

ANOTHER BLUE DAY.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 3.)

wanted her and missed her. "Hello, Rodney!"

"Hello, Sally," he answered.

They always greeted each other with the utmost carelessness, not even looking at each other; indeed, they had never yet looked at each other. When their eyes met they saw only what did not exist—a Rodney and a Sally who had never lived; not the boy who was sometimes irritable and sulky at home, sometimes so full of his ardent ambition as to be contemptuous of others; not the girl who had been known to cry over an unsuccessful hat, who sat through lectures and never heard a word.

They had been friends since childhood, taking each other for granted, with the casual, indifferent affection of children, until one evening at a dance, that past winter, love had suddenly overtaken them. And they were both quite sure that this love had given them a strange, new insight, a marvelous understanding of each other. Yet whenever they met, some dim consciousness of their pathetic and terrible lack of mutual understanding made the first few moments awkward and constrained; they were shy and silent until the real Rodney and the real Sally vanished.

But Rodney with his eager and vivid imagination could always bring to life the unreal couple. He began to tell her about the house he would have liked to build here, and he saw that house, and he saw the celebrated young architect returning to it, with news that he had won some national competition, and he saw his beautiful young wife—but not so clearly as the house or himself—welcoming him with rapture. He made Sally see all this too.

"Sally!" he said. "Let's go now! Let's not go home again. We'll go into the city and get married now."

She wept a little, but he could console her with his vehement assurances, his awkward young tendernesses.

"Sally darling," he cried, "if you'll just believe in me I can do anything! I'll take care of you and I'll make you happy. Sally, I swear I will!"

There was no one to stop them: Mrs. Ordway was in her office, and Mrs. Morris was busy hanging curtains. Still, they thought it best to approach the railway station by a round-about route. To tell the truth, they would both have been better pleased if there had been more obstacles, more perils, something to defy. All Sally had had to do was to walk into her house, pack what she needed into a bag, and walk out again; as for Rodney, he couldn't go home, but he was well provided with money so that he need buy what he needed when they reached the city. The savor of romance was strangely lacking.

Silent and downcast, Rodney walked beside Sally, carrying her bag, and the best he could do was to make up his mind not to feel dismayed. There would be no one to look up the house for his mother to-night. She couldn't reach the bolts on the French windows without standing on a chair, and he didn't like her to do that. Suppose she fell? Suppose the shock of his going made her ill, all alone there in the house?

Sally, destined companion of his freedom, dared not think of her mother; she had tried not even to look about her when she passed through the house; but, going by the dining-room door, she had caught a glimpse of the table, already laid, with all the dainty care her mother ordain, with two chairs drawn up to it. She fixed her mind resolutely upon trivial things, upon a dress she intended to make over.

Neither she or Rodney thought of each other. They meant to; if asked, they would have honestly assured you that they thought only of each other, all the time; they would also have said that they were happy. Yet Nora Mallory, who saw them coming down the street, imagined that she had never seen anything so touching, so tragic, as those two young faces.

Now, she was an idle woman, with time to look at faces and to wonder about them; and having so little business of her own, she could take an interest in that of other people. She had had Sally in the garden with her once, years ago, for a whole afternoon; and leading so untroubled an existence, she could remember unimportant things. That a baby Sally in a starched white dress which she was very careful to keep clean, a wise, serious, tremendously busy infant, oppressed with her responsibilities toward a kitten and two dolls.

And once Mrs. Morris had come to tea with an eleven-year-old Rodney; she apologized openly for him, because he was restless and moody and ill-mannered, scowling when spoken to, and refusing all those dishes small boys are supposed to like.

"He hasn't changed," thought Miss Mallory, with a little smile. "Nothing's quite what he wants it to be. Nothing's quite good enough—or ever will be. He's the sort of boy who does impossible things, because he's too scornful to try possible ones. A bag? I wonder. Oh, it can't be. But Sally's poor, miserable little face."

"Rodney! Sally!"

They both turned, pale and guilty.

"Just please stop and see my jonquills!" said Miss Mallory. "Someone really ought to. I made up my mind I'd stop the very next person I knew who came along the street. Do come in!"

She turned toward Sally, because she could not endure to look at Rodney. Whether or not to enter that garden was a major decision of his life; this was his test—whether he had the courage to say that they had a train to catch, and then to go on his way with Sally, leaving Miss Mallory to think what she would. Such a little, easy thing to do! Yet he stood there, mute, pale, sick with misery. This was his mother's old friend speaking, and she spoke with the

voice of the older generation who managed his world, to whom, until this day, he had been in submission. He wanted to behave like a man, but he felt that to Miss Mallory he would present the intolerable spectacle of a boy playing at being a man. He could not do that, and he would have defied anyone who tried to interfere but he could not endure that, as he walked off with Sally, Miss Mallory should be smiling, even laughing.

