

Bellefonte, Pa., March 15, 1929.

BIRTHDAY MOTTOES FOR 1929.

JANUARY. By her who in this month is born No gem save garnet should be worn; They will insure her constancy, True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY. The February born will find Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH. Who on this world of ours their eyes In March first opel shall be wise; In days of peril firm and brave, And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL. She who from April dates her years Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY. Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery month of May, And wears an emerald all her life, Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE. Who comes with summer to this earth. And owes to June her day of birth. With ring of agate on her hand. Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY. The glowing ruby should adorn Those who in warm July are born: Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST. Wear a sardonyx, or for thee No conjugal felicity: The August born, without this stone, 'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER. A maiden born when autumn leaves Are rustling in September's breeze,-A sapphire on her brow should bind-'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER. October's child is born for woe, And lifes' vicissitudes must know; But lay an opal on her breast, And hope will lull those words to rest.

NOVEMBER. Who first comes to this world below With dread November's fog and snow Should prize the topaz amber hue-Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER. If cold December gave you birth-The month of snow and ice and mirth-Place on your hand a turquoise blue: Success will bless whate'er you do.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Even though it may make her sound absurdly abnormal, the truth but absolutely forbids it. was that Penelope did not in the least crave masculine society this Saturday afternoon in August. On the conanted to be alone, to loaf such times and invite her soul. That, in her particular joys. opinion, was a very nice soul-Penelope was not troubled with any inferiority complex—but as secretary to the general manager of one of the factories operated by that more or less soulless corporation known as the Titan Tire Company, she got little chance to cultivate it or enjoy it

After that another mi save during week-ends.

This was why, as the canoe she was paddling swung around a bend in the river, her pretty mouth set mutinous-

"Oh, darn!" she mourned inwardly, as she saw that the ancient springboard which was to play its part in her afternoon's program was already occupied.

He who monopolized it had obviously been in the water, for his black racing-suit gleamed in the sunlight, as did the hard, brown muscularity of his shoulders. He had, in other words, already experienced the swift impact of the plunge and the swift uplift of spirit to which Penelope had looked forward.

'Without," said Penelope to Penelope, "looking so darned uplifted." She recognized him at once. Don Sturgis, of course-and, of course, he wouldn't look happy. Penelope had never been introduced to him, never suspected just what ailed him. "Spoiled baby," ran her thought.

At that moment the canoe's ad- to impute. vance penetrated his preoccupation. He glanced up swiftly and, if that were possible, his grim young mouth became a bit grimmer. Evidently he considered her an intruder. "And just for that," Penelope in-

formed Penelope, "I've a good mind to shove him off that spring-board and swim anyway."

This, however, was not the real truth was that at that moment Don Sturgis did not loom in her eyes as the lithe and personable young sixfooter who had come to the Titan plant direct from the college where ears. his athletic ability had made him one of the campus gods.

To Penelope, absurdly enough, he looked like a small boy who is being punished for just what he does not know. Or, even more absurdly. like a puppy who has just received

its first whipping.

That she should vision him so was, to Penelope, a danger-signal. "The trouble with me," Penelope had more than once informed Penelope, "is that I have a strong maternal complex but who would believe it?"

Penelope's mirror was the answer to that. No one! She did not look maternal. Nevertheless, for all her customary cool insouciance of manner and the two malicious little devils —dimples, so called—that danced at in the art of tire-making. either corner of her mouth, Penelope Penelope had puckered her brows had her Achilles heel. She could see a stray dog, a hungry cat or a discouraged human without feeling a arded. perfectly absurd tug at her heartstrings. And that was why the canoe's bow wavered.

"You," she sternly admonished herself at that point, "keep right on paddling your own canoe."

perience—or perhaps the word should be experiments—had made her wary of the other man who went from terpret a girl's motives. For instance, the Good Samaritan, being male himself, could go to the rescue of the other man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and there fell among thieves, render first aid and take compassion upon him, all with-

But suppose the Good Samaritan had been feminine, with a tiptilted nose, a natural wave in her hair and a permanent wave in her disposition. What would have happened then? Ask Penelope. She knew. From

experience—or experiments. The gentleman from Jerusalem would have known that it was his irresistible self that had attracted the lady's attention," Penelope would have retorted feelingly. "And when it became necessary to assure him that it had all been pure altruism he would bitterly have accused the lady of having led him on."

