

PRE-WAR.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

lations with his customers, knew his business intimately. I was catapulted into control of a big organization I knew nothing about. If it had been smaller I might have had a chance. It was that which gave me the idea of starting small.

"I still think my original idea was a good one—just a single shop. But ideas grow fast. I began to think of half a dozen shops, then a dozen. Each in charge of an expert, selected from Leicester's, who would own a share in it, maintain close personal relations with clerks and customers."

"I don't," commented Bettina, "see anything wrong with that idea."

The moonlight revealed his smile. The gallant yet a bit dry. "You might ask your father his opinion of it," he suggested. "And of my big idea—which was that the shops could be used as a cornerstone for a department store which would eventually fill the building I bought."

Bettina glanced up at him. "Are you sorry now that you sold out?" she asked abruptly.

"No," he said deliberately. His eyes met hers squarely, revealingly. She did not speak or move. She couldn't. Then he himself broke the spell. "I suspect," he said, with a glance at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, "that it's time I started you homewards."

The moon that rode over them as the long-nosed roadster coursed back, the throbbing motor, the rush of the wind, were like subtle drugs. They hardly spoke.

"Thank you," said Peter when he dropped her at the hotel.

"It's I who should thank you," she protested. To which she added an impulsive, "If you want to let me know, some time, how things are coming, I'd be interested, truly." Which, from Bettina, was a considerable admission.

It was almost eleven the next night when her father returned. He was tired, she knew. Even his eyes, smiling at her, were weary.

"What have you been up to while I was gone?" he asked.

"I went for a ride with Peter—I mean Mr. Leicester, last night," she confessed. "He told me a lot about his ideas and his shops."

"Were you pledged to secrecy—or may I share his rosy dream with you?"

"They aren't very rosy," she retorted. "He seems to think he may have made a mistake. When I asked him why, he told me to ask you why. I'll tell you some time."

He gave her a swift glance. "Tell me now."

He listened, without comment, while Bettina repeated what Peter had told her. Then, "A department store—good Lord!" he said.

He considered that a second, while her eyes questioned his.

"His ideas are going in opposite directions," he explained. "Take just the shops. The basic idea seems to tie them together, but they are not homogeneous. Their appeal is limited, too, for they do suggest exclusiveness and expensive things. If he had, instead of selling out, retained control of Leicester's and used its resources to stock such shops, he—"

There he checked himself.

"But he didn't," he commented. "And though the shops might make profitable adjuncts to a down-town department store, as the cornerstone of an up-town department store they're pipe-dreams."

"Then—then he will fail?" protested Bettina.

His shrewd eyes read her face and briefly something seemed to tighten around his heart. But his voice remained unchanged.

"A man may fail in the sense that he goes broke," he said, "but he is still alive, and if he is any good he has learned something, acquired experience, which is the most valuable capital a man can possess. Your young friend might have invested his millions safely and yet been a failure to my way of thinking—and yours, too, I suspect. He may lose them—though I see no reason why he should if he'll listen to reason."

"Would—would you talk to him?" suggested Bettina eagerly.

"Me? Good Lord! You forget I've never even met him. He as much as told the other stockholders he saw no reason why he should talk to me."

"I think he'd love to just the same," persisted Bettina. "If you only would—"

"Love it too?" he grimaced. "It would be a waste of time, kitten. He—"

The sentence broke off there as his eyes met hers. "Oh, all right," he surrendered. "But let's not make it too formal. Why not just invite him to dinner some night and see what, if anything, he has to say for himself?"

"That's my sweetheart," paeaned Bettina and kissed him swiftly.

But again his heart constricted.

This was Thursday, the seventeenth of March. To Bettina, considering the prospective dinner date, it seemed that sometime during the next week would be best, preferably toward the last of the week.

But that night she dreamed of Peter again. Almost a nightmare, this time. He seemed to be in a great building that was falling down on him. Of course all dreams are silly. Yet when she awoke from this Bettina did not grin. Or think, "Of all men, him!"

Temperamental March was back on the job this morning—the wind blew chill from the east. But though the sun was still brilliant enough to dissipate the mental miasmas that unpleasant dreams weave around the moment of waking, Bettina's persisted through breakfast and thereafter.

"Perhaps," she concluded, "if he has no engagement for tonight—"

The telephone book gave him number. Not of the shops but of his

apartment. But his phone did not answer. Not at eleven, twelve-thirty, two or four.

"I guess that settles it!" she announced.

Nevertheless, it didn't! The young psychologist could have told her that it hadn't.

