

Bellefonte, Pa., June 6, 1924.

THE GARDEN.

I planted a garden on a sunshiny day And marked well each flower bed there, I pictured a wonderful bower in May, And rejoiced that my world would b

As each tiny seedling sent forth its head I nurtured and watered it well, And covered them oe'r when chilling winds

sped. Yet deep was the woe that befell.

Though I'd marked each plot with names of the seeds

And planted the most wonderful bowers Instead of the blossoms came thistles and weeds.

I'd mistaken such seeds to be flowers.

So oft did I sow in the springtime of life, And hoped that each flower would be fair.

But they blossomed forth brambles and thistles of strife Till life's garden was bleak with despair.

Then did I watch and study the seeds Till I knew every weed from a flower. I listened to wiser and holier creeds. Then planted the seeds of true power.

For in life as with flowers the seeds that we sow,

Be they orchids or brambles or weeds, Pay no heed to our hopes, but spring forth and grow Just as we've planted the seeds.

-Kansas City Star.

IN EVERY PORT.

(Concluded from last week). Garrett was making pleasant conversation with a touch of condescension. "You've never been out here before, Mr. Nicolls?" "I had a couple of years in China,"

said Nicolls amiably.
"How did you like it?"

"Found it very interesting. Off the regular trail of course. It's no life to falter in." "Where had you rather have duty?"

inquired Garrett courteously. "Oh, no especial place," said Nicolls. "'Home is where the heart is,''

quoted Margot wickedly.
"'W'erever I 'ave been, I've found it good," Nicolls supplemented bland-

She flung him a sidewise glimmer of appreciation. He smiled down at her caressingly—lightnings playing under the very nose of the wholesomely insensitive Garrett-then the three of them came to the steps of Rosie Morrison's big white house, and the foamy tide of the party took them and bore them along. Once in that first unremarkable evening Mar-got danced with Nicolls. She had driven out to the Moana, by Rosie's somewhat tactless arrangement, with Garrett, in his great, high-powered roadster; and with Garrett, by some He stopped her awkward and unforseen chance, she remained. He was a man who knew briefly, what he wanted and had various rather heavy-footed ways of keeping it where he wanted it. So that Nicolls, driving out with Rosie herself, found the evening well along before he could

detach Margot and carry her off. He scarcely spoke while the music sounded. Margot said nothing at all. She let herself go deliberately, and clung to his protecting shoulder with small, slim, trusting fingers. She would have liked to shut her eyes, but her sense of humor wouldn't let her. They danced four encores and looked at each other flushed and gloriously intoxicated when the smiling Hawiian boy at the piano got up and walked

"Give me the next," said Nicolls

briefly.
"Sixth from now," breathed Margot. She swirled her fan in lovely, feline half-circles, while they stood at the top of the steps in the wake of

the outpouring crowd.
"Will there be six more tonight?"
"Not likely."

"Then where do I get off?" She shrugged her soft lips twisting in the smile that was only in books. "You work fast, I think you said?"

"Come down on the pier with me, and sit out the intermissio, anyhow," said Nicolls. He took her arm with a touch of

proprietary insistence. She felt that he would have liked to shake her, and as a matter of fact, at the moment, that was exactly what he would have liked best to do. Various eyes observed their pass-

ing. Rosie gestured feigned disapproval. Garrett called to Margot as she slipped by their table: "Want your scarf?

"You see?" said Margot with a soft little sigh. "I shall be well taken care of—in case—"

The pier was reasonably dim, not frame. too closely populated. Margot and Nicolls sat down upon a bench looking Nicolls sat down upon a bench looking toward the open sea. He opened his hand, and she lay hers within it. Moonlight lay upon the waves like a web of torn and streaming silver web of torn and streaming silver From Diamond Head a search-lease. From Diamond Head a search-lease from Diamond Head a s light flung its cruel and passionless question across the dark. It touched the crest of a wave and made it naked turned a question across the dark. It touched the crest of a wave and made it naked in the night; picked a rocking sam-will you?" she inquired weakly.