This time also he did not think of Sally, and she did not think of him. She wanted to go into the garden; she had a half-unconscious hope that here was something to prevent her heroism, something not her fault.

"Go ahead!" said Rodney, almost roughly, and he followed her through the gate into Nora Mallory's especial domain.

And this idle woman, who had so much time to remember and to reflect, saw in his sullen young face that promise, that sensibility, that pain she had observed long ago. Having no important matters, such as earning a salary or keeping a house, to occupy her she fancied that this suffering was a very real and serious thing, instead of a boyish folly to be laughed away.

"He's the one to talk to," she thought, "not dear little Sally. She just follows where he leads—and, oh, what a road they've started on!"

It was hard for her to keep tears from her eyes. She thought of Marian Ordway and Ella Morris, and was sorry for them; but immeasurably greater was her pity for these two young creatures whose great adventure she had checked with a word.

"They can't go like that!" she thought. "Even if they do love each other, their love wouldn't have a chance. Rodney's only a boy and Sally's a baby."

"Sally!" she said, cheerfully. "I do wish you'd go in and see poor old Jennie for a few minutes. She's never forgotten the day you spent here when you were a tiny thing. She let you bake a little pie, do you remember? And if you asked her, she might let us have something really nice for tea—out on the lawn. She's such a tyrant to me."

There was something nice for tea, under the great elms on the lawn, but it was dust and ashes to Sally. The old cook had flattered her outrageously, and before those dim old eyes, hearing those dear, foolish words such as her mother used, she had recaptured the feeling of joyous irresponsibility, the feeling that she was a beloved child, safe and sheltered, whose only concern was to "be good." She forgot for a time her exalted destiny as the wife of a celebrated man. Jennie called her a "precious lam" and a "sweet, pretty little rosebud," and that gave her ten times the comfort that Rodney's fervent admiration could give. Because in her heart she knew that Rodney praised her for what she was not, but for what he wished her to be, and she tried to be.

So that she was happy when she left Jennie, and came out with a glowing face, a light heart—and what had happened to Rodney? He would not speak, or even look at her.

"If he's going to be like that—" she thought, ready to weep. "Oh—and it's growing dark! And Mother—but I said I'd like him, and I will."

It was the first time she had ever looked at Rodney when he was not looking at her, when his dark eyes did not destroy her judgment. Was he really like this? So handsome, so gallant, so splendid—but so strange!

"Come on, Sally!" he said, abruptly.

She rose, for hadn't she promised? But her blue eyes sought Miss Mallory's face with anxious appeal. Rodney had gone toward the gate, and they were alone for the minute. The older woman kissed her rounded cheek.

"Sally!" she whispered. "You dear baby! Go home to your mother, darling—and tell her. Tell her you want to stay with her a little longer."

"Come on!" said Rodney, impatiently.

"I'll send back the bag on Monday," Miss Mallory went on, "and nobody will ever know. Good-by, little Sally!"

Rodney had turned away from the station and Sally walked beside him, without a word, until they had turned the corner.

"Rodney!" she said. "Aren't we—"

"You know, Sally," he answered, vehemently, "it was a— a beastly thing for me to do. I'm ashamed of myself. I've never met anyone like Miss Mallory! She got talking to me, while you were in the house, and somehow, without meaning to, I let slip that I wanted to be an architect. And, Sally! She was so interested! She knows an architect in the city, one of the big ones, and she's going to write to him to night about me. And she said she's sure he'll help me, perhaps take me in his office. She understands exactly how I felt." He paused a moment, and gave Sally's arm a hasty squeeze. "Sally, you'll wait, won't you? Until I've done something you can be proud of? Until I can really take care of you?"

"Yes, you, Sally?"

"Yes!" she cried. "I'd wait forever and ever!"

"Look here, Sally!" he went on, growing a little red. "I didn't tell Miss Mallory about—that. She doesn't know. I kicked the bag behind a bush and she never noticed it. I'll get it for you tonight, after dark."

Sally suddenly advanced a long step in wisdom.

"No, leave it to me, Rod, dearest," she said. "I'd rather manage it my own way."

