Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 8, 1929.

FAIRY'S VALENTINE.

I saw a little elf Who was sitting by himself In a hollow that was warm and sunny He had made a little pen Of a feather of a wren And he dipped it into golden honey

And he wrote with all his might: "Oh, my darling little sprite, You are sweeter than the clover That the bee is buzzing over. And I love you, I adore you, And I'm always longing for you, And you're always growing dearer. And I wish that you were nearer, I can think of nothing clever. But I'm your, and yours forever If you want it so or not!'

And he ended with a blot. (Since I couldn't write a better.) And I'm signing it and send it to you, For it's true.

-By Arthur Guiterman.

THE ROOT OF IT ALL.

It might be said that Dr. Harris' life was bounded on the north by his office, on the east by his office laboratory, on the west by his bachelor apartment and on the south by the laboratory in his apartment. Dentistry was his heart and his life. Women other than patients, his aversion. They made too many demands on a man's time-and made Dr. Harris himself decidedly uncomfortable.

Miss Thomas was an exception. Her petite 5 feet 3, brunette marcel and all were part of the office equipment, towether with novocaine, swabs, elevators and forceps. In fact, Dr. Harris thought very little about her. One said swab---and the swab was there. Dr. Harris was content.

Now he stopped inside the door, glanced at his watch, put it back, rumpled his curly hair with his left hand and said wearily:

"Five-thirty, Miss Thomas."

"Yes," said Miss Thomas politely. She knew what would follow. It always did, as surely as the sun went down opposite the west window of the waiting room.

Dr. Harris said it.

"Miss Garber says there are no more patients today. I guess we can came out. close up shop." "Yes," agreed Miss Thomas, as she

had fallen into the habit of replying. "I guess we can."

ris hesitated. He coughed slightly and looked at Miss Thomas a triffe uneasily.

"I wonder," he said. "If you are going to be doing anything this ev-Pr 11g?

Miss Thomas' eyes widened and date and dance were scheduled, but-"Why, no," said Miss Thomas reck- promises of the moment.

lessly. "I-I'm certain I won't."

Dr. Harris looked startled. tainly. "That's it, old boy. You don't ex-

pect to keep a prize like Miss Thomas forever, do you?" Dr. Harris hesitated.

"I hadn't thought of it," he muttered, after a moment.

"You'd better," Dr. Jones warned, and took his departure with a ravishing glance at Miss Thomas as Dr. Harris started the car. Dr. Harris glanced furtively at her. She was looking out her side of the car-and a faint pink stained that side of her face that he could see.

He cleared his throat. "Jones always was foolish," he remarked.

that any man would want to marry her!' me!"; Miss Thomas said disagree-

ably. "No," denied Dr. Harris hastily. "Not that! Foolish about women, I bite. mean. He was always getting into scrapes. I believe his wife divorced him last year. I-I don't approve of him. I'm really sorry I introduced him to you."

Miss Thomas did not look around. Dr. Harris almost groaned. It then tackled the bull by the horns. must be love, this almost physical

pain at the thought of losing her. night ?" Love! And when one loved one got married. And when one was married there was a home to bother with, and children, and the wife's whims about going out, and a thousand and one things that were a thousand and one miles removed from dentistry.

He sighed aloud at the very thought of it. Miss Thomas heard him and turned

her head. Her eyes were limpid pools. Her

cheeks soft and pink. Her lipsblock. He steered the sedan close to me!" the curb, killed the motor and reached around and switched the dome head. light off.

'What's the matter?" Miss Thomas asked him in surprise.

-I think I'm in love!"