She wiped her eyes at last and tween, the world fell sweetly away to the sea, full of deep, fragrant shadows, laved by a murmurous tradepan out of mysterious nothingness and dropped it back again; fingered the sky like an atheist's doubt of God; swept insolently back and forth among the stars-and was gone. "Will you come to dinner on the New York tomorrow night?" asked

Nicolls. "Why, I think so. Is it a party?"

me?"
"Why not take the whole week and have done with it?" she drawled pro-

"You're on!" Nicolls said at once. "That was what I wanted after all, if know." this is going to be a perfect ten days—"

magnetic tremors in the fingertips.

"I'll tell you, Margot," he said slowly, drawing the tips of her imprisoned fingers gently across his cheek till they came to his lips and lingered there, "what I'm afraid of is learning sense. There's a lot of fun in being a fool and knowing it. But it goes with the teens and twenties. Thirty begins to demand the merest trifle of filling in the dear old bean.

She dealt at first in generalities, and Margot, brushing out her long and lovely hair before the dressing-table, responded politely but without marking the tips of filling and lovely hair before the dressing-table, responded politely but without marking the tips of filling in the dear old bean.

"And don't you know I wouldn't kiss you unless you wanted me to?"

Margot, brushing out her long and lovely hair before the dressing-table, responded politely but without marking the tips of interest, seeing which, Rosie abandoned suggestion and came out into the conversational open.

"Jim Nicolls," she remarked abstractedly, "has been engaged to half a dozen girls to my certain knowledge pointed out.

That night, Garrett approached the magnetic tremors in the fingertips. trifle of filling in the dear old bean. Something tells me that, at times. I have my intelligent moments. Just now, however, I'd give the Lord High Admiral's job—the earth and the full-ness thereof—the whole bally show for this brief friendly session with you on the edge of the Pacific—God bless the bird that discovered it! Look

at me, Margot!" She smiled with averted face. "You're afraid to!"

"Not yet. I'm conserving my emotions. You'll have us in love and out of it again before the week's half gone, at the rate you're going. Besides I hear the music beginning, and I have this dance."

She stood up. He did the same, reluctantly. "How early can I call you in the

morning?" "Oh, you are a treasure!" said Margot amusedly. "Not before eleven, if you care ever to see me again. The poor working-girl has to sleep some

time, you know.'

He called her at five minutes before eleven, and in a carefully-darkened room with the trade-wind puffing the curtains languidly in and out, she put the hair out of her eyes, yawned, stretched her pretty arms above her head, and sat up in bed to answer

"Good morning, Miss Castleman," said that slightly drawling voice, oddly disturbing to an even pulse-beat. She answered after a drowsy second, "Yes-Jim?"

He said instantly on an exaggeratedly different note: "It's so, then? I thought I must have dreamed it!"

"Perhaps I only dreamed it, too." "So long as we both dream it, who He added coaxingly, "It's

been a long time, Margot!" He had asked Rosie and a Mrs. Carstairs for dinner on the ship that night. It was the usual fiesta, in a long, brightly-lighted wardroom with attentive Filipino boys at everybody's elbow, with a piano against one wall,

a phonograph against another. A gorgeous afterglow hung in the western sky as Margot went up the gangway. Later the moon rose in a flare of white fire, against which the skeleton masts of the great, gray ship hung sinisterly dark. That night while the other men of

the party, a rotund Commander and a small, dark, amiable Paymaster, were surreptitiously displaying the photographs of their respective wives and children to Rosie's and Mrs. Carstairs' sympathetic eyes, Nicolls drew Margot aside and led the way into his own quarters; a compact, narrow, tidy place with every inch of space ef-

He stopped her with a hand on her slender arm before his desk and said

"Look, Margot!" The desk held the held the usual writing materials, a book or so, an ash-tray, a box of cigarettes, and a large, oval, silver frame—empty.
"I want you to fill it for me," said

Nicolls gently. She looked up at him, half smiling: 'I'm the first, of course?"

"The first that really matters."
"That's fair enough," murmured
Margot. "But how unusual!" "Perhaps I'm not the Turk, you seem to think me, after all. A man sometimes has an ideal, you know." "Well, of course, an ideal isn't necessarily permanent," she admitted.
"I hadn't really thought of you as

such a constant lover. Still-He looked down at her reproachfully, and his voice had a wooing husk.
"Had you thought of me at all except as one more victim?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Mar-"You make me feel absolutely carnivorous!"

