

THE EASY CURE.

You had a little hurt today, I know it by your face, A hurt you hoped to hide away, And yet it left a trace.

GREEN GARDENS.

Daphne was singing to herself when she came through the painted gate in the back wall. She was singing partly because it was June, and Devon, and she was seventeen, and partly because she had caught a breath taking glimpse of herself in the long mirror as she had flashed through the hall at home, and it seemed almost too good to be true that the radiant small person in the green muslin frock with the wreath of golden hair bound about her head, and the sea-blue eyes laughing back at her, was really Miss Daphne Chiltern.

"He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon," carolled Daphne, all her own ribbons flying. "He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon, He promised to buy me a bonnie blue ribbon, To the up—"

The song stopped as abruptly as though some one had struck it from her lips. A strange man was kneeling by the beehive in the herb-garden. He was looking at her over his shoulder, at once startled and amused, and she saw that he was wearing a rather shabby tweed suit and that his face was oddly brown against his close-cropped, tawny hair. He smiled, his teeth a strong flash of white.

"Hello!" he greeted her, in a tone at once casual and friendly. Daphne returned the smile uncertainly. "Hello," she struck it from her lips. A strange man was kneeling by the beehive in the herb-garden. He was looking at her over his shoulder, at once startled and amused, and she saw that he was wearing a rather shabby tweed suit and that his face was oddly brown against his close-cropped, tawny hair. He smiled, his teeth a strong flash of white.

"How—how do we get the cushions?" she demanded breathlessly. Stephen Fane dropped his arm, and Daphne drew back a little at the sudden blaze of wonder in his face. "Oh," he whispered voicelessly. "Oh, you Loveliness!" He took a step toward her, and then stood still, clinching his brown hands. Then he thrust them deep in his pockets, standing very straight. "I do think," he said carefully, "I do think you had better go. The fact that I have tried to make you stay simply proves the particular type of rotter that I am. Good-by—I'll never forget that you came back."

"I'm not going," said Daphne sternly. "Not if you beg me. Not if you are a devil out of hell. Because you need me. And no matter how many wicked things you have done, there can't be anything as wicked as going away when some one needs you. How do we get the cushions?" "Oh, my wise Dryin!" His voice broke on laughter, but Daphne saw that his lashes were suddenly bright with tears. "Stay, then—why, even I cannot harm you. God himself can't grudge me this little space of wonder—he knows how far I've come for it—how I've fought and struggled and ached to win it—how in dirty lands and dirty places I've dreamed of summer twilight in a still garden—and England, England!"

"Honey—for tea?" she echoed wonderingly, "was that why you were looking at the hive?" He puffed meditatively, "Well—partly. It's a quotation from a poem. Ever read Rupert Brooke?" "Oh, yes, yes." Her voice tripped in its eagerness. "I know one by heart—"

"If I should die think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. There shall be—"

He cut in on the magical little voice roughly. "Ah, what damned nonsense! Do you suppose he's happy, in his foreign field, that golden lover? Why should not even the dead be homesick? No, no—he was sick for home in Germany when he wrote that poem of mine—he's sicker for it in heaven, I'll warrant." He pulled himself up swiftly at the look of amazement in Daphne's eyes. "I've clean forgotten my manners," he confessed ruefully. "No, don't get that flying look in your eyes—I swear that I'll be good. It's a long time—it's a long time since I've talked to any one who needed gentleness. If you knew what need I had of it, 'Of course, I'll stay,' I think."

"I want you to more than I have ever wanted anything that I can remember." His tone was so matter-of-fact that Daphne thought that she must have imagined the words. "Now, can't we make ourselves comfortable for a little while? I'd feel safer if you weren't standing there ready for instant flight! Here's a nice bit of grass—and the wall for a back—"

Daphne glanced anxiously at the green muslin frock which she had slipped hard to be comfortable without cushions," she submitted diffidently. The man yielded again to laughter. "Are even Dryads afraid to spoil their frocks? Cushions it shall be. There are some extra ones in the chest in the East Indian room, aren't there?"

Daphne let the basket slip through her fingers, her eyes black through sheer surprise.

"But how did you know—how did you know about the lacquer chest?" she whispered breathlessly. "Oh, devil take me for a blundering ass!" He stood considering her forlornly for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders, with the brilliant and disarming smile. "The game's up, thanks to my inspired lunacy! But I'm going to trust you not to say that you've seen me. I know about the lacquer chest because I always kept my marbles there."

"Are you—are you Stephen Fane?" At the awed whisper the man bowed low, his mocking grace, his hand on his heart—the sun burnishing his tawny head.

