

GREEN GARDENS.

Continued from page 2, column 6. "But I do not want you to go." Her lips were white, but she spoke very clearly. Stephen Fane never moved but his eyes dark and wondering, rested on her like a caress. "Oh my little Loveliness, what dream is this?" "You must not go away again, you must not." "I am baser than I thought," he said, very low. "I have made you pity me, I who have forfeited your lovely pity this long time. It cannot even touch me now. I have sat here like a dark Othello telling tales to a small white Desdemona, and you, God help me, have thought me tragic and abused. You shall not think that. In a few minutes I will be gone—I will not have you waste a dream on me. Listen—there is nothing vile that I have not done—nothing, do you hear? Not clean sin, like murder—I have cheated at cards, and played with loaded dice, and stolen the rings off the fingers of an Argentine Jewess who— His voice twisted and broke before the lovely mercy in the frightened eyes that still met his so bravely. "But why, Stephen?" "So that I could buy my dreams. So that I could purchase peace with little dabs of brown in a pipe-bowl, little puffs of white in the palm of my hand, little drops of liquid on a ball of cotton. So that I could drug myself with dirt—and forget the dirt and remember England. He rose to his feet with that swift grace of his, and Daphne rose too, slowly. "I am going now; will you walk to the gate with me?" He matched his long step to hers, watching the troubled wonder on her small white face intently. "How old are you, my Dryad?" "I am seventeen." "Seventeen! Oh, God be good to us, I had forgotten that one could be seventeen. What's that?" He paused, suddenly alert, listening to a distant whistle, sweet on the summer air. "Oh, that—that is Robin." "Ah—" His smile flashed, tender and ironic. "And who is Robin?" "He is—just Robin. He is down from Cambridge for a week, and I told him that he might walk home with me." "Then I must be off quickly. Is he coming to this gate?" "No, to the south one." "Listen to me, my Dryad—are you listening?" For her face was turned away. "Yes," said Daphne. "You are going to forget me—to forget this afternoon—to forget everything but Robin whistling through the summer twilight." "Yes; because you have a very poor memory about unhappy things! You told me so. But just for a minute after I have gone, you will remember that now all is very well with me, because I have found the deep meadows—and honey still for tea—and you. You are to remember that for just one minute—will you? And now goodbye." She tried to say the words, but she could not. For a moment he stood staring down at the white pathos of the small face, and then he turned away. But when he came to the gate, he paused and put his arms about the wall, as though he would never let it go, laying his cheek against the sun-warmed bricks, his eyes fast closed. The whistling came nearer, and he stirred, put his hand on the little painted gate, vanced across it lightly, and was gone. She turned at Robin's quick step on the walk. "Ready, dear? What are you staring at?" "Nothing. Robin—Robin, did you ever hear of Stephen Fane?" He nodded grimly. "Do you know—do you know what he is doing now?" "Doing now?" He stared at her blankly. "What on earth do you mean? Why, he's been dead for months—killed in the campaign in East Africa—only decent thing he ever did in his life. Why?" Daphne never stirred. She stood quite still, staring at the painted gate. Then she said, very carefully: "Some one thought—some one thought that they had seen him—quite lately." Robin laughed comfortingly. "No use looking so scared about it, my blessed child. Perhaps they did. The War Office made all kinds of ghastly blunders—it was a quick step from 'missing in action' to 'killed.' And he'd probably would have been jolly glad of a chance to drop out quietly and have every one think he was done for." Daphne never took her eyes from the gate. "Yes," she said quietly, "I suppose he would. Will you get my basket, Robin? I left it by the beehive. There are some cushions that belong in the East Indian room, too. The south door is open." When he had gone, she stood shivering for a moment, listening to his footsteps die away, and then she flew to the gate, searching the twilight desperately with straining eyes. There was no one there—no one at all—but when she turned in the lane would have hidden him by now. And suddenly terror fell from her like a cloak. She turned suddenly to the brick wall, straining up, up on tiptoes, to lay her cheek against its roughened surface, to touch it very gently with her lips. She could hear Robin whistling down the path but she did not turn. She was bidding farewell to Green Gardens—and the last adventurer.—By Frances Noyes Hart, in Scribner's Magazine. Young Doctor—Have you never been mistaken in your diagnosis, doctor? Celebrated Physician—Only once. A shabbily dressed man came to consult me one day. I told him he had only got indigestion, and afterward found that he was rich enough to have had appendicitis.

