont, a Santa Rosa merchant, and his wife don't like it because their son, Prince Albert Dont, plumber in the same city, went to San Rafael with Miss Lillian Snow of Sebastopol and got married without letting them know it. It is not that they don't ever object to their son taking unto himself a wife, but they claim that their son don't know what he is talking about when he gave his age as twenty-one.—San Francisco Chronicle.

War Songs.

King George's troops march well to the Tippecary song, but is it possible that the sultan's forces are hiking along to the tune "Turkey in the Straw"?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Shoes.

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