Bellefonte. Pa., January 11, 1929.

THE VICTORY OF CONNIE LEE.

Our town sits complacently beside a great highway where once there were buffalo tracks. If you start on the highway-and travel far enough -it will bring you to the effete East. If you start in the opposite direction -and travel a few hundred miles farther-it will bring you to the effete West. Ourtown is neither effete nor distinctive, nor even particularly pleasing to the passing tourist. It is beautiful only in the eyes of the prairie-lover whose sojourn in the mountains or by the sea has left him homesick for the low rolling hills, the fields of sinuously moving corn, and the elusively fragrant odor of alfalfa. Sometimes the snow and sleet hold Ourtown in their deadly bitter grasp. Sometimes the south winds parch it with their hot, scorching breath. But between these onslaughts there are days and weeks so perfect, so filled with lilac odors and the rich pungent smell of newly turned loam, so sumac-laden and apple-burdened, so clean-swept with crystal rain, that to the prairie-born there is nothing

To Ourtown, sixteen years ago, from an Eastern university, came Norman Harper, big, fine, clean-cut, with a life dedicated to teaching. And this is the story of Norman Harper and his love for Connie Lee.

like it on mountain or lake or sea.

For nine months Norman Harper had been superintendent of the schools in Ourtown. Unsettled as to whether he would remain for another year, he drove one night into the country, with the vague idea that the open spaces might help to clarify his vision. A little way out from town he stopped as the evening train passed by and, having stopped, pon-dered for a moment which of two roads to take. How could Norman Harper know that his whole future hung on that finely balanced decision? How indeed! We never do. Fate, that old woman who pushes her human checkers about, laid a bony hand on the steering wheel. To the north drove Norman Harper.

His way lay past orchards, where little pincushions of apples clung to sap-filled branches, past alfalfa fields ready for the first cuttng, past corn fields in which green shoots were already ankle depth. Ahead of him an old man sat on a fallen log holding up his hand, a clumsy team beside him. Norman slowed down.

stopped. "I guess I'll have to have some help," the old man called. "This fool mare kicked me. I've fed her and watered her and curried her for eleven years. I'd 'a' said she was one of the best friends I got till she pulled off this trick. My name's Lee," he

Norman assisted the man to the car and, leading the team, they drove slowly into the farmyard with its heterogeneous collections of buildings. The house itself stood in a little picket-fenced yard away from omnivorous hens, where there were petunias and zinnias sending forth multitudinous blossoms. An old lady was shutting up a brood of tiny chickens for the night. She shaded her face with her hand and came forward with little birdlike movements.

The old man said curtly, "Ma, this is Mr. Harper, the professor in the schools." Ma shook hands with Norman. She was as brown as a gnome but sweet-faced and gracious.

"Topsy kicked me," her husband told her. "Darned fool! When I get around to it I'll take it out of her hide." Old Man Lee had never touch ed child or beast with a stick, but he enjoyed talking of the possibility. Norman led the temperamental

post and assisted the man into the house. "Which doctor do you employ?" he asked.
"Great guns! You talk like they

was grocerymen. The whole kit 'n' bilin' of 'em would starve to death if they depended on Ma and me. Got Ma some medicine a while back, but got it in a drug store. Paid a dollar for You got some yet, ain't you Ma?" Ma nodded, proud of her economy.

When the doctor arrived the old man greeted him with: "Seems a fellow can't stub his toe around here without callin' out the state militia." But by this time Norman had sensed the real nature of the kind heart that lay under the prickly armor. The old lady seemed to be of finer texture. She was gentle of speech, and her hands, in spite of their toilworn appearance, were as slender and

pointed as a Gainsborough. This, then, was the couple whose acquaintance Norman had made because Fate, that old woman of the roads, had intervened. Feeling a genuine interest in them, he went back for a second and third call. It was while on this last visit, in wandering around the little place that he discovered a wonderful view, where the orchard reached to the high bank of a bluff overlooking the far country. For an hour or more he sat there enjoying the scene. The wonder of the night filled and soothed him. The quiet was a loving, brooding thing, caressing him like a soft hand on the forehead. The moon shone down into the orchard, making shimmering shadows of patterns as dainty as the lace made by old Alsatian women. The leaves on the Lombardy poplars stirred, twinkled, little dancing Pierrots in the moon. The scene seemed wasted, he thoughtthe beauty of it was so poignant. With a feeling of reluctance at leaving he turned to go to his car. It was then that the girl came up the

the bluff she threw out her arms in a gesture of abandon. "Connie !" she called. "Connie Lee, come here!"