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The seventy-fifth annual teachers' institute will be held in the court house, Bellefonte, beginning with the enrollment of teachers Monday morning and closing at noon on Friday. County superintendent David O. Eiters has prepared quite an elaborate program for the week and every session will without doubt prove very interesting. One very noticeable diversion will be made this year from former years, and that is there will be no evening entertainments. The teachers will be required to attend the morning and afternoon sessions, but their evenings will be their own. This will also enable teachers who have access to automobiles to come to Bellefonte in the morning, attend both sessions of institute and return home in time for supper. The list of instructors scheduled for the week is as follows:

Dr. W. D. Lewis, Deputy Superintendent Public Instruction, Harrisburg, Pa. Dr. James H. Kelley, executive secretary of the Teachers State Association, Harrisburg. Dr. D. A. Anderson, professor of education, Pennsylvania State College, State College. Dr. P. M. Harbold, professor of education, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. Superintendent Jesse Y. Shambach, Department Public Instruction, Harrisburg. Miss Elizabeth B. Meek, representative State Health Bureau, Bellefonte.

Prof. Ted R. Griffiths, musical director, Edwardsville, Pa. Miss Emma M. Moyer, pianist, Rebersburg. The complete program for the week is as follows:

MONDAY, 2 P. M. Devotional—Rev. Geo. E. Smith, United Brethren church, Bellefonte. 2:30-3:10—"Recent Progress and Growth in American Education"—Dr. Harbold. 3:20-4:00—"Teaching to Read"—Dr. Anderson.

TUESDAY, 9 A. M. 9:30-10:10—"Thinking and Better English"—Dr. Harbold. 10:20-11:00—"Needs in Teacher Training"—Dr. Anderson. 11:20-12:00—"Attendance and the Compulsory Attendance Law"—Superintendent Shambach.

1:30 P. M. 1:45-2:25—"Improvement of Teachers in Service"—Dr. Anderson. 2:35-3:15—"The Rural School Program"—Dr. Harbold. 3:20-4:00—"The New School Register and the Monthly Report Cards"—Superintendent Shambach.

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M. Devotional—Rev. Ambrose M. Schmidt, Reformed church, Bellefonte. 9:30-10:00—"Address"—Dr. Lewis. 10:20-11:00—"Educational Forces in Rural Life"—Dr. Anderson. 11:20-12:00—"Interest and Education"—Dr. Harbold. From 10:10 to 12:00 Dr. Lewis will confer with the High school principals and teachers in the grand jury room.

2 P. M. 2:30-3:10—"The Better Rural School"—Dr. Anderson. 3:20-4:00—"Source Material in Teaching"—Dr. Harbold.

THURSDAY, 9 A. M. Devotional—Rev. Reed O. Steely, Evangelical church, Bellefonte. 9:30-11:10—"Back Ground of Study"—Dr. Anderson. 10:30-11:10—"Public Health Education"—Miss Meek. 11:20-12:00—"Teaching the Class and Reaching the Individual"—Dr. Harbold.

1:30 P. M. 1:50-2:20—"The Supervised Study"—Dr. Anderson. 2:30-3:10—"Address"—Dr. Kelley. 3:20-4:00—"Teaching Community Civics"—Dr. Harbold.

FRIDAY, 8:20 A. M. Devotional—Rev. Wilson P. Ard, Lutheran church, Bellefonte. 9:00-9:40—"Teaching Children vs. Teaching Subjects"—Dr. Anderson. 9:50-10:30—"The Social Engineer"—Dr. Harbold. Report of Committees. Selection of Auditors. Filing of Registration Cards. Benediction—Dr. A. M. Schmidt, Bellefonte.

OBSERVE FIRE LAWS WITH AUTOMOBILE.

The following bill recently enacted at Harrisburg will be of interest to autoists in case of fire—some violators of this law have been noticed: Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., That it shall be unlawful for any person, except a person connected with a duly constituted fire department, to drive at an excessive rate of speed to any fire or to race with any fire apparatus to any fire. It shall be unlawful for any person to park any motor vehicle within one thousand feet on the same street of any fire, other than such motor vehicles as may belong to any fire department or may be used by any person connected with any fire department. It shall be unlawful for any person to drive any motor vehicle over any line of hose which for the time being is being used for the purpose of extinguishing any fire. It shall be the duty of the driver of any motor vehicle, upon hearing the approach of any fire apparatus from either direction, to immediately bring his motor to a standstill on his or her right-hand side of the road or street, and to remain standing until such apparatus has passed his or her motor vehicle. This act shall not apply to any ambulance or police patrol. Nor shall any person be held to have violated the provisions of this act with regard to parking if the act of parking was done prior to the commencement of such fire. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction in a summary proceeding before a justice of the peace or alderman, be sentenced to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars.

BUFFALO BULL FIGHTS.

