

THE WARREN WAY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

FOLKS warned Jennie Maxwell of the Warren Way before she married Joe Warren. But she laughed at them. Joe was big, clean-bodied, clean-hearted, good-looking, and he loved her. She loved him. The Warren Way didn't bother her a bit.

For two or three years Jennie did just as Joe's mother had done; she got along with things as they were in the Warren homestead. House-keeping tools were clumsy and old-fashioned. Jenny washed by hand, using a pair of leaky wooden tubs and tin washbowl. It was hard work, particularly as she used her nice pieces of linen every day. Somehow, she just couldn't get the grime out of the towels.

When Joe had the place joined up with the electric light system in the nearby town Jennie saw help ahead. At the same time the barn was wired and lights were installed in the house. But improvements stopped right there. Joe had spent enough money.

One Saturday afternoon Jennie drove to town to do some marketing and happened upon a demonstration of electric washing machines. After looking through the window at the crowd of interested women inside the hardware store, she entered. Her father had been a machinist and she had inherited a knack for machinery.

There was a joke in her family to the effect that if you gave Jennie a hairpin and a button hook she could mend almost anything. This brisk, capable labor-saver fascinated her. The finest towel came out snowy white. Jennie's big dark eyes grew lustrous with longing. Two or three women gave orders for a machine. One of these women was the wife of a man who worked, odd times, for Joe. Of course she had a big family.

"How about you, Mrs. Warren?" the salesman asked, smiling at her. Jennie poised above order blank. Jennie flushed and shook her head. He wanted to talk it over with her husband, she murmured. Behind her, her eyes were fixed on the machine.

"That's all it will amount to—talking it over," Lucy said to the woman beside her. "My husband works for Joe Warren. He's tighter than the bark on a tree. And set in his way—the Warren Way."

Jennie could not get away quick enough. She raced the car home. Lucy Frost was a liar. Joe would, he just after that, let her have the washing machine.

But Joe wouldn't. When he learned the price he was astounded. "But, Joe," pleaded Jennie, "you don't know what you're talking about. Just see how the thing works before you decide against it."

Nothing she said had any effect upon Joe. His lips shut in a straight line, his sandy brows drew down over his gray eyes. With a gesture he dismissed the washing machine forever.

Two days later a truck drove up to the barn. Two men got out and began to unload a huge box. Joe came running from the field. Jennie was puzzled. What was it going to be? Joe? She went out to see.

It was a milking machine of the most improved type. Joe hadn't told her he was going to get it. They had only four cows, registered Holsteins, which Joe never allowed anybody else to touch. This expensive contraption was for them, to save Joe that hour's milking night and morning. Jennie turned around and went back into the house. She was washing, for Joe's things got dreadfully dirty. She scrubbed on the old washboard with all her might. Suddenly a cry burst from her lips. She had torn her hand on the zinc. It required bandaging, he couldn't finish her washing that day.

Next morning Joe had something else to do, so Jennie drew the milk on the condensery. She drove the light truck as well as Joe could and here was always somebody there to unload the cans for her. Her hand was still bandaged and very sore. And her disposition was sore, too. She felt she had as much right to a washing machine as Joe had to a milking machine.

She was delayed at the condensery and she went in to watch the machinery. She peeped into the great vat where the fresh milk bubbled to her proper point of condensation in three hours. Wonderful! She moved in to take a look at the way the cans were being filled and capped automatically. But most amazing of all was the tireless carrier which hurried along with the empty shells while two girls were feeding it with deft, swift motions. She knew the girls well. They were neighbors, young, alert, good looking.

"Say, Elsie," she said, "how much do you get a day for doing that?" "Five dollars," she said.

"Five—" Jennie was startled. "It looks easy," she added.

"Oh, it is! And I'd like to stay on here but—" she blushed.

"She's trying to tell you she's going to be married the first of the month and her place here will be vacant," said Mary Fancher.

"They are looking for somebody to take my place," Elsie said. During his conversation the girls didn't once pause in handling the empty shells. Jennie turned around and went straight toward the office. As she went she made swift computation—\$5 a day for thirty days would buy her

that washing machine. Meanwhile, she could hire Melissa Sprague to help her with the housework.