"I'll take a taxi and drop in on Father," she decided.

She believed that it was pure impulse that caused her to change the directions she started to give the taxi driver.

"He won't be there now, of course," she assured herself—he did not refer to her father—"but it won't do any harm to stop a minute and see."

The building which she had visioned in her dream as collapsing on Peter seemed reasonably proof against any such gymnastics as the taxi paused before it.

"Wait—I'll be just a second," she told the driver.

The arcade which ran through the building was deserted, for Peter's crew had quit at five.

"Mr. Leicester?" repeated the lone elevator operator. "I guess you'll find him in the French shop."

The little French shop presented an inhospitable front, soft gray draperies closing off show-window and door. Bettina knocked.

So, curiously enough, did her heart. The door opened. And there stood Peter. Taken by surprise but with a swift gladness in his eyes as he invited her in.

"You've heard the news, I suppose," he said.

"News—what news?" asked Bettina. Then, ignoring her own question, added quickly, "Could you come to dinner tonight? With Father and me?"

"I'm sorry," he replied, and his voice was ever so sorry, "but I've got another engagement. I promised Ma and Jim I'd run down to the camp tonight. They want to celebrate the—the gift I told you about. I—could you come?"

Bettina wavered. She wanted to, somehow. Awfully! Yet: "I wanted you to meet Father," she protested.

"—"

"But I have met him. This morning. I thought that was why you came. He's going to take over my shops, as a part of Leicester's."

"You—you mean to say you've sold them to him?" gasped Bettina.

"He has the habit of buying things, you know," Peter reminded her. "And it struck me that these shops would do better with Leicester's resources behind them."

"Why—that just what father said!"

"Great minds!" he commented, with a swift smile. "Anyway, I pointed out that I had a good location for what Leicester's used to call the carriage trade and—"

"But—what are you going to do?"

"Learn the department store business from the ground up—I'm swapping the shops in for a block of stock. Your father has promised to find me a job. I don't know just what and I don't care. It will give me a chance to study him and his methods."

He paused, but Bettina, still bewildered said nothing. "I suppose," he remarked, "that it sounds as if I ate crow. But—well, your father is a prince, Bet—I mean Miss West. He can make crow taste like Vermont turkey."

"Don't you believe it!" Bettina assured him swiftly. "I've seen Father make men he had no use for eat crow—and they knew it was crow. He must like you."

"He did say I wasn't as half-baked as some of the other stockholders had led him to think," admitted Peter, "or as—"

"Half-baked!" echoed Bettina indignantly. "Why, I think—"

There she checked herself quickly. As she should. Why should she tell him what she thought of him? Or he be particularly interested?

Yet he was plainly. "What do you think?" he asked eagerly.

"I—I think I'd better go," murmured Bettina hastily.

Nevertheless, she didn't move. It was as if Peter's eyes, besieging hers, held her prisoner. She evaded them desperately until, against her will, their glances met. Then:

"Oh!" she breathed involuntarily—and was immediately silenced.

The little shop from the rue de la Paix might have been even smaller without inconveniencing them. A telephone booth would have provided the space they needed as his arms went swiftly around her and his lips discovered hers.

Presently, "I never dreamed I had a chance," he murmured huskily. "You are so proud of your father and his success that I thought that unless a man was a regular ball of fire in business—"

"I thought so myself," she confessed. But her eyes, meeting his, removed any sting that might be in that even before she added, "But I'll bet you'll be a ball of fire yet. Not that it matters—"

They sprang apart hastily. The door to the little shop had opened and a voice was speaking.

"Say," it demanded, "how about that taxi?"

"Gracious," gasped Bettina. "I'd completely forgotten—"

She paused to blush to her charming ears as Peter quickly offered the driver a bill.

The driver glanced at the bill and automatically reached into his pocket for change. And as automatically withdrew his hand. He, as the phrase goes, knew his onions.

"I can't break this," he complained.

"Don't bother to," advised Peter pointedly.

The driver grinned. "Much obliged," he said and, disciplining a desire to wink, withdrew.

The wink, however, was only momentarily delayed. He tendered it to the elevator man as he fluttered the bill under the latter's nose.

