

AS WE NEAR THE JOURNEY'S END.

A little more tired at close of day; A little less eager to leave our way; A broader view and a saner mind; A little more love for all mankind; A little more careful of what we say; And so we are faring a-down the way.

AN AMATEUR KNIGHT ERRANT.

A bar of the silvery moonlight was quivering about the shimmering marble staircase. In the center of the argent radiance stood a woman. So ethereal did she look, there in the faintly shimmering light, that she seemed to float, rather than touch ground.

From somewhere in the night soft music was throbbing. The woman lifted her daintily poised head as if to give her soul to the rapture of the melody. Then her lips parted and she began to sing.

Her voice, velvety and full, swelled forth into the silences of the night. And it brought others to the fair-land bourne of marble and moonlight, —shadowy forms in filmy white draperies, more like living moonbeams than mere mortals.

But, once or twice, the thread of song wavered, as she chanced to let her gaze stray to a shadowy corner of the marble balustrade above her, just beyond the glow of the moonlight, where crouched a dark figure, grotesque and vague in the uncertain light.

There was something almost sinister in the silent moveliness of this listening shape up there in the gloomy silences. At each involuntary glimpse of the form, the singer's voice shook ever so slightly. And into her moon-beathed countenance would flit a shade of worry to mar the radiance of her upturned face.

The music died away in one last throbbing wail. The woman turned slowly; now facing the balustrade, her eyes full upon the lurking figure there.

The figure detached itself from the denser shadows and came out into the bar of moonshine; standing presently revealed as a tall, thin man in dark raiment.

glad to note that his veiled compliments had soothed the prima donna's wrath, and that he could assert his authority on the meekest-looking member of the chorus. "I might have known it! Whenever I hear any worse sound than usual I can always be certain it's either two cats yowling or else you singing. Some day you'll sing on the key, by mistake. And the shock will—" "I was on the key," calmly interrupted the small girl with the big eyes.

She said it in an untruffled voice and with much quiet assertion. She continued: "I am always on the key. For that matter, so were the rest of the girls just now. And you know it, Miss Vaurien wasn't. You know that, too. But you're afraid of her. You're afraid she may leave you in the lurch. Just as Miss Haile and Miss Townsley did, before her, when you bullied them. And the management won't stand losing three leading women, in succession, by your trying to out-me. So, now you're trying it on me. Because you thought I wouldn't dare answer back. Well, I do dare, Mr. Egan. No job is worth being afraid of. Certainly no eighteen-dollar job."

"Get out of here roared Egan, finding his breath, at last, after the amazement caused by this glaring instance of wage-slave insurrection. "Get that! The treasurer. But Ruth Burnham cut short his fiery periods by walking off the stage. Once out of sight and on the way to the draughty and lofty chorus dressing-room, her step lost a bit of its springiness and her shoulders slumped from their defiant squareness. It was one thing to stand up for one's rights and to affect contempt for one's eighteen-dollar job. It was quite another to throw away that job for the sake of so-called self-respect, as Ruth had just done.

As she divested herself of her pseudo-Grecian draperies and donned her street clothes and hat, she began to take stock of the approximate cost of her declaration of independence. The stock consisted of two dollars and a quarter in a brown purse. That and the clothes she stood in and certain other non-plutocratic possessions which were neatly packed in one half of a trunk that she shared with another chorus girl. This trunk reposed at present in the hall-bedroom, which she shared with the same girl, at a boarding-house, half a mile from the theatre.

Out into the almost deserted street and toward this distant and stuffy boarding-house, Ruth Burnham now made her way, sick at heart, tired out and fiercely resentful at life in general and Egan in particular, she stamped along, head down.

Because her mind was turned inward and her eyes downward, she came presently to a halt. A jarring halt. It was occasioned by her down-bent head colliding sharply with something.

"The something" was the slalike white front of a man's evening shirt. Ruth shaken by the contact, gasped and looked up. In front of her stood a man in evening clothes. His overcoat was open. Apparently he had been strolling along as absorbedly as had she. And the collision seemed to cause him equal surprise.

"Oh, excuse me," she exclaimed, with little more contrition. As both spoke at the same time, neither heard the other. But each noted the other's unloving frown. Perhaps that is why Ruth lingered for a moment, instead of scuttling away. The man's eyes were more than merely cross. They were unhappy. Miserably unhappy. Their stark misery caught and held the girl's unconscious notice.

