

A Corner in Easter

By F. H. SWEET



"All other things equal," remarked Helen Westlake, without lowering her voice to the exclusive hearing of her two immediate companions, "I would marry a man who was particular—fastidious, even—in matters of fashion, and with some individual taste and the firmness to maintain it; and all that equal, a man of quick decision and push in business. Gentlemen aloofness is all very nice, but I prefer a husband who will crowd his way into the arena and lead it, even though his possessions should make such energy unnecessary. Men grow rusty just as rapidly as unused tools."

Two gentlemen were standing in an alcove examining some prints. As the words ceased, one of them looked at his companion quizzically.

"That's for you, Tom," he said in a low voice. "I'm out of the race. She made that plain a week ago."

"Oh, I don't know," said Tom Fallon, carelessly. "The words were rather sweeping, and the Toms, Dicks and Harrys are numerous. Miss Westlake is a very popular girl, and as she says herself, has opinions. I am too hopelessly sluggish to even come within range of her benevolent leverage."

But after they had left the house, and he was walking down the sidewalk, his pleased expression showed that the words were still on his mind, and that he did believe he was within range of her thoughts. Indeed, of late he had fancied there had been a new look in her eyes and a new tone in her voice when he was near. But they had been elusive.

Westlakeville was very aristocratic, very small, and very remote from commercial centers. A hundred miles of uncomfortable railroad traveling, and two days' absence, were the necessities of out-of-town shopping; so the two dry-goods stores and the one small millinery establishment were to a large extent the sources of supply as the last court of appeal of local fashion for the monthly magazines.



"That's for You, Tom."

said robin-egg blue and the local stock was uncompromisingly dark, then it was dark that set the fashion until the stock changed.

A thought of this flashed into Tom Fallon's mind as he was passing the leading dry goods store, and he paused suddenly. The show window was filled with a display of neckwear, all greens and stripes, with many combinations. This style had been having a run in the metropolis the past three or four months, after which, the demand slackening, the drummers had hurried their remaining stock out to such places as Westlakeville, with specious words and mysterious allusions to being just a little ahead of the times.

Tom Fallon's tie was cream, with a leaning to gray; and this shade he had worn for a year, without change. He liked it, and believed it peculiarly suited to his style and complexion. And just as thoroughly he hated green and all its ramifications.

But only a few days before, in one of their semi-confidential moods, Helen had spoken disparagingly of the tie, and commended the progressiveness of the other young men, who had already adopted green combinations. Tom lingered by the window a few moments, then turned suddenly and entered the store.

"No, not a thing, Billy," he said to the proprietor, whom he knew. "I'm just idling away time. Fine display in the window there. Good trade, I suppose—making money—getting rich?"

"No such thing," energetically. "Folks think storekeeping's something great, but it's just struggling along on the very surface of starvation. I'd sell out in a minute if I could get an offer."

"Just talk, Billy," sarcastically. "You mean you would sell if offered several times the cost—say five or six thousand dollars?"

"No, I'm in earnest. I'd be mighty glad to sell at cost, for three thousand—for twenty-five hundred, cash."

"Well, I'll take it."

suppose we draw up the papers at once. There's a lawyer next door."

Billy stared, then laughed incredulously, and with some relief.

"It's you who're talking now," he rejoined. "You've never done a day's work in your life, and you couldn't run a store if you tried. Besides, you've got too much money to fool with business."

"I'll have a try at it, anyhow—unless you back down on your word."

"Oh, I won't back down," dolorously; "if you really mean it."

A half hour later the papers were made out and signed, and the money



Had Spoken Disparagingly of the Tie.

passed. Then Tom turned briskly to the late proprietor.

"What are you going to do now, Billy?"

"Don't know," miserably, "unless I get a clerkship somewhere until I can find a place to start again. I'd never have said what I did to a regular business man. It's enough money, I suppose; but I didn't want to sell. I couldn't live away from the counter."

"I am glad to hear that," heartily. "Now I'll engage you to manage the store for me. First, I want you to pack away everything you've got with green in it, dress goods, gloves, ties—everything. Pack them away; so thoroughly they can't be got at under two or three months at least; then I'll let you have a thousand dollars to go and buy some cream and gray goods with. You know more about buying things than I do. We'll make such a display of cream and gray as Westlakeville never knew before."

"But—good Lord, man!" in dismay. "That would ruin the store! Green is fashionable now, and cream gone out."

"We'll force it back, then," coolly. "Well, hurry things along, and then rush the new goods down from the city. And say, watch the other store, and cut prices freely. We want brisk competition. But some of the new goods at cost, and dazzle the town with Easter bargains. And oh, yes, don't mention this sale for the present."