When she went home she had Melissa with her.

"What's the idea?" Joe demanded. "Melissa is going to do the work here for a few weeks, Joe," replied Jennie. "On account of your hand?"

"No," Jennie tried to laugh but she was trembling all over. "On account of my taking Elsie Dumond's place at the condensery."

"What are you talking about?" Joe's face was crimson.

"I mean it, Joe. I've hired out for one month. I begin my work tomorrow," Jennie's tone sounded much steadier than she felt.

Joe jumped up, overturning his chair, and dashed out of the house. He was angry clear through, but he knew—all that Jennie hadn't told him.

Jennie went to work next morning. She drove over to the condensery. She drove home at night. Joe said not one word. Nor did she. They simply dropped the matter. But she knew when she looked at him that he wasn't going to give in about the washing machine. The Warren Way had hold of him. It was the first time that Jennie had ever seen the hateful Way in action, and she hated it. Her mode of procedure had become now a challenge. She was striving less for the coveted labor-saver than for victory over an inherited trait which threatened to mar their happiness.

After the first week Jennie's work became monotonous. Just an endless handling of shells. Once she awakened in the night to find herself sitting up in bed going through the motions on the counterpane. Night found her tired, her head aching from the pounding of the machinery all about her. Her washing machine was costing much, much more than money. Could she hold out, could she?

She held out to the last day and the last hour until her month's check was in her hand. Wearily she climbed into the car and started homeward. She had given up her job. She was glad to be through with that. But a harder job lay before her. If she got that washing machine it would add to the trouble. And the distance between her and Joe was wide and getting wider. Perhaps Joe's mother had done the better thing; she had bowed to the Warren Way. Of course she hadn't lived long. But what matter? Jennie was worn out. Her thoughts were thoughts of defeat as she drove homeward, the big check in her pocket.

Joe was nowhere in sight. She got out of the car and went slowly into the house. She heard Melissa slamming pans in the kitchen. There was a good smell of pot roast.

She went to the door, looked into the room, at the grinning and excited Melissa, and at something else—the washing machine of her dreams standing in the corner that seemed just to have been made for it.

"Melissa!" gasped Jennie. "Where did that come from?" "From Allen's hardware. Just got here. Joe told 'em to be sure and have it here before you got home."

"Joe?" Jennie felt tears coming. She could hardly see Joe strolling in casually.

"Hello, Jen!" Joe said. He looked at her an instant, then went up to her, took her in his arms and kissed her. Melissa slipped from the room. Jennie put her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder. "You're a brick, I'll say," whispered Joe. "But, Jen, say, if you won't go back to the condensery ever again I'll get you anything you ask for. I—I can't come into the house and find you gone Jennie. Why, it—it just about kills me."

Heart-Searching Voice of Violin Best Music

There is music on board, and to its merry tunes the great ship dances along on the silvery crest of the waves. The "white horses" leap and laugh, with the children sporting on deck. Gayly the music and the wind whips everything into movement and animation, and on goes the ship—a happy creature of freedom, carrying joyously its human freight.

Or, perhaps, it is a tree-fringed road, white in the moonlight. A musician, in the midst of a strolling group of hill walkers, wildly plays to the night. Fantastically the shadows of his companions dance with the flickering shadows of the leaves. They merge, then part, as in a grotesque procession. Now they pass, and the music, and the songs of the men, and the laughter of the trees, mingle into one.

But the best music of all is the heart-searching voice of a violin played by an open-air fire. To be carried here and there on the exquisite waves of sound, to watch the flames leaping, to inhale the smell of the burning wood, to lose oneself in the blackness of the encircling earth or in the vastnesses of the starry sky overhead—is to hear music.

Wanted—An Epidemic!

The doctor's little daughter took a lot of interest in her father's profession.

One day a lady friend called to see her mother, and in the course of conversation turned to the little girl and asked how she was and how her father was getting on.

"Oh, we aren't doing so badly," replied the young woman, with a new interest in the entertainment—"not so badly, all things considered. There's plenty of colds, some bronchitis, and a little fever here and there; but as daddy said yesterday morning, what we really want is a nice little epidemic."—Exchange.

