

Bellefonte, Pa., July 2, 1926.

#### AMERICA FOR ME.

'Tis fine to see the old world and travel up and down

Among the famous palaces and cities of renown; To admire the crumbly castles and the

statues of the kings, But now I think I've had enough of an tiquated things.

So it's home again and home again, Amer

ica for me! My heart is turning home again, and

there I long to be-In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town; there's pow er in the air,

And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair, And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's

great to study Rome, But when it comes to living there is no

place like home. I like the German fir woods, in green battalions drilled;

I like the gardens of Versailles, with flashing fountains filled;

But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day In the friendly western woodland, where

nature has her way! I know that Europe's wonderful, yet some thing seems to lack.

The past is too much with her and the people looking back, But the glory of the present is to make

the future free-We love our land for what she is and what she is to be

Oh, it's home again and home again, America for me! I want a ship that's westward bound to

plow the rolling sea. To the blessed land of room enough beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

-By Henry Van Dyke.

#### SHOES.

The sign, swaying lazily in front of his tiny corner shop, bore a simple legend. "Tony—A Five-Cent Shine," but without looking he knew that the girl's head was leaning back against it read, in letters that were black and more impressive than the owner of the shop! For Tony was a slim little high courage to refuse the nickel she man, with hair that curled crisply away from a boyish forehead, with not quite. But the smile he gave her, eyes that were as wistful as the eyes when he spoke his customary "Thank of a stray puppy and as warm as you—ver' much oblige—" was so tenold wine. A slim little man with der, so full of understanding, that the hands that were forever grimed with girl returned it with a swift, nervousthe colors of his trade, and with an English vocabulary as limited as it ness. was necessary! A man lonely for the blue skies and vivid sunshine of his native land—who worked on the dustiest side-street of a dusty city with died away, "you oughter be a host at one of these here night clubs. You got that welcomin' personality—" iest side-street of a dusty city with only voiceless dreams for company,

unimpressive little man—one felt a despite the shabbiness of the blue this here jam, Hampton?" Or "Say, certain rare quality, a certain splen-serge she always wore. With feet as Hampton, could you give a feller a did appeal, in Tony's smile. A smile lovely as lyric rhyme notwithstanding that was given freely and often to the broken gear that covered them. those who were his daily patrons, and And as she became a regular customion. to those who came only once. To the folk who tipped an extra five cents, That she worked for a pitifully small folk who tipped an extra five cents, and to the folk who did not tip. When Tony smiled, he became a poet. He became something fine and unexplainable-but with a blessed rhythm, an

buil work, it might seem—the polishing of shoes. But there were few dull times in Tony's day. He had, you see, the gift of imagery. He liked to wonder where the shoes of his customers came from and where they would go. He liked to guess what paths those shoes would stumble over, dancing moments. It was with a be-

pennies of toil and privation and sacrifice; shoes that had been purchased with the crimson coin of shame and tears. The shoes of a city-with its comedy and tragedy, its joy and its everlastin' shiny serge," she cried,

And to every pair of them Tony gave a bit of himself, a fragment of his soul. Smiling ever his cheery smile. Repeating always his English form-

"Ni-ce day, yess?" he would say.

And then, "You want 'em dark—
yes?" (If they were tan shoes.) Or
"You want 'em high polish—yes?"
(If they were black.) And then, when the shoes were finished:

oblige. You come nother time-yess?"

nearly romantic by the hurrying feet of all her laughs—and flounce from the world—when She first came inundisguised weariness. A slim girl he was Tony, the man who shined her with a white face and a tremulous, scarlet mouth. With a small head crowned by so much heavy, twilight hair that one felt it to be a burden.