And while she spoke, her love for him underwent a miraculous transformation; he was no longer the dazzling and magnificent Rodney she was blindly to follow; he was her own Rodney, whom she had to protect from the least distress or humiliation. He shouldn't suspect that Miss Mallory did know.

It was dark when they reached her gate.

"Good night, you dear, dear Rodney!" she said. "I'm going home to wait!" And she left him happily.

The light from the dining-room window shone out over her path. The light from the room where two chairs

were drawn up before the daintily laid table.

Mrs. Ordway was safely shut into Mrs. Morris' bedroom, where the two old friends could talk undisturbed.

"Sally told me in the middle of dinner," said Mrs. Ordway, with a rather uncertain smile. "She jumped up so suddenly, and threw her arms around my neck, and told me she was going to marry Rodney. I was surprised—but, oh, Ella, I was so touched, and so happy for her confidence."

"Rodney spoke very sensibly, I must say," observed Mrs. Morris, with pride. "In a very manly, straightforward way. There's more in that boy than most people imagine. He said of course they're both prepared to wait until he's in a position to—"

"Wait!" said Mrs. Ordway, half indignantly. "I should think so! Sally's only a child. She tells me she doesn't want to go to college; she'd rather stay at home and perhaps take a course in domestic science. She said she'd rather be with me. You don't know."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Morris, briskly. "Why shouldn't I know? Do you think I don't like having the boy here, under my feet? Why, tonight when he came into the kitchen, he hugged me tight, like a young bear. And he was so pleased with the new curtains in his room."

She was silent for a moment.

"He told me that he and Sally had tea with Nora Mallory this afternoon," she went on. "Well! She's lucky to have time for tea. I haven't. I've been working every minute of this day, since six o'clock this morning."

"I didn't get home till late myself," said Mrs. Ordway, with a sigh. "I'm thankful to-morrow is Sunday. But truly, Ella, don't you envy Nora just a little bit?"

"Indeed I don't! We've been able to do something for the children and she's simply wasted time. We've worked. And she's just wasted another day!"—By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, from the Woman's Home Companion.

**Motor Fees Must Be Used For Improving Highways.**

The Pennsylvania Motor federation has been victorious in its protest against the expenditure of \$25,000 motor license fees for construction of a concrete plaza in front of the State capitol at Harrisburg, holding that the fees are for the improvement and maintenance of State highways and state-aid highways. The attorney general of Pennsylvania upheld the federation, declaring the money, if spent, must come from the so-called bond fund—not the motor license fees.

The federation also protested the action of Gettysburg battlefield guides, many of whom, pointing to their guide badge, stopped motorists on the highways leading into Gettysburg. The state highway department is constructing driving places along three main roads into the battlefield towns. Guides may operate there, but at no other point, under penalty of arrest.

**Yosemite Valley Enjoys All-Year Auto to Highways.**

Yosemite valley now has an all-year automobile highway, which makes the park one of the most readily accessible vacation spots in the United States. Heretofore the park was practically closed in the winter because snow in the high mountain passes leading to it prevented the entry of automobiles.

The new road, which runs from Merced to Mariposa and then to Briceberg and then up the Merced river to the Merced gateway to the park, was dedicated by Governor Richardson. It is 27 feet wide—ample for three cars abreast, and is so constructed in grades and curves that the allowable road speed of 35 miles an hour can be maintained practically all of the way from Merced.

**Animals Well Treated in Rail Transportation.**

Washington.—Animals being taken to market for slaughter are now treated better than ever before, according to the Agricultural department.

A decided decrease in violation of the 28-hour law, which prohibits confinement of animals in cars longer than that period without food, water and rest, was announced by the government.

Only 227 cases were reported last year, compared with 402 violations in 1920 and 700 cases the previous year.

Transportation companies and their employees have improved conditions under which domestic animals are handled in interstate commerce, the department said.

**533 Hunting Licenses Ordered for Pennsylvania.**

John C. Dight, director of the bureau of publications, has announced that he had ordered 533,000 hunting licenses and tags printed for citizens of the Commonwealth and 6,000 for non-residents. In 1924, 503,850 tags were printed for residents as compared with 507,500 in 1915 and 533,000 in 1926 and 1927.