BRITAIN TO TEST NEW DIRIGIBLES

One Will Visit Canada, Other Goes to Egypt.

London.—The world's latest and most expensive experiment in aircraft construction will be given its first test soon when gas is blown into the bags of the R-100 and the R-101, Great Britain's new \$4,000,000 airships.

Sir Samuel Heare, British air minister, recently announced in the house of commons that the two new airships would make flights to Canada and India in the fall if the trial flights were successful. Air experts of the world perked up their ears at this announcement for Great Britain's failure in these two ventures may mean death for future airship construction.

The R-100, the air ministry has decided, will go to Canada, while the R-101 will make the first long flight to India and Egypt, where arrangements already have been made for handling the ship. It is understood here that the R-100 might include the United States in its itinerary if Washington extends an invitation.

But so far Sir Samuel has refused to divulge when the shed tests and first trial flights will be held. Previous delays, and subsequent questionings in parliament, have made him cautious. It was learned, however, that the bags will be filled some time in June, after which the first local flights will be made.

The construction of these two 5,000,000 cubic feet gas-filled airships is rapidly nearing completion after innumerable delays occasioned by changes in plans and the addition of many new devices which never before have been employed on giant airships. The R-101, in particular, represents several radical departures in the construction of the steel frame and in the arrangement of the interior.

As the R-100 is fitted with ordinary petrol engines, it was selected for the flight to America, whereas the R-101, equipped with Diesel engines, is more suited to the warm atmosphere which will be encountered on the flight to India and Egypt.

Pope Limits Use of New Vatican Money

Rome.—Officials of Vatican City will continue to receive their salaries in Italian money after the papal government's new money is issued, it was understood.

The papacy's own silver and gold coins will be few and their use limited.

Gold coins of 20 lire value and silver coins of 5 lire value (about \$1.05 and 26 cents, respectively) are planned.

The coins will be used to purchase Vatican City stamps, to pay entrance fees to the art galleries and fees to the holy congregations, especially to the congregation of sacraments in cases of annulled marriages.

Robber Splits Loot So Creditors Can Get Pay

San Francisco, Calif.—Kind heartedness of a robber mixed with the oratory of Herman Krieger reflected satisfactorily upon the latter's creditors.

Krieger told police a man came into his house, drew a pistol, and forced him to give up \$85. He said he pleaded with the man not to take all the money because he had to meet some bills.

"All right, guy," the robber answered; "we'll split it."

The robber counted out \$42.50 and gave it back to Krieger.

The next day the creditors got their money.

Gives Away Old Shoe With Diamonds in Toe

San Francisco, Calif.—The fun started when Mrs. A. J. Jadig discovered her husband had hidden her diamond ring and his diamond stickpin in an old shoe—the old shoe she gave to the Salvation Army two days before.

The brogan search that followed Mrs. Jadig's discovery surpassed in excitement the annual city Easter egg hunts by far and was successful.

Salvation Army workers found the shoe among thousands of others and, what was better, found the \$3,500 worth of jewelry.

Begs for Life Term

Minneapolis.—Raymond Askey told Judge E. A. Montgomery he had proved a failure at everything, including being a burglar, and asked for a life sentence so he would have something to eat every day. The judge agreed.

\$15,000 Frogs Are Loot in Robbery

Toledo, Ohio.—Toledo's latest robbery, involving two frogs valued at \$15,000, is shrouded in mystery.

Dr. Robert Wald, owner of the high-priced amphibians, told police they were stolen from their tank in the rear of his home.

Raised on artificial food and imported from Louisiana, the hoppers were the subjects of an important experiment, intended to prove whether amphibians could be raised in artificial surroundings in sufficient number to warrant commercial investment.

Phrases Long Stock of Writers and Orators

An alternative sauce for overstatement is hearty and spirited understatement. "Not 'arf," says the cockney, when wishing to say that a thing is an ample whole. "The time has been," says Macbeth, "that, when the brains were out, the man would die and there an end."

The British schoolboy has no terms of praise more emphatic than "pretty decent," unless it be "good enough." To spring in his audience a vivid sense of the extreme barrenness of the Sahara a British statesman describes it as "very light soil." To a woman brawling abuse from the door of an inn Charles Lamb imputes certain "murmurs not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced."

