

SHE OF THE DANCING FEET.

What would I do in heaven, pray, I with my dancing feet, And limbs like apple boughs that sway...

REALITY.

"But now and then," she said, "in the long summer evenings, sitting there in my little mousy corner on the great old high-backed settle, with Lois always opposite Torrey, and Harry always opposite Alice, I used to look out through those long French windows across that wisp of greensward, across the pounding combers, across all those far, mysterious little outlying islands, and wonder who was sitting opposite me? In France? In Spain? Funny, isn't it?" she questioned laughingly again, "but always at the sea, no matter where you are, you always think it is France or Spain that you look across to. Almost, indeed, I could picture that far man who sat opposite me. Some one like myself perhaps, who didn't just quite fit in anywhere, but just sat staring out and wondering, wondering, A dark man? A swarthy man? Even with rings in his ears like a picture-book pirate?" she laughed out gayly.

A little shiver of gooseflesh woke along Wainright's spine. Impulsively he tried to mask his discomfiture with a laugh.

"The only man I know," he said, "who has a saber scar on his cheek, the only swarthy-faced man, that is—" Once again that curious little shiver struck across his spine. "By Jove!" he said, "by Jove!" Half quizzically he turned back into the hall, strode to the bookcase that held his college treasures, fumbled through the shelves, drew out a cumbersome photograph album and began to turn the heavy pages.

"Eric—Eric Nordman," he mused was that the face she had conjured up for herself? Conjured it all unconsciously from the mists of an old photograph album, and thought it was from the mists of Spain. A faint gasp of impatience slipped from his lips. The page marked "Eric Nordman" was empty. "Helen," he called out sharply across his shoulder, "where in thunder—? You indexed and arranged these pictures for me! There's a picture missing."

"Is there?" said Helen Tennant. With a vaguely courteous interest, but no essential concern, she lifted her eyes speculatively to his. "Oh, yes, of course! Don't you remember?" she reminded him suddenly. "There was one picture that didn't quite fit the page? Too big it was, and its focus or something made all the other pictures look so funny, so you threw it into the waste basket. I didn't notice it specially, but—" For the first time then, and then only, the faintest possible flicker of self-consciousness twinkled across the girl's lips. "But there was a twist of old lemon peel in the waste basket," she laughed, "and a lot of old trash from your desk—and it didn't seem quite respectful company somehow for any human features, so I went back in the night, and took the picture and tore it into a million fragments and threw them into the sea!"

"And jolly well served him right," chuckled Wainright, "for that's just precisely where he threw himself. Out of his family, out of his college, out of his business, out of everything, just to slash his way, like a bally old pirate, up and down the ports of the world. And even when he's at home, they tell me, he lives like a wild man, or a hermit, on some craggy old island somewhere, in a shack not a single inch bigger than just what will cover his books and his violin. At odds with every body. Morose, misogamist; and yet, by Jove!" he kindled suddenly, "I saw him once in the woods with a wounded fawn. I—" A warning hand touched his sleeve. It was his wife's.

"It's not your reminiscences, dear, that we're most interested in at the moment," she whispered.

"Oh—" growled Wainright. With a half smothered laugh they all turned back again to the girl on the arm of the chair.

As though vaguely disquieted or distracted by the interruption, she slid suddenly down to the floor and stood before them.

"Just where was I?" she questioned.

"You were telling us about, about one night, dear," reminded Alice Wainright gently.

"Oh yes, of course," laughed the girl instantly. "One gets so, so sort of rattled sometimes! And then one night," she resumed almost recitatively.

"One night of the third summer, you mean?" prompted Alice significantly.

"That night of the third summer," attested the girl. "And then that night of the third summer," she persisted resolutely, "just happening to glance back across the room at you all, I felt suddenly very queer, oh, very queer. I mean. Pinched myself, and didn't seem to be there! The most unutterable sense of panic and shock swept over me. Here was I, I reasoned, suffering all this time because I thought myself to be the only real person in a

world of shadows. But, instead of that, I was the shadow, it seemed, and only you were the substance. You, and you and you! I gasped your names, and it made no sound. 'Merciful heavens!' I thought, 'even if I screamed they wouldn't hear me! They don't even know that I'm here! If I should go, they wouldn't even know that I'd gone!'