This had happened to Penelope several times. And she had made up her mind it would never, never hap-

pen again. Besides which she had other plans for this afternoon. A blazing afternoon that back in the ugly little factory town enveloped one in an at-mosphere of dessicating heat, with dust underfoot and burnished bowl of sky overhead. But here, on the river, there were golden dappled shadows and the subtle perfume of the earth, and from either bank came the intermittent madrigals of the birds and the cicadas' ceaseless midsummer serenade.

"No, I'm not going to the game this afternoon," Penelope had assured one of the girls in the office. "I work for the Titan Tire Company five and a half days a week as it is. If I've got to go out and root for this ball team on an afternoon like this I want time-and-a-half overtime."

"What are you going to do?" the girl in the office—baptized Mabel but known as Mabe—had persisted.
"Fill the tub with cold water and

sit in it all afternoon," Penelope had replied at random.

But she had lied through her pretty teeth. Because Penelope, for all altruism, could be selfish in small things. She preferred to enjoy certain pleasures alone—the canee, the river, the volume of verse that lay had been warned that his beginnings among the cushions.

"Good grief!" Mabe would have gasped. "What did you want to bring book for?"

But she never would have savored the men." exquisite joy one can find in solitude.

Or in silence and a book idly read or lazily dropped.

Or realize that a I'm one of the few men in my class sunset not only requires no comment

Penelope preferred to be alone and at the river was one of her

The current here was a gentle, slumbrous thing; one paddled leisurely upstream to the ancient springboard from which one could dive until. wearied yet renewed, one sat in the slanting August sunshine and let

After that another mile upstream and then, with the canoe's nose in the bank under an overhanking bow, one read or dreamed and, after a time, munched sandwiches.

Such was Penelope's program for this August afternoon. And she was not going to let Don Sturgis spoil it by a surrender to that infernal complex of hers. Or, for that matter,

abridge it either. This was an afterthought that turned the canoe shoreward. "If," she announced crisply, "you're

through with that spring-board, I'd like to use it.' His eyes met hers. "You meanyou want to swim?" he asked uncer-

tainly. The question was not unnatural. At the moment Penelope was not attired for swimming. She wore a coat sweater, silk stockings as sheer as gossamer and trim pumps. Under the sweater was her bathing-suit but that he could not know, so was not spoken two words to him. But she as stupid as he seemed-or as Penelope, who could be very feminine when not absurdly altruistic, chose

> "What else would I want a springboard for?" she retorted satirically. And giving the canoe a final impulse that thrust its nose into the bank, she rose and nonchalantly removed her sweater, revealing slim shoulders sweetly molded and deli-

cately tanned. He eyed her uncertainly and then dived, as she bent to remove her slipreason the canoe's bow wavered. The pers. He was trudgening upstream, traveling like a torpedo, before she, a slim and boyish—but not too boyish figure in her bathing-suit, pulled a rubber cap down over her charming

> "He," thought Penelope, "is rather exclusive himself." To which she would have added that she was darned glad of it. Only

she wasn't, wholly. Then, poised for the dive, she forgot him.

Later, as she sat at the tip of the spring-board with her bright hair released from the confines of the rubber cap, he came back to mind again. "Oh, good Lord!" her chief had

groaned one morning back in June. "See who they've wished on me now." The letter he had tossed to her was from the president of the Titan Company, written to inform Penelope's chief that Donald Sturgis was being sent to him for preliminary training

"Isn't he something over the name.

"He is," her chief had replied bit-"And crew and swimming and why J. T. picked him, of course."

J. T. was the Titan's president. A big man, undeniably, but like all big out of him. Went down to Port Washington on his old man's twin-screw commuter—one of those forty-mile-

One of these—so viewed at least by and plenty of prewar stuff aboard—forty. He did not add, to himself, his immediate and long-suffering sub- and lived like a millionaire generally that if Sam could, so could he, but ordinates—was his idea that among from Friday to Monday. college graduates of current vintage might be discovered annually, just the sort of new blood that the company should be infused with.

The managers of the various Titan factories, to whom the delicate operation of infusion was intrusted, felt

the man who has made his mark in would tell you so. She said athletics and other student activities you her love and three kisses. has revealed a capacity for leadership that should prove invaluable to us.' The managers felt otherwise. J. T's not very original idea was to start

tensive course of training. pus pets love the bottom of the lad-

der. He had glowered, briefly. Then: "Well, we'll put him at work unloading freight-cars. If he sticks long enough to reach the vulcanizing pits he'll be well baked, instead of just half baked, by the time he decides that his talents are wasted here."