"Oh-h!" breathed Daphne. She bent to pick up the wicker basket, her small face white and hard.

"Wait!" said Stephen Fane. His face was white and hard too. "You are right to go—entirely, absolutely right—but I am going to beg you to stay. I don't know what you've heard about me—however vile it is, it's less than the truth—"

"I have heard nothing of you," said Daphne, holding her gold wreathed head high, "but five years ago I was not allowed to come to Green Gardens for weeks because I mentioned your name. I was told it was not a name to pass decent lips."

Something terrible leaped in those burned-out eyes—and died.

"I had not thought they would use their hate to lash a child," he said. "They were quite right—and you, too. Good night."

"Good night," replied Daphne clearly. She started down the path, but at its bend she turned to look back—because she was seventeen, and it was June, and she remembered his laughter. He was standing quite still by the golden straw beehive, but he had thrown one arm across his eyes, as though to shut out some intolerable sight. And then, with a soft little rush she was standing beside him.

"How—how do we get the cushions?" she demanded breathlessly. "I don't know," she answered vaguely, and after a long pause, full of quiet, pleasant odors from the beehive, and the sleepy happy noises of small things tucking themselves away for the night, and the faint but poignant drift of tobacco smoke, she asked: "What was it about 'honey still for tea?'"

"Oh, that!" He raised himself on one elbow so that he could see her better. "It was a poem I came across while I was in East Africa; some one sent me a copy of Rupert Brooke's things to a chap out there, and this one fastened itself around me like a vice. It starts where he's sitting in a cafe in Berlin with a lot of German Jews around him, swallowing down their beer; and suddenly he remembers. All the lost, unforgettable beauty comes back to him in that dirty place; it gets him by the throat. It got me, too."

"Ah, God! to see the branches stir Across the moon at Grantchester! To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten Unforgettable, unforgotten River-smell, and hear the breeze Sobbing in the lute trees—"

"Oh, the water, sweet and cool, Gentle and brown, above the pool? Under the mill, under the mill? Say, is there Beauty yet to find? And Certainty? And Quiet kind Deep meadows yet, for to forget The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh, yet Stands the Church clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?"

"That's beautiful," she said, "but it hurts."

"Thank God you'll never know how it hurts, little Golden Heart in quiet gardens. But for some of us, caught like rats in the trap of the ugly fever we called living, it was black torture and yet our dear delight to remember the deep meadows we had lost—to wonder if there was honey still for tea."

"Stephen, won't you tell me about it—won't that help?"

"And suddenly some one else looked at her through those haunted eyes—a little boy, terrified and forsaken. 'Oh, I have no right to soil you with it. But I came back to tell some one about it—I had to. I had to wait until father and Audrey went away. I knew they'd hate to see me—she was my step-mother, you know, and she always loathed me, and he never cared. In East Africa I used to stay awake at night thinking that I might die, and that no one in England would ever care—one would know how I loved her. It was worse than dying to think of that.'"

"But why couldn't you come back to Green Gardens—why couldn't you make them see, Stephen?"

"Why, what was there to see? When they sent me down from Oxford for that dirty little affair, I was only nineteen—and they told me I had disgraced my name and Green Gardens and my country—and I went mad with pride and shame, and swore I'd drag their precious name through the dirt of every country in the world. And I did—and I did."

His head was buried in his arms, but Daphne heard. It seemed strange indeed to her that she felt no shrinking and no terror; only great pity for what he had lost, great grief for what he might have had. For a minute she forgot that she was Daphne, the heedless and gay-hearted, and that he was a broken and an evil man. For a minute he was a little lad, and she was his lost mother.

"Don't mind, Stephen," she whispered. "They would be dead indeed, if they were not sweet for you." Her cheeks burned bright at the low intensity of his voice, but he turned suddenly away. "Oh, there she sails—there she sails still, my beauty. Isn't she the proud one though—straight into the wind!" He hung over the little ship model, thrilled as any child. "The flying Lady—see where it's painted on her? Grandfather gave it to me when I was seven—he had it from his father when he was six. Lord, how proud I was!" He stood back to see it better, frowning a little. One of those ropes is wrong; any fool could tell that. His hands hovered over it for a moment—dropped. "No matter—the new owners are probably not seafarers! The lacquer chest is at the far end, isn't it? Yes, here. Are three enough—four? We're off!" But still he lingered, sweeping the great room with his dark eyes. "It's full of all kinds of junk—they never liked it—no period, you see. I had the run of it—I loved it as though it were alive; it was alive, for me. From Elizabeth's day down, all the family adventures brought their treasures here—beaten gold and hammered silver—mother-of-pearl and peacock feathers, strange woods and stranger spices, porcelains and embroideries and blown glass. There was always an adventurer somewhere in each generation—and however far he wandered, he came back to Green Gardens to bring his treasures home. When I was a yellow-headed imp of Satan, hiding my marbles in the lacquer chest, I used to swear that when I grew up I would bring home the finest treasure of all, if I had to search the world from end to end. And now the last adventurer has come home to Green Gardens—and he has searched the world from end to end—and he is empty-handed."