"Yes, there's something you can do for me. You can go back to the stage entrance of the Hyperion Theatre. You can hang around there, pursued Ruth, "till the rehearsal is over. And when a long, lank, yellow-faced and jibber-jawed man comes out, you can ask him, politely, if he is Mr. Leroy Egan. And if he says he is, then you can punch his face till it falls off."

The man laughed. It was a pleasant laugh. "It seems quite a simple favor," he replied. "The only annoying thing about it is the scene in the police court, tomorrow morning; and then the quaint little head lines in the evening papers, 'Clubman Sends Rival to Hospital in Quarrel Over Actress!' All men who wear linen collars are 'clubmen,' in night-life newspaper yarns. You are an actress, I suppose?" he added, looking with new eyes on the garishness of the make-up.

"Well," she said reflectively. "Some people used to say I'd become one. And in 'The City of Song,' I had a whole line to speak. I had to look off, R. U. E., and shout, 'Ah, here she comes, now!' But it seldom got me any deafening applause; and never an encore. And pretty soon a girl let Mr. Egan carry her grip, in return for his taking that lovely line away from me and giving it to her. Since then, I've just been a merry villager and a milkmaid and a Confused Noise-Without, and things like that. I'm explaining all this, so you won't get the idea that I'm Bernhard or Ethel Clayton in disguise. You see, I'm fired. That's why I'd so dearly love to see Mr. Egan split up into small independent republics. It was he who fired me."

He had fallen into step at her side, and was listening with real interest. "Listen!" she interrupted herself. "Here I've been blabbing about my troubles to an outsider that they can't interest; and you've been so nice not to snub me! And all the time you're so unhappy about your own troubles, that you can hardly keep your mind on mine!"

"I'm in the same cage with you," he answered, trying to speak lightly. "I'm fired. I was told, an hour ago, that no man with brains or decency or generosity would be so selfish as to expect a girl to give up her career just because she was to be married. As I did expect it, I was told I could find a wife elsewhere."

"What was her career?" asked Ruth, as he paused. "She wants to act," was the response. "Her elocution professor says she has genius. She says so, too."

"That seems to me to be unanimous," agreed Ruth. "But you're all wrong about your symptoms. You think you're suffering from heartbreak. It's something much worse. It's a compound fracture of the vanity. If your heart was broken you couldn't be talking bitterly about it. Heartbreak and bitterness don't sit in the same pair. In fact, you couldn't talk about it."

"Maybe—maybe you're right. A man doesn't analyze a toothache, to see which tooth it started in. We'd been engaged so long, she and I, you see. It had got to be a habit. Our parents set their hearts on it while we were kids. And we grew up, expecting it. Not that it matters much, now," he caught himself up. "I supposed of course I loved her. I'd always been told so. But—if I had, I wouldn't be chattering about her to you, would I?"

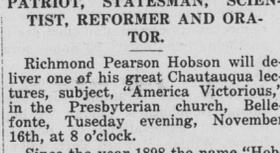
"I'm sorry if I've stopped you from being a Blighted Soul," she apologized. "It's such fun to be a Blighted Soul!" "Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Wasn't I going to be a knight errant and do unpleasant things, for you, to the face of Mr. Egan?"

"No," she decided, regretfully. "You aren't. I wish you were. Men of your sort don't risk the police court for the sake of a fired chorus girl."

you what it was, though. I made it up, myself. I'd just say: 'You don't interest me one bit. It isn't morals. It's because you look so like a pig.' It doesn't make a hit with them. But it sheers them off. Now, if it were a Proposal—why I'd have to think up a brand-new answer for that. And—" "Then start thinking up one!" he bade her. "Something tells me you won't have as much time to rehearse it as you've had for the Proposition."

"Oh, she returned, with a slight glint of her hard-earned stage cynicism. "There'll be time enough! Getting up, for the eight o'clock train, is a splendid antidote for romance. So is following the Hickville route of a Number Four show. But in case I ever do need to rehearse it, would you mind very much—very much—"

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she finished. "You see, it would add such a pretty 'personal touch' to my answer."—By Albert Payson Terhune, in Hearst's.



RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON PATRIOT, STATESMAN, SCIENTIST, REFORMER AND ORATOR.

Richmond Pearson Hobson will deliver one of his great Chautauqua lectures, subject, "America Victorious," in the Presbyterian church, Bellefonte, Tuesday evening, November 16th, at 8 o'clock.

Since the year 1898 the name "Hobson" has been a household word in America. No other private citizen is so well known. The name is synonymous with "heroism," "courage," "patriotism" and "civic righteousness."

He made a world renowned record when he sank the Merrimack; he made a great and unsullied record as a Congressman from Alabama; but his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of prohibition, and his able advocacy of the nation-wide and world-wide abolition of the beverage liquor traffic will crown him, by the millions of beneficiaries of Prohibition, as the Christian hero in humanity's greatest battle.

He has a truly great message—a scientific message, an eloquent message, the message of a statesman. Captain Hobson is one of the most finished and polished orators on the American platform, and his time is sought by Reform Bureaus and Chautauques everywhere.

If you want to hear an unanswerable argument against the liquor traffic, hear Hobson. If you would hear him, go early, for no auditorium has been found that he does not fill and overflow. He has been heard by millions in every State in the Union.

America has no abler, cleaner, more gallant Christian gentleman than Richmond P. Hobson, as the Christian It is a rare opportunity to hear such a rare American.

DESERVED TRIBUTES. "No exploits of history surpass those of Cushing, Hobson and Deatur. (Signed) Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Blake."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. All that we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed good of shall exist; that high, that proved too high; the hope for earth too hard.

Here's a test to show whether you walk correctly or not. Can you lift a pencil with your toes? To lift a pencil in this way you press it against the ball of the foot with your toes. If you can do this it shows that your foot muscles are strong and that you have been walking correctly.

Surely there is a place in the sun of millinery for every woman this winter of 1920. No two milliners exploit identical hats and no milliner exploits one type of hat. Everything is grist that comes to the millinery mill. And it turns out a prodigious quality this season.

If the stiff hat is the kind of thing you must have, there are a dozen different kinds to be picked up during the morning shopping. If your face will not permit of a head covering that is not soft and vague in outline, a little journey into a shop will permit you to reap a harvest. If a small hat is admirable on your brow, there are turbans that have found their source in all the ancient tribes of the world.

There are hats taken from the day of Camille Desmoulin and Louis XIV. There is the stiff, difficult shape worn by the officers of the American navy when they are on dress parade. There is the tiny tricorn worn by women who wanted to mask their eyes with a bit of lace hanging from the upturned brim of the hat.

The fabric used for the hats with the stiff brims are panne velvet, silk beaver and pressed plush. There is a cockade of Whig and Tory at one side or the stiffened rosette of France.

Black is in excellent taste, but there is no prejudice this year against colors. Chinese blue, the brown of Java coffee, the red rust of North Africa, the deep glow of Burgundy are familiar sights. Hats in these colors are worn at any hour of the day. Yet the preference is given to black silk beaver, and the shape is that of Europe before the downfall of kings.

That the wrap of the regulation coat type, with fairly close-fitting sleeves, is warmer than the cape made of the same sort of material and with the same lining is a foregone conclusion. Capes may look warmer, but they are not. So if you must get the most warmth for the least material, if you have any doubt concerning the percentage of wool to cotton in the fabric that you have selected for your winter wrap, don't elect to have it made up in cape fashion.

For all that, capes certainly are focusing the attention of the best-dressed women, and it is quite out of the realm of guessing now to say that they will increase in favor. For some reason or other young brides-to-be always seem to be rather good judges of coming styles. They seem often to be endowed with a brief gift of second sight during those weeks before their nuptials when they scout around the frocks and hats and coats and wraps that collectively will comprise their trousseaux. In several of the trousseaux of young girls who have not had to be hampered by lack of resources in making their selections, capes have taken a conspicuous place in lieu of coats.

And once frieze typified that which was rustic and crude. To wear frieze was one thing and to wear velvets and satins was just the opposite. And now these rougher materials are vying for place with the velvets and pile fabrics that have been brought out within the last few years. The burden of smartness seems to rest heavily on the side of the friezes and the chevits.