The actual arrival of J. T.'s latest, one morning late in June, had found Penelope busy typing the morning's sheaf of dictation. She had, none the less, achieved an impression of hima personable youngster, built as a varsity end should be and competently, if causally, tailored.

That he did not lack self-assurance had been apparent to her. But then all J. T.'s contributions were that way and Sturgis, at least, was saved from insufferableness by a nice smile—it had flashed at the other girl in the office when he had asked for the manager—and what Penelope had construed as an obvious desire to please as well as be pleased.

At noon the next day, Penelope had seen Sturgis again. He was no longer competently tailored. He wore, above khaki trousers, only a sleeveless jersey that revealed the play and ripple of his bronzed shoulders. day was hot and so was he. He was one of a gang of unskilled laborers who were removing bales of crude rubber—a spongy, gray-colored mass -from freight-cars.

"He's getting his bumps," Pene-lope had thought. "And I'll bet he doesn't like them."

would be unpleasant and had merely grinned.

"We have found," the Titan representative had persisted, "that the where, marry anybody you choose," Mabe might have sensed the lure average college graduate seems to was of the river, even invited herself to lack stamina. We can't afford to tion. share it, ball game or no ball game. waste time except on exceptional

who aren't going to sell bonds.' The sort of man, it seemed, that J.

T. had in mind. So J. T.'s representa-In brief, there were times when tive had decided, if not too optimisti- who pays—or rather her father. cally. Varsity end, number four on the crew and a forward on the hockey team. President of the student council and voted by his classmates the most popular man on the cam-

> Such was Sturgis' record. And with it to recommend him, he had spent the first day of his apprenticeship handling crude rubber under a broiling June sun.

It had struck him as funny then, because he had a sense of humor. Yet it had proved a day of unpalatable readjustments and it had galled him that he should be so tired at five

"There's a trick to handling this stuff that I haven't caught yet," was the way he had comforted himself, instinctively.

But that was only partly true. The basic truth was that he was a specialized athlete and, as such, no more fitted for steady, unimaginative drudgery than a race-horse is fitted for dragging an ice cart.

They had not kept him on the freight-cars long. As a next step he was moved indoors to where the bales of rubber were put into vats of hot water to soften. Then along with the flow of the raw products he had progressed to the breakers—powerful machines which crushed the lumps between large corrugated rollers— and after that to the washing and sheet-machines. So from one stage to another he

had advanced until with the beginning of the hottest August in history he had come to the vulcanizing pits. No one had asked him this August day if he intended to go to the ball game. The most popular man in his class was not popular with his fellows here. Why should he be? He was one of J. T.'s pets, getting shoved through toward a good job—a much a career than the selling of bonds. better job than most of the men he worked with ever could hope for.

had bellowed at him that morning, what was that future? "watch that crane—watch that crane—watch that crane!"

and watched the crane.

vulcanizing pit with your ball game!" he might be." he would have snapped at that minute | This, he felt, was the way to go had anybody asked if he intended to at it. He was now only doing what lend his support to the Titan nine he should have done before—considthat afternoon.

All he had been waiting for was the noon whistle which would give him respite for forty-two hours—and he promised himself. perhaps more. He wanted to think that out. He had, that morning, received a letter from Sam Bellows, his that there is any sense in hanging roommate at college.

Sam was selling bonds—or trying he felt. to anyway. New York is hotter than the hinges

so, life has its compensations. I ran into Tommy Somers the other day and snagged a weekend bid get away with that sort of stuff.

Say, do you remember Tommy's As for Nan Somer's as sister Nan? You ought to. She ask- sage—that didn't count. ed about you particularly and wanted to know why a man of your talents Sam through me if the case were reand parts chose to bury himself in the versed," he acknowledged—and knew Goths and Vandals learning to make that was the truth. tires, when there certainly should be out running the slightest danger of otherwise.

out running the slightest danger of otherwise.