A circl whose blue scarce freek was A girl whose blue serge frock was people he admired and respected. But shiny with too steady wear, whose shoes were cracked and broken and came into his shop, Tony felt a creepsad. Tony's first thought, as he surveyed those broken shoes, was one of he hated to clean the shoes of Hampregret those broken shoes, was one of inarticulate pity. For the feet in them were slender and gracefully modeled—too pretty, those feet, for the wearing of shabby things! It was many different pairs of shoes made of many

only when he glanced up from the shoes, with his usual friendliness, that the voiceless dreams became real. That they were crystallized into a crying, tremulous, throbbing certainty. It was only when he met the glance of the girl's eyes—pansy-colored, discontented, tiredly impersonal -that he forgot pity in another, more

poignant emotion. Love at first sight? Yes—it comes even to the Tonys of the world! Comes shyly, but with a breath-taking suddenness. As the man rubbed the paste into the shoddy leather deftly, with a thumb and forefingerhe was wishing inarticulately that his hands might make easier the way those slender feet must tread. As he applied the brush, the last dingy, flannel cloth, his throbbing heart was lying upon the floor at the girl's feet. When she rose, with a movement so tired that it fairly ached, from the bootblacking chair, he stumbled ahead of her to open the door. And felt strangely ashamed to accept the worn nickel that she proffered him. She did not give him a tip, but her impersonal eyes became a trifle more aware

of his existence when he bade her the customary farewell. And—
"Oh, I'll come again," she told him good-naturedly though listlessly. 'Some night when I'm too dog-tired to black my own shoes I'll come You've done 'em real pretty -made 'em look just fine," she sighed. 'An' you didn't have much to work

It was a week later that she came again to the corner shop. More wear-ily than she had come the first time, if anything. With the throbbing scarlet of her mouth set, like a wound, against the pallor of her lovely face. Seeing her, Tony realized that the shoes he had been shining of the past seven days had been only ghost shoes. And that, when his hand touched her broken little slipper, it was as if a lower were blossoming in his soul. "You want 'em high polish—yess?" he questioned—as he always question-

And the girl answered. "Say-if you kin make a high polish on these here," she told him, "you'd oughter be

paintin' scenery for the opera!' As she spoke she laughed. It was an ugly laugh to fall from red lips. Tony, at her laughter, felt a sudden, unexplainable fear clutch at his heart. He worked silently, never raising his glance from the cracked, sorry shoes, girl's head was leaning back against the wall, that creamy white lids were even and a foot high, in letters far drooping over her eyes. Almost when his task was finished, he found the when he spoke his customary "Thank ly radiant glimmer of mock happi-

"Say, kid," she said, as the smile

So-quite as a matter of coursewith only a vague desire for companionship as his ambition.

So date as a matter of contract of the girl became one of Tony's regular customers. Drifting in once—maybe And yet—though he was a wistmul, twice—a week. A flame-like figure, erential. It was, "What'd you do in wage in the bargain basement of a cheap department store. That she was alone in the world. That sometimes she was about ready to toss a coin as a way of deciding between gas and the river. Only ste usually didn't have a coin to toss! That an occasional shine, a more occasional shine, a more occasional shine, a more occasional shine, a more occasional of his right hand. Perhaps it was the of his right hand. Perhaps it was the or was a few persons and according to the state of his right hand. soda, and a once-a-week visit to the aroma of expensive cigars and per-

luxury.
"Not that you know what I'm sayin', Tony—" she remarked once. what waltz tune would guide their when she and the little bootblack had the wee shop to themselves. "Not coming reverence that he imparted to that you get me a-tall—being a wop a new pair of slippers their first pol- an' not understandin' th' English lam-. ish. It was with a serious pride that he made a worn pair of oxfords glimit in this man's town. When she ain't mer with the phantom of youth!

Many kinds of shoes came over the threshold of Tony's tiny shop. The stolid shoes of business men. The gay shoes of little chorus girls. The sensible shoes of husy boysenives. sensible shoes of busy housewives.
The silly shoes of the butterflies of life! Shoes that were bought with the pennies of toil and privation and sacvan't be pretty even in furs an' di'-monds." She laughed mirthlessly, and then, "Don't think I enjoy wearin'

throbbing heart-break!