All this that Connie had been saying was merely a collection of words to Norman. In the first pause he circumscribed, but who left behind to the little gray house. Nor did she re-

It was uncanny, weird.

might startle you." She stopped rigid with a short intake of breath, so that he quickly explained his presence, telling her of his visits to the old folks, and the dis-

covery of the view from the bluff.
"You like it, too?" Relieved, she laughed a gay little crescendo laugh. "I always loved it when I used to play here. It has been seven years since I have seen it. I'm Connie Lee."

She, herself, was Connie Lee. She had called to herself to come. She might then be insane? Hardly. She was cool, laughing. She had poise. "Connie Lee has been dead for seven years," she announced. "And I killed her. With my little bow and arrow I killed Connie Lee."

Falling in with the figure, Norman asked lightly, "Who saw her die?"
The answer came quickly, "I,' said Ambition, "with my lttle eye, I saw her die." She stood looking over the bluff, apparently accepting Norman as part of the landscape. "Well," she threw her arms out in their characteristic gesture-"it has worked .. . the incantation . . . the fetish for

the gods . . . the sacrifice to the idols. Connie Lee's alive again." "You will be here for some time?" With something of a shock Norman realized that he was eagerly awaiting her answer.

She frowned, evidently disturbed. 'That depends. I've run away." It seemed to give her a great deal of laughing satisfaction. "It has been a dream of mine to come back and stay a year with Grappy and Granny. Until a year from today .. . and then I vanish into the clouds like mist and the all-beholding sun shall see me no more. That's 'Thanatopsis." ny made me learn it once for throwing my patchwork into an old well in the pasture. But if I stay, I have to get some work to do. I thought maybe I could get a position in the schools. I planned to see the superintendent tomorrow."

"I am the superintendent." Norman was immediately on his guard. To have tapped the shell of a mud-turtle would have had the same with-draw-

ing consequences. "You? How terribly awesome!" But that was mere persiflage. He knew it had not awed her in the least. "What are your qualifications?" Norman was all seriousness, wholly superintendent. No piece of femininity with a great deal of laughing through curved lips above a V- shaped cleft in its chin could pull the wool

over his eyes.
She held up her ten fingers, dropping them one by one as she named "I can read, write, sing, play the piano, and dance. I have sympathy, pride, loyalty, a sense of humor, and know first aid to the injured."

"A few of them are essential," he admitted; "but our teachers have special training. Have you?" "Oh, I've been to school," she said

vaguely. "Well," she made a little shrugging motion of her shoulders— "if I can't get it, the vanishing begins in a few days. Connie Lee will go again to be a brother to the insensible rock and to the sluggish clod which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon.'

"I'll talk to the board," he said has. tily—too hastily. "Perhaps it could be arranged if you would take some intensive work in the summer school." "School? Oh, goodness, that means more money. But maybe Grappy would help me a little. You see before you the beggar maid. She has three dollars and nineteen cents to her name, besides a ticket back"—she waved her hand indefinitely—"back to the sluggish clod."

"Tell me about yourself," Norman said. "Where have you been living in the seven years?"

It was the girl's turn to run to cov-Topsy and her phlegmatic mate to a er. "Let's not talk about that." She was serious enough now. Then suddenly she fell into that care-free mischievous mood in which Norman was so often to see her. "If Connie Lee self possessed of everything but sohas been dead for seven years, why, she's been to heaven, hasn't she?"