"I feel," J. T. had explained, "that agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly and said I of association with Nan and her sort agreed with her perfectly agreed with her perfect would tell you so. She said to give after his sojourn here uplifted him

On the level, Don, what you've landed yourself in doesn't sound to lip when Penelope and her canoe me like any bed of roses and are you again came into sight. She was still so sure that all this talk about a swell in her bathing-suit and, everything one. his proteges at the bottom of the ladder and rush them through an intensive course of training.

future isn't hooey? Anyway, life is considered, was so fashioned and, at short and youth is fleeting. Why not the moment, so presented, as to chuck it and come down to New evoke a second glance from also any "Yes". York? I'd be glad to halve my ex- masculine eye. "And," Penelope's chief had commented, "how these pampered campenses and double my joys by sharing mented, "how these pampered campenses and double my joys by sharing mented, "how these pampered campenses and double my joys by sharing mented," The second glance he gave her was girls who don't." wouldn't have any trouble landing not unconscious.

something good. There's a lot of old grads who are improved his disposition," she full of old college spirit and always thought. This while she kept her ready to give a fellow a hand. I eyes straight ahead, superbly unthink at that New York is the only aware of his existence. Yet he puzplace for a lad who wants a real fu- zled her. He no longer looked like ture and-well, it is preeminently a spanked boy or a spanked puppy. the place to get the most out of life. He looked-Think it over, yau crab, and write or wire when you're coming.

This letter was not in Don's pocket as he swam upstream, bathing-suits

produced cigarets and matches and, still in his bathing-suit reread the Of course—he grinned now—he re-

rushed him at the Senior Prom the way girls frankly rush men nowadays "Let's not talk about the weather," she had suggested coolly, as they sat dances. "Let's talk about sex." They hadn't, of course, talked

about sex. That was just her line. Instead: "Coming down to New York after

you graduate?" she had asked. "I haven't decided," he had replied. "You'd better," she had advised. 'You'd get along swell in New York." Don, with all due modesty, had suspected that. Other men had done it-Sam was even then planning to be-

stow himself on New York. cial connections and you can go any-

Nor was he overstating it. In New

The modern deb, in short needs thought of his quitting. men in her business.

The still brilliance of "Why, one girl,' Sam had enlarged, the day of her debut and brought that way, beautifully. down most of the senior class. It's the pickings are darn good. Why me?" stick your nose to the old grindstone when you can have the time of your

life in New York?" Don felt differently about it— and the proprieties, is willing to forego said so. "The old Horatio Alger stuff-from ed.

rags to riches," Sam had commented And that was the idea Don got. disgustedly. "Well, live and learn, His grin widened. He was, as has my lad !"

They had gone their separate ways and—well, there was Sam, weekend- Didn't the spring-board introduce posed. ing at Port Washington while he, Don us?" Sturgis-

Don did not bother to finish that. He merely flicked away the stub of his cigaret and it was as if he had flicked the Titan organization with it. Sam was right-New York was the place for a man.

Not that he meant to try to achieve a reputation as the debs' delight. It was just that he was beginning to suspect that there was a lot of hooey about this future stuff with the Titan organization. It wasn't that he hated the town—so he assured himself—or was fed up with hard work; it was simply that he now realized that he hadn't pinned the Titan representative down to anything definite.

"The Titan organization is a big one," J. T.'s emissary had said, "and you know what the tire industry is these days. Your future is all up to

To Don, sitting in the study he and Sam had shared, that had seemed persuasive enough. He had felt that he was capable of something bigger -and more original-in the way of In brief, the Titan opening had

seemed to him the more adventurous, "Hey, you big boob," the foreman more dramatic thing. But-well, just

"Four or five thou a year in the field service," he informed himself, An overwhelming desire to plant this August afternoon; "ten or fifteen his fist right spang on the foreman's if I get up to the general managernose had all but mastered him for a ship of a plant like this. The egg moment. Instead, he had set his lips that has the job will never see forty again; he's slaved for the job-I'll bet "To a place even hotter than the he's not as keen about his future as

> ering the thing from all angles. "I will have a heart-to-heart talk

with the manager Monday morning," He did not add, "And that bimbo will have to go home to convince me around here," but that was the way

This much settled he let his thoughts turn toward Sam-and New (Sam had written), and bonds seem York. He did not precisely picture to be what most people prefer to hear nothing about these days! But even rich man's commuter, ministered to by a Filipino steward, but he did reflect reminiscently, that Sam would

This, she knew, was wiser. Ex- men apt to suffer from hallucinations. an hour birds with a Filipino steward is, than fifteen thousand a year, at direction, "I do the office filing and he did have that feeling.