Oh, many kinds of shoes came into Tony's shop! Shoes that needed care and shoes that needed consolation.

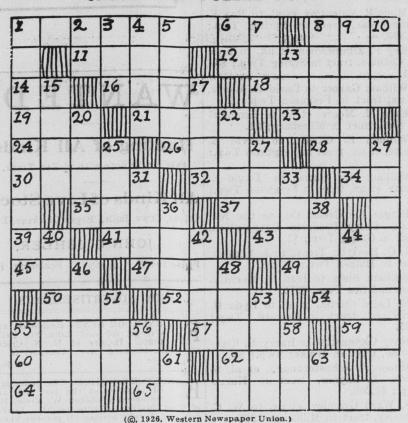
Tony's shop! Shoes that needed care and shoes that needed consolation. A passionate movement of one slim most a kick and just missed Tony's nose. Tony wished he hadn't jerked his head back instinctively. It would have been pleasant to be hurt, even,

by her! For Tony, during the weeks in which the girl had become a patron, had come to understand that she regarded him much as one regards a dumb animal, or any article of furniture, of a machine. As he knelt at "There, these are done! You like her feet in a grotesquely adoring at-'em—yess? Thank you—ver' much titude, he realized that she never had thought-and doubtless never would And he would pocket the nickelor, if the customer were generous, the dime—with his all-embracing smile. It had been so for a year—a year knew that if he gave an invitation to made busy and quite profitable and dinner, she would laugh—the ugliest to the tiny shop. At the close of a fered theater tickets as a humble dark day she came, with drooping gift, he knew that her scorn would shoulders and a step that spoke of flick like a lash across his soul. For

whenever the man called Hampton

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

#### CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 4.



34-Sun god

Horizontal. 1-Boat on which Pilgrims came

over 8-Watering place 11-God of love

12—To subdue 14—Negative 16-Curved entry way

18-Comparative of bad 19—To jump 21—Platform

23-Augur 24-Mohammedan call to prayer

26-To peruse 28-Church bench

30-Doctrine 32-Filth 39-Preposition

43-Sixteen ounces 45-To arrest

47-To become fatigued 49-Woody plant

50-To chafe

50—To chaire
54—Auditory organ
55—Leather strip
57—A fruit 59—Note of scale 60-Disembarked 62-Kind of apple

64-Periods of time (abbr.)

63-Bachelor of science (abbr.) Solution will appear in next issue.

different leathers. Hampton was appreciative of the smallest effort. Sometimes he came alone—this Hampton-sometimes with a friend. Attired, usually, in well-tailored suits built of some grotesque check. Wearing almost al ways the gayest of cravats. The naybe friends that came with him were de

Perhaps it was the narrow, white well-manicured fingers of Hampton that Tony so cordially loathed. Perhaps it was the way he had of simultaneously narrowing eyes and lips. movies constituted her only bits of fumed hair oil that clung to lim. Tony could not analyze his dislike of the man. But it flared into a sudden hatred on that dim evening when Hampton, swaggering into the siop, seated himself in the chair nex: to Tony's only other customer—the Girl. And fastened his eyes-bold eyes all at once narrowed and speculative— upon the bit of ankle that showed between the blue serge hem of the grl's skirt and the worn top of her shoes. And-though the girl did not seen to be aware of Hampton, Tony knew that she was. For she did not talk to him as she wont to talk. And once her eyes fastened themselves upon the flashing stone that shone upon Hamp-ton's white hand. Fastened themselves and looked away quickly, vith more than a shade of an emotion ;hat might have been fear.
When the Girl had hurried avay

When the Girl had hurried avay, and Tony had turned almost sulkily to the polishing of Hampton's suedtopped boots, the man spoke.

"Some chicken, that, eh Tony?" he questioned genially—and Hampton could be genial! "She wouldn't be so had if she was dolled up a little an' fed up a lot. Know where she works?"