"Then I, who had been so engaged and enraptured for three years, six months and two days, was it? but never specially satisfied, found myself suddenly to be unengaged and un-enraptured, disembodied even, and perfectly happy!"

"Heigho!" I said; 'I will waft myself away then—'waft' was just exactly the word I felt—'waft myself away to my own mate, to that other unreality on the other side of the world!'

"Helen!" protested Lois. "But even as I crossed the room," persisted the girl, "I thought I would give all you real people just one more chance to save me! 'If Lois even looks up, I will not go,' I promised; 'if Torrey even smiles—if Alice—'

"Helen!" protested Alice. "But Lois didn't look up," said the girl, "nor Torrey smile, nor Alice—"

She began to smile a little herself. "And when I reached the French windows," she said, "I stepped on Harry's dog, and he didn't even growl, crashed straight across Alice's precious phlox garden, and never bruised a flower!"

"Helen!" protested Wainright. With a little chuckle the girl crossed to the window and drew back the curtain, gave a little gasp of delight at the dazzling scene outside.

"The moon was like tonight!" she said. "Even the little sheltered cove gleamed and beamed as if a child had painted it. Silver daubs on the waves; silver daubs on the shore; silver daubs on the sky even. The dock was just about twenty-two steps long, I remembered—twenty-one hoppy-skips, as it were, and then one stride. All I'd have to do, I reasoned, was just to count, and when I got to the stride, just keep on going. It sounded perfectly simple."

"Y-e-s-," chattered Lois. The girl at the window turned suddenly round and laughed. Her face in the moonlight and the candlelight was frankly eerie.

"But when I got to the end of the dock," she said, "there was a boat tied up there, a silver boat with a flopping silver sail, and in the shadow of that silver sail, the jetty-black silhouette of a rather roughly dressed and foreign-looking man. But when he lifted his startled face to the light I saw his eyes, and that he had a silvery saber-scar across his swarthy cheek. And then I knew!"

"Knew what?" cried Alice. "That he was the man," said Helen. "What man?" demanded Lois. The demand was almost a scream.

Helen Tennant looked just a little bit surprised.

"My man," she said. The statement was final.

"Oh—don't, don't tell us that he had rings in his ears!" babbled Lois hysterically.

The girl at the window laughed again. "I must have startled him dreadfully," she said. "What in the world do you want?" he cried out.

"What do you want?" I countered. I was just a bit startled myself.

"He looked a little surprised at the question."

"God knows!" he admitted.

"Oh, if one could only be sure that he does," I said. "Let's go and ask Him!" And I jumped into the boat.

"Helen!" protested Bradence. "As though it had been scorched in a silver flame," cried the girl, "the silver painter frayed from the silver piling. In a gesture of sheer self-preservation, the man snatched the tiller and turned us out from the bobbing black buoys and splintered timbers into the silver tide."

"Are you just a little bit mad?" he said.

"No; only tired," I told him.

"Tired of what?" he demanded.

"Of play," I said.

"Of play!" he cried out. His voice was fairly scoured with incredulity. Reaching out half scoffingly from the tiller he touched the filmy hem of my gown, pointed to my silly feet, frantically.

"An unctuous combustible substance," he scoffed, "you tired of play?"

"It's God's truth!" I said. "Take me away with you!"

"Then quite suddenly he dropped the tiller and jumped up and took my face in both his great rough-palmed, weather-beaten hands and turned it up into the light of the moon and looked at it, and looked at it and looked at it. 'And just what in the world do you think I could give you, my girl?' he laughed.

"Work," I said.

"He gave a little gasp. 'Work?' he said. 'Work? Work? Over and over again I heard him saying it."

"All around the silver prow of the boat the silver ripples chirked and chortled. It sounded like a gigantic cocktail-shaker! As if the gods themselves were shaking up the ingredients of a gigantic decision!"

"Yes?" stammered Alice Wainright.