An upper drawer of the desk stood open ever so little, a bit of pasteboard protruding carelessly. In that monkishly ordered room it offended. Halfunconsciously Margot put out a fas-tidious finger and thumb, tucked the pasteboard down, and tried to push the door shut:

"Let me!" said Nicolls quickly. Their fingers met on the knob. It wast at best not a large drawer, and perhaps Margot pulled where she under a great silvery-leafed kukui meant to push. In any case there was and watch the day fade. Nicolls fola moment's confusion, a slight rasping sound, a thick flutter of more pasteboards than one, and suddenly the drawer come open, spilling photographs all the way. There was only one thing the photographs had in common—say, perhaps two. They common—say, perhaps two. They were all feminine—and they had all been cut to the size of the silver

Margot stood with one hand on the desk and laughed. After a moment

"You're an angel," said Nicolls, shoving the pictures back in the drawer and jamming it to with a grin. "That's all you are, a little, brown-haired angel!"

"Oh, I rather like the thought of being the first that really mattersout of several dozen," said Margot sweetly. "It shows the most fascinat-"It will be, if you'll come. I'll get ing determination on your part really one or two couples to fill in. What

one or two couples to fill in. What are you doing Monday?"

"I don't know. Rosie's keeping the itinerary. Is this a questionnaire?"

"Tuesday there's a dance on board the West Virginia. Will you go with me?"

But she refused that night to make an engagement with him for the following afternoon.

"You've forgotten," she assured him mildly, "that Mr. Garrett is having us all for tea at his Tantalus of it yourself?" he objected tenderly. "I quiver in the breeze of emotion," caid Margot. "I quiver in the breeze of emotion," caid Margot. "but luckily for you, stay for supper under such circumstances. "You'll like Tantalus. It's

the mountain back of the town, you

her. Her hand lay very warm and small and soft in his, with strange general and of the Service in special. general and of the Service in special. Margot!"
She dealt at first in generalities, and "Quite

scribable softness.

Rather badly. There's something ready to mount and ride of. about him—I'll admit it—" ready to mount and ride of. "I think you know," he

"If he hasn't, it's only because you kept him too busy," retorted Rosie good-naturedly. She added, after an artful moment: "I was just thinking of the difference between a man like Jim and a man like Walter Garrett." "H'm'm!" said Margot sweetly, if

ed expresses it mildly. She'd give an eyebrow to get me out of the way."
"Well," said Rosie, "he's just at the place—if you ask me—where you can

either have him or lose him.

"Nibbling, but not quite hooked," suggested Margot. "Only," warned Rosie thoughtfully, delica man war bas! Don't crowd him, my lamb. He's see?" apt to disapprove of something-Jim Nicolls-or something-and go off in the opposite direction before you know it.

"In which case I couldn't very well run after him and beg him to come

back, could I?"

"No-o—" said Rosie reluctantly,
"you couldn't. So it might be just as
well not to let him get a start." She lingered in the doorway, having got that far. "A little puritanism in a husband, Margot, isn't such a bad

thing."

"A little prosperous puritanism," tation. "Think it over, if you want accepted Margot smiling. "Don't be a cynic, Rosie dear!"

broke off with a likable touch of agitation. "Think it over, if you want to. I won't come to see you again, until you telephone or write me that

Nevertheless, she knew, and Rosie knew, that the situation would take a bit of handling. Walter Garrett had not yet, as Rosie delicately suggested, "declared himself." And it was a declaration that meant a good deal in the matter of Margot's future. She liked him, or she would not have considered him at all, but she sometimes wondered, with a touch of amusement at her own sophistry, how much she would have liked him in overalls with his dinner in a bucket.

"Mercifully one doesn't have to decide that!" she evaded.