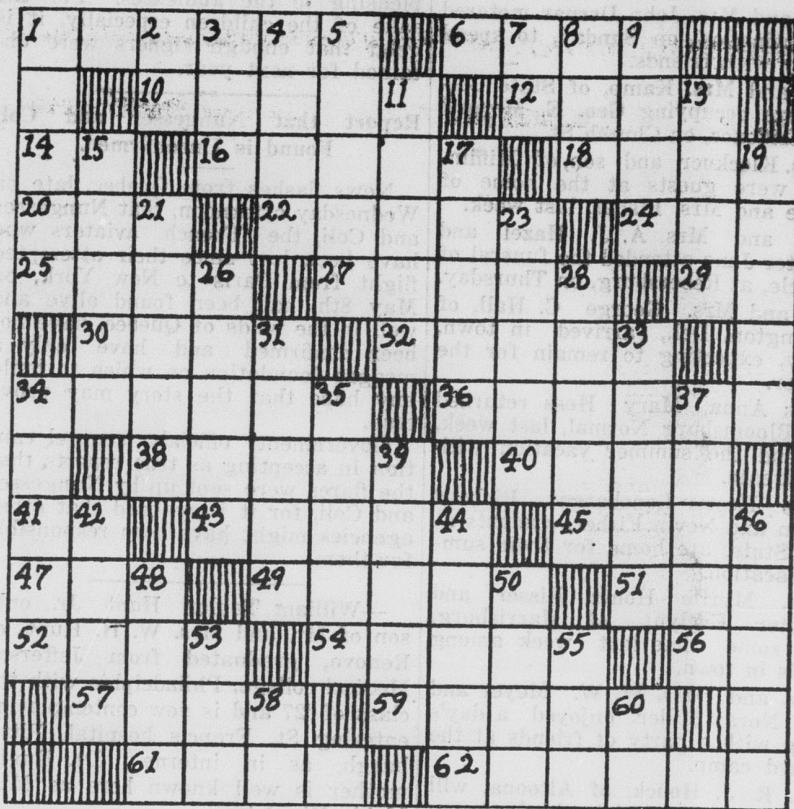
The number ordered for Tioga county is 4,000; Potter, 2,800; Lycoming, \$10,000.

**Solution to Last Week's Puzzle.**

CROSS  
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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. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will spell 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. 1.



(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

- Horizontal.**
- 1—To forgive
  - 4—A store
  - 10—Helped
  - 12—Pitcher
  - 14—Highway (abbr.)
  - 16—Ability
  - 18—Spoke
  - 20—Small bed
  - 22—To make merry
  - 24—Watering place
  - 26—To injure
  - 27—Native of Italy's capital
  - 29—Printing measure
  - 30—Pace
  - 32—More exact
  - 34—Glow
  - 36—Indian wigwams
  - 38—Canvas shelters
  - 40—To fly
  - 41—Preposition
  - 43—Place where two pieces of cloth are joined (pl.)
  - 45—Lively
  - 47—Wooden tub
  - 49—Journeys
  - 52—To give forth
  - 54—Killed
  - 56—Physician (abbr.)
  - 57—God of love
  - 59—Terminated
  - 61—Visual organs
  - 62—Needleworkers
- Vertical.**
- 1—Verandah
  - 2—Sun god
  - 3—To immerse
  - 4—Smell
  - 5—Of more recent origin
  - 7—That man
  - 8—To possess
  - 9—Vegetables
  - 11—County of England
  - 13—Mature
  - 15—Mixture of water and flour
  - 17—To send in
  - 19—Young sheep
  - 21—Characteristic
  - 23—Shoe strings
  - 25—Prongs of a fork
  - 28—Roman historian
  - 31—Doctrine
  - 33—Harvests
  - 34—To push
  - 35—Heavenly bodies
  - 37—Made a mistake
  - 39—To grin
  - 42—Renown
  - 46—Three feet (pl.)
  - 48—To become fatigued
  - 50—Edge of a surface
  - 53—Plaything
  - 58—Point of compass
  - 60—Prefix meaning "down"
- 51—Ocean**      **44—Bridges**      **55—Novel**

Solution will appear in next issue.

**"Put on Your Chains," is Advice to Autoists.**

Once you have bought chains for your car, use them. That is the advice of Charles E. Hill, vice president of the National Safety council. Too many motorists fail to do so, either because they are too lazy to put them on or because the process seems too difficult, according to Mr. Hill.

Chains are so simple to adjust, however, that they can be put on by children in very quick time. Some girl

members of the headquarters staff of the safety institution recently demonstrated how comparatively simple it is to drape the chains over the tire, so that the hooks just about touch the ground at the rear; shove the car forward until the connecting hooks are about a foot above the road, connect first the inside and then the outer hook as tightly as possible by hand, and when the automobile starts rolling the chains loosen up a bit, which allows them to creep on the tire.

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