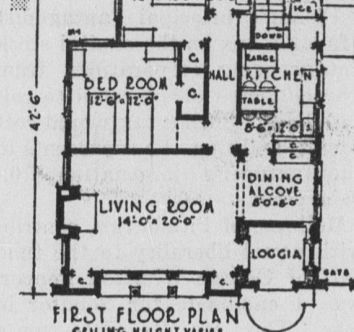
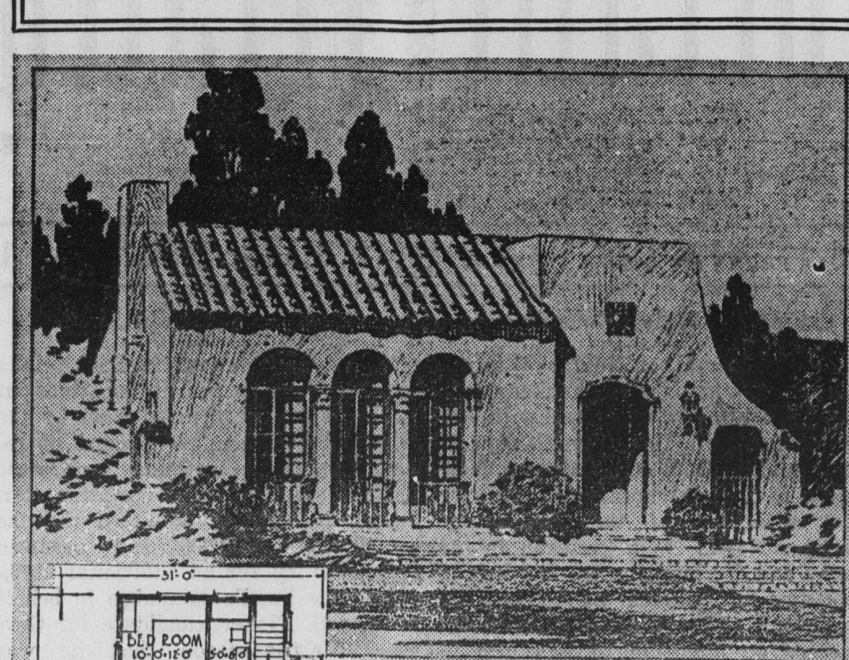
"And when the decision was made," said the girl quite simply, "we drank it together from a single cup, soberly, like a sacrament."

"Y-yes?" stammered Lois Wharton. "And then suddenly," said the girl, "the man turned up his own face to the open sky and laughed right up into the face of God, as it were. Like friend to friend, I mean. I had never heard a man laugh just that way before."

"Y-yes?" stammered Wainright. "Y-yes?" stammered Bradence. Gravely for an instant the girl's eyes swept the hurried faces before her.

"Then he took the tiller again," she said, "and steered for the open sea!" "Helen!" gasped Lois, Alice, Wainright, Bradence. "I remember a warm coat thrown around my shoulders," persisted the

Practical Four-Room Plan for That "Castle in Spain"



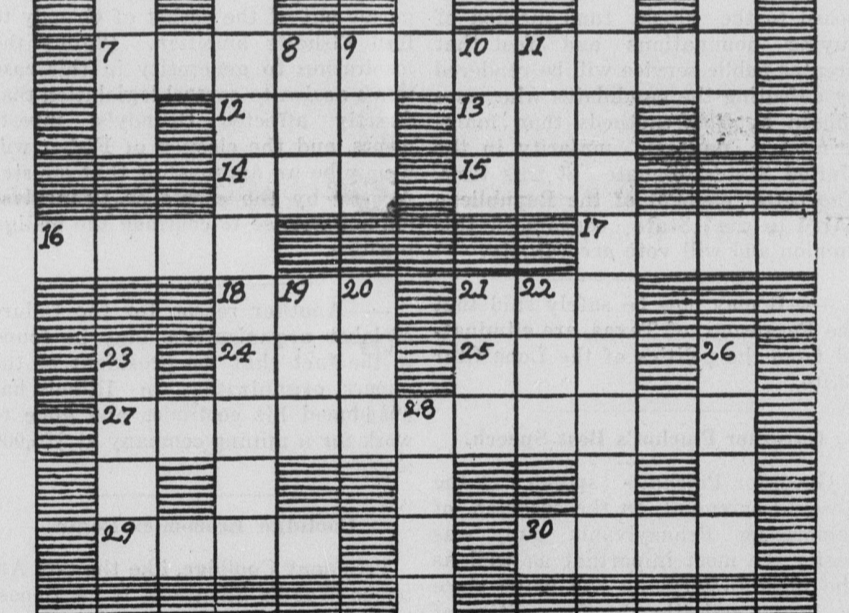
FLAGSTONE terracing, iron grille balconies and a quaint wrought iron lantern give distinction to this little old world one-story house. Rough plaster walls and a colorful tile roof make an attractive exterior that will find a welcome in any neighborhood.

