

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

[Continued from page 6, Col. 6.]

The boy went to his afternoon-lunch, music, riding lesson. He was excited, impatient, but alive. The music teacher—tired and discontented, poor soul—scolded him. The riding master, catching a glimpse of a new spirit, encouraged it. On the whole, the afternoon marked a crisis.

The lessons went on—a week of them, two weeks, three, four. Miss Dupre artfully made Louis, Jack and Duncan her teachers—they and the heroes. She was but a humble mouthpiece and interpreter. There were endless discouragements—storms of anger and rebellion. Yet at the end of the month there was a distinct gain. The boy was alive.

Mrs. Grosvenor expressed herself as tepidly satisfied, and the second month began. There were a thousand things to talk over now, for the boy had begun to live in a whole world. French was easy, of course, arithmetic was not difficult, owing to the elementary nature of it, for evidently the boy's victories were never to be in the field of pure mathematics; spelling proved a mad excitement when fought out as a battle; but casual references—even the most casual—began to be fraught with danger to Miss Dupre. She was forced to study the geography of strange countries—study the construction of airships (for which she had so little talent that he found her out, and she was forced meekly to bear his scorn); and history for dear life—Perry perhaps to-day, Greece to-morrow: for the boy was beginning to browse in the big unused library down-stairs, and his questions were endless. It was all breathlessly exciting.

And then—suddenly—he found his hero.

They had talked of the war, among other things—only a little, however, and very carefully, for he was only eight. But one morning the girl came looking strangely paler than usual, but with a light in her eyes like stars. The boy, sensitive and high-strung, felt the strangeness at once.

"What's the matter?" he demanded instantly.

She looked at him with that shining, far-away look.

"It isn't a matter," she answered.

"It's the bravest thing I ever heard of. The boys could talk of nothing else last night. They have made a new order of unknown heroes." And then she told him. It was in all the papers: the story of how a regiment of French Zouaves, pressing ahead too far, was surprised and overwhelmed; of how the enemy, stripping the dead of their uniforms and disguising themselves in them, took the few survivors with them, and crept toward the French line; of how the French, seeing the missing regiment straggling back, were suddenly startled by an agonizing cry from its midst: "For God's sake, comrades, fire!"

A sheet of flame flashed out, and the trench was saved.

"The story," the girl ended, her voice breaking with the magnificence of it, "was read in the Order of the Day the next morning to every soldier in the French army. No one knows his name—the hero who saved his comrades—but he is living, fighting, in a million lives to-day. No great general is doing more for his country than he. He will live in all the world. Look at our three boys—they will never forget. If anything tempts them to be cowardly ever, they will hear that unknown Frenchman's voice."

The boy's face was dead white and his eyes blazing; his slender, nervous hands were clenched fiercely.

"I won't ever forget," he cried, "not ever—not ever!" And then suddenly he broke down, sobbing passionately.

She quieted him after a little, and they talked a long, long time. They talked about all the discipline it would need to make one sure of being a hero if the time came. It meant lessons and uninteresting things, and obeying without question.

"Maybe it will be easier," he said, "if I salute before I say my lessons. You're only a girl, but we can play you're a general just for that, and I'm seeing if I can repeat my orders. Can we?"

It was a great idea—an idea to be carried home to Louis and Jack and Duncan. They began at once. The boy stood very straight and saluted; then he recited his history. He had a brief word of commendation (it was understood that such events would be rare—generals seldom commend, because soldiers are expected to do their duty,) and then took his orders concerning arithmetic. When she left at one o'clock, he stood at salute.

Miss Dupre had many things to do that day, as it happened. There was some special event on hand with Louis, Jack, and Duncan, involving gingerbread—three pans of it; for the shabby living-room was overrun by boys that night. After it was all over, and the noisy crowd had poured down the steps, and the boys left behind had been sent up to quarters, and the dishes were washed, and the floor swept (because there wouldn't be time in the morning,) and the lights put out, Miss Dupre was sufficiently tired to tumble into bed at once. But she didn't. She sat a long time, thinking about a lonely little fellow in a great silent, indifferent house up in the avenue. Would he hold to it, really? Tired as she was, the girl's heart beat quickly at the memory of the slender figure standing at salute.

