Bellefonte, Pa., April 4, 1930.

THE PATH OF LIFE. There is many a rest on the path of life,

If we would only stop to take it, And many a tone from the bitter land, If the querulous heart would make

To the soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better hope when the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep

through When the ominous clouds are drifted, There ne'er was a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning. And the darkest hour, as the proverb

goes Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path life. Which we pass in idle pleasure,

That is richer far than the jeweled crown Or the miser's hoard of treasure, It may be the love of a little child,

Or a mother's prayer to heaven Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given. Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling

And to God's will bow with a ready heart. And hands that are swift and will-

Than to snap the delicate innate thread Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends.

And sit and grive and wonder.

ABSOLUTELY NO "IT."

Eyes and ears and nose, hair and lips and even toes. Such, described in glamorous detail, was the stuff heroines were once made of. But nowadays one word suffices. Either life she'd have to work for.

In brief, where other girlssuch as Ann's younger sister Marge, for instance—used their eyes or dimples to subjugate the male, Ann Randolph, her father, gray and nearsary. The way she used them this tragic figure in a way. night in late December as she worked her way through the crowded he'd feel like more of a total loss gasped Ann. street-car as it neared her stop.

bulky specimen of so-called manhood who stood blocking her pro-

siren. It was crisp, efficient. Ann girls are that way, even these days. But it failed to penetrate as-well, as Marge's ness gracious," she had protested, murmured coo would have. Yet answering her mother's suggestion Ann was not without resource. She that she might contribute somebrought an elbow into play.

its thrust.

incorrigible eyelid at him and he get a decent salarywould have smiled. He did not smile.

don't interest her. She's not that had realized that.

To which Ann retorted—but only to herself: "And that's what I call a kind and considerate way of

Yet it was true that men didn't interest her a whole lot. At least not such men as Marge was forever bringing home. Marge was all "It." A flame for masculine moths,

Marge. But not Ann. humor and a darned good job. She elbows to get out of a street-car. was private secretary to Samuel "Marge," she thought, as she Benton, a patent lawyer who glimpsed it, "must have a new spent half his time in Boston and man on the string." the rest in Washington. He had two sets of grandchildren, a full beard and hair in his ears.

"I," he had told Ann testily, when be forever breaking in new secre- the hall.

good to my mother.'

He had stared at her all but open-mouthed. "Nice teeth—good to you'd never get here!" your mother?" he had echoed un. This was surprising.

certainly. Ann had disciplined an impulse to seized her.

way. They warmed to her quickly. Street-car conductors with six children, fat old policement six Ann simply stared her amount of the conductors. men, in short, as Pascale, the bootblack, who came to the office and who told her that Tony, his oldest her compact and powdered Ann's boy, was winning prizes at Boston nose. Latin and would go to college and be a great lawyer some day.

They interested her, responded to her interest. Oh yes, she had felt she was going to get the job.

"Exactly the sort of girl," she had explained coolly to Samuel Benton, "that any sensible man would know would make a much better wife than some fluffy little thing that coos and makes eyes at him. But then—a man is never sensible when he falls in love."

He had chuckled at that. He was over seventy and he looked gible as Greek. like a moth-eaten Jove. In his dim, incredible past, as she was to learn, he had stroked a college crew; now his predominating interest was in the first editions he collected.

he had assured her. Nor was she, as far as eyes and were clear and direct, matching in her lips not so bad. As for her next week." toes, shod in trim pumps, they must have been delectable, for at least they were the terminals of the loveliest legs imaginable.

Even Marge conceded Ann that. Something was forever happening time there was the office rout to Marge. She had started out, as occupy her. It was not heavy.

ingly pretty in some ways and she was definitely spoilt and selfish. Yet she got them just the same. "She just can't help attracting

men," was the way her mother phrased it. Mothers will boast that way. Especially to mothers of less fortunate daughters. "Isn't it strange that Ann is so

suggest, sweetly. But Mrs. Randolph was not to

be squelched. "Oh, of course, Ann could have men too if she wanted them," she would reply loftily. "But she's all for business. And she has such a very important position-in charge of the office all the time Mr. Ben-

hundred dollars for Christmas. And well Samuel Benton might. Ann not only attended to the office routine but picked out presents for his grandchildren, registered swift if quite nice," she had protested. not always sincere admiration for his follies in first editions, and saw the tips," Marge had replied sereneto it that he went to the barbers ly. when he should. At such times she

ton is away, you see. He simply adores her. Why, he gave her a

felt like a mother to him. The hundred dollars had been a complete surprise to her. The first Christmas he had given her a book,

the second two books. "This year, Ann had thought, "it table, this December night. will be three books. If we stick together long enough I may work full set of Dickens or something like that."

