

Bellefonte, Pa. April 8 1927.

## WHY BUNNIES BRING THE EAS-TER EGGS.

There was once a naughty bunny Who was always being funny And kept the land about him in a constant state of awe. His father and his mother These pranks would try to cover To keep him out of prison and the clutches of the law.

On one morning bright and early, When the cops were getting surly, He started to discover what sad mischief he could do.

Soon he saw a blackbird's nest, And he could not eat or rest Until he'd dyed the eggs therein a lovely dark sea blue.

He was so pleased at his joking That he said, "I'll round go poking And ask my little bunny friends to help me gather more." So they stole birds eggs galore And put them by, in store, Till all the nests were empty and the birds

were threatening gore. Then a burly bunny "copper' Said he'd quickly put a stopper To such dire depredations as were never

heard before. So, much rather than get caught, These bold robbers straightway sought A man who took the eggs to town and sold them in a store.

Now, this raised an awful clatter. All their kin began to chatter And said to steal such pretty eggs a great and mighty sin.

But the bandits made it seem There was money in the scheme, So for wealth and sordid profit all rabbits now join in.

So all this explains the habit Why eggs are brought by a rabbit And given little boys and girls on Easter every year.

And the lesson seems to show It was all a case of "dough," Yet eggs and little hunnies white have found their proper sphere. -New York Herald.

## SO NORAH STEPPED IN.

Nothing could have been more com-

monplace. The cross-Channel packet, lurching across the Straits of Dover from Folk stone to Boulogne, lurched once too emphatically for Miss Norah Geoghahan. All at once that young Irishwo-man began to slither down the sloping deck, her arms wildly waving in an effort to preserve her balance, and then found herself in forceful and undignified collision with a perfect stranger. Worst of all, perhaps, she discovered herself embracing the broad back of the stranger with what must have appeared to the onlookers as a most pas-

sionate fervor.
"Groo-ook!" remarked the young man thus embraced. He shot forward into violent contact with the ship's railing, to which he had been clinging, and if it had not been that Norah's clasp slipped to his waist he must inevitably have somersaulted into the gray-green waters that were

driving past under his nose. "Mighty!" gasped Norah. For a moment the ship retained the angle to which the lurch had carried her, and during that moment Norah scrambled for a foothold that would enable her to release her clutch of the doubled-up young man. Then the ship swung back. Norah hastily renewed her clasp of the stranger, this time to new pull had the effect of bringing the suddenly Norah found herself encircled by a powerful arm which hoisted her to her feet with a dexterity she somehow imagined had been cultivated. Before she realized what had happened she was facing the young man.
"I'm sorry," Norah gasped. "I—

lost my balance—the ship-The young man quickly rove her arm about a stanchion of the steamer's upper structure, and stood away

"Nun-nun-no huh-ham dud-done."

he stammered an assurance, "-unless

you're hurt yourself?"
"I'm all right," Norah said bewild-"The ship gave such a sudden lurch."

"Su-ships will," said the young man "especially whu-when wind and tide get them suddenly on the quarter. I often think it's better to be on the windward side-" Which side is that—the other?"

"The other," he agreed. "Thu-this is the lee side, don't you see? Shall I find a comfortable spot for you to

Norah hesitated over her answer. By this time she had begun to discover that she was annoyed. And since the annoyance was with herself for having been seen floundering ungracefully (as she thought) and embracing a strange young man, the temptation was to visit the annoyance upon the innocent participator in her antics. What perhaps added more than anything to her annoyance was an inner consciousness that she had brought the undignified encounter upon herself. She felt guilty. She had been interested in the strange young man from the first moment she saw him standing by the rail. He had looked lonely and she had wanted to know if the lonely young man was "nice," and almost as much she wanted to see if he was nice-looking. But just at the moment when she came abreast of him, the ship ran into the strong set of a Channel current which hit the ahead. port quarter half-head-on, producing that lurch which sent Norah reeling toward the starboard rail and into the

Can it be wondered at, then, that ultimately Norah found herself too annoyed to accept his offer to see her comfortably settled on the windward side of the deck?

embrace of the young man himself.