"No, no," whispered Daphne. "He has brought home the greatest treasure of all, that adventurer. He has brought home the beaten gold of his love, and the hammered silver of his dreams—and he has brought them from very far."

"He has brought greater treasures than this to you, lucky room," said the last of the adventurers. "You can never be sad again—you will always be gay and proud—because for just one moment he brought you the gold of her hair and the silver of her voice."

"He is talking dark nonsense, room," said a very small voice, "but it is beautiful nonsense, and I am a wicked girl, and I hope that he will talk some more. And please, I think we will go into the garden and see."

chance that way of spoiling the frock." He swung himself up with the swift, sure grace of a cat, smiled at her—vanished—it was hardly a minute later that she heard the bolts dragging back in the south door, and he flung it wide.

The sunlight streamed into the deep hall and stretched hesitant fingers into the dusty quiet of the great East Indian room, gilding the soft tones of the faded chintz, touching very gently the polished furniture and the dim prints on the walls. He swung across the threshold without a word, Daphne tiptoeing behind him.

"How still it is," he said in a hushed voice. "How sweet it smells!"

"It's the potpourri in the Canton jars," she told him shyly. "I always made it every summer for Lady Audrey—she thought I did it better than any one else. I think so, too." She flushed at the mirth in his eyes, but held her ground sturdily. "Flowers are sweeter for you if you love them—even dead ones," she explained bravely.

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"Don't mind, Stephen," she whispered.

centuries in her white frock, with eyes that matched the blue ribbon in her wind-blown curls—the lady who was as young and lovely as England, for all the years! Oh, I would remember, I would remember! It was twilight, and I was hurrying home through the dusk after tennis at the rectory; there was a bell ringing quietly somewhere, and a moth flying by brushed against my face with velvet—and I could smell the hawthorn hedge glimmering white, and see the first star swinging low above the trees, and lower still, and brighter still, the lights of home. . . . And then before my very eyes, they would fade, they would fade, dimmer and dimmer—they would flicker and go out, and I would be back again, with tawdriness and shame and vileness fast about me—and I would pay."

"But now you have paid enough," Daphne told him. "Oh, surely, surely—you have paid enough. Now you have come home—now you can forget."

"No," said Stephen Fane. "Now I must go."

"Go?" At the small startled echo he raised his head.

"What else?" he asked. "Did you think that I would stay?"

(Continued on page 6, column 1).

Election Proclamation!

God Save the Commonwealth! I, Harry Dukeman, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid that an election will be held in the said county of Centre on the THIRD TUESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1921, being the

20th of September, 1921

for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to wit: One person for Representative in Congress at Large.

Proposed Constitutional Convention—Shall a Constitutional Convention be held in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two as provided in the Act of Assembly, approved the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one?

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the County of Centre is as follows:

For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Logan Hose Co. house on east Howard street.

For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, at the Endline Fire Co. Building.

For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston, in Bellefonte.

For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's hotel.

For the borough of Howard, at the public school in said borough.

For the borough of Millheim, in the school house, now the Municipal building.

For the borough of Milesburg, in the borough building on Market street.

For the First Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, in the Reliance Hotel house.

For the Second Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presqueisle streets.

For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, north-east corner of Seventh and Pine streets.

For the borough of South Philipsburg, at the City Hall in South Philipsburg.

For the borough of Snow Shoe, in the borough building.

For the borough of State College, East Precinct—on College Avenue at the Odd Fellows Hall.

For the borough of State College, West Precinct—on Frazier street, at the Firemen's Hall.

For the borough of Unionville, in the Grange Hall in said borough.

For the township of Benner, North Precinct, at the Knox school house.

For the township of Benner, South Precinct, at the new brick school house at Rockview.

For the township of Boggs, North Precinct, at Walker's school house.

For the township of Boggs, East Precinct, at the hall of Knights of Labor, in the village of Curtin.

For the township of Boggs, West Precinct, at the school house in Central City.

For the township of Burnside, in the building owned by William Hippie, in the village of Pine Glen.

For the township of College, at the school house in the village of Lenont.