"Good gracious! W-what---"

Dr. Harris found out for himself that her lips were just as sweet as ute?" they looked. It was exquisite, wonderful, beyond was an end. A rather sudden one Dr. Harris entered obediently. when the porch light of the nearest

house flashed on and several people Miss Thomas slipped free with for his brother dentist. "I don't

thing better to do, Dr. Harris drove Miss Thomas said nothing. Dr.

moil of thoughts, some of them veering toward apprehension. He was--well, committed, to say the least. Gone were the days of freedom! With difficulty he refrained from

sighing once more. Miss Thomas' apartment was not

Dr. Harris forgot his fears in the haps a little dangerous. Miss Thom-"I love you," he said huskily.

ly: "I've tied you up with a life con-

tract! Any one steal my nurse? 1

Miss Thomas straightened up

without me?" she queried coldly.

coating for Miss Thomas' reply:

Dr. Harris stared aghast.

knew her business.

Thomas was gone-forever.

knob turned. The door opened.

old-fashioned steel spectacles.

And then Dr. Harris' heart slow

d. Instead of Miss Thomas, a little

old lady stood in the doorway and

peered up at him over the tops of

bidding door of 3B.

race.

Miss Thomas disappeared in the

what you mean to me!"

terfully.

ey!"

edge to her voice.

"Marriage?" he repeated uncer- hair drawn into an old-fashioned knot at the back of her head, a light shawl over her shoulders and a haunting not interfered with the business of higher. likeness of Miss Thomas about her. Dr. Harris swallowed and said: "I

want to see Miss Thomas." orchestra was playing furiously. The little old lady tilted her head slightly, ushed her steel spectacles up a trifle and surveyed him minutely. "Please," Dr. Harris said humbly. brought forth a large chased-silver She sniffed slightly and demanded severely: "What do you want to see side coat pocket. Marge about ?"

Dr. Harris hesitated.

ed. "And when it's gone we can get "You needn't keep anything from plenty more here." me!" the little old lady said tartly. Miss Thomas had a moment of "I'm Marge's granny, and all she's got to look after her. Marge tells Harris knew it. A Negro appeared me everything. And you better had in recklessly, hoping that Dr. Harris "I suppose he was foolish to think also, young man, if you want to see would know of the flask also.

Dr. Harris' eyes twinkled in spite of himself. For one could easily see that her bark was worse than her "I am Dr. Harris," he told her.

Marge's grandmother sniffed again. "I thought so. She said you were big and handsome and wore college was filled. specs.

Dr. Harris blushed slightly and "Just what did she say last Not a little of it, Miss Thomas suspected, because of the additions he them.

made to his ginger ale from the "She said a-plenty!" the little old lady observed dryly. "I'll bet your chased-silver flask. ears were burning, young man. What Outside the drizzle stopped and fog began to gather. Inside the music did you do to her

"Didn't she tell you?"

entire place increased. Cigarette "She said she was through working for you and never wanted to see your smoke swirled and drifted overhead. Voices grew strident. Several tables face again, and you were selfish and cold and cruel and heartless, and away a fat man, obviously inspired ought to have all sort of things done by something more than the soft drink that stood before him, pushed to you, and she never wanted to hear the chair back and floated around the

your name spoken." "Let me see her for five minutes," table on his toes, posturing in the Dr. Harris stopped reasoning. They Dr. Harris pleaded. "She's made a most approved esthetic movements. were in the middle of a long, dark mistake. I-I want her to marry tongue over several polysyllabic

Marge's grandmother bobbed her to hold her hand across the table.

"Thought so. All that couldn't She dropped it to her lap quickly and asked: "What time is it?" "Early," Dr. Jones glanced at his man, and eat some of my sugar cookwatch.

ies and tell me about it. "Can't I see Margaret just a min-

"Marge got another job today with a Dr. Jones and won't be home till words. But, like the meeting, there late this evening. You do like I said."

> Miss Thomas had no difficulty getting work with Mr. Jones.

her eyes widened. True, he did throw in a feeble plea

flaming cheeks. For want of any- want Harris to think I'm stealing you from him." "You're not!" Miss Thomas stated

But this time, instead of turning Miss Thomas said nothing. Dr. with emphasis. "If you have no op-away to doff his white coat, Dr. Har-Harris drove swiftly, his mind a tur-ening I'll look further. I am through with emphasis. "If you have no opwith Dr. Harris for good!"