As for Nicolls, she turned back with relief to the sheer sparkle and froth of his fooling. He called her on the wire two or three times a day, begin-ning always with a wheedling drawl which tipped up one corner of her mouth in spite of her, "It's been a long time, Margot!" He would have monopolized her entire schedule, if she had allowed it. Which she retained wisdom enough to refuse to do. She danced with him endlessly-they were conspicuously good at it togeth-er—but in the welter of parties with which Honolulu celebrated the stay of that especial fleet, she tried, at least half-heartedly, not to overlook Garrett and his possibility of a claim."
"Only Jim's such fun!" she said

plaintively to Rosie.

She told him to his face: "I don't know how I ever got along without

Nicolls said mock-gloomily, "I'd like it a darned site better if you stayed awake at night to think of me." got. "Well, perhaps I'll try it. Who good a man as Garrett. knows?"

That was at a second party of Gar-rett's arranging in his Tantalus. Sunset had come on by delightfully imperceptible stages and found a mi-

Margot had slipped away to stand them go, and a slight frown settled sic, the sound of laughing voices and the indescribable rustle of dancing feet. Night was coming over the sea, a swan-song. My life is settled. You over the mountains, and slowly over a are going to see quite enough of me range darkened, a jagged line. In between, the world fell sweetly away to ows, laved by a murmurous trade-

"It's a great old earth!" said Nic-olls suddenly. "D'y know, Margot, I like it! I like you on it."

"And I like you, old dear," said Margot dreamily. "Isn't it nice that we arranged to let ourselves go and like each other with abandon, so to speak? It's like running up a wild account at a beautiful shop and knowing you'll never get the bill. Oh, Jimmy, how grateful you should be to get this. I feel it."

said Margot, "but luckily for you, James, I'm my own stabilizer. Let's go back in the house and dance. If his is going to be a perfect ten ays—"

That night Rosie Morrison wanderad into her house-guest's bedroom, a little before midnight, and spoke feel
That night Rosie Morrison wanderad we stay here and stare at the stars coming out, no telling what may happen—and I don't like to be kissed by strange young men."

"Am I a strange young man?-Oh,

"Quite strange enough," said Margot firmly, "for all practical purposyou? Don't be a cave-man! It isn't | "Jim—" she said, "are you by any

Margot stopped, inside a safe disious—"just a rotten male flirt? Hontance from the house, and looked over
estly, Margot?"
her shoulder at him demurely. "Ex"I think you're a professional asking you to marry me, right now.

Rosie sat down upon the bed, although she had not been asked to do
so, and continued: "He couldn't afson and continued: "He couldn't afamenable. Also, if he had chosen to
so and continued: "He couldn't afson and continued: "He couldn't af

about him—I'll admit it—"
"Rosie, has he been making love to you, too?" asked Margot reproachfully. She breathed a delicious sigh of laughter.

"I think you know," he told her, "The Deane girl really considers when he had her well away from curble out to when he had her well away from curbl him that much, if she cares for him. like that gracefully? She's spoiling If she wants him to care for her, she it all."

Ought to give him a lead. It isn't fair Nicolls objected with his endearing that he should be allowed to ask, ungrin: "After all, you know, there are smile on his childish lips.

Some Navy wives"

"Messanger?" he inevised and the down that steps to the interise and the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the steps to the interise and the same with the same

"Yes, what?" asked Margot innocently. Then Rosie's warning muttered in her brain and she caught herminded him demurely. "The creature "H'm'm!" said Margot sweetly, if non-committally.

"Margot, think how pleased your people would be, if you went back engaged to Walter!"

"My stepmother in especial!—Oh, Rosie dear," said Margot, "the fatted calves would overflow the place. Pleasing of averages it mildly. She'd give an collection of the basis of the brain and she caught herself up. "Surely—surely, you don't mean that a girl should let a man know that she—cares—for him, before he has asked her?"

"She could give him a lead," Garthe note to Garrett has matter of speaking. "After which, suppose he never brain and she caught herself up. "Surely—surely, you don't got him in the end."

She woke Tuesday the note to Garrett has matter of speaking. "After which, suppose he never brain and she caught herself up. "Surely—surely, you don't got him in the end."

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She woke Tuesday the note to Garrett has matter of speaking. "After which, suppose he never brain and she caught herself up. "Surely—surely, you don't got him in the end."