There was a little more conversation relative to the view, and then she left. Norman watched her go lightly down through the trees, humming a gay little tune. For some time he stood by the bluff looking across the river, where the lights of the little town gleamed like a thousand eyes. A star fell, an ember from the camp fires of heaven. It might have dropped into the little gray farmhouse, for simultaneously a light shone from a gable window. The girl wanted to be here for a year. And, knowing nothing about her, he had promised to use his influence in getting her into the schools. Like Topsy, had his common sense that he had fed and watered and curried for years turned and kicked

him? Connie Lee did not embarrass her intercessor. What she may have lack-Together they discussed a hundred subjects, but of the past seven years Connie was always laughingly vague. By the time that Norman grew conscious of criticism from the other teachers whenever he visited Connie's room, and equally self-conscious when he neglected to do so, he sensed what

And then-it seemed almost unbe-When the end came swinging into Up through the orchard came the merry way was sunk in an agony of away. irl, running as lightly as the sway- appeal. "Oh, no, no!" she said in All gesture of abandon. "Connie!" she called. "Connie Lee, come here!"

Norman stood silently in the black

The precipitately into the little gray house. Nor did she report for duty the next day. She only sent Norman a note which said she constance. The little gray house is the little gray house. Nor did she report for duty the next day. She only sent Norman a note which said she circumscribed, but who left bening the little gray house. The little gray house is the little gray house. Nor did she report for duty the next day. She only sent Norman a note which said she circumscribed, but who left bening the little gray house. The little gray house is the little gray house. The little gray house is the little gray house. The little gray house is the little gray house. The little gray house is the little gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house in the little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house in the little gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house in the little gray house is gray house. The little gray house is gray house in the little gray house

was happening to him.

was uncanny, weird.

of the shadow of wretchedness to side them like a colossal, accusing, of the Whittier School came. The Norman stepped from the shadow. make him feel that it had not been at third person. I beg your pardon. I was afraid I all easy for her to go. So, being nothing but the embodiment of simplicity and see her again.

Granny gave him her address, but, it seemed to him reluctantly, even intimating timidly that she did not had been buffalo tracks, and drove very far to a city of the East.

When he had cleansed and refreshed himself he started out to the number which Granny had given him. He found it, a huge pile of masonary looking as much like a public library as a home. If he was awed he gave ner gown, a bandeau of pearls in her and Granny. But I should never have Seeing Norman, Connie went white went."

Dut I should never have gone. I am terribly sorry now I went." hair was Connie Lee.

to the lips and stopped, bewildered. poise she introduced him to the girls group-Connie's love for Norman. fectionately, into Connie's arm.

"Mr. McCune, Mr. Harper," Connie named them. Then adroitly she stance Winters? You have everytook the situation into her hands. thing I haven't-strength of charac-"Mr. Harper has come from my other grandparents," she said to the young sonality. Sometimes I think I have gave some recommendations formalpeople; if you will excuse us for a lit- two souls in one body. I'm weak, tle while, I want to ask him about soft, my environment shapes me. them."

there." terribly. This is my Grandfather If I'd go back out there..with you to Winters's home. My name is really constance Winters, although Grappy always called me Connie Lee, just him entirely. He told me so in no as my mother was named. Grand-chosen words before I left last year. my father. He came out to Ourtown pends on it: Who am 1?' years ago with two other college boys Though his face was tense Norman to work on farms during their vaca- held himself steadily. It was Life's tion. He met my mother..they were big moment and Life had chosen to both so young . . . and they were mar- scourge him. He felt cold, shivering, ried secretly after a brief summer even afraid but he made himself go courtship. He came back East to fin- on. ish college, and died with diptheria. distress she confessed her marriage able thing—you wouldn't be happy to Grappy and Granny. Grappy wrote with me now. You'd remember all to Grappy and Granny. Grappy wrote with me now. Total Tellember and ing an October calendar," she exthe Winterses, and the answer came the things you had cut yourself away ing an October calendar," she extra the Winterses, and the answer came the things you had cut yourself away ing an October calendar," she extra the work of the place of gaudy SMALL BALLOTS ASSURED Norman took the piece of gaudy SMALL BALLOTS ASSURED made Grappy dislike my other grand- life is going to be largely a life of parents so, but at the slightest ques- service. I'll not fool my self into betion on my part Grappy would fall lieving otherwise. My income-good into anger or silence. Grappy and lord-after all this how could you live Granny were the only parents I ever on twenty-eight hundred dollars a knew, of course. I had such a hap- year in a six-roomed bungalow, with py childhood. The first thing I can only my love for you to keep you ever remember is Grappy catching me from remembering what you might up when he came in from work, and have had? No; you belong here." saying "Heigh-ho, your chin's startin' to split in two.' We three were so happy until I was sixteen. Oh, I character. tell you"-she broke off suddenly-"happiness is a queer thing. I've lived the life of a poor girl and a rich steadily. one, and I've learned a few things. You can laugh just as wholeheartedly in a steaming hot kitchen as you can in a ballroom, and you can shed just as bitter tears on a satin pillow as you can on a bundle of hay." little ashamed of her emotion she hurried back to her story:

"Then, when I was sixteen, like a fairy tale out my most cherished books, my other grandparents came to the farm. Grandfather Winters had become very weathy in oil, and I know now, what I didn't know then, that Grandmother Winters found hercial position. I think she must have argued that a young granddaughter, if she were passable, could assist her in getting a foothold. I know the first thing she said when she saw me

was, 'Oh, Jim, I do want her.' "But Grappy and Granny wouldn't let me go. Grappy was frightful.. how he talked! And then the Winterses began to tell me what they would do for me. All at once Grappy's anger seemed to collapse as though he were beaten. I think he must have suddenly seen that he and Granny had so very little to offer be- ed Connie to come. It was Norman side the advantages the other could give me. It was a pitiful moment as man who met her at the station. I see it now. He said he'd leave it to me. I can shut my eyes now and see Grappy's and Granny's drawn, stricken faces when I said I wanted But in the year which followed, see them...I'd spend a whole year nie got off. "Is he living?" onnie Lee did not embarrass her inwith them sometime; but Grappy told "Yes. These sturdy old people..it with them sometime; but Grappy told! me never to darken the door of his is hard for them to pass out." ed in technique she made up for in be- house again if I went. That hurt ing a natural born teacher, one of me of course and it was a long time in the soft haze of the Indian sumthose rare souls who know intuitively before I sensed that he himself was mer. But when they got there the

how to explain. Norman began the ing. ing her out in his car, although the ing. "Well, I came. I had everything... cuse, for a middle-aged teacher for You see." She threw out her hand al things were the ones he talked whom he showed no such thoughtful- in a little impersonal gesture which about, resetting strawberries, the ness lived three miles farther away. took in the exquisite fittings of the county fair, clearing out the underthe barn where Grappy was. I stood spoke clearly. "She's my little girl and she could do so much for Norman in the stable door and said, 'Grappy, ... they can't have her. They didn't and the children. She opened it. Her you never mentioned not darkening barn door,' Grappy looked up startled, and then crumpled down on acter....She was a nuisance then.... the milk stool and shed the first tears said to put her in a foundling home lievable—the year had flown past. I ever saw from him. Of courseorphan asylum....give her away lar." Grandfather Winters didn't like it at ' view, and Norman was sick with the all because I went. He threatened We took care of her.... Ma and me... thought of losing Connie, he put his me; but it ended in his only stopping Ma made her little dresses and I cut love into words. For once the girl's my allowance for the time I was

straightforwardness, he set about to ginning of her confession, for one friended in their covered wagon down coming home they first smell the salt does not ordinarily need to explain a the highway brought wild Bouncing finance. "For several years there has Bets as ragged and unkempt and full been an understanding between the of wanderlust as they.
families that I was to marry Hal. Norman went out to the farm every want Grappy to know she had done it. Grandfather and Hal's father are in- day of the week that Connie stayed So, half fearful, half exulant, Nor- terested in a great many things to- with Granny. He told himself it was man set out on the highway which gether. The two are very much pleased with it..it has seemed the best he made a request of her: "You when Norman interrupted, "Do you love him?"

