

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 crumbling castles and the statues of the kings. But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things. So it's home again and home again, America 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 power 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 battlements 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 something seems to lack. The past is too far 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's Five-Cent Shine," it read in letters that were black and even and a foot high, in letters far more impressive than the owner of the shop! For Tony was a slim little man, with hair that curled crisply away from a boyish forehead, with eyes that were as wistful as the eyes of a stray puppy and as warm as old wine. A slim little man with hands that were forever grimed with the colors of his trade, and with an English vocabulary as limited as it 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 only voiceless dreams for company, with only a vague desire for companionship as his ambition. And yet—though he was a wistful, unimpressive little man—one felt a certain rare quality, a certain splendid appeal, in Tony's smile. A smile that was given freely and often to those who were his daily patrons, and to those who came only once. To the 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 almost musical cadence, about him. Dull 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, what waltz tune would guide their dancing moments. It was with a becoming reverence that he imparted to a new pair of slippers their first polish. It was with a serious pride that he made a worn pair of oxfords glimmer 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 busy housewives. The silly shoes of the butterflies of life! Shoes that were bought with the 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 throbbing heart-break! Oh, many kinds of shoes came into Tony's shop! Shoes that needed care and shoes that needed consolation. 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 formulae: "Ni-ce day, yess?" he would say. And then, "You want 'em dark—yess?" (If they were tan shoes.) Or "You want 'em high polish—yess?" (If they were black.) And then, when the shoes were finished: "There, these are done! You like 'em—yess?" "Thank you—ver" much obliged. You come nother time—yess?" And he would pocket the nickel—or, if the customer were generous, the dime—with his all-embracing smile. It had been so for a year—a year made busy and quite profitable and nearly romantic by the hurrying feet of the world—when she first came into the tiny shop. At the close of a dark day she came, with drooping shoulders and a step that spoke of undisguised weariness. A slim girl 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 girl whose blue serge frock was shiny with too steady wear, whose shoes were cracked and broken and sad. Tony's first thought, as he surveyed 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

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—defly, with a thumb and forefinger—he 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 again. You've done 'em real pretty—made 'em look just fine," she sighed. "An' you didn't have much to work on, neither."

It was a week later that she came again to the corner shop. More wearily 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 his own shoes. And that, when his hand touched her broken little slipper, it was as if a flower were blossoming in his soul. "You want 'em high polish—yess?" he questioned—as he always questioned.

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, but without looking he knew that the girl's head was leaning back against the wall, that creamy white fids were drooping over her eyes. Almost when his task was finished, he found the high courage to refuse the nickel she proffered in payment. Almost—but not quite. But the smile he gave her, when he spoke his customary "Thank you—ver" much obliged—"was so tender, so full of understanding, that the girl returned it with a swift, nervously radiant glimmer of mock happiness.

"Say, kid," she said, as the smile died away, "you oughter be a host at one of these here night clubs. You got that welcomin' personality—"

So—quite as a matter of course—the girl became one of Tony's regular customers. Drifting in once—maybe twice—a week. A flame-like figure, despite the shabbiness of the blue serge she always wore. With feet as lovely as lyric rhyme notwithstanding the broken gear that covered them. And as she became a regular customer, Tony began to learn about her. That she worked for a pitifully small 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 she usually didn't have a coin to toss! That an occasional soda, and a once-a-week visit to the movies constituted her only bits of luxury.

"Not that you know what I'm sayin', Tony—" she remarked once, when she and the little bootblack had the wee shop to themselves. "Not that you get me a-tall—being a wop an' not understandin' th' English language. But, say, a girl's up against it in this man's town. When she ain't got no people of her own—an' when th' only boy fren's she can have are th' sort she don't want! Honest, Tony, when I see some of th' women that com' my counter in their fur coats an' diamond rings! Say, I could pretty near scratch their eyes out, I'm that sore. Fat dames mostly, with near blonde hair. Dames that can't be pretty even in furs an' diamonds." She laughed mirthlessly, and then, "Don't think I enjoy wearin' everlastin' shiny serge," she cried, "an' these—"