Dr. Jones pursed his lips-and then grinned. "As bad as all that? I didn't think it of Harris."

He might have been the villain Dr. Harris claimed. But, undeniably, he "you've made a hit with me. You're in a class by yourself. I'm gone on was handsome as he stood there in then began to shine softly. A dinner far. And when the car stopped there his white coat. Handsome-and per- you.' as would not have been true to her and took in the little tableau. The feminine heritage had she not re- expression on his face grew grim--

A nice little lady, with wispy gray and two sides of the grounds were into the road. The needle of the think coherently, Miss Thomas bounded by two of the roads. stayed there a while and began to go thoughtfully: Prospect of rain had apparently

> the inn. Several dozen cars were Miss Thomas pleaded: "Please! Not parked around the house. Inside an so fast."

Dr. Jones slowed. Dr. Jones locked the transmission, and then reached into the door pocket he had patted some miles back and lyrically. "Jus' you."

He lifted his right arm from the flask. He stowed it away in his in- wheel and put it around her. Miss Thomas struggled away. "Prescription stuff," he comment-"Don't!" she said fiercely.

"Now, now; that's no way to act, little girl." He leaned over and attempted to

doubt. But they were here. And Dr. draw her closer. The car crept toward the edge of

outside with umbrellas. She went the road. "Look out!" Miss Thomas gasped.

He turned the wheel heavily. And Their table was by a large screenon the wet, slippery pavement the ed window that reached nearly from back wheels slued around in a beautiful arc. Just off the road at that the floor to the ceiling. Several rooms had been converted into one point there rested a goodish boulder. The right wheel came smack against large one. In the center was the dance floor. Around it the tables. it and collapsed in a crash of rend-The music was loud. The dance floor ing spokes. The coupe rocked perilously, skidded a few feet further

good. And he could dance more than jerked his arm back and killed the passably. His good humor increased. motor.

Miss Thomas broke it accusingly: N-now see what you've done!'

Dr. Jones extracted the flask from his inside coat pocket, pulled deeply throbbed faster and the tempo of the at it and returned it. His hand was trembling, but the drink steadied him. "Some slide," he said with an at-

tempt at lightness. "But how are we going to get

home?" "Sit right here," Dr. Jones announced brightly, "until a car comes steamships. along and gives us a lift. Don't know Later Dr. Jones lost control of his where we are. Miles an' miles from

words, and shortly afterward tried anywhere." The headlights made an eerie shaft of light through the fog. They dil seem to be alone, frightfully alone. Nothing but cold, clammy fog and silence.

"Not that late?" "Early !" Dr. Jones corrected. The odor of alcohol was strong inside the coupe. And Dr. Jones was suddenly menacing. Good-looking, but dangerous. Not tinglingly dang-"I should hope so. It's time to go!" erous as he had been inside his office. Just plain dangerous. Miss Thomas "Never go home this early," he said suddenly realized how small and helpless and alone she was. His back was to the entrance. She

Dr. Jones laughed and put his arm was facing it. And at that moment around her again.

"'S worth a broken wheel." he said. Looming up beside the waiter who "We'll have a fine time waiting for a and it would be a hopeless task to atwas standing there was Dr. Harris. car to come along. Kiss me, little Lips pressed together, he surveyed the tables and the crowded dance girl."

"Stop!" Miss Thomas gasped fight-Miss Thomas had a moment of ing him off.

He laughed again and caught her panic. And then caught herse!f-close with both arms and kissed her and deliberately put her hand on the square on the ups. Not as Dr. Hartable before her. Dr. Jones capturris had kissed her. This bruised and hurt-filled her with disgust and "Litle girl," he said with emotion. loathing.

herself free, wrenched the door open machine in a certain prearranged or-Dr. Harris' gaze reached the table and was out in the fog-filled night, der, and this, it is believed, would be running back toward the Three practically impossible. Forks Inn. The law had sudde ly he

speedometer crept to forty, fifty, caught her breath and asked

"Is the new nurse pretty?"