He went out and sought the other dry goods store. An hour later that was his also, with the proprietor engaged and given similar instructions. Then he went to the millinery establishment.

It still lacked five weeks of Easter, and the fashionable people were waiting for the first of the month to bring their new magazines with the latest possible hints on Easter costuming. When they came there was a general rush to the stores and millinery establishment.

Tom Fallon was running up a column of figures when Helen Westlake



"We'll Force It Back, Then."

hurried into the millinery store, her face worried and full of consternation.

"Show me some goods in green," she said to the girl behind the counter—"anything. I never heard of such poor business men! There isn't a bit of green in either of the stores, and even your window here is filled chiefly with hats in all combinations of cream and gray. But it's green that's in fashion, not cream. Surely you must have something in green packed away."

"Not in green," the girl answered. "We have goods in all other colors and shades; but all except the cream and gray are put aside for our dis-

EASTER DAY

Words cannot utter
Christ His returning:
Mankind, keep Jubilee,
Strip off your mourning,
Crown you with garlands,
Set your lamps burning.

Speech is left speechless:
Set you to singing,
Fling your hearts open wide,
Set your bells ringing;
Christ the Chief Reaper
Comes, His sheaf bringing.

Earth wakes her song birds,
Puts on her flowers,
Leads out her lambskins,
Builds up her bowers;
This is man's sponal day,
Christ's day and ours.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

play opening. They're the most beautiful."

"Oh, they're beautiful enough," impatiently. "But the whole town has turned cream and gray in the last ten days. I don't know a girl who isn't being costumed in some of its combinations. But I want a bit of green for fashion's sake. Please find some."

The girl shook her head.

"You'll have to ask the proprietor," she said.

Tom came forward gravely.

"Won't you?" began Helen; then she stopped, stared, and began to comprehend.

"Tom Fallon, what are you doing there behind the counter?" she demanded.

"Crowding my way into the arena," he answered mildly.

Helen colored and bit her lip, then started resentfully toward the door. But half way there she paused, choked and broke suddenly into a ringing laugh.

"You may show me the prettiest things you have in cream and gray," she said to the girl, as she returned again to the counter. "After all, it will be in fashion—Westlakeville fashion, at least."

When she left, Tom accompanied her to the door.

"I hope—" he began.

"Oh, that's all right," she interrupted. "I don't mind—now. But the



The Girl Shook Her Head.

idea of you making a fashion, and—crowding into business like that! Yes," anticipating the request in his eyes, "you may come up this evening if you like."

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Significance of Easter Egg. The colored Easter egg, which is today chiefly a means of entertaining children, has in reality a profound sacred significance. The egg has from the remotest ages been regarded as the symbol of creation or new birth, and all the ancient religions possessed ceremonies in which the egg figured in this emblematic sense. The Christians adopted it as the symbol of the resurrection of Christ and, in the early ceremonies, it was colored red in allusion to His blood shed for sinners on the cross.

Through the centuries since the beginning of Christianity various games and contests have been played everywhere in Christendom in which the egg held a prominent part.

Egg-Rolling Is Old Custom. The custom of coloring eggs, rolling them, battling over them is really as old as the goddess Eostre and is among the inheritances common to all Germanic tribes whether on the continent or in the British archipelago.

In this country the Pennsylvania Germans were enthusiastic followers of the ideas and customs of Easter-tide from the days of William Penn. In 1850 and until 1855, in Philadelphia on Easter hill—now leveled, lost and forgotten among the thickly built-up residences on Broad street north of Girard avenue—rolling colored eggs, picking them when held in hand and fighting joyfully in the egg contests made up an annual feast of merriment.

Palestine Always Holy Land. Whatever form each different creed may adopt in celebrating its Holy week the dominant note is the same—it is the spring of the year, the time for freedom, the true resurrection, the dawn of life and hope. To Christian, Moslem and Jew alike Palestine will ever remain the Holy land, the cradle of so many faiths, for which so many have faith for the future.—Toledo Blade.

Real Estate Transfers.

Andrew J. Cook, et al, to Mary E. Kelley, tract in Bellefonte; \$78.65.

Harry Dukeman, sheriff, to Wm. Bowser, tract in Philipsburg; \$5,900.

John L. Krumrine, et ux, to Adam H. Krumrine, tract in State College; \$1.

Blanche Hays Hiller to George E. Rothrock, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$100.

John Stoner, et ux, to Mary E. Sholl, tract in Penn township; \$691.50.

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F. P. Musser, et ux, to Mary E. Sholl, tract in Penn township; \$25.