But a carefully designed floor plan is its greatest appeal. One enters from the covered loggia directly into the large story and a half living-room, with its triple-arched windows reaching from the floor almost to the ceiling. The dining room alcove is conveniently located and well lighted. The kitchen has been deftly planned to give the housewife the greatest comfort and step-saving.

Everything about the house has been planned to give the utmost in stability and real home comfort. The walls and ceilings are insulated throughout with celotex to cut down the coal bills in winter and keep the house cool in the summer. Who could wish for a more beautiful little home.

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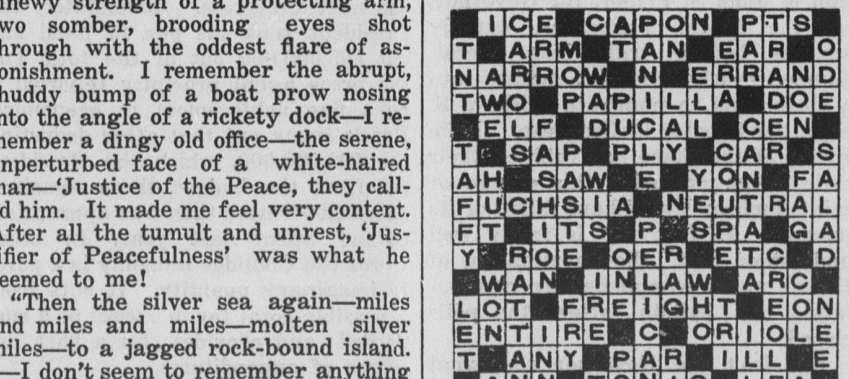
HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE. When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle.



- Horizontal. 2-Propagative portion of a plant, 4-Meat, 7-Having form of a bowl, 12-Large body of water, 13-Woman's origin, 14-Perfect golf, 15-Period of time, 16-To be foolishly fond, 17-A literary composition, 18-To propel a boat, 19-Long piece of hard wood, 24-A girl's name, 25-An unctuous combustible substance, 27-Entertaining, 28-Rise and fall of ocean, 30-Arabian ruler.
- Vertical. 1-Former ruler of Russia, 2-A bag, 3-Annoyed, 5-Doctrine of uncertainty, 6-What all roads lead to, 8-A beverage, 9-Aural appendage, 10-Wrath, 11-Kind of tree, 19-A short poem, 20-State of hostility, 21-Call for help, 22-A wooden tub, 23-A liquid measure, 26-Seaweed, 28-Way of departure.

Solution will appear in next issue

Solution to Cross-word puzzle No. 4.



girl. "I remember—I remember the sinewy strength of a protecting arm, two somber, brooding eyes shot through with the oddest flare of astonishment. I remember the abrupt, thuddy bump of a boat prow nosing into the angle of a rickety dock—I remember a dingy old office—the serene, unperturbed face of a white-haired man—Justice of the Peace, they called him. It made me feel very content. After all the tumult and unrest, 'Justifier of Peacefulness' was what he seemed to me!

"Then the silver sea again—miles and miles and miles—molten silver miles—to a jagged rock-bound island. I—I don't seem to remember anything else. Not for a long time, anyway! Not for weeks and weeks! I think there must have been some sort of a fever."

ped in the hollow of the winds. And at night a man and a woman, slaked with effort, serene with accomplishment, sitting shoulder to shoulder together through the holy dusk, looking out like any other two gods upon the world which they have made, and calling it good!"

"Helen!" gasped Alice Wainright, "this thing is incredible!" "Unutterable!" babbled Lois. "Impossible!" sweated Bradence.

"In the first place," argued Wainright himself, "it couldn't be done! Not this slipping away in the manner you said you slipped away. One of us would have seen you, some servant about the place would have reported you, given some clue, some suggestion. People don't disappear like that, without a sign, without a ripple, not in these days. No man such as you

could possibly, possibly—" He shook his head. "It simply couldn't be done, I say!" he attested with finality.