Connie evaded, with miserable eyes. "I'm quite fond of him." Norman was making it very hard for her, standing there, tall and sino sign of it, for the trip was not to lent and honest. "When I was there," be fruitless. A bulter admitted him to she faltered, "I began to feel....to a hall through whose irridescent mar- know....but I thought if I came ble walls shone soft lights. A group away quickly-Oh!" she said suddenof young people came down the wide ly, "I thought it would be a lark livstairway. One of them, in a blue din- ing there like I used to with Grappy

"why?" Yes, Norman was exact-Then she came forward. Yes, Connie ing his pound of flesh. But even Lee had ample use for her seven years though Connie would not say why of social training. With poise she she was so sorry, a fourth person shook hands with Norman and with seemed to have slipped in to join the

the girl looked up and said earnestly: "Who am I? Connie Lee, or Con-Here, I countenance things I wouldn't While the God of Tact looked on in Ourtown. I actually had the feelapprovingly, Connie led the way into ing out there that I had gone back the library. The door closed, she faced Norman. "I should have told I love it. I was so happy all last you all about everything while I was year; but wasn't part of it due to the She spoke hurriedly as fact that it was a lark and I knew I though she would crowd a lifetime in- was coming back where everything to the interview. "I blame myself was lazy and pleasurable and easy? father Winters's youngest son was Help me; tell me-all our future de-

"You're Constance Winters" he said was born. I have never known what your unhappiness would be mine. My

Yes, Connie had been right in saying that Norman had strength of She went white to her lips. "I ex-

pect that's true." She, too, spoke "Goody-by," Norman took her hand.

Constance Winters held her head very erect. "Good-by!" So Norman Harper came back to Ourtown. No one knows what the outcome would have been if Grappy Lee's time had not then come to die. On a mellow Indian summer afternoon he stood on the steps of the back porch and looked across the field for which he had fought nature a half century before. For a long time he watched the lazy waving of the elms and Lombardy poplars that he had planted, pondered on their drawing their substance from the earth, thought of the wonder of sap and bud, blossom and leaf: how the leaves fell to the ground, became mold, sank into the earth, were drawn up, and again there were sap and bud, blossom and leaf. Quite suddenly Grappy felt cold, stricken, crumbling like a shriveling leaf. For a time he was frightened, feeling the icy fingers, and then quietly, renunciatingly, as though he too acquiesced in the Great plan, he turned and walked feebly into the house.

In the days that followed he wantwho telegraphed for her and Nor-When the train came out of the east he steeled himself for the meeting. Well, life was like that. We fought off the cold, icy hands of death and

They drove out the familiar way how to explain. Norman began tak- too hurt to know what he was say- old man was back down Memory's road. And he did not stop at the most important events. Little triviroom. "But I always wanted to go brush. Was all of life, thought Conback. So I risked it. I hadn't an nie, composed of little things, thousidea how they would treat me. I saw ands of them to make a whole? Sud-Granny first, and then went down to denly Grappy raised himself and want anything to do with her then .. defamed her dead mother's charanything....but not to bother them.

> her Christmas trees....' When the cows were coming up the Constance Winters dropped her of country communities people began the alley to the pasture where the

"Let me explain that, too," Connie road sent hothouse roses and a man went on quickly. Which was the be- and woman whom Grappy had be- sniff the air, like coast folks do when

the decent thing to do. On Thursday thing to do." Connie was floundering, wouldn't feel like taking your old room, would you, just for tomorrow while Miss Jones is away?" "Yes," Connie assented; "I'd like

In the middle of that Friday forenoon Norman, very businesslike, wholly superintendent, stopped in Connie's room to ask her if she would hand in a report, as all the teachers were doing, recommending any changes in the geography outline. And Connie, very businesslike, wholly

teacher, said that she would. In the the late afternoon Norman stood at his office window looking out in to base." at a fog settling down over the radiance of the day, truly typical of himself. Who was it had said that life ped them. "Edward is to tell first." was bright with its illusions, aspirations, dreams? It was not true. Life was raw. Illusions were mere standing nearest. While she was speaking, a young man who had come up slipped his hand familiarly, after a few moments they stood sifallacies of vision. Aspirations because a fallacies of vision and serious came aversions. Dreams were leaded to the girl looked up and said earnestly: the window and picked up the reports er read to us: of geography which had just come in. From the group he took Connie's paper and held it a moment....the last thing she would do for him. It ly numbered. There was another sheet underneath. It said:

I further recommend that these boys and girls be taught the difference between things worth while and those that are passing, so that when they are grown they will understand: 1. That a six-roomed bungalow may be a realm.