"Thank you," she said coldly.

think I can find a place for myselfif I want one.'

The young man looked at her in a pained sort of way and she imagined that he colored slightly.

"Suh-story!" he stammered. Then, being Irish, she relented a

little. "It's me that should be sorry," she said with more sincerity than attention to grammar. "I had no right to bump you the way I did and embrace you as if you were a long lost brother. I am grateful to you, really."
"Pup-pray don't think about it,"

said the young man. "It was nothing at all."

He bared his head as she turned away, and out of the corner of her eye she saw him somewhat hastily resume his still gaze over the waters. This quick rediscovery of an interest away from herself gave her, you may surmise, a distinct twinge of pique.

Norah took herself to the windy side of the ship and found a large choice of empty seats of which the counter-parts on the leeward were well filled. She selected a lonely corner, and made herself as comfortable as she might in the face of the wind and a slight show-

er of rain and spume. The curiosity that had involved her in the undignified scramble was but half satisfied. That the young man -if a brown face and a clear eye, a firm mouth, good teeth, a straight nose and a well-modeled chin were anything to count. And she reasoned that he was as nice as he looked.

She had, she admitted, invited a lingering embrace from the stranger. But his grasp of her had not lasted a ance. That, though perhaps slightly train. It appeared that they both disappointing, was in favor of his niceness. There had been no attempt about it the elements of common walk."

The disappointing, was in favor of his thought the douanier's assumption had about it the elements of common walk."

The disappointing in the quiet voice with sense, for they came to a halt outside the disappoint of the disappoint of the douanier's assumption had about it the elements of common walk." its slightly American cadences and the same compartment and looked exthat little stutter which somehow pectantly toward the man and girl, made it more engaging. He was shy with women. The offer to fix her comfortably on the windward deck had not been designed as an approach toward acquaintanceship. It simply had been a shy man's idea of being of service. Norah, finding her curiosity still alive, decided she was not so annoyed as she had imagined. She wondered a good

deal about the young man.
In spite of the thickness of her coat of Irish frieze, she was beginning to feel the cold. She did not care to resume a promenade of the deck, for it would have been difficult to keep her feet. She was at the point of thinking that the young man's advice about the windward side was complete nonsense when a steward came along toward her carrying some rugs.

"Are you the lady that wants the rugs, miss?" he inquired.
"I should like a rug," said Norah,

'but I have not ordered one."
"That's all right, miss. I was told to look for a lady in a thick gray-green coat on the windward side," said the steward, "an Irish lady."

"Who told you?" Norah demanded. "Tall American gentleman. Excuse me, miss, if I've made a mistake, but you're the only lady on this side-"Thank you," said Norah. "I expect it was me he meant. How much

there to pay?" "Gentleman has the vouchers for two rugs, miss," said the steward, "just leave them on the seat here when

you go ashore." Glowing under the rugs so thoughtfully provided, Norah began to feel grateful to the young man round the corner. She made up her mind to thank him gracefully at the first opportunity, and not to consider it an intrusion if he ventured near her. But the little voyage went on and the rugprovider did not appear. Norah was eft to her thoughts.

Norah Geoghahan had plenty of masave herself from careering back terial for thought. She was setting whence originally she had come. The out on the biggest adventure of her terial for thought. She was setting Within the last few years she young man into an erect position. And had been left an orphan. For many years-for centuries, rather-the Geoghahans had been landed proprietors in Carlow County in the Irish province of Leinster. At no time rich, the family had not been poor. There had always been sufficient money from the estates to make the old early Georgian house one of plenty.