"Oh, couldn't it?" said Helen Tennant. "Oh, couldn't it?" A little red had quickened suddenly again in her cheeks. Lightly she touched Wainright on the shoulder, patted Alice's hand, signaled meaningfully over her shoulder to Lois Wharton and Torrey Bradence.

"Go back to your game, my good friends," she said, "and I will show you just exactly how it was done!"

Half protesting, half acquiescing, the four people filed back to the card table. Softly, in a little white blur and swish of skirts, Helen Tennant dropped back into her old seat in the far corner of the settle.

"Your deal, Lois," she said. "Oh, why, yes, of course, so it was," stammered Lois, and picked up the cards.

Her trailing sleeve dragging the table sent a dozen cards scuttling to the floor.

Four heads, four pairs of hands, bent instantly to their recovery. When they lifted again the settle was empty.

"Gad!" cried Wainright, and sprang for the French windows. They were locked from the outside!

On the terrace just beyond, a surly dog barked as if a foot had grazed him. Cleft as though a moonbeam had blazed it, a path opened through the phlox garden.

"Gad!" said Wainright. "Gad!" said Bradence.

Snatching, dragging, tugging at the latch of a long unused door, the two women rushed their way to the edge of the cliff looking down on the shadowed cove.

Like a greedy arm reaching out for a handful of silver, the dark dock stretched to the molten tide. In the hollow of the greedy dock's hand lay a silver boat with a flopping silver sail. In the shadow of the silver sail loomed the black silhouette of a man. White as a wraith passing, a woman ran down the dock, toward him, and merged into his shadow.

Just for an instant a man's voice rang out in a single clarion note of laughter.

Then, like a silver sponge wiping out a silver message from a silver slate, the great moon gathered boat, man, and woman to its bright breast and burished them from sight.

Wainright gave a little sharp whistle under his breath.

"By heavens! It is Nordman!" he said. "I'd know that laugh at the ends of the earth!" He turned to his wife. Her face was white as a sheet.

"There—there was a babe in the man's arms!" she gasped. "A tiny, chortling, new-born sort of thing!"

"It—it lay in the curve of the man's neck like a—like a snuggling lamb," stammered Lois Wharton.

"God help her!" said Torrey Bradence. Wainright gave a little chuckle.

"It would seem that He already has!" he said.—By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, in the American Magazine.

Fifty Cents at the Sesqui.

Philadelphia. — Exposition officials have branded as ridiculous reports that the visitor must spend from \$35 to \$150 for admissions to see the features of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition.

For nothing more than the fifty cent admission fee the Exposition grounds, it has been pointed out, the following interesting features and exhibits, valued at \$100,000,000 may be seen:

The palace of liberal arts and manufactures with many acres of interesting sights; the palace of fine arts, a tremendous building housing art treasures from the four corners of the earth; the palace of the U. S. Government, machinery, mines, metallurgy and transportation, housing the most extensive mechanical exhibit ever seen under one roof; the palace of agriculture, food, civic and foreign exhibits containing the \$100,000 Japanese pearl pagoda and the finest products of the best craftsmen of the world; the palace of education, Pennsylvania and other State buildings; and scores of other structures bidding the visitor welcome without charge.

Free organ concerts are given every day at noon in the auditorium. The Sesqui-Centennial organ is the largest in the world. Camp Anthony Wayne, a model army camp, is within the grounds, free to visitors, and the great League Island Navy Yard bids a warm welcome to all guests. The daily program lists many attractions.

As a visitor from the west recently put it: "The Exposition is a liberal education for half a dollar."

We Do.

Printed on the back of a program recently put over by the children of the Petersburg school we note the following:

"Do you realize that:— The uneducated laborers earn on an average of \$92 per year, or for forty years a total of \$39,280? The high school graduates earn on an average of \$1,729 a year, or for forty years a total of \$69,160. This education required twelve years of school. In 2160 days the school added \$29,880 to the income for forty years, making each day in school worth \$13.83.

"This education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."—Alexander Pope.

What we are looking forward to is "every eligible student in"—Alaska—"in the High School." And every eligible student in school.

Tractions Aid in Parking.

Many electric railways are going into the automobile parking business. They provide parking facilities on the outskirts of the city and supply tickets good for a ride into the city and back for a fixed sum. This furnishes the motorist with better parking space than he can find in the city, gives him a quick ride to his place of business,—and relieves traffic congestion.