A passionate movement of one slim foot disclosed the sad little slippers—a passionate movement that was almost 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 her feet in a grotesquely adoring attitude, he realized that she never had thought—and doubtless never would think—of him as a man, as an individual. Though he knew that she seldom had a square meal, he also knew that if he gave an invitation to dinner, she would laugh—the ugliest of all her laughs—and founce from his shop, never to return! If he offered theater tickets as a humble gift, he knew that her scorn would flick like a lash across his soul. For he was Tony, the man who shined her shoes. Her confidant, perhaps—but also her servant. . . . There were some shoes that Tony liked to shine, shoes that belonged to people he admired and respected. But whenever the man called Hampton came into his shop, Tony felt a creeping sensation of distaste. Somehow he hated to clean the shoes of Hampton, even though Hampton was one of his most regular and liberal customers! Even though Hampton wore many different pairs of shoes made of

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 fill 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 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.

Grid for Cross-Word Puzzle No. 4 with numbers 1-65 indicating starting points for words.

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- Horizontal. 1-Boat on which Pilgrims came over. 8-Watering place. 11-God of love. 12-To subdue. 14-Negative. 15-Curved entry way. 18-Comparative of bad. 19-To jump. 21-Platform. 23-Augur. 24-Mohammedan call to prayer. 28-To peruse. 28-Church bench. 30-Doctrine. 32-Filth. 34-Sun and moon wheel. 37-A circle. 39-Preposition. 41-To attract. 42-Sixteen ounces. 45-To arrest. 47-To become fatigued. 49-Woody plant. 50-To chafe. 52-Arrow. 54-Auditory organ. 55-Leather strip. 57-A fruit. 59-Note of scale. 60-Disembarked. 62-Kind of apple. 64-Periods of time (abbr.). 65-Shams. Vertical. 1-Borough of New York. 2-You (archaic). 3-Brother of a religious order. 4-Master. 5-Boy's name. 6-Printing measure. 7-Uncooked. 8-To divest. 9-To bother. 10-Part of "to be". 13-To weep. 15-To exude. 17-Hastened. 20-Sharp pain. 22-To embark. 25-To require. 27-To let fall. 29-Nomads. 31-Sour. 33-To blow a whistle. 36-A foray. 38-Unadulterated. 40-A person of violent temper. 42-To encase. 44-Not distant. 46-Scorches. 48-To build. 51-Evil. 53-The darning wood. 55-Crafty. 56-Energy (slang). 58-Hastened. 61-Physician (abbr.). 63-Bachelor of science (abbr.).

Solution will appear in next issue.

different leathers. Even though 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 always the gayest of cravats. The friends that came with him were deferential. It was, "What'd you do in this here jam, Hampton?" Or "Say, Hampton, could you give a feller a slant on th' fourth race they're pullin'?" Always they asked his opinion.

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. Perhaps it was the flashing stone that he wore in his tie—the other stone that sparkled upon the third finger of his right hand. Perhaps it was the aroma of expensive cigars and perfumed hair oil that clung to him. 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 shop, seated himself in the chair next 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 girl's skirt and the worn top of her shoes. And—though the girl did not seem to be aware of Hampton, Tony knew that she was. For she did not talk to him as she went to talk. And once her eyes fastened themselves upon the flashing stone that shone upon Hampton's white hand. Fastened themselves and looked away quickly, with more than a shade of an emotion that might have been fear.

When the girl had hurried away, and Tony had turned almost sulkily to the polishing of Hampton's scuffed boots, the man spoke. "Some chicken, that, eh Tony?" he questioned genially—and Hampton he could be genial! "She wouldn't be so bad 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 this last with dark, somber eyes upon the face of the questioner, "she es not a checkan—see?" Hampton laughed easily. "They all are, Tony—" he said softly. Tony found it hard to pocket the quarter from which Hampton wanted no change.