"No ! You'll never have to worry about her, hon."

"Just the same," Miss Thomas de-"I could ride for days and nights cided firmly, "you can let her go. I'd with you, little girl," Dr. Jones said rather do your nursing. I--I understand you."

"But, honey, you said—" Miss Thomas stood up on her tiptoes and stopped his words with a kiss.

"Never mind what I said. I want to do it.'

"Yes, dear," said Dr. Harris meekly.-The Public Ledger.

PARACHUTES NOT

WANTED ON PLANES. In view of the remarkable rescues

which have been made in recent aviation accidents due to the parachute. the time-worn question of the advisability of using parachutes on passenger planes has come back for wide discussion.

The food Dr. Jones ordered was and came to a stop as Dr. Jones who are at the head of various lead-Much to the consternation of those ing air lines of Europe, the argument A sudden baleful silence blanketed passenger embarking on a plane for a has again been advanced that every long or short distance trip should be equipped with a parachute in just the same manner as life belts are placed under the beds of passengers on

trans-Atlantic steamers. It is pointed out in this connection that the laws of the sea make it compulsory for a passenger steamer to carry as many life belts as they carry passengers, and this in addition to all other forms of life-saving apparatus which are part of the usual equipment of all passenger-carrying

The air lines are positively opposed to the plan, and not at all for reasons of economy. Their main objection is one of a purely psychological nature, but it will be obvious upon travel by air. The contention is that the mere sight of a parachute wouldd be enough to scare away a heavy percentage of prospective air travellers. On the other hand, the mere placing of parachutes on board passeng-

er planes would not be sufficient; each passenger would require a detailed set of instructions as to how the parachute should be used in case of trouble. Without such instructions the parachute would be practically useless to those who had never had any prior experience in its use, tempt to induce passengers to go through a short period of training before embarking on their voyage, even though such training would require

only a few minutes. Finally, it is pointed out by experts that in order to maintain the plane at even balance during the time that its passengers would be abandoning it to make use of their parachutes, it would be necessary for the crew to She beat at him frantically, found induce the passenegrs to leave the The solution seems adoption of a form of parachutes sufficiently large to lift the entire cabin section of the plane. Special devices have already been suggested of opinion among those who know seems to be that the occasions where jagged-edged pothole. She sprawled life-saving devices are needed aboard passenger planes are very few and The light came almost at the same far between, and that they will disthrough the fog. The sound of a mo-tor purring at high speed. airplane motors have been improved to the point where they are immune The light brightened with uncanny from motorbreak down, or any other

Dr. Harris blinked behind the shell glasses and looked distressed. "Was there-do you-want me to do anything?" Miss Thomas asked helpfully.

Dr. Harris nodded.

"Yes," he confessed. "I do. Would apartment for both of us, andyou be willing to go out for the evbreathlessly. ening?"

"Would I? Just asked me!" "I certainly would appreciate it,'

Dr. Harris said gratefully. "There's a meeting of the Dental Society tonight, and I've promised to demonstrate a new method of infiltering novocaine into the bone that I've worked out. I had a nurse engaged for Dr. Harris answered enthusiasticalthe evening, but she's sick." "Oh!"

Dr. Harris peered through the shell couldn't get along without you, honglasses anxiously.

"I realize that you work hard all day, and would rather rest in the ev- abruptly. ening. ' If yo don't feel up to it I'll try to get another nurse."

No," said Miss Thomas bitterly. "I'll be glad to do it."

"I'll appreciate it." Dr. Harris took off his coat and, on sudden thought, fashion strove to right it. wandered into his laboratory to inspect some unfinished work. He stopped long enough in the doorway to say:

"Of course, I'll make the evening up in your salary check."

He didn't hear Miss Thomas' re- to keep a nurse! And now you've no way totort: "Darn your old salary check?" lost one?

Only Miss Thomas didn't say darn. The dental meeting came to an the car, stepped out, slammed it beend, as meetings do.