The next morning, when she reached the house, it appeared that there were some new developments. Jenness opened the front door as usual, but at the play-room she was halted.

"Friend or foe?" challenged a boy's excited voice from within.

"Friend," she declared.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

The door was open now, just a crack, and dark eyes were searching

hers breathlessly. She hazarded—and won.

"The Order of the Day."

It was easy after that. From out the horror of that flaming hell across the sea, a hero had reached across and kindled a child's tiny torch. She saw it then; she was to know it tragically before long.

It was easy all the week, and the week after. One day of wavering ended in passionate repentance. The hero had put his mantle upon him—the boy was his own. They were wonderful weeks, those two.

It was the second day of the third week that Jenness, opening the door, told the girl that Mrs. Grosvenor wished to see her. The girl went with swift steps to the rose-and-silver boudoir. She must have noticed—Mrs. Grosvenor; she had such wonderful things to tell her! She stood at the door, eager, shining-eyed, waiting for Mrs. Grosvenor to look up from her desk.

She waited several minutes, and a vague perplexity shadowed her shining eyes and set her heart beating; it was foolishness, of course—it was just rich people's way. Then at last Mrs. Grosvenor looked up.

"I understand, Miss Dupre, that you have been putting notions in Herbert's head. He told his father something about them, and both Mr. Grosvenor and I are greatly displeased. We do not think such ideas suitable at all. Under the circumstances, I think we must cancel your engagement. I am paying you, of course, for the full time."

The girl accepted the envelope mechanically. She must have accepted in any event—she had no right not to; but in the stunning shock of it she did not think of the money at all—she thought only of the little solitary figure upstairs.

"May I—tell him good-by?" she faltered.

"If you will be very brief. I will send Felice to call you."

The girl went out quietly; but in the upper hall she almost ran. The play-room door was open, and the tears came to her eyes at the sight of it. But she could not fail him now. She reached forward and pulled it to; then she knocked. There was no answer. She knocked again, and still again. Then at last came a small shaken voice.

"Who is there? friend or foe?"

"Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"The Order of the Day."

And the door was opened.

He had sobbed nearly all night. His face was white and there were dark circles under his eyes. With a cry of pity, the girl gathered him up close, as she had done to her boys in their little-boy tragedies. He clung to her passionately, but not crying now. In a moment she began to talk—there was so much to put into ten minutes.

She told him of the great army to which all brave souls the world over belong—the army of those who care more for honor than for life. She told him of the fights that must come, and how one must never give up, no matter what happened. She promised that all of them—Louis, Jack, and Duncan—should count him in and call his name in their roll-call; and she would think of him always and be sure that he was "being brave." It seemed only seconds before they heard Felice's footsteps on the stairs. She loosed her arms and put him down.

"You will never forget?" she cried.

"Never?"

"Never," he promised, with quivering lips.

"Salute, comrade."

He obeyed instantly.

"The Order of the Day."

"The Order of the Day."

As Miss Dupre passed out of the great doors, Mrs. Grosvenor was telephoning impatiently:

"Oh, utterly impossible! Such ideas she put into the child's head—I don't know how long it will take to get rid of them. This governess business is so tiresome. Yes, if you hear of any, please. You will save my life."

Upstairs, the boy stood at the window, watching a little brown figure down the avenue. He was standing at salute. He stood so till she disappeared.—By Mabel Nelson Thurston.

The Philadelphia Record.