As for Nan Somer's and her mes-"She'd send the same message to

Nevertheless, he was only twentyfour and no monk and the prospect

still more.

an apartment with you and you prolonged. Of that fact Penelope was

"His second plunge seems to have

"I'll bet," guessed Penelope, at that point, he's decided to quit!'

This was none of her business in one way. Yet just the same she not being so equipped. It was, how- knew that if Don Sturgis quit there ever, in the pocket of the suit that he would be ructions. Naturally J. T. had left, along with more intimate himself never made an error in judg-garments, on the bank upstream. His ideas were always sound; There he was headed. Arriving, he when anything went wrong with them it was obviously the fault of

the subordinates. Penelope had a sudden premonition that J. T. was going to be particumembered Nan Somers. She had larly nastly and sarcastic this time. Quite unconsciously her pace slackened a bit. And at that Don grinned. "Enjoy your swim?" he sug-

gested experimentally. Penelope glanced toward him, her on a rail under the stars between eyes cool, collected and disdainful. 'What Mabe would call giving him the eye," she would have explained.

Except that Mabe, she realized, never would have given this young six-footer just that sort of eye. Mabe would have been interested and, had Penelope ignored the overture, irritated.

"Say, what was the sense of being so standoffish?" Mabe would have demanded subsequently-Penelope could just hear her. And if Mabe were alone .

Penelope smiled. Not at Don-al-"Get a job with some brokerage house or bank that will give you so-though that was his impression—but at a suggestion her nimble processes had presented her with. was Sam's definitely stated explana- this was, "not pretend to be Mabe this afternoon?'

The idea intrigued her. Mabe York nowadays a young man may would let him pick her up in a mo-come from nowhere but if he is perment—and Penelope knew Mabe's sonable and a bachelor he is invited line. Mabe always said anything that everywhere. As one of a group he came into her head; she had no ret- bold indiscretion, that—"but someis, whenever he may choose, some icences. At the moment there was body ought to tip you off. They're girl's guest at dinner, at the theater something Penelope ached to say to all betting you'll quit any day now. or the opera, and it is the woman Don Sturgis. To the end that he at Why, even the manager said he'd bet

The still brilliance of the afternoon encompassed her as she held her pad-"sent a special train up to Yale on dle poised. She could carry it through

"Say, Mister Freshy!" she plunged. the old law of supply and demand and "When were you ever introduced to Exactly as Mabe would have said it. Not as an ultimatum but as one you mean?" he asked. who, having posed a question as to

them if properly pressed and persuad-

been said, no monk. "I thought we met down the river.

"If it did," retorted Penelope, now definitely cast in the role of Mabe, "I didn't exactly hear you say 'pleased to meetcha.'

"I am very shy and easily scared," he retorted. "You looked as if you might push me off the spring-board if I didn't move fast—and so I did!"
"I'll say you did," she affirmed. They had reached a rubicon. Pene-

lope sensed the slackening in his interest, a slackening that she feltnot being overmodest about it-would not have been there had she not stepped out of character. The next move was hers. She twisted her paddle in the water, bent

her sun-burnished head. Just as Mabe would have. "Hot, ain't it?" she experimented. "It's a lot cooler in here," he replied.

Penelope pretended to hesitate. Then, "Can you prove it?" she demanded archly. "Come in and give me a chance,"

he invited—as almost any male except a monk must have.

"Well," conceded Penelope, partaking of Mabe's presumed liberality on that point, "we both work for

about you anyway. Penelope saw that he quickened at that, as men usually do. His curiosity was aroused as he sprang to assist her to the bank, but she did not at once appease it.

Mabe, she felt sure, would first make it clear that she was a lady. "I don't do this sort of thing usually," she informed him in Mabe's behalf, "only you can tell when a fellow is a gentleman and won't take too much for granted."

"I understand perfectly," Don assured her. "Won't you sit down?" He spoke with lazy assurance but Mabe, certainly, would have taken no exception to that. Penelope, however, knew that he had appraised her, found her beautiful but presumably dumb and was prepared to find an afternoon's diversion in approving her sweet eyebrows while damning her intelligence—and feminine subter-

fuges.

Nevertheless, she sat down, her slim ankles crossed, the suppleness and flow of her seanymph body marvelously accentuated by the severity of her black bathing-suit.

I filed your card. So even if you don't exactly know me I know you almost as well as your mother does.'