A regal battle for the mastery of the herd of 80 bison, the pride of General Harry C. Trexler's 1,200 acre game preserve at Schencksville, was waged and while the bellowing of the enraged bulls could be heard in Schencksville, but one person, James Roth, a game keeper, witnessed the fight, the like of which he had often heard described, but which he had never before witnessed.

As the result of the battle, an acre of ground was torn up, one bull pretty badly damaged and the other 14 monster bulls (the herd has 16 monster bulls) are now meek animals grazing alone in remote corners of the park or hovering on the flanks of the great herd but keeping a watchful eye on "the boss."

Finally the fight narrowed down to two great bulls. One of them, a monster animal, attacked another big fellow, who held his own and had beaten

all comers. In an instant the two were smashing into each other so that it cracked. Then the first bull was tossed and over an embankment he went, tumbling with a crash fully 20 feet.

The victor walked back to the herd and the rest of the bulls retreated. The battle was won. The buffaloes knew who was boss and quietly went off to graze, the leader taking them into the western part of the park. The bull that was thrown after a while got

up and walked away, maddened it could be seen by the way he was frothing and from his bloodshot eyes. He went to a distant part of the eastern park, towards the Schencksville end, and there he has been seen since. This is the mating season and one bull takes command of the herd. He achieves leadership through physical supremacy, holding it until some other stronger bull comes along.—Ex.

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LOCAL DEALERS DO BUSINESS IN OPEN

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MEET PATRONS FACE TO FACE

Mail Order Men Prefer to Sell at Long Distance Rather Than Deal With People in Their Own Cities.

(Copyright.) One of the stock excuses of the man who orders goods from a mail order house is that there are many things that he wants that the local merchants do not carry in stock, and that it is necessary for him to send away from town to get them.

This explanation may be all right on the theory that a poor excuse is better than none, but it fails to pass muster when it is subjected to a little scrutiny.

Ask the man who offers this as an excuse for his dealings with the mail order man why he does not go to the local merchant and ask him to order the articles desired if they are not to be found in the merchant's stock. The merchant will very gladly do this, and the merchant and customer will both profit. The merchant can sell you whatever you desire at as low a price as the mail order house can make you on goods the same quality and he can make a small profit.

The customer will profit from the transaction, because he will be dealing with a merchant who stands back of the goods that he sells, and who is easily accessible in case the articles purchased do not prove to be all that the customer had expected.

Give Home Merchant Preference.

Why not try this plan the next time you need something which you cannot find in any of your home stores? The merchant in the average sized town cannot carry in stock everything that all of the people in his town may want at all times. It would require a capital many times larger than the average merchant can command to do this, but he does the best he can. He ordinarily does carry in stock at all times many things for which there is no general demand, in order that he may meet the needs of his customers to the greatest possible degree, but there is a limit to his purchasing ability. He is always ready and willing, however, to make every effort to meet the demands of the community. Why

not, then, give him the preference over the far-distant mail order man if you must have something which is not to be found in the local stores? He will do the business in a satisfactory manner, give you as quick if not quicker service and more satisfactory treatment, and the chances are that he will give you better values for the money. Finally, whatever profit is to be made off the transaction will stay at home and do its bit toward making the merchant and his town and, incidentally, yourself, more prosperous.

No business can be transacted as satisfactorily at long range as it can when the two parties to the transaction meet face to face. The only exception to this rule is in the case of the mail order man himself, who can transact his business with greater success to himself at long distance than he could if he had to meet his customers face to face. That is the reason that he does business by mail instead of selling to the people in his own city. If the goods which the mail order man advertises in his alluring catalogues were the bargains that he represents them to be, he would not have to go outside of the confines of his own city to sell all the goods he could possibly obtain. But the average mail order house not only does not make any effort to sell goods in its own city, but will not sell to anyone residing within the city limits. The mail order man does not want to meet his customers face to face. He can do business better so far as he is concerned if his customer is some hundreds of miles away from his office.

Does Business in Open.

The man who sells goods over the counter, on the other hand, does business in the open. He cannot hide behind a corporate name or talk to a displeased customer from behind the locked doors of a private office. He knows that he must face the music in case he is a party to any transaction that won't stand the light of day. He knows that he must satisfy every customer with whom he may be dealing or he will lose not only that customer but probably others who will soon know all the facts if he does not do the square thing by any one of his patrons.

There is no reason in the world for any person to send his money to a mail order house because he cannot find the article he wants in his local store. The local merchant is in business for the very purpose of getting you what you want. He has the information that will enable him to get what you want and to get it as quickly as you could get it from a mail order house. It is only fair to him to give him the chance to make such profit as any dealer would make off the transaction and it is only fair to yourself to keep that profit at home rather than to send it away to some far distant city from which it will never return.

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has always advised buying at home, and it buys at home itself.