They had come in Dr. Harris' sedate sedan. Once more they sat in ment house it, and Dr. Harris started the engine and prepared to maneuver out of the line of parked cars.

The dome light burned chastely ov- look. er their heads.

The light brought Dr. Harris to the attention of one Billy Jones, who had ed him of three things: Miss Thomas at ease. been a graceless classmate a few mustache on his upper lip

Dr. Jones surged up to the side of any terms the young lady chose to the car and spoke through the open impose. window.

"Great stuff, Harris, old boy! You after lunch. Miss Beeks was her since you graduated!'

coolly: "I like my work."

Dr. Jones looked past his old classmate at Miss Thomas, stitting demurely, eyes straight ahead.

"Do you mind" Dr. Jones asked with a grin, "my remarking that you had some mighty able support?'

"Miss Thomas knows her business," Dr. Harris agreed stiffly. And, there being nothing else to do, he introduced them.

"I certainly am glad to know you," Dr. Jones said with visible eithusiasm: and a moment later to Dr. Harris: "You'd better be watching out, Harris, I need a nurse. I'll be trying to steal Miss Thomas away from you.

"Try it," Dr. Harris challenged. "I'll top any offer you make." Dr. Jones chuckled.

"What'll you do: when some wideawake young fellow offers mar-riage?" he bantered.

"I think I've always loved you, turned the smile. Miss Thomas sighed. Dr. Harris swept ner close.

the table proposed an evening of it, 'We'll get married," he said mas-"And go somewhere on a dancing. honeymoon, and then fix up my

Miss Thomas was about to refuse when she thought of how Dr. Harris "Yes," Miss Thomas prompted would disapprove of the matter. That swung the balance. She agreed, "And I'll have an expert nurse the and after lunch phoned her grandrest of my life," Dr. Harris stated in mother that she would not be home blissful and well-meaning ignorance. until late in the evening. Miss Thomas grew still in his arms.

Also, after the movie, she called 'What?" she asked with a slight her grandmother up again to see if everything was all right. Serenely secure in his new state,

Over the wire her grandmother's voice came plain: "I'm all right, Margie. But you'd better come home. There's company here waiting for you."

"Who ?"

"I guess you know. And if you've got any sense you'll come right home "So you tied me up with a life conand see him. He's told me all about tract because you couldn't work well it. Seems to me you've acted like a

baby-even if you are old enough to Dr. Harris noticed that something wear skirts almost up to your knees." was amiss, and in his big, clumsy "I don't want to see him this evening, or any evening!" Miss Thom-

"I couldn't do a decent day's work as stated coldly. "And I won't be home until late. Dr. Jones and I are without you! Why-you don't know going to the Three Folks Inn, out on Frost would have been a fitting the Mill Town road. Don't wait up for me.

"You don't want a wife-you want

Miss Thomas hung the receiver up Miss Thomas opened the door of firmly.

Dr. Jones drove a coupe. Wind- the line." hind her and fled across the sidewalk shield up, cool evening air pouring in and through the door of the apart- comfortably, ribbon of road flowing swiftly and smoothly under themit was chummy and nice.

At first, remembering Dr. Jones. apartment house without a backward reputation, Miss Thomas was a little wary, even apprehensive. But as the turf. Came nearer. Caught up with proaching figure and went forward. All the next morning Dr. Harris miles slipped by and he did no more worked without a nurse. It convinc- than joke or laugh, she grew more

was not coming back. He had to The Three Forks Inn was, as the room! Scandal! All of it was on her years before, and now was a dash- have a new nurse. And he had to name implied, located at the inter- as the running feet came up. ing young dentist, with a small, dark have Miss Thomas, liberty or no lib- section of three roads. It had been erty, till death did them part, and on raided several times by prohibition squads, and was a mecca of those who loved a fast and furious good A phone call brought a nurse right time.

Miss Thomas had heard of their ness. seem to have been using the old bean name. She was not young, by fifteen destination dubiously at first and obnce you graduated!" years; nor petite and pretty, by a jected: "It's at least thirty-five miles Dr. Harris nodded and said rather multiplication table of miles. But she out. Isn't there a place closer in?"