Marriage Licenses.

Robert L. Baney and Annie E. Oversly, Philipsburg.

David P. Harpster and Sarah G. Saucerman, Pennsylvania Furnace.

Harold A. Wion and Mildred P. Shultz, Bellefonte.

Merrill L. Johnstonbaugh and Helen E. Albright, Bellefonte.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY ANNOUNCES SUBSTANTIAL RATE REDUCTIONS.

Important changes involving a general readjustment of long distance telephone rates, and in the evening and night period during which reduced rates apply, are announced by The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania to become effective October 1.

So far as they affect the service between Pennsylvania points, the new rates were filed with the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission Monday, August 30, and if approved will become effective October 1, at the same time the new inter-state rates will take effect.

These service and rate changes are a part of a broad plan for service improvement which, with similar changes to be made in other parts of the country, will result in a saving to the telephone users of the United States of approximately \$3,000,000 a year.

To points one hundred and fifty or more miles distant the rates are substantially reduced,—the greater the distance, the greater the reduction. A few rates for distances between twenty-four and one hundred and ten miles will be increased to make the schedule consistent throughout, but in these cases the increase of the basic station-to-station rate will be not more than five cents.

A comparison of the old and new rates to some of the principal long distance points follow, the rate in each case being the station-to-station rate which is charged when the call is made for a distant telephone number and not for some specific person:

Between Bellefonte, Pa., and Hagerstown, Md., old rate 60c., new rate 65c.

Between Bellefonte and Corning, N. Y., old rate 65c., new rate 70c.

Between Bellefonte and Pittsburgh, old rate 85c., new rate 85c.

Between Bellefonte and New York, old rate \$1.35, new rate \$1.20.

Between Bellefonte and Chicago, Ill., old rate \$3.35, new rate \$2.55.

Between Bellefonte and San Francisco, Cal., old rate \$15.20, new rate \$10.40.

Long distance cables, carrier systems, vacuum tube repeaters, loading coils and other improved devices and methods, resulting from continuous scientific research and development applied to the telephone industry, have effected economies on the longer circuits, and have a share in making these reductions possible.

Coincident with the change in rate, the period during which reduced rates will apply on station-to-station calls will be lengthened by one and one-half hours.

Reduced rates on station-to-station calls will begin at 7 p. m. instead of 8:30 p. m., as formerly. Between 7 p. m. and 8:30 p. m. the rates will be approximately 75 per cent. of the day station-to-station rates, and from 8:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m. about 50 per cent. of the day rates. These discounts will apply where the day station-to-station rate is 40 cents or more, with a minimum reduced rate of 35 cents. Because of the unsatisfactory service conditions which it brought about, the existing, midnight discount is discontinued.

Under the new schedule station-to-station calls may be made at substantial reductions as early as 7 p. m., and persons wishing to take advantage of the lowest rates of the 24 hours may make their calls any time after 8:30 p. m. Thus, although the midnight discount is discontinued, the longer reduced rate period and the substantial reductions applying in basic rates to distant points mean that this change will make little difference in the cost of night calls.

By this move the company expects to improve service by eliminating complications at midnight which have resulted in delays and put a heavy burden on its facilities and employees.

At the more important centers it has meant retaining a large force of young women operators to care for a sudden and short-lived burst of traffic. During much of the time the operators kept on duty in anticipation of this temporary rush have had little to do, then a short period in which they have been entirely too busy to give the best service, and following that a sharp tapering off in business at an early morning hour when few of the girls could return to their homes.

With this condition growing more pronounced, the company has been facing a difficult and serious responsibility. It has become necessary to maintain dormitories in the larger central offices in which many operators, required only for a short period, have been housed for the rest of the night. These tours of duty have, of course, been undesirable and hard to follow. The spreading of the long distance traffic over the lengthened reduced rate period will relieve this situation.

Another change that will be welcomed is the extension of the privilege of reversing charges to include station-to-station calls—whether placed during the day, evening or night—where the rate is 25 cents or more. In the last few hours the use of long distance service has been increasing constantly and many situations now arise where the reversal of charges is of advantage to the customer who calls for a certain number. Hence this privilege is an added convenience and saving to the public.

Further information as to the new long distance rates and practices are obtainable at the local offices of the Telephone company.

The Watchman prints all the news fit to read.