But Ballybagnal House was now a mere blackened shell. In the troubles that eventually were to make Southern Ireland an entity separate from the United Kingdom, it had fallen a victim to a fury as foolish as indiscriminate; because the two sons of the house had fallen in Flanders while wearing the British uniform, because the elder Geoghahan's real love for Ireland could not make him disloyal to an allegiance he held to be sacred, an irreplaceable treasure of architecture went up in flames. This, more than the partial confiscation of his land, killed Norah's father, and not long after his death her mother followed him.

There proved to be but little money left to provide for the remaining child, and compensation from the interstate courts was tardy. Norah Geoghahan determined to make a career for herself and to find an augmented living in the process. Hence it is that we find her on the windy deck of a cross-Channel steamer, en route for Paris and the finish, she hoped, at the hands of the famous Pere Lemoine, to an art training already well begun.

The packet drew along side Bouogne quay with the usual calm aboard and the usual scurry and shouting on shore. Norah looked about for the tall young man, but in the press on the shoreward side of the deck and about the gangways he was not to be seen. It was only when she landed and started to follow her porter to the customhouse that she espied him. He had been quicker than she in landing and strolling behind a porter well was

They came together, however, in the customs house. There were a number of travelers in front, and they had to wait some time before the officials worked down to them. The young man lifted his hat and grinned frankly at Norah's nod.

"Thank you for the rugs," Norah smiled. "It was kind of you to think of them."

"You were right about the windward side," Norah conceded. "It is much more comfortable."

"Yes," said he, and turned to face the customs official who had pounced on his luggage.

"Anything to declare?" the official demanded. The young man put a hand on a

small black case. "Thu-this- ty-typewriter," he said. "Comment?" asked the official.

"Machine dactylographique," Norah plunged to be helpful, hoping she had found the right word. The official

looked puzzled. The young American produced pa-ers. They were from the French pers. consulate in London and were intended to quicken matters, but the official seemed to think that another opinion was necessary. He beckoned a colleague and a smart discussion ensued. "Cinquante-cing francs, cinquante, monsieur," said the official at last.

"Fifty-five francs, fifty centimes," Norah elucidated. The young man gave her a smile

and counted out the money. "Anything more?" he asked.
"And madame?" asked the official, with his hands on Norah's luggage. was nice-looking she now was assured The mistaken assumption was all too plain, and Norah felt the color rise in

her cheeks.
"Rien!" she gasped. ficial made scrawls in pinch chalk on each item down the row formed by the two sets of baggage, and transferred his attention to the next traveler. moment longer than was absolutely | The porters dived at the luggage thus necessary to restore her to her bal- enfranchised, and led the way to the who had followed them in slightly embarrassed silence. The young man smiled shyly at Norah.

"Suh-seems fuh-fated that we're to travel together," he said. "The porters think we ought to, anyhow."

He was so diffident, so naive and boyish in his approach that Norah felt

sorry for him. "There's no reason why shouldn't," she said hardily. "Do we "Do you mind?"

"Mum-mind!" he exclaimed. "I'd be vuh-very gug-glad if you would."
"Then let's!" said Norah.
They paid off their respective port-

ers, and settled down opposite each other in a compartment to themselves. "I thu-think it real kind of you to tut-take pity on me," said the young man. "I felt lonely-until the ship thuth-threw you at me. I'd better tell you who I am. My name is Long-Richard Long. I'm an American— bub-but I don't suppose it needs a ghost from the grave to tell you that?"

Norah laughed.
"No," she said. "No more than one would be necessary to tell you I'm Irish, I suppose? I'm Norah Geogha-

"Norah Geoghahan," the young man repeated with evident satisfaction. "That's got more sound to it than plain Dick Long!"