2. That twenty-eight hundred dollars will buy red firelight, a steaming kettle, a candle in the window. 3. That love, which is without fear, has nothing to do with things.

Dazed, Norman stood in wide-eyed fascination, looking at the swaying words. Then he stuffed the paper in lovely things you found.' his pocket, ran down-stairs to his car, and drove to the Whittier School. Although he banged the door and strode noisily down the length of the room, Connie, who was at the black- ed away." board, did not look up but kept on His letters to my mother stopped sud-denly. She must have been wild when Even if you hadn't promised to mar-she could get no word. Then in her ry him—and a promise is an inviol-was as though, having thrown a fell and the sun shone on it, nothing match in the dry prairie grass, the flame had turned on her. "I'm making an October calendar," she ex-

> chalk from her hand and threw it into the waste basket. "Connie, you're

"Oh, am I?" she asked politely. "You're not going back at all. I'm going East myself tonight and see this McCune and your grandfather. You can't push and shove love around like that. It's not a commodity to trade or barter. A promise is big, but love is bigger. You belong to me just as I belong to you. There's no through today-now-with this compromising for money and position."

She began no argument, made no same status as any independent moveresistance. She only said, "Oh, Norment that may be formed after next man, there never could have been year's primary date has passed. anybody but you."

It has been fifteen years since Connie wrote Hal McCune and Grandfather Winters that she was sorry to disappoint them, but how could she do other than marry the man she loved? The Harpers still live in Ourtown. Norman has had his salary increased to thirty-six hundred dollars, which is almost two dollars and a quarter per year for each character which he helps to mold. No, Norman Harper will never set the world on fire; but in Ourtown he is like the Rock of Gibraltar for all that is strong and enduring. Connie is pretty and contented. The eldest boy, Edward, is fourteen. He looks like his father, but in the middle of his chin there is a V-shaped cleft like Connie's. Maybe Grappy in heaven pressed it in the baby flesh with "Heigh-ho, your chin's startin' to split in two." Ruth is eleven, a feminized Norman, grave and sensible. Marian is eight, and is Connie all over again. Then there is Norman,

Junior, five. In the fifteen years since Norman and Connie were married they have poll 41,107 votes. That is 2 per cent. built on a bedroom, put in a furnace, and bought a five-passenger car. Sometime, when they get money enough ahead, they are going to take a trip, although Connie tells the children not to count too much on it. In the meantime they read avidly, and in imagination climb the Alps and sail mountains and the sea."

Two years ago Grandfather Winters died. In a few days Connie got right to nominate at a primary. an imposing letter from a firm of attorneys. She was trembling so she could scarcely open it. Just a few thousand dollars from Grandfather Winters, relenting at her disobedience, and she could do so much for Norman hope was as ashes in her mouth. Grandfather Winters had kept his word. "To my granddaughter, Constance Lee Winters Harper..one dol-

Still later the dollar check itself came. Norman cashed it and brought it home to her. For a few minutes Connie held it in her hand, looking soberly at it. Then she threw back her head and laughed, that merry laugh which was like water bubbling upward. That afternoon she put some sandwiches in the picnic pail neighborly acts. After the manner and she and the children went down

shadow of the trees. Again the girl had gone. But in it, somewhere be- eyes, "My fiance," she said. And coming to pay their respects. The children played. The pasture had called, "Connie Lee, are you here?" teen the lines, there was just enough Norman's love for Connie loomed be- president of the bank and the janitor been planted to alfalfa and the purbeen planted to alfalfa and the purple and lavender blossoms were thick in the lazy afternoon sunshine. A half-block away the children began to wash of the sea. When they arrived Connie told them: "I have a new game for you. All turn your backs and shut your eyes."