For burning, swollen feet soak them every night in a solution of soda water. Put a handful or more of bicarbonate of soda in the foot tub with sufficient very hot water to cover the feet. Keep adding more hot water as needed.

Something to Brag About. The doctor's small son was entertaining a friend in his father's office, and they were looking with awed admiration at the articulated skeleton in the closet.

FARM NOTES.

Many commercial orchardists plant too many varieties of fruit. Make a wise, limited selection of varieties which will thrive in your locality and are in demand in the market. Specialize in winter varieties of apples for commercial orchards.

Wearing time offers the best opportunity for teaching the cilt to lead. They should be taught to become accustomed to handling, and permit trimming of feet. The feet should be trimmed regularly, so that the feet and legs will bear the proper relationship to the body in the mature horse.

Lancaster county led the State of Pennsylvania in the production of wheat in 1920, according to the statistics of the crops compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. While Lancaster county led in the total production of wheat, Erie county produced the greatest amount of wheat per acre, the reports showing that the crop averaged 23.1 bushels per acre, while Lancaster county's average yield per acre was 22.7 bushels.

Farmers purchasing dairy cows or cattle in Pennsylvania should insist that these cattle be tested eleven days before closing the deal. Dr. Munce points out that the farmer who buys an untested animal is literally purchasing a pig in a poke, whereas an animal that has had two tests, sixty days apart, and does not react to the test may be regarded as free of tuberculosis.

In Susquehanna county, recently a woman purchased eighteen cattle, but insisted that they be tested. Eleven of the herd reacted in other words were found to have tuberculosis. Seventy other cattle were sold at the same sale and were not tested. What did the purchasers of these animals get?

In order to increase the production of fruit it is essential that fruit growers wage a continuous fight on orchard pests. Some of the most valuable control work can be accomplished during the fall and winter months. Certain destructive insects are held in check only by spraying during the dormant period of trees, when stronger washes may be used than when the trees are in foliage. Many insects spend the winter on the tree in the egg, larva, or pupal stage, and their destruction in the course of pruning and other orchard work is practicable and is of much importance in keeping them reduced. Certain fungous and bacterial diseases, particularly blight and apple canker, are best worked upon at this time.

Practically all of the orchard scale insects can be successfully controlled by spraying the trees after the foliage has dropped. This work may be done either in the fall or during the winter when the temperature is above freezing and in the spring before the buds come out.

The Love-vine or dodder is a pernicious parasitic weed that is costing the farmers of Pennsylvania thousands of dollars, each year, according to the State Botanist. The dodder attacks clover, alfalfa and flax and owing to the fact that the dodder seed so closely resembles the seed of the three plants named its detection is almost impossible until the plant makes its appearance in the field.

The dodder is more like a vine than a plant. It has no leaves and looks much like a yellow string twining about among the clover and alfalfa plants. The dodder twines about the clover or alfalfa plants and sucks the juices from the host plant, quickly killing them. A field attacked by dodder often looks much as if it had been burned over.

Where the dodder makes its appearance the farmer should take strenuous measures to eradicate the pest. If the plot is small, the dodder should be pulled out by hand but if the area infested is too large the crop should either be ploughed under or burned off.

Farmers are urged to take the greatest care in selecting their clover and alfalfa seed to see that it is free of dodder. That it is possible for Pennsylvania to stand first in potato acreage, yield per acre and produce more potatoes than any other State, is the belief of Professor E. L. Nixon, extension plant pathologist at The Pennsylvania State College, provided methods of certain growers in Lehigh county are followed generally throughout the State. The banner crops of this county for this season are the results of modern cultural methods and recently drew a delegation of farmers from all parts of the State to see at first hand just what proper seed selection, fertilization and spraying will do in the way of producing far greater than average yields.

In spite of the late blight that will tend to lower the late potato yield by millions of bushels, Lehigh county this year will have a crop of 3,000,000 bushels. The growers there make potatoes their money crop and of recent years have been busy to see the necessity for adopting recommendations offered by the State College agricultural specialists. Those growers who sprayed their potatoes regularly through the season now see the wisdom of this procedure through their increased and clean yields. Seventy-five representative potato growers from fourteen counties spent a day visiting typical Lehigh farms and under the guidance of Professor Nixon, who organized the trip, they absorbed a valuable lesson which they are spreading to other growers in their respective communities.