"After which, suppose he never asked her?"

"A man has his pride." "Why, so has a girl," said Margot, smiling.

It was easy enough to hang a reprisal on that. She fought him with actly the sort of man I've always indelicate stubbornness. "Oh, but what tended to marry. What could be man would want a girl who let him nicer?"

nership," said Garrett.
"Limited," said Margot. "Isn't it,

In the end, he pinned her down to something like an understanding.

"You can't help knowing what I mean, Margot. I'm not much of a talker, but I believe I could make my wife happy. I've never asked any woman to marry me, yet. When I do, it'll be because we both know—because she meets me half-way—" He broke off with a likable touch of agitation "Think it was if your it

I may. Take until Wednesday."
"Why Wednesday?" asked Margot carefully. She remembered all at once that on Wednesday the Fleet

"The Manoa goes up on Wednesday. There's some business that needs looking after in San Francisco. If I don't hear from you-

The inference touched Margot. She felt that his fingers, holding her bare arm to guide her up the slope to the house, were cold and trembled a little. His voice, too, had the shaken renely high, and smiled and sighed. note that no woman ever mistakes, once she has heard it.

She told him impulsively: "I wouldn't hurt you for the world. You have been very sweet to me. Only—can't you see? All a girl's training is against allowing a man to know—herself a little nearer Nicolls' reasured to the fire, the sea lay take of three miles from Middle-dark and mysterious, at the edge of a town. This is a county detour, in bad condition. It is suggested that traveledged with chill. Margot hunched el between Harrisburg and Lancaster use the state road through New Cumwhat she may be feeling—until he asks her."

If he had asked her in that moment-but he didn't. He had the stubbornness of a pride which fears

"I'll be waiting for just a line to say you want to see me. That'll be enough."

Margot stayed awake late that night, with the newest of the dance tunes streaming through her head, and decided to send that line. After all, why pretend to herself? She had come out to the Islands half-hoping the solution of her life might lie there. you, Jim! You are the paprika of my days. I wake up sometimes in the middle of the night and laugh just to think of you."

And the most exacting young woman could hardly ask for a more eligible solution than Garrett promised to afford. She had already refused one or think of you." two decent possibilities. She could see her step-mother's critical smile if she came home empty-handed, so to "I dare say you would," said Mar- speak. It should be easy to love as

"I'll send him a note Tuesday evening, just saying, 'Please come,' 'determined. "Meanwhile—" she

It was in that "meanwhile," of course, that slim, sharp hoofs and a nority of the guests happily engaged about the bridge-table, while the music-boys, singing on the broad lanai, hept most of the others dancing.

Course, that shift, sharp hour and a forked tail lay neatly concealed.

Only four days to Wednesday! And no delicate balancing between two kept most of the others dancing. self go like moon-mad seventeen. She danced, she swam, she dined, she drove, with an increasingly ardent lowed her as a matter of course. Gar- Nicolls. She wore all her prettiest rett, looking up from his game, saw frocks with a wild disregard of consequences. Garrett's wife would have

> blonde curl at the back of her neck. "Never mind, Rosie dear! This is a swan-song. My life is settled. You

Sunday was a long, wild day at somebody's beach-place, on the windward side of the Island—hours in a warm blue sea—hours on warmer yellow sand—the perpetual drone of the phonograph—the recurrent lotus-dream of dancing—laughter that bub-bled like golden wine. It did not seem possible that life could be so young, so careless, so shining!"

whispered in her ear once, beneath clangorous cover of a jazz record; he drew her a little closer and tightened "Don't forget it before you sail-

"Do you know, Margot." Nicolls

"Are you going to write to me, Margot?" "I am not. I always let the dead past severely alone. Which shows you can trust me, Jim!" "You don't love me, Margot."

his beautifully reproachful eyes.

"Would you like me to love you? No entangling alliances, remember!"

you cold little thing!'

your type." "What do you think I am?" he de- me?"

manded of her, suddenly almost ser-

tance from the house, and looked over settly, Margot?"

"Jim Nicolls," she remarked abstractedly, "has been engaged to half a dozen girls to my certain knowledge —and it always fell through."