Reticence was impossible. Richard Long had that responsive air which invites confidence, and long before the waiter came to announce lunch Norah had told him about Ballybagnal House, about her family, about her hopes. The young man was a good listener and as the conversation warmed he lost all trace of his stammer. Norah was too busy talking to learn much about him, but she did pick up that he was sorry he could not trace his ancestry further back than his greatgrandfather, that he delighted in anything that smelled of tradition. His father was a manufacturer on a large scale, and he was going to Paris on affairs connected with the family business. He had a knowledge of the Continent, of picture galleries and museums all over it, and gave the impression of a much-traveled experience strangely at variance with the curious boyish shyness which was part of his

Norah felt very motherly and protecting indeed. This feeling no doubt him back to Richard Long with a most colored her kindness to him at lunch. cutting message. In the customs When they sat down at the table for two to which the waiter conducted them, that attendant handed them both a bill of fare. Richard Long put down his and looked toward Norah. "Whuh-what would you like to

eat?" he asked. "I'll avoid the hors d'aeuvre," said Norah, "and go straight to the eperlan.'

"E-eperlan?" stammered Richard. | yond her. "Eperlan means smelt," Norah explained kindly. "You know-that little trout or salmon sort of fish with

the cucumbery kind of flavor."
"I know the sort," Richard smiled.
"I'll have some, too." "The next thing, cotelettes d'agneau paysannes—that's lamb cutlets braised with tiny carrots and onions and

"Oh, yes." His grin was a little shamefaced. "I'll have that, too." "You're sure you wouldn't like something cold? They have beef, ham, chicken, a variety of sausage," Norah went on translating from the menu, "galantine, smoked salmonbut you wouldn't want that after the

eperlan-"

"No The cub-cotelettes d'agneau will do nicely, thank you.' Luncheon passed smoothly. Norah saw to it that her companion was well treated, for she carefully explained everything that might constitute a difficulty to him from his ignorance of the language. When they got back to their carriage, they whiled away the time in conversation so pleasant that they were in the Gare du Nord before they realized their progress.

'Until I can find a studio I'm putting up at a little hotel in Rue Vaneau-

the young man. "It was nun-nothing don't you think it would be an idea for telligent amateur. at all." "Pup-please don't think of it," said \_-there will hardly be time. Dud- family business. He was merely an intake in a theatre afterward? 'Julius Caesar' is being revived at the Anto- asleep. ine, and I hear that it is great."

Norah hesitated.
"Pup-please do," Richard pleaded.
"It's awful one's first night in a strange town. You sus-sit in the reception room of the hotel and try to look as if you'd been there all your life. You hope something's going to happen every time the door swingsand you're grateful if even a waiter talks to you.'

Norah laughed.
"All right," she said. "Come about seven, then."

In the expedition of that evening Norah still kept to her self-imposed task of shepherding the quiet Richard. True, it was he who suggested the restaurant Pocardi in Rue Favart, but it was she who instructed the taximan, and it was she who made plain to her companion what exactly he was choosing to make up one of the most delightful dinners she had ever eaten in her life. After the heat of the restaurant it was pleasant to walk to the theatre. And there, since Richard had already secured the tickets, there was no need for Norah to exercise her linguistic gifts.

After the theatre, with the impressions of a great performance still upon them, they were rather silent in the taxicab that took them to Rue With a flourish and a smile the of- Vaneau. They recalled now and then some outstanding moments in the play, and marveled together; but for the most they were quiet. They neared Norah's hotel.

"You will take the cab on to your place?" asked Norah. "I don't think so," said Richard. "It is only a step to Raspail. I shall

The cab drew up outside the little white hotel. They descended and Richard handed the driver a note. To the surprise of both the passengers the man broke into a stream of protestations, interlarded with which were grossieretes that Norah could not begin to understand.

"I do not wipe my nose with broken bottles!" the driver finished heatedly. work." Alas, then, for Norah's assumption that where French was concerned her

new friend was dumb! "Nor do I wipe my nose with broken did the straps of her parcel and the bottles," she heard Richard say in young man came beside her to turn good, coarse and slangy French, "but over the drawings.