The first time Hampton spoke to the girl—and she answered him—Tony saw red. The leashed passion of his hot-blooded ancestors made him long for a knife, strong, keen, and swift, instead of the sticky bush that he held in his hand. And yet Hampton, despite his narrowed eyes, said nothing offensive to the girl.

"Tony gives a nice shine, don't he?" he asked. The girl answered with an upard flutter of long, dark lashes. "Heure does," she admitted. Hampton was silent for a moment. And then: "I reckon you come here pretty often?" he questioned. "Kid that does a lot of dancin' an' such needs a lotta shines!"

Solution to Cross-word Puzzle No. 3.

BOUND OBEYS HARP RAVEN C SORE SAVED EH TON WAGON ACO AT MELON ZERO R LADEN HEGEL SINGS HABIT CHASE PAIRS W HARE CALLA TO ADS COSTS FAR RE PORTS TURK T PIANO AIRS STAEL ROBES

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

Hampton laughed. He managed—with a sheer touch of genius—to put a flattering note of unbelief into his laughter. "You don't?" he repeated after her. "Try an' tell me that a tricky kid like you ain't got a doo-step fulla Valentinos waitin' for 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 I do. These ain't shabby on account of fox-trottin'!" She held out for inspection the shoe Tony had finished—the shoe encasing so meekly her lovely foot. "They're all shot 't pieces standing eight hours a day behind a counter."

Hampton's eyes were more narrowed 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 angry.

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, deferential friend.

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1)

Advertisement for Runkle's Drug Store featuring a box of Nature's Remedy for liver ailments. Text: 'Better Than Pills For Liver Ills. You can't feel so good but what NR will make you feel better. RUNKLE'S DRUG STORE.'

679,410 Draw Pensions. There are 679,410 veterans of the World War wholly dependent upon the German Government for support. 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 incapacitated were more than 30 years old when they entered the service. Nearly 20 per cent. are now past 50. —The trouble with the easy-going fellow is that he doesn't always know when to stop.

Advertisement for Studebaker Standard Six Coach. Features: 'One-Profit Savings bring you these quality-car features in the Studebaker Standard Six Coach at \$1195 f.o.b. factory'. Includes an image of the car.

Highest Quality Upholstery. STUDEBAKER uses the finest grade of wool upholstery. Compare the depth of Studebaker cushions and seat backs with cars costing \$1000 more. Inspect the interior workmanship. There are no cloth-head upholstery tacks, raw edges or cheap binding braid in Studebaker interiors—"hand-tailored" for beautiful appearance.

Advertisement for Beezer's Garage. Features: 'Finer Body Construction, Costly Alloy Steels, Completely Machined Crankshaft, Durable Finish, Heavy Steel Fenders, Pressed Steel Instrument Board (Wood Backed), Fully Waterproofed Ignition, Coincidental Lock and Automatic Spark, Most Powerful Car of Its Size and Weight, Oil Filter, Gasoline Strainer and Air Cleaner, Full Equipment at One-Profit Price'. Location: BELLEFONTE, PA.

Advertisement for a restful night on Lake Erie. Features: 'on one of the Great Ships of the C&B Line makes a pleasant break in your journey. A good bed in a clean, cool stateroom, a long, sound sleep and an appetizing breakfast in the morning. Steamers "SEANDBEE"—"CITY OF ERIE"—"CITY OF BUFFALO". Daily May 1st to November 15th. Leave Buffalo—9:00 P. M. Eastern Leave Cleveland—9:00 P. M. Arrive Cleveland—7:00 A. M. Standard Time Arrive Buffalo—7:00 A. M. Steamers "CITY OF BUFFALO" arrives 7:30 A. M. Connections for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and other points. Ask your ticket agent or tourist agency for tickets via C & B Line. New Tourist Automobile Rate—\$7.50. Send for free sectional puzzle chart of the Great Ship "SEANDBEE" and 32-page booklet. The Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Co. Cleveland, Ohio. Four C & B Steamers in Daily Service Fare \$5.50. Your Rail Ticket is Good on our Steamers. C&B LINE.