Philipsburg Coal and Land Co., to Irvin Confer, tract in Rush township; \$600.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to W. F. Taylor, tract in College township; \$100.

Katherine S. Musser to Harry T. Hoover, tract in Spring township; \$500.

James K. Reish, et ux, to L. L. Weaver, tract in State College; \$300.

Joseph W. Reifsnnyder, et ux, to Geo. W. Frankenberger, tract in Millheim; \$275.

C. O. Broome, et ux, to Warren G. C. Thompson, tract in State College; \$5,800.

Amos Garbrick's Exrs., to Emma C. Dan, tract in Spring township; \$210.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to W. F. Taylor, tract in College township; \$200.

W. H. Thompson, et ux, to Herbert Woodward, tract in Howard township; \$1.

S. D. Ray, et al, to Joseph V. McCulley, tract in Bellefonte; \$300.

Mrs. Mary J. McCulley to Joseph V. McCulley, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

W. C. Martin, et ux, to Lewis E. Biddle, et ux, tract in Spring township; \$7,800.

Philipsburg Coal and Land Co. to Dominico A. Pizzerto, tract in Rush township; \$225.

Wm. Bowser, et ux, to S. Edward Watkins, et al, tract in Philipsburg; \$3,000.

Samuel Waite to George W. Magerfelter, tract in Pleasant Gap; \$1,500.

Sarah R. Rager to Mary R. Dale Miller, tract in State College; \$4,000.

Carl S. Weaver, et ux, to Leif A. Olsen, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

Jared Harper, et ux, to Charles C. Keichline, tract in Bellefonte; \$3,500.

Jared Harper, et ux, to Charles E. Rockey, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1,800.

—The owner of every radio receiving set in Great Britain must pay \$2.20 a year license fee. At present there are but four broadcasting stations in the United Kingdom. They are located at London, Birmingham, Newcastle and Manchester. It is illegal to remove receiving sets from one point to another.

Getting Up Nights

This is One of Nature's Danger Signals. E. E. Mullen Tells Experience.

E. E. Mullen, No. Kenova, Ohio, says: "For 10 years, I have been troubled with kidneys and bladder. I had to get up 5 or 6 times each night. I had taken many kinds of medicine, but Lithiated Buchu (Keller formula) is the only kind that gave me any relief. My bladder is normal and I have only used the remedy for three weeks. If you want further facts, write me."

Lithiated Buchu (Keller formula) acts on the kidneys and bladder like Epsom Salts on the bowels. It cleans them out, relieving the bladder of many abnormal deposits. These tablets cost 2c apiece. The price makes it possible to place in the formula several drugs which are useful for relief. The formula is on the package. It is not likely you have ever taken anything similar. Try a few tablets for backache, scalding, scanty or high-colored urine, and frequent desire at night.

Be sure to get the Keller formula Lithiated Buchu at all drug stores, or write Keller Laboratory, Mechanicsburg, O., or locally at C. M. Parrish Drug Store, Eagle Bldg., N. Allegheny St., Bellefonte.

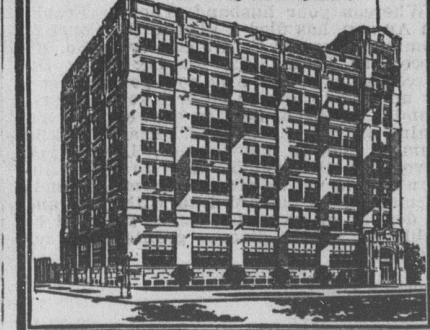


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500 Farm Boys to Get \$15,000 for Penn State.

Five hundred boys from Pennsylvania farms are guaranteeing to raise one-tenth of the entire \$150,000 fund with which the potato growers of the State are to erect a new student hospital at The Pennsylvania State College. All the boys are potato growers themselves and through the generosity of Michigan growers they expect to turn over \$15,000 to the hospital fund next fall.

Several car loads of disease-free potato seed have been donated to the

college towards the fund by the Michigan Potato Producers' Association. Professor E. L. Nixon, the extension plant disease specialist of the college, evolved the plan of distributing this seed to the boys' potato clubs where they promised to multiply each bushel and turn over the proceeds to the hospital fund. Over two hundred boys in Butler county have pledged an average of \$50 each and will receive 800 bushels of first-class potato seed to grow this summer. Forty bushels will go to the five members of the Hopewell Potato club, of Cumberland county, and 750 bushels will go to 100 boys in Blair county.

The Blair county boys have had a guarantee of \$2500 for 2250 bushels of potatoes which they will raise and sell, the guarantee being given by the Union Bank of Altoona.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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A. Fauble