I'll wipe your nose with something a "Yes. Yes. Ah, yes," he said as he bert and insisted that he should take good deal more hurtful if you don't scanned each specimen. "They are me to see Lemoine, who is just recovshut your filthy mouth! Mince de good—you have talent, mademoiselle. ering from influenza. As I thought, puree, n'en jetez plus! Vous com- I say it to you, I who have had to look the atelier was full up, and the old

Norah staring at him in angry astonishment.

"Suh-sorry," he stuttered. "I couldn't shut him up quicker."
"It's all right," Norah said frigidly.
"Good night!" "Bub-but, Miss Geoghahan!"

"You have made a fool of me!" said "Pretending you Norah angrily. couldn't speak French!" "Bub-but I didn't mum-mean to pup-pretend-"

"You did—and again in the restau-rant to-night—oh, I am a fool!" Pup-please!" pleaded Richard. "Let me explain—" "There's nothing to explain," said

Norah, bitterly. "I am a fool-that's all. Thank you for taking me to dinner and the theatre—that was kind. ent." But I don't think we'll see each other "I again, please. Good night!"
Upon which she ran in at the hotel

door, leaving Richard dumbstruck and motionless on the pavement. Up in her room, Norah put her hot face into her hands and rested her all," said Norah definitely. "For me head on the cold marble of the hotel dressing table. She hated Richard Long. She hated herself. She was a

fool--a silly fool! went over the day's happenings time for when he recovers. I am sorry, and again. She rehearsed the inci- mademoiselle—" dents. Now she didn't go reeling across the deck. No. She recovered her balance in marvelous fashionbut next moment she was refusing the cutting message. In the customs house she treated Richard with utter disdain-and then got into a panic over the French for "tpyewriter." (Where had she got dactylographe from?—it was all wrong!) Richard Long was hateful. He might have had the decency to tell her that he could speak French-speak it better than herself, if it came to that, for the taxidriver's argot had been completely be-

But hadn't Richard tried to tell She recalled the number of her? times he had repeated French phrases, repeated them gently with a perfec-tion of accent. He had been trying to tell her! And it was she who had been too fatuous to understand. As she had got deeper and deeper into the folly, she had made it more and more difficult for him to blurt right out that French had no mystery for him. She could see how hard she had that she was to blame, she remained angry with Richard, telling herself that he ought to have had courage and told her.

Another consideration occurred to her, and one perhaps as disturbing as any. Had the rest of her conversation been on a level of fatuity with her assumption that he knew no French? She had pontificated to him about painting, had laid down the law about technique, taking it for granted he knew little of the subpect. Yet he had spoken about art in a common-sense sort of way, often more than intelligently anticipating what she was go-"Where are you going to live in Paris?" Richard asked. "May I call derstood her anxiety to get into the atelier to Pere Lemoine—he even had a telier to Pere Lemoine—he even had a telier to Pere Lemoine—he atelier to Pere Lemoine—he was the same telegraph of the old master as ing to say. She had had to paraphrase spoken familiarly of the old master as "Papa." Was it not possible that here, too, she had been guilty of a school-

considerations. Her heart was beating wildly as she him in the eyes again. climbed the steps that led to the sky-high atelier in Rue Four, but outward-

hardily. "May I see him, please?" "Maitre Lemoine is not at present in the studio," said the Frenchman, "but I am his assistant. May I inquire the business of mademoiselle!

"I wish to enroll with Maitre Lemoine," Norah explained. The assistant shook his head doubtfully, but stood aside with a wave of

his hand inviting her to enter. "I fear that is impossible," said he, "but will you be pleased to enter, mademoiselle?"

With a sick feeling that she was Easels stood all about the floor of the big apartment, and at the engaged with a variety of medium in tive tongue-unless I am speaking to recording their impressions of a slim tried friends. Then it became more and nude girl who sat on a high mo- and more difficult to tell you the del-throne. The young artists looked truth. It was so sweet to be looked up from their work to see who after. Only because the taxi-driver was visiting their work-room, and even the model cast a glance toward the door-without, however, losing her left you last evening.

poise. Her cicerone led the way into a small room off the big studio, and courteously indicated a chair by a large desk.