When they had done so, she took Grandfather Winters's silver dollar out of her apron pocket and, standing on tiptoe, silently threw it far out into the alfalfa field. "Open your eyes," she said. "Now, this is the game: Out in the pasture is one of the most valuable things in the world. The game is to find it. Whatever seems most valuable to you, bring it in to me."

All the rest of the afternoon Connie put deft patches on the under side of a tablecloth. The children roamed about in the field that was like a lavender sea, their happy voices shrill with laughter. When the sun was slipping behind the Lombardy poplars she called them, "Time's up. Come

They came scurrying in, all wanting to talk at once, but Connie stop-And Edward said: "I couldn't bring in the thing I thought was the most valuable. It's the elm in the middle of the pasture. It stands there so pretty, bowing and waving. It made me think of the verses Fath-

Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree. "Think of never having a nodding

tree, Mother!" "I couldn't bring mine, either," Ruth admitted. "Oh, I could have, but I didn't want to scare it. It's a little meadow lark in a nest on the ground. Think of never hearing a meadow lark sing, Mother!"

Marian threw back her head and let out a rippling crescendo of laughter. "I could bring mine," she chuckled. "It's a Baby. It's fair too, isn't it, Mother; because he was out there and I think he's the most valuable thing in the world."

They all laughed with her, but there were tears in Connie's eyes. "Well, well!" she said to them. "Trees! Birds! Babies! What lovely,

Then they ate their sandwiches. After that they trailed home, where Father was sitting on the porch, and saying, "I began to think you'd mov-

After a time the alfalfa was cut energetically filling in an autumn leaf and dried and hauled to the barn. The with red chalk. When Norman was field was plowed, and Grandfather Winters's legacy was turned under

FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

Fall's Election Had the Effect of Reducing the Size of the Ballot in Pennsylvania.

this McCune and your grandfather. Only two political parties, the Re-There's no power on earth which publican and the Democratic, will have gives them any jurisdiction over you. a place on the primary ballots next

September. It is so far back that only two parties had a legal standing in Pennsylvania that nobody at the Capitol can recall just when it did happen. Inappeal from Nature's decision. We're terest in the Hoover-Smith presidential contest this year weeded out the minor parties and placed them in the

In order to preserve its political entity, so far as the law is concerned, a party must register at least 2 per cent of the largest vote cast at an election. In the days when 42 to 45 per cent. of the potential voters cast ballots it was not difficult for a party to keep alive. But last month 80 per cent. of the registered electors went to the polls and the official returns show that the vast majority were for Hoover or for Smith.

There were five other parties which had places on the ballots last month, but there are very few voters who could mention even today a presidential candidate of any of these. The parties passing out, so far as the next primary is concerned, were the Labor, the Prohibitionist, the Industrialist, the Socalist and the Workers-Communist. Combined they did not poll 28000 votes. Had they all been rolled into one party these five organizations could not have preserved their status as a legally recognized party.

To have preserved the right to appear on the primary ballot any one of these parties would have had to of the Hoover vote of 2,055,382. The Smith vote was 1,067,586, the largest Democratic vote ever cast in Pennsylvania. One party, the Industrialist, got only 308 votes; the Labor Party, 3870; the Socialist, 18,647, and the Workers-Communist, 2039.

The Socialist Party's vote dwindled the Mediterranean. "So that when so in recent years that two years you do have a chance to go," their ago it lost its place on the primary father tells them, "you will have ballots, and the Prohibition Party this something to take with you to the year along with the Labor and other smaller parties failed to get the support that would have given them the

These parties can name candidates just as any independent party can put up a ticket; that is, by circulating petitions for candidates and getting the requisite number of signers. These petitions are filed at the State Bureau of Elections and if valid will place the names of the minor party candidates on the ballots for next Novem-

Playful Pachyderms.

A pipe line in the jungle region of Sumatra invited the attention of elephants, who enjoyed themselves by dislodging sections of it. To offset these antics, the pipes were painted red, and the elephants now step cautiously over the line owing to their extreme aversion to red.

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