

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 3, 1928.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, as the manner in which you say it; it is not so much the language you use, as the tones in which you convey it.

ALLEY CAT.

Whether two writers should ever marry is a question. Perhaps if neither were successful it might work out. The Jimmy S. Jenkses went along very well with Jimmy (Stoughton Jenks) was writing plays that were produced in transformed cellars and garages, the kind that critics call biting, relentless, macabre and that go in for cumulative horror, and Mrs. Jimmy (Alexandra Dalrymple) was selling only an occasional love story to the women's magazines.

man who came in to help but drove her raving crazy. She was at the bursting point when Jimmy, burning the candle at both ends and dazed with weariness, was summarily given up by the office. Sandy war-danced. In a week she had them settled in a tiny furnished cottage with a big yard for Bunny and a quiet room upstairs for her study.

never had a part I loved as I did Alley Cat. Do me something like that and I will get it on." Her nod reminded him that she was a different person from the unknown girl of his semi-amateur, special-matinee beginning in a martyred tone, but he interrupted.

"Get what you like. I'm going back to town." "And leave me with Bunny—my book not finished—no help with my house—" That "my house" settled it. Jimmy rose.

station," Sandy said, in a hurried, gentle voice. "I just wanted to see if you were all right." She dragged herself to her feet. "And I want to apologize, Jimmy." She was nervous about it, fumbling with her coat and hat. "I have only just found out that you never drew a cent for yourself. I must have been a beast to make you—feel like that."

He drank the chilled coffee to save it, and so could not even sleep. Half the night he walked the streets, blind to their drama, consumed in his own pain. He came in bodily exhausted, and the place that Sylvia had scorned welcomed him like a kind old nurse. He stood looking about, his hand still on the light, his heart breaking in his side for the day when this had been home. Bunny kicking in the crib and Sandy scorching the dinner while she wrote down an idea!