Tony applied the liquid polish with a vehement splash. He was glad that a drop of it found lodging upon the suede top of an ornate boot. "No," he answered untruthfully. "I do not know where she work. An'—he added thiis last with dark, somber eyes upon the face of the questioner, 'she e-es not a cheekain-see?"

e—es not a cneekain—see?"

Hampton laughed easily. "They all are, Tony—" he said softly.

Tony found it hard to pocket the quarter from which Hampton waited

no change.
The first time Hampton spoke to the Girl—and she answered hin— Tony saw red. The leashed pasion of his hot-blooded ancestors made im long for a knife, strong, keen, and swift, insteady of the sticky bush that he held in his hand. And yet Hampton, desipte his narrowed yes, said nothing offensive to the girl. "Tony gives a nice shine, don't le?"

The girl answered with an up ard flutter of long, dark lashes. "He sure does," she admitted.

Hampton was silent for a morent.
And then: "I reckon you come rere pretty often?" he questioned. "I kid that does a lot of dancin' an' uch

Solution to Cross-word Puzzle No. 3

46-Scorches

Vertical.

1-Borough of New York

4-Master

5-Boy's name

8-To divest

13—To weep 15—To exude

17-Hastened

20-Sharp pain

22-To embark

27-To let fall

33—To blow a whistle 36—A foray

38-Unadulterated

40—A person of 42—To encase

4-Not distant

53-The darnel weed

58—Hastened 61—Physician (abbr.)

48-To build

55-Crafty

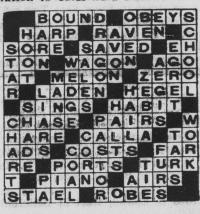
29-Nomads

31-Sour

9—To bother 10—Part of "to be

6-Printing measure

2—You (archaic)
3—Brother of a religious order



Again the girl's lashes fluttered up. "I don't do a lotta dancin'," she answered bruskly.

Hampton laughed. He managedwith a sheer touch of genius—to put a flattering note of umbelief into his laughter. "You don't!" he repeated after her. "Try an" tell me that a tricky kid like you ain't got a doorstep fulla Valentinos waitin' fer a kind word!"

A flush dyed the girl's pale cheeks. "Say, looker here," she told Hampton angrily, "I ain't got no feller—see? I don't hold much with these drugstore sheeks. I'm straight—see! That's why I wear th' kinder shoes! do. These ain't shabby on account of fox-trottin'." She held out for inspection the shoe Tony had finished the shoe encasing so meanly her lovely foot. "They're all shot t' pieces standing eight hours a day behind a

Hampton's eyes were more nar-rowed than ever, but his voice came gently when he spoke. "Poor kid," he said simply "Poor kid—"
That was all. But Tony, with a

strange sinking of the heart, acknowledged the man's cleverness. For though the girl's cheeks were rather deeply flushed, she was no longer an-

After that they talked together often, Hampton and the Girl. Of many things—of motion picture stars and baseball heroes, of horses and clothes and the theater. Hampton came into the shop every night quite eagerly-and he always came alone. No longer did he bring with him an ingratiating, derferential friend.

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1)



#### 679,410 Draw Pensions.

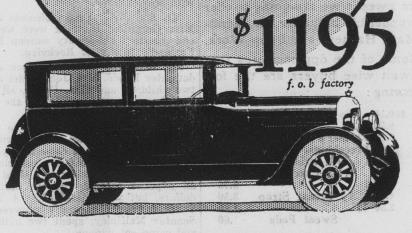
There are 679,410 veterans of the the German Government for support. past 50. They are so badly maimed or diseased that their earning capacity, if any, is less than 25 per cent. of normal. Included in the total are 1150 women, chiefly former Red Cross nurses.

The War Ministry says 65 per cent. of the incapaciated were more than 30 years old when they entered the World War wholly dependent upon service. Nearly 20 per cent. are now

> -The trouble with the easy-going fellow is that he doesn't always know when to stop.

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