The average man has less than an hour to devote to newspaper reading on week-days. The daily issue of the "Philadelphia Record" therefore gives him the news in concise and attractive form, so arranged that he can grasp the essentials of the day's history of the world without a moment's loss of time and find any particular item under its appropriate classification, just where he is accustomed to look for it. Sunday, however, is a day of leisure. The Sunday newspaper reader has time for mental recreation, and demands it. The Sunday issue of the "Philadelphia Record" gives it to him, copiously, and yet with the discrimination that marks the difference between first-class and indifferent Sunday reading.

The "Sunday Record" has just added to its already abundant informative and entertaining features a new eight-page story section which is bound to appeal strongly to popular interest. This section, devoted wholly to the presentation of high-grade fiction, contains serials and short stories by writers of established reputation whose works are in great demand when published in book form. Their contributions to the story section of the "Sunday Record" are a valuable addition to the current fiction of the day, and are certain to be appreciated in every home to which that newspaper will carry them.

The addition of its new story section makes the "Philadelphia Record" a complete Sunday newspaper.

Reason for Admiration.

"You seem to have a certain admiration for the man who cheated you and got out of town."

"Yes," replied Three-Finger Sam, "I have. The fact that he could put it over on me convinces me that he was somebody uncommon smart."

Washington Star.

Pennsylvania Turkey Crop Disappearing.

The turkey crop of Pennsylvania seems to be slowly disappearing. At the risk of being severely criticized W. Theo. Wittman, poultry adviser of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, in a recent interview stated as his belief that the reason for this was that the farmers and growers generally were to blame, and that it was not due to black-head or any other old or new disease. Mr. Wittman points out the fact that the wild turkey, the direct and close-by progenitor of our domestic turkey, was and is a native of this State and that turkeys should do well, and would do well here if handled properly.

The notion that turkeys need housing and heavy feeding is the biggest mistake. Any that are deteriorated as to need this, or cannot do without it, should die and the quicker the better. If the breeding stock is fat and fed heavily, or does not sleep outdoors and get most of its feed by ranging when laying, most of the little poults are sure to die. Nothing that can be done will save them.

Not a few turkey stocks are tubercular, the direct result of housing and feeding.

Mr. Wittman further believes that until our turkeys have at least a year of their old time vigor and ability to live, no eggs should be incubated in a machine or under a chicken hen, but only under turkey hens and that only turkey hens should be used as rearers. Further that strong, vigorous turkey poults can be fed such impossible

things as hard-boiled eggs, black pepper, corn-meal, and cold water, and survive, but that for the average poulter as we now have it, such things are merely slow poison and end in death.

A better feed is wholesome, stale bread and sweet milk, crumbly cottage cheese and small quantities of ordinary good commercial chick feed and free range. Of late years some growers, after trying everything and failing, have in desperation tried feeding nothing at all to poults and have had remarkable success. It is suggested that others try this, especially those who year after year by underfeeding lose all or nearly all their young turkeys. They cannot possibly have any worse results by trying the method of not feeding at all, but merely giving the old turkey hen and her brood free range. Under this method, at least where the range is favorable, they usually all live instead of usually all dying, and it enormously simplifies the growing of turkeys. Probably, when all is said and done, turkeys will not live now-a-days because they have simply been pampered to death.

Bad Luck.

"What makes you think your husband is coming back, Mandy? Have you heard from him?"

"No'm, but jes' knows somethin' gwine to happen. Ah broke a mirror dis mavin!"—Browning's Magazine.

Papa Exceeded.

Bella—Don't worry about Jack, dear! All the world loves a lover!

Stella—Yes. But Papa acts so unworldly at times!—Punch Bowl.



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See our Nightgowns at 98 cents. Ladies' Envelope Chemise, 48 cents. Petticoats, plain and trimmed, 48c. Blue and Pink Batist Nightgowns, hand embroidered, Empire style, quality \$1.50; sale price 98 cents. Muslin Drawers, 22 cents. Umbrella Drawers, made of fine Nainsook and Embroidery trimmed, value 85c; now 48c.

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