America does herself equal justice. She it was that first called the Atlantic "the herring pond," and "the drink," and Noah's flood "the big rain," and said that a rattlesnake's bite would "do you no good at all."

The Greeks had a recognized name for this ruse of saying much less than you mean in the hope that your hearer's mind will make good even more than the large percentage of discount which you have deducted from the truth—cunning fellow, casting your bread on the waters, under the form of a kind of rebate, in sure and certain faith that it will return to you buttered.—C. E. Montague in the Century Magazine.

Production of Maple Sugar Natural Wonder

Sugar is a purely vegetable production, as in common use, though largely mineral, carbon-hydrate, in its composition. The sun has much to do with its formation; though, as the beet crop proves, not as much as was formerly thought to be the case. We know carbon best in the form of coal.

Some prefer it in its purest form as diamonds. It is in one form or another one of the commonest things in nature. How it gets up into a maple tree, it would be hard to say. "Out of nothing, nothing comes," and no man would care to claim that the tree makes it, in the face of that dictum.

If the roots search for and having found it in the soil, pass it up through the sap, they are very clever, or parts of a wonderfully clever machine. It is found in the combustion of vegetable, and of some mineral matter, and there may be intimate connection between sunshine in the tree tops and the searchings of the rootlets which gets it into the mounting sap. We shall find it all out some day.—Montreal Family Herald.

Cold Baths

A friend, in the hospital last winter, found his recovery hastened by fresh air which was admitted to his room despite zero temperature. If the window remained closed long he felt "wilted." The fresh air was a tonic. Fortunately, he had been prepared to stand cold temperatures by daily cold plunges. The frequent bath is something which the Western world learned from the Far East. India taught the British conquerors the value of the daily bath. Oriental peoples had been taking daily baths for a thousand years before Perry visited Japan.—Grove Patterson, in the Mobile Register.

Fish Armed With Knives

A "physician" fish, accoutered with razor-edged lances which are used to wound, however, instead of heal, has been listed with the Smithsonian Institution's vast Philippine collection. It is known as the surgeon fish. On each side of its tall are sharp pieces of cartilage, so keen that they are veritable knives. In an instant they can be made to stand out from the body for a ripping blow. A slight slap from the tail is sufficient to cut a man's hand to the bone. Many of the lances are poisoned. The surgeon fish is confined to the tropical parts of the Indian and Pacific oceans.

Hopeless

For more than two hours the club bore had been telling his stories to the occupant of the chair opposite him in the smoking room. At last the victim decided he would have to be rude if he were to escape at all.

When the next story came to an end he gave a prodigious yawn.

"Excuse me," he said.

But the club bore was a match for the best where rudeness was concerned.

"That's quite all right," he said. "It doesn't bother me at all. You see, I've lived close to the entrance of a railway tunnel for the last five years."

Accepted

When little Bobby was taken to the hospital to see his newly arrived baby sister he was highly delighted with her. He regarded her with beaming approval, taking in the fascinating details of her fuzzy nails and the little numbered identification disk on a cord around her neck. This last item he regarded for some time, and then said: "Well, when are they going to take the price-mark off of her?"

Considering Posterity

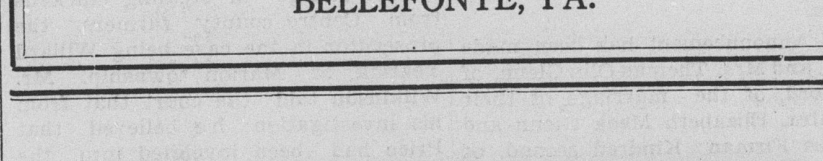
Old Miltrox—Want to marry my daughter, do you? Think I'll make a nice, comfortable father-in-law, eh? Young Allnerv—No, I don't; but I'm going into this thing with my eyes open. What worries me is that I've picked a pretty rough grandfather for my innocent children.

Make Your Will and Name Us as Executor

NOT many years ago, when one was appointed to a position of trust, requiring a bond, it was necessary for him to find a friend willing to go on his bond and become responsible for the proper performance of his duties. All this is past. Corporations now assume this duty.

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