"How embarrassing for the half-dozen!" said Margot with an independent of the half-put him off. If he had not selected the come of it. I'm her shoulder at him demurely. "Exher shoulder at him demurely. "I think you're a professional breaker of hearts," said Margot air-life. That night, Garrett approached the matter of his affections, and Margot while I'm dancing. Haven't you node the same like some like that yet?"

She did not look at him demurely. "Exher shoulder at him demurely. "I think you're a professional breaker of hearts," said Margot air-life. That night, Garrett approached the matter of his affections, and Margot while I'm dancing. Haven't you node the same like the same like same like the same like th

ford to marry if he wanted to. He's demand instead of suggesting, but his ephemeral deepened into vast signif-in debt, as well. I heard it tonight. pride had one foot in the stirrup, icance before the threat of approachicance before the threat of approaching farewells.

She woke Tuesday morning with a head. "You're an hour late," she said vague sense of something overwhelming ahead and lay remembering that "She could give him a lead," Garthe note to Garrett had fallen due, in a
matter of speaking. She got out of
"Make any difference. Margot?" matter of speaking. She got out of bed and wrote it, quickly and clearly, "Please come." That and not another word, on an undated card. Wrote his name on the envelope and left it lying on her desk.

"After all," she mused, "he's ex-

All of which occurred at about elev-"Marriage isn't a game; it's a part- en o'clock in the morning.

At about eleven o'clock that night, having in the reckless meantime lunched with Nicolls, teaed with Nic-olls, and taken him shopping to buy an embroidered kimono for his mother, Margot hid her face in her armsshe was lying on the sand of Waimanalo beach before a large and beautiful bonfire-and groaned.

Nicolls lying at no great distance with his chin propped on his hands, his eyes somewhat moodily fixed on the flame, inquired briefly, "What's the matter?

"Forgot to send a letter," said Mar-

"Important?"

"Want me to go back to town and attend to it for you?" "Jim, you don't know how funny you are!

Margot looked around the fire at the other members of Rosie's aloha party, chiefly sunk in a murmurous and closely-grouped quietude. Then she looked up at the moon, riding se-

"Sorry. I didn't intend to be fun-

"I can send it the first thing in the morning," she said.
Out beyond the fire, the sea lay

suring shoulder. "Tomorrow, this time, I'll be gone," he said in a low voice. "Tomorrow, this time," she echoed. from She could see with an odd distinctness line. the way Garrett's hair grew down on the back of his neck. She did not

like men whose hair grew down like that. "What are you going to give me to remember you by?" he asked her. "A poem," said Margot instantly, "about you and me." She did not She did not know why the lovely old words came back to her. She began to say them,

softly: "'Beside the idle summer sea And in the vacant summer days Light Love came floating down the ways,

Where you were loitering with me * "Go on," said Nicolls curiously quiet. "What's the rest of it?" She patted his sleeve with a little

"'Who has not welcomed, even as we, That jocund minstrel and his lays Beside the idle summer sea And in the vacant summer days? "'We listened, we were fancy-free:

And lo! in terror and amaze

We stood alone-alone at gaze

laugh.

With an implacable memory Beside the idle summer sea." She had suddenly an odd fear of her own voice when she had finished, and got to her feet hurriedly. The last, words had not been easy to saythey had caught in her throat and

she frightened her. soft, "Let's go home!" she begged. "It's getting late, and I am so tired." It was half after eight of a fine, cool Wednesday morning when she called the Territorial Messenger Service and asked them to send her a boy

> Thereafter she dressed slowly and a trifle heavy-eyed. She had not slept, and she hated herself for not sleeping. What little sleep she achieved had been riddled with dreams of Jim Nicolls, and she hated herself for that. He came—as she had half-hoped, half-dreaded he would—by nine o'clock-an unheard-of hour for him

and for her.

In Rosie's long, shadowy drawing room, with bowls of dewy yellow lilies about, he caught her hand and drew her over to stand by a sheltered window-seat. She sensed an artistic parting and lifted a smile to meet it. "Margot," he said abruptly, huskily even. "I told you I was in debtand that any girl would be a fool—I dare say, whatever I may have omitated the said abruptly. ted, somebody else came through with."