You have brought some work to show the master?" he suggested. "Yes," said Norah, and she laid her big package on the desk in front of

Norah was not ashamed of her work. It had been praised by people in one of his most famous pupils, Igcapable of judging. She quickly unnace Herbert.

"Closed?" Norah echoed, her heart sinking within her. "But, surely-" "As you will have noticed, mademoiselle, our atelier is crowded. We hard- thought.) ly have room for the pupils already

began.

"I dare not promise that he will see man can't help becoming your wor-you," said he. "I should be severely shiper the moment he sees you. scolded if I suggested an appointment. The old man would rage-fulminate." "It is a pity-a thousand pities,

mademoiselle, for you indeed have tal-"I think I ought to see Maitre Le-

other ateliers. There is, for example, that of Roger Thonac—" "I don't like the ideas of Thonac at

it is Maitre Lemoine or nobody. 'The poor Papa is at the moment in bed with influenza," said the assist- Clure. "I dare not, I must not, think of Into the morning she lay awake and making an appointment for you-even

> hotel. It was inevitable that the tears she had been keeping back since leaving the atelier should have their will of her in the privacy of her room, but |ed today. the bout of weeping was not prolonged. Her natural bravery asserted itself forest fire damages and the cost of and she began to consider the position. It did not take her long to decide her course of action. She made up her mind to hire a studio if she could, and to wait patiently until the next opportunity arose for enrolling with Pere in the Lemoine. In the meantime, she would State. write to him and ask to be put on the waiting list. It was all she could do. Having made up her mind, Norah removed the traces of her grief and changed into the prettiest afternoon frock in her wardrobe-this with the idea of finding consolation in looking her best. She would have lunch, and then go to see the new spring show. Even the London journals had been enthusiastic about the high standard painting that was to be found there. Two or three of the visitors to the

emotion displayed by a beauitiful English girl (as they thought,) before one of the best pieces of painting there. She had been strolling through the galleries with an air of admirable poise, obviously interested in the paintings, and not at all disturbed by the admiring glances that were attracted by her good looks. But coming upon this particular picture, and looking in the catalogue for details of the artist, she had suddenly lost color, only to flame with it on the next instant. And then, in a state of confusion, she had incontinently fled from the galleries. The two or three visitors naturally looked into their own copies of the catalogue to see if they could find a clue to the stange behavior of the lovely anglaise, but found nothing beyond the bare record that the picture had been painted by an American artist, Richard Long by name.

spring show that afternoon were not

a little intrigued by the surprising

In the meantime, Norah Geoghahan made for the open in a state of angry 

was doubly a fool. His deception of her had been cruel—hideously cruel— Gradually the turmoil in Norah's the brutal, jeering deception of a cold mind found surcease and she fell and cynical beast! Even his kindness had been assumed the better to carry When she awoke and remembered next morning she still had twinges of shame, but the prospect of calling on Pere Lemoine soon excluded all other forgive him. Now she knew for certain that she could never, never look

Norah made her way back to Rue Vaneau and the Hotel Domremy. She ly she was calm. In response to her knock the door of the studio was opened by a young man who raised his eyebrows in inquiry.

"Monsieur Lemoine?" said Norah

"Monsieur Lemoine?" said Norah were so hot and dimmed that she could hardly read the superscription.

She carried the letter to her room and read the signature first. It was from Richard Long, and her impulse was to tear it up unread. She didn't, however-which is perhaps as well for the end of this story.

"Dear Miss Geoghahan: "I do most sincerely beg your forgiveness for having deceived you, however unpremeditatedly, about my knowledge of French. I have stammered ever since I was blown up durabout to hear the death knell of her ing the war, the recurrence of a childdearest hope, Norah stepped into the hood habit of which up to then I was well rid. When you started to help me I was really grateful, for I stammer easels were young men and women, all more in French than I do in my namade me angry was I able to become fluent. I meant to tell you before I

"I cannot ask your forgiveness until I confess something else. Although I am here primarily on my father's business, like you I am an artist by profession. I have a painting in the spring show. I'd sooner tell you that than have you discover it for yourself. I enjoyed your talk about art so much her.