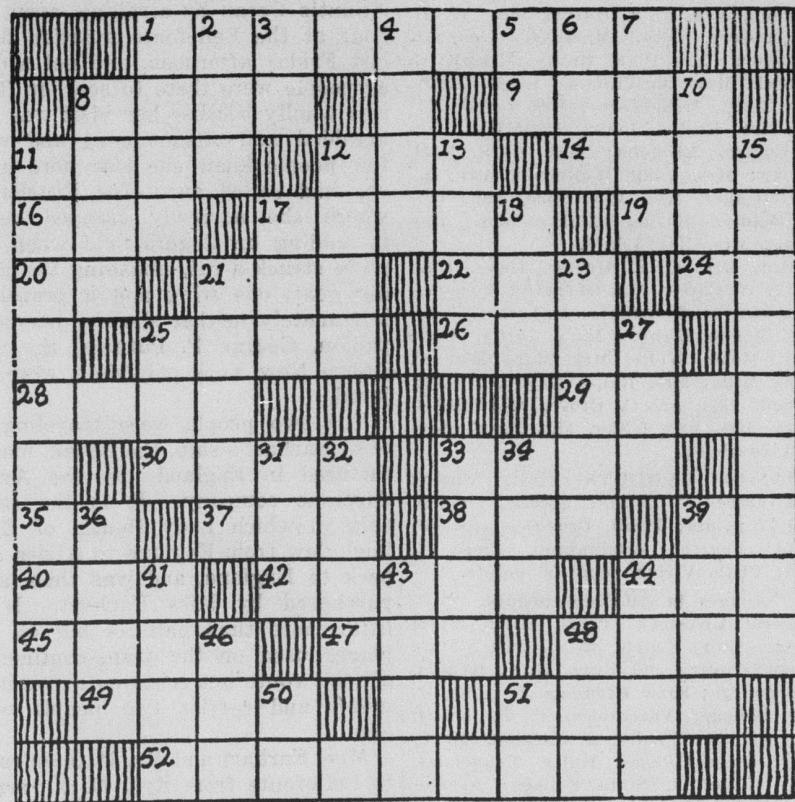
"See that?" he exulted. "Got it from the guy in there—caught him with a case of regular pre-war stuff in his arms."

About what these days passes for love he was a cynic. Yet he did know the real thing when he saw it. Pre-

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. 1.



(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.

- 1—A sweetheart chosen on St. Valentine's day
- 8—Middle western state
- 9—Kind
- 11—Noise produced by seas on shore
- 12—Scamp
- 14—To cover with paper and tie
- 16—Unity
- 17—Head of an abbey of monks
- 18—A man of rank
- 20—Part of "to be"
- 21—Sneeze
- 22—To consume
- 24—Behold!
- 25—Plant whose fiber is used in spinning
- 26—A snare
- 28—Bound
- 29—To cook in oven
- 30—Point of compass
- 32—To arrest
- 35—Sun god
- 37—To regret
- 38—Same as 21 horizontal
- 39—Right (abbr.)
- 40—Self
- 42—To wed
- 44—Pastry
- 45—To harvest
- 47—Human
- 48—Border of an unplowed field (dual. Eng.)
- 49—A head of water
- 51—Fine particles of stone
- 52—Surprising

Vertical.

- 1—To cast a ballot
- 2—Reverential fear
- 3—Not of scale
- 4—Senseless to pain
- 5—Part of "to be"
- 6—At this time
- 7—Makes a mistake
- 8—Electricified particles
- 10—End piece
- 11—A riotous reveler
- 12—Old world wild goat with curved horns
- 13—Poetry maker
- 15—Revolted
- 17—Compendium of information on a certain subject
- 18—Sailor
- 21—Having lived longer
- 23—Piece of furniture
- 25—Not many
- 27—To stroke gently
- 31—Amount
- 32—Pair of horses
- 33—A musical instrument
- 34—Some
- 36—Old
- 39—Skin of a fruit
- 41—Rowing implements
- 43—To be at ease
- 44—Sharp pain
- 46—Cooking vessel
- 48—Hastened
- 50—Father
- 51—Not of scale

Solution will appear in next issue.

war stuff, he had called it. The stuff that the little god, not so blind as he seems, still manages to slip to his customers.

Two of whom, back in the little shop, were again occupying no more space than a phone booth would have provided.

For even modern love stories still end that way.—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Watch Your Headlights.

"Watch your headlights or the State Road Patrolmen will nab you," is the warning of the Keystone Automobile Club, which announces an intensive drive will be made during the summer in all parts of the State in an effort to eliminate the glaring headlights menace.

"We are advised," says a statement by the club, "that the State Highway Patrol will pay more attention than ever to glaring lights. The danger of the blinding lights is more real than many motorists appear to appreciate, and the Department of Highways is determined to make the highways safe by forcing car owners to keep their lights in proper focus."