"You have been labeled Dangerous," that's all I ask of you," Margot whis-pered in return. She laughed up into an unexpected thrust that he should find it necessary to go through with such explanation again-explanation

or excuse. "Well, it's all true," he continued grimly. "So you can laugh at me if you want to—only—Margot—I can't quit here! If there's any chance in the world."

"I could break you in my two hands, It was, perhaps, his last perfect move ou cold little thing!" in a perfect game, to leave her osten-

chance trying to become engaged to

"I am not," said Nicolls unsteadily. ing ever seemed to come of it. I'm

ed and dazed her: "You did for your-self, Margot darling, with your "implacable memory' last night. It went home like a knife." "Yes, didn't it Jim!" she whispered, choking back a sob.

down the steps to the license and the

Half an hour later on their way

"Messenger?" he inquired amiably. "Lady telephoned." Margot looked at him with something like panic in her eyes. Then she drew a long breath and shook her

-"just an hour."
Nicolls put his hand in his pocket

His voice still shook a little when

NO DETOURS ON

SUSQUEHANNA TRAIL.

There are no detours on the Susquehanna trail this spring. The State Department of Highways has issued a bulletin announcing detours on the important highways and the Susquehanna trail is not in the lot.

These detours are of interest not only in the locality in which they exist, but to the thousands of trans-Pennsylvania travelers who are already on the roads and who will throng Pennsylvania thoroughfares until snow flies in November. Detours on important cross-state roads are as follows:

The Lincoln Highway-West of Downingtown, on route 142, in Chester county.

The Baltimore Pike—In Delaware county, east and west of Media. Sunbury-Scranton-Between Sun-

bury and Danville, necessitated by construction work near Danville. This detour is over 20 miles in length. Wilkes-Barre-Mt. Pocono-On route 169, between Wilkes-Barre and the Monroe county line.
Pittsburgh-Erie via Butler—Between Harrisville and Slippery Rock

on Route 73. Reading-Pottsville—At Shoemakers-ville, Berks county, on route 160. Harrisburg-Lancaster—For a distance of three miles from Middle-

berland, York and Columbia to Lan-Clearfield-Ridgway-On route 59, from DuBois to the Jefferson county

Coudersport to the Susquehanna Trail-At the Potter-Tioga county line; (2) west of Wellsboro. In Tioga county, between Troy and Mansfield. In Centre county there are three detours, one at Millheim, one between Millheim and Woodward

and one between Bellefonte and Huntingdon. In Northumberland county there are detours between McEwens-ville and Turbotville at McEwensville, at Turbotville and between Red Cross and Mandata. In Sullivan county, at Eagles Mere.

ANIMALS ARE CHARMED

BY MUSIC. The Pied Piper of Hamlin was a great fellow, but he didn't have a thing on medical students of Philadelphia—so the students say. They contend that whereas the Pied Piper only charmed rats, they are charming dogs

music on animals, the rats and dogs have been subjected to the music ranging from modern jazz to Wagnerian opera. "As soon as the music started," one of the students explained, "the rats stopped scampering and became very jerky and excited. I also noticed that

With a view of making definite psychological tests of the effect of

the higher the pitch of music the more excited they became while slow, soft music seemed to soothe "But my experiments with dogs proved more striking. One dog howled until the music ceased while another fell asleep under its influence. It would be difficult to draw any conclusions from this, except that some dog natures are irritated by unusual harmonies of sound while others react pleasantly."

The experiments also were carried on with human beings as subjects. It was found that Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" is a good antidote for maniacal depressions. The works of Chopin are recom-

mended for intense grief while a good musical cure for nervous exhaustion can be found in "Marldova of Someto-va" by Grier. The solemn movements of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Thanausses, is cited as an antidote for furious mania.

"We are just beginning to understand the curative powers of music," was the conclusion, "and there is no reason why it should not be used more in medicine as a soother of human

Meeting Expectations.

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them.

"Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno bout dat. I allus lowed when de Lord sent me tribulation he done Margot did not look at him at all. spec' me to tribulate."