For the township of Curtin, North Precinct, at the school house in the village of Orriston.

For the township of Curtin, South Precinct, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the township of Ferguson, East Precinct, at the public house of J. W. Kepler, in Pine Grove Mills.

For the township of Ferguson, West Precinct, at Balyleville school house in the village of Balyleville.

For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct, at the store of H. N. Musser, one mile west of State College, at Struble station.

For the township of Gregg, North Precinct, at Murray's school house.

For the township of Gregg, East Precinct, at the house occupied by William A. Sinkbine at Penn Hall.

For the township of Gregg, West Precinct, in Vocational School Room at Spring Mills.

For the township of Haines, East Precinct, school house in the village of Woodward.

For the township of Haines, West Precinct, at the residence of E. A. Bower.

For the township of Halfmoon, in the I. O. O. F. hall in the village of Stormstown.

For the township of Harris, East Precinct, at the building owned by Harry McClellan, in the village of Linden Hall.

For the township of Harris, West Precinct, at the Boat Hall in the village of Boalsburg.

For the township of Howard, in the township public building.

For the township of Huston, in the township building erected in the village of Julian.

For the township of Liberty, East Precinct, at the school house in Engleville.

For the township of Liberty, West Precinct, at the school house at Monument.

For the township of Marion, at the Grange Hall in the village of Jacksonville.

For the township of Miles, East Precinct, at the dwelling house of G. H. Showers, at Wolf's Store.

For the township of Miles, Middle Precinct, in Mrs. Jacob Gopfert's residence in Rebersburg.

For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the store room of Elias Miller, in Madisonburg.

For the township of Patton, in the shop of John Hoy at Waddle.

For the township of Penn, in the building formerly owned by Luther Guiseville, at Coburn.

For the township of Potter, North Precinct, at the Old Fort hotel.

For the township of Potter, South Precinct, at the hotel in the village of Pottery Mills.

For the township of Potter, West Precinct, at the store of George Miess, at Colyer.

For the township of Rush, North Precinct, at the Township Poor House.

For the township of Rush, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Cassanova.

For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the school house in the village of Fowlton.

For the township of Rush, West Precinct, at the school house near Osceola Mills, known as the Towler school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Clarence.

For the township of Snow Shoe, West Precinct, at the house of Alona A. Groe, in the village of Moshannon.

For the township of Spring, North Precinct, in the township building erected near Mallory's blacksmith shop.

For the township of Spring, South Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mullinger, in Pleasant Gap.

For the township of Spring, West Precinct, in the township building at Coleville.

For the township of Taylor, in the house erected for the purpose, at Leonard Merryman's.

For the township of Union, in the township public building.

For the township of Walker, East Precinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck in the village of Huston.

For the township of Walker, Middle Precinct, in Grange Hall in the village of Hubersburg.

For the township of Walker, West Precinct, at the dwelling house of John Royer, in the village of Zion.

For the township of Worth, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in the village of Port Matilda.

List of Nominations.

The official list of nominations made by the several parties, and as their names will appear upon the ticket to be voted on the 20th day of September, 1921, at the different voting places in Centre County, as certified to respectively by the Secretary of the Commonwealth and given in the accompanying form of ballot, which is similar to the official ballot.

To vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (X) in the square, in the first column, opposite the name of the party of your choice.

A cross mark in the square opposite the name of any candidate indicates a vote for that candidate.

To vote for a person whose name is not on the ballot, write or paste his name in the blank space provided for that purpose.

First Column

To Vote a Straight Party Ticket Mark a Cross (X) in this Column

REPUBLICAN

DEMOCRAT

SOCIALIST

PROHIBITION

Representative in Congress at Large.

(Vote for One.)

Thomas S. Crago, Republican.

John P. Bracken, Democrat.

Cora M. Bixler, Socialist.

B. E. P. Prugh, Prohibition.

PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Shall a Constitutional Convention be held in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two as provided in the Act of Assembly approved the twenty-seventh day of April, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one?

Yes No

Voters favoring the holding of a Constitutional Convention in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two will mark a cross (X) to the right of the word "Yes."

Those opposing the holding of a Convention will mark a cross (X) to the right of the word "No."

Notice is hereby given, that every person excepting Justice of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or this State, or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State, or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every mem-

ber of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Under the law of the Commonwealth for holding elections, the polls shall be opened at 7 o'clock A. M. and closed at 7 o'clock P. M. Given under my hand and seal at my office in Bellefonte, this 27th day of August, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-one and in the one hundred and forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America. HARRY DUKEMAN (Seal) 66-34-3t Sheriff of Centre County.