Mabe did work in the filing department and had, in Penelope's presence, commented on the card giving the record of Penelope's companion. For the rest, Penelope felt that she probably did know him better than his mother, in some ways, at that.

At the moment, for instance, it was apparent to her that he felt that anybody who knew about him and his record might be expected to approve In brief, he was no longer grim of of both. He made no comment, merely helped himself to a cigaret and then, as an afterthought, offered her

"No. thanks: I don't smoke." she

"You needn't take it to heart," hegrinned. "I know a lot of really nice

He placed the cigaret between his lips, furrowed his brows over the lighting of it. And in spite of herself, something feminine in her approved of him. He had clear eyes: and a clean mouth and there was about him the suggestion of an extremely nice warmth.

He puffed the cigaret to a glow and then, disposing of the match,

glanced up and met her eyes. Neither spoke for an instant. She had been taken unawares and he was, she realized, appraising her anew. Thinking, she felt-and hoped-how little she looked like the kind of girl

she sounded. Nevertheless, she snapped the spell. Swiftly, "I should think," she advanced, "that a swell athlete like you would be playing on the ball team this afternoon. How come you ain't?' He stiffened perceptibly, then achieved a crooked smile. "Nobody asked me to," he informed her. And added, "But this is much better, don't you think?"

Penelope tried to look as Mahewould have. "Oh, I'll bet," she said, "that that's the sort of stuff you tell every girl.

I know what you college fellows are like . . . Anyway, playing on a smalltime team like the Titan's wouldn't seem much to you after playing for

"I can play baseball after a fashion but football was more my specialty—when it came to balls," he explained. "But"—he smiled at her—"I got an idea that my services weren't exactly being clamored for-not here."

"Oh, that," said she, grasping the awaited opening, "is because they're all jealous of you. They know you are one of J. T.'s pets and will be pushed ahead and all that- if you don't quit. That's what they're all trying to make you do."
"Quit?" he echoed, a bit uncertainly—yet indignantly.

least would know what one person you'd not last until the middle of August."

He flushed under his tan and,

Penelope ignored that. "I don't suppose I ought to talk to you this

way"-Mabe's favorite preface to

"That," Penelope 'nformed Penelope, "hit home." Nevertheless, she continued to regard him as Mabe might have. "And, she added, "if I was you I would quit right now and leave them flat."

He looked his surprise. "What do-"It would serve them right," she assured him with the same feminine logic she knew Mabe would display-Mabe worked for the Titan Company but it was her proud boast that it didn't own her. "They don't appreciate you."

"I will say they don't," he inter-He did grin, however, and that was

to his credit. Nevertheless: "Or," she went on, "the favor you are doing them in coming here. "Oh, I don't know as I'd call it

that," he protested hastily. "-"Anybody who could get a job anywhere else would be doing the company a big favor coming to this hole," she argued. "And a fellow who's been a big athlete and has a swell record like your filing-card shows must have lots of friends who would just jump to give him a job

almost anywhere." He gave her a swift glance, as if suspecting satire. But her eyes met his openly. Cleopatra, greeting Antony as the world's greatest conqueror-and using exactly the same line she had used with Caesar—could not have looked more innocent or sincere. "Why, I'll bet," announced Pene-

lope, "you could go right down to New York and get a job this minute if you wanted to." He did not deny that—only looked surprised that she should realize it. 'And that," thought Penelope, "is just what he plans to do!"

Well, pursuing her devious way, she'd give him something to think the Titan Company and I know a lot of. So: "And you'd be with your own sort

there," she enlarged. "People who appreciate you. I'll bet-she endeavored to look as much like Mabe as possible—"you know a lot of girls down there. Girls with rich fathers, too. You could probably marry one.' "No, thanks," he said, with sudden violence. The perplexity in his eyes as they

searched hers was more pronounced than ever. "What," he added abruptly, "makes them all so sure that I'll quit?" He did not, Penelope saw, at all

relish the word. "Because all J. T.'s prize beauties—that's what they call you college fellows—always do. They say you're all quitters because-

don't agree," he interrupted heatedly.
"Say," she protested, "I didn't say that. Didn't I say this was an awful hole to work in? I hafta, but believe me, if I was a man I'd get out." This apparently, suggested no com-

ment to him. So: "And I don't see why they call you a spoiled baby just because you are used to lots of attention," she ad-(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)