"May I see it, please? It is extremely unlikely that Maitre Lemoine will enroll an additional pupil—but it hat I forgot for a time—and then an idea came to me. I thought you were rather late in trying to enroll with Papa Lemoine and, while I was not that I determined the I determined to the second secon would indeed interest me to see your sure that I could help, I determined to try. I don't know old man Lemoine personally, but I have a sincere friend

nace Herbert.
("Oo-ooh!" breathed Norah. "Ig-

prenez ce que je vous parte? Allez!" at the work of many artists. You can "Pardon-excuse, monsieur!" said the driver, suddenly humble. "Ya pas a thousand pities! Maitre Lemoine, d'offense—but I took you for a mug!" I am sure, would be able to help you. With which apology he drove off It is a thousand pities that the list of hastily. Richard turned and found North strainer of him in corrected to you. He said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the strainer of him in corrected the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said that if your work was good enough he would find a place for the said you. He said he wanted at least one beautiful girl to cheer the place up. ("He isn't shy on paper," Norah

"I then went to see his assistant enrolled-and it is the same in the Arinthod-I went to tell him of the afternoon sessions. Maitre Lemoine has put down his foot at last."

"Perhaps if I saw him—" Norah
"Perhaps if I saw him—" Norah old Lemoine and is impressed by your The man spread his hands in apolo- stuff, I don't anticipate any difficulty for you. More especially since the old

"I am sending this letter by pneumatique—it is so much speedier than He turned over the drawings again, ordinary mail. And I shall not leave my apartment until I hear that you have forgiven me-or else cast me outof your list of friends forever."

Ten minutes later the hotel clerk moine," Norah insisted.
"It is impossible. But there are a radiant girl looking down on him. looked up from his books and found "At your service, mademoiselle," he said whole-heartedly.

"Wuh-would you pup-please tell me," stammered Norah, "if there's any quicker way of sending a letter than by pneumatique?"-By Victor Mac-

Cost of Fires in Penna. Forests.

Harrisburg-Forest fires during Norah got back to her little white 1926 cost the people of Pennsylvania otel. It was inevitable that the tears \$3,250 for each day in the year in damages, officials of the State Department of Forests and Waters estimat-

> In making a public resume of the extinguishing the department showed that there has been a steady increase in the amount of damage from fire since 1923. Not only this but there has been an almost equal advance in the cost of fighting the fires in the Last year saw the highest damage

> loss of any year since 1913 the figures showed. The total damage last year was \$1,186,326.65 in addition to which it cost \$177,353.41 to extinguish the fires. The highest previous loss from the forest fires was in 1920 when the dam-

> age amounted to \$1,007,868.30. On

that year it cost the State \$43,105.97 to extinguish the fires, the statistics in the department showed. In 1923 the largest area since 1913 was burned over by fires. The acreage destroyed by fire in that year was 375,737.11 acres. Last year the acreage burned was only 224,225.60.

The chief fire warden announced that there were a total of 2,917 fires in the State last year. The high record was established in 1922 when there were 3,635 fires. Last year the average acreage des-

toyed by each fire was 76.87 as compared with the high record of 412 acres per fire in 1913. The lowest fire loss recorded in the State came in 1914 when damage was

estimated at only \$204,296.60. In 1913 there were 937 fires reported. These fires burned over 386,267.55 acres of timber lands and did destruction estimated at \$719,426.67. The cost of extinguishing the fires in 1913

In speaking of the forest fires the chief fire warden pointed out that forest fires last year burned each day enough timber to pay for the con-struction of a modest, but modern

-The Watchman publishes news

home in Pennsylvania.