"Not one that can hold a candle to Miss Beeks was efficiency plus. If the Three Forks." Dr. Jones answer-Miss Thomas was a wonder, Miss ed cheerfully. "And what's thirty-Beeks was a marvel. Any other time five miles? This old bus will do sevshe would have filled Dr. Harris' enty if I step on her. Doesn't take soul with delight. As it was, she onlong to get anywhere at that rate."

ly served to remind him that Miss It didn't seem long at that. Dr. Jones had an apparently inexhaust-When the last patient had departible fund of humorous talk, and he ed Dr. Harris' spirits were low, and drew on it steadily. Once, to be him getting lower hourly. In desperation sure, he attempted to hold her hand. he drove to Miss Thomas' apartment But when she pulled it away he did house, climbed the two flights of steps and rapped on the dark, for- telling.

It began to drizzle soon after that. A moment later his heart began to Dr. Jones put the windshield down, partly closed the windows and they Steps sounded inside. The doorwere dry and comfortable.

Then came the Tree Forks. The inn was a big, rambling wood-

en structure set in an extensive triangular plot of trees and shrubberyfilled grounds .At the lower end of the property the three roads crossed, down the drive, had skidded around

and purposeful. He started toward Dr. Jones treated to lunch and over them, his right fist clenched. Three steps he took. Miss Thomas

"Only quarter after 1."

Dr. Jones waved a careless hand.

"Lots of time till daybreak."

firmly.

floor.

ed it

something to eat, a movie, a drive, waited, heart pounding, ready to crush him at the first word. And then a sudden uproar broke

out at the front of the house. The lights abruptly went out. A voice shouted excitedly: "It's a

raid!' Dr. Jones might have stumbled over the pronunciation of a polsyliabic

word, but he did not hesitate now. "Quick! The window!" he said. His chair fell back and the table

rocked as he sprang to his feet. There were shouts. A confusion of noises as chairs overturned. Feet

pounded on the floor; voices babbled excitedly. Miss Thomas sprang to her feet,

groped around the table in the dark-A hand caught her arm. Dr. Jones

ordered: "Follow me through the window!"

Screen wire ripped as he lunged through it. A moment later he rasped: "Step through! I'll catch you!" The ground was only a couple of feet below the level of the floor. Miss scratching her hands. Dr. Jones steadied her, seized her elbow and "Marge! You listen to me! That's guided her hurriedly away from the

window. "Let's see if the car is guarded," he said huskily. "It's at the end of

The fog swirled clammily against their faces. Some automobiles headlights at the front of the house were reduced to dim, sickly beams.

Back of them the confusion continued. Running feet sounded on the them.

Miss Thomas had a moment of teror. Arrest! Jail. A curious court-

And then two other patrons fled past and disappeared into the fog. They reached the sutomobiles. Dr. Jones ran into the bumper and they groped helplessly in the murky dark-

Lights went on again. A string of them hung over the parking space. The rays, striking feebly through the fog, made vision of a sort possible.

Dr. Jones exclaimed: "There!" her forward. The coupe was there, rear end to them.

"Get in your side," Dr. Jones ordered: and dashed to the door on the driver's side, opened it and leaped in. 1y. Dazedly Miss Thomas got in beside

The starter whirred: the motor of the line of cars, turned sharply, always." whirled down the drive.

Miss Thomas vaguely heard a yell behind them. A shot scunded. Then, just as they left the last of the cars behind a tall figure loomed up in the headlight rays. It was Dr. Harris. As they roar-

ed past he called: "Margaret!" Then he was behind; they were

come a friend; the fog an ally. Back of her Dr. Jones called something as he got out of the car.

Miss Thomas fled blindly forward. the wet pavement under her feet, the along these lines, but the consensus clammy fog about her.