Hundreds of headlights focusing stations have been appointed by the State, and are to be at the service of motorists day and night. If the car owner is unable to make his own adjustments, he can have the lights properly adjusted at the stations, for a nominal charge.

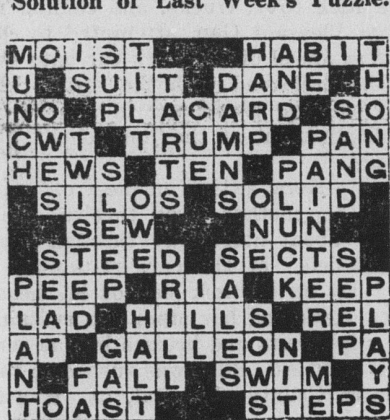
"Regardless of how the adjustments are made, motorists should remember that eternal vigilance is necessary to keep lights from getting out of focus. Frequent inspection is necessary, because a set of lights may be thrown out of focus by a bump or a jar and unless the motorist is alert and watchful he may drive under conditions that are a menace to other users of the road."

"A good way to test your lights is to place some object 25 feet ahead of the car. If any main beam of light strikes higher on this object than the height of the center of the headlamp, the lights need to be re-focused."

Pennsylvania Birds in Pen Sketches.

A handbook of Pennsylvania birds, the only one of its kind ever published for Pennsylvania, is now being completed by Dr. George M. Sutton, widely known ornithologist, artist, naturalist-lecturer, and explorer. Dr. Sutton is both author and illustrator of this publication which will contain a colored frontispiece and approximately 200 pen and ink drawings of our native birds. In substance the book deals with the life history of over 200 species of birds known to occur in the Commonwealth either as residents or migrant. There will be a complete description of the birds, their song, habitat, nest and eggs, and range. Ranking as one of the foremost ornithologists in the United States today, Dr. Sutton will place the salient parts of his knowledge of the bird-world of the State in this delightful treatise. The book will be well bound, and is of convenient size for field use. Attention is called to the particular value of this work to

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



all nature-lovers, bird-students, and particularly to present day school teachers and their pupils. This publication is well adapted to use as a text or reference book in any public school.

Find State is Not Good Stolen Car Market.

Pennsylvania is not a good market for stolen cars, reports of the Pennsylvania highway department indicate. The state highway patrol reports the arrest of twenty-six persons in connection with stolen cars in the month of July. Twice as many cars from other States were stolen in Pennsylvania and recovered elsewhere.

The state highway patrol, the Pennsylvania state police and other agencies were responsible for recovery of 74 cars in July with an estimated value of \$43,875. One of the principal means of detecting stolen cars is in checking title records of the bureau of motor vehicles.

During the first seven months of 1928 a total of 627 cars were recovered with an estimated value of \$345,954. All of the popular models are included in the list, which is liberally dotted with names of cars ranging in the \$2,000 to \$3,000 class.

According to July report, thirty-six cars were abandoned by the thieves. In twelve instances cars were found in the possession of persons not the rightful owners but not the thieves themselves.

Nine Pennsylvania cars were found in other States but Pennsylvania recovered eleven cars from other States.

—Advice is given by a writer in the Nature Magazine, on how to grow nice looking grass on your lawn. Weeds are perhaps the greatest difficulty. And weeds, this writer says, come largely from the weed seeds mixed into poorly grown grass seed. A test made of certain samples of seed recently gathered showed 60,000 weed seeds per pound. The best time to sow grass seed is said to be in the fall and not the spring. Householders in Bellefonte should get ready to improve their lawns this fall. And the best way to encourage the grass to grow is to use fertilizer. People can't grow without food, and the grass too must have its dinner.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

Making Your Will

IT is always better to consult a competent lawyer in the important business of disposing of your estate. And you will do well to name this Bank as your Executor, thus insuring prompt and competent settlement.

Drawing wills and settling estates is not work for Amateurs.

The First National Bank
BELLEFONTE, PA.



There is a Way

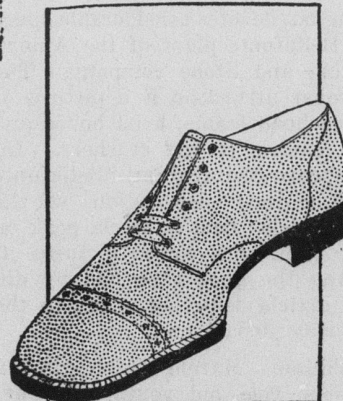
TO make proper provision for your family after you are gone. Establish a trust fund and make this Bank your Trustee—then you are sure that your instructions will be executed as directed. Consult us freely about this important matter.

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