And then her left foot plunged into forward and fell hard.

moment. A ghostly beam filtering appear completely just as soon as

quickness. Became two strange eyes form of motor trouble. bearing down on her. Miss Thomas lurched to her feet,

choking back a sob. The driver of the speeding car saw

her. The motor died. The car slowbrakes were applied so hard that the

wheels skidded. Miss Thomas reached the side of

keep in on the pavement. And then came to a stop. A door slammed. flashlight bobbed toward Miss

Thomas. And as she waited a second figure Thomas made it safely, the wire loomed up in the headlight rays of the car; Dr. Jones, walking rapidly toward her also.

The flashlight came to her.

Out of the darkness Dr. Harris spoke in a husky voice: "Margaret ! What's the matter?"

"Don't let him touch me !" Miss Thomas sobbed. "Who ?""

"Dr. Jones ! He's coming-back of you.'

"So!' He wheeled, saw the ap-Miss Thomas saw them come together. Saw Dr. Jones stagger back, rush forward and then crawl back on the ground. He lay a moment, hold ing his jaw, the rays of Dr. Harris' flashlight on him. There were words. Dr. Jones got up and returned to the ground abruptly. More words. Mostly by Dr. Harris. Cold, menacing. And the next time Dr. Jones got up he slunk silently back toward his

broken-down car. Dr. Harris returned and took her in his arms without so much as a byyour-leave.

"Your grandmother said you needed He seized her elbow and hustled some one to bring you home." he said to await her at Cherbourg, in a radio severely. "I think it's a good thing I took her advice and came out to do it.

You need a nurse !" Miss Thomas pushed away abrupt-

"Hire a nurse!" she said passionately. "You can't m-marry one !" "I have hired a nurse," Dr. Harris

caught, raced a moment. The coupe stated gently. "I want a wife now, not even interrupt the story he was had been backed in. It swooped out honey. I want you-to look after you

"Oh." silence. quavered accusingly. "Yes, dear," Dr. Harris answered humbly.

'Why don't you d-do something about it? Dr. Harris swept her close and did.

He (exultantly): "O darling! mine's thoroughly. When they were once more able to all ciphers!"-Mizpah.

Drivers Must Wait Turn in Jam or Face Prosecution.

ed abruptly. The last few feet its line of stalled traffic," especially on Motorists who persist in "riding a slippery icy pavements, will be prosecuted for reckless driving, Benjathe road safely. A moment later the hicles of the Pennsylvania Departcar slid past, the driver fighting to ment of Highways, has announced. "A number of crashes, during stormy and icy weather, were found to be due to the practice of heedless motorists, who, upon approaching stalled lines of traffic, held up either by an accident or blocking the highway or by necessity of moving slowly upon icy pavements, rode the line of traffic only to find themselves blocked. When these heedless motorists

suddenly put on the brakes with resultant skids and crashes into cars stalled in traffic or parked close to the sidewalk. Where investigations prove that crashes were due to motorists "riding the line of stalled traffic," the offending motorists will be prosecuted for reckless driving. Motorists, convicted of reckless driving

not only face fine and imprisonment but revocation of their licenses," Registrar Eynon said.

Flying From Ship to Paris Now Considered Smartest of Rules.

An aerial hop from a French port of debarkation to Paris in order to have luncheon at the capital is now the smart rule for tourists.

This fad was inagurated by Mrs. Florence Brooks-Aten, of New York. In her desire to avoid a seven-hour train ride and arrive in Paris at noon she ordered a plane from LeBourget message from the Majestic.

The only plane available was one identical to the craft of Captain Alfred Loewenstein, Belgian financier, who plunged to death in the Channel last summer. It was the same plane used in tests to ascertain whether Captain Loewenstein could have accidentally opened the outer door during a flight.

Mrs. Brooks-Aten reached Paris at There was a fateful little the appointed hour. LeBourget is "W-well-" Miss Thomas now ready to book evtensive reservations for ocean travelers who want to reach Paris for lunch.

She: "I'll never marry a man

whose fortune hasn't at least five

ciphers in it.'