On the other hand, he might close his one-man office and retire any a girl has "It"—or she hasn't. time. Ann knew that, but it was no And if she hasn't, the best she can use worrying. She would get anothhope for is to achieve a philosophy er job presumably, and she hoped of sorts. As Ann Randolph, with it would be as good as the one aboslutely no "It," had achieved her she now had. She was not so sure philosophy; this being, basically, of that, however. Samuel Benton that life was not going to hand her was a liberal man, as employers was a liberal man, as employers anything, even on a pewter platter, and that what she got from typical week when she was twenty ty-five a week when she was twenty two; now, at twenty-five, he

"He wouldn't say a word—but than ever if he knew I was getting

week could contrive all the miracles disgust. "Nice table-talk!" he Her voice was not the voice of a forty can be stretched to. Some gan. "I-" Marge worked too, but: "Goodthing for household expenses, the 'Whoof!" grunted the target of way Ann did. "I've got to have clothes and lunches and some spend-

But then, Marge was younger. Ann, however, was not Marge. Exactly eighteen months younger than Ann. Not so much in time "Ann," was the way her mother but it had made a big difference put it, "is so sensible. Men just in Ann's life, even if she never

The first person ever to think about that was, curiously enough. Tommy Adams. Curiously, because at first glance, he was pretty much putting it. Anybody else would the sort of youngster that Marge say I'm not the sort that interest might be expected to bring home. A lean, lithe male of twenty-eight perhaps, with a swift grin and a

perfect peach of a car. The peach of a car was standing parked at the curb as Ann approached home, this night in late Ann had her health, a sense of December when she had used her

Which was why she didn't pause to give the roadster even a second glance. Instead she ran up the steps toward the front door. A moment she applied for the position, "can't with her latch-key and she was in

position as a stop-gap until you hall, known in Ann's youth as the get married—" "I," Ann had broken in, "have much more livable in character, was nice regular teeth and am awfully lighted and in the doorway stood

Marge. "Well," she announced, "I thought This was surprising. But before

Ann simply stared her amazement. tion, "have cost him plenty."

"Well, for heaven's sake!"

This Marge ignored. "Now," she commanded, "come in and meet the she Prince of Wales." Of course it wasn't the Prince of

Wales. It was just Tommy. "This," announced Marge to him, "is my sister. I'm sorry she has wool stockings on—but she's the sort that would, you know. But-look for yourself."

"How do you do?" said she, very coldly, to Tommy Adams.

Ann disliked him. Just why she could not have said.

made at dinner.

'Oh, he came in for a manicure.' ears and nose, hair and lips and Marge was explaining, as Ann slipeven toes were concerned. Her eyes ped into her place at the table.

Were clear and direct, matching in "He's something or other to do tone the not uncolorful brown of with a big shoe company and he's her hair. Her nose was straight, on for the shoe show that opens

This was addressed to her mother. It was Mrs. Randolph and her away. For various reasons, mostly younger daughter who provided much of the table-talk.

had Ann, to be a stenographer. She Nevertheless, it was Marge who got the men. She wasn't so amaz- it; when her notes proved obscure before her. A swarthy male who, "That," replied Tommy Adams she extemporized and a misspelled word was nothing in her life. Nevertheless, she had no difficulty in securing positions. The trouble was that she never

held them long. "Oh, he got too darned fresh." might be her explanation. Or, "He certainly thought he was God's different?" some of the latter would gift to women-and I told him where he got off."

Of course an attractive girl like way. But even in the beauty shop to which she had gravitated she had troubles.

"I hate women!" she had announced passionately, when that Latin. Ann smiled back—Pascale position had gone the way of all was not just a bootblack. He was Marge's jobs. "Especially women who think that they own the earth just because they happen to have husbands who have money.'

Marge's mother had not liked her present job. "But-manicuring barber shop doesn't seem-"It's a swell shop—and so are

And of course Marge had her own way. She always did. And it was, naturally, in the barber shop that she had met Tommy Adams.

"I guess he's a lot older than he looks," she went on, at the supper asked. was in the war, anyway."
"Why didn't you ask him to dinup to a Christmas where I'll get a ner?" suggested mother, moved as much by curiousity as hospitality. "Good Lord-in this dump!"

claimed Marge scornfully. Her father gave her a curious glance but she never even saw it. "Besides," she added, "he only came to see Ann anyway." Ann and her mother both stared

at her, a bit open-mouthed. "Or perhaps"-Marge paused and grinned—"I should say Ann's legs." "Marge!" protested her mother. "I don't think that's nice."

"Why not?" asked Marge, too innocently. "Ann has got legs-anywas paying her forty.

This Ann never told anybody at body can see them. And they are home. There was a reason. Andrew awfully nice. And he said that Boston girls have the worst legs he used whatever substitute suggested ing fifty, was a sublimated head ever saw. And I knew that mine itself to her as most productive of broker who reecived eighteen hun- wouldn't change his opinion and so results. Even her elbows, if neces- dred a year. A pathetic, almost I said, "You ought to see my sis-

"Marjorie Randolph-you didn't!" "Don't be mid-Vic!" counseled "Pardon!" she suggested to the more than he is," Ann thought.

The only thing to do, of course, was to pretend that thirty dollars a markey I was get a large will be always told you you have the loveliest legs ever."

Andrew Randolph gave a snort of

> "And I dared him to bet a pair of silk stockings that I couldn't prove it." Marge went on, unperturbed. "And he took me up an-"Is that the way you talk with men who come in to get manicurdemanded her mother.

"Why not? There's something in He glared at her. If it had been ing money, haven't I? Of course a manicure with a man that works Marge, Marge would have flirted an I want to help and the minute I just the way a shampoo does with a woman. They both tell you their life histories and-"

"But to-to discuss your sister's your sister's-"The word stuck in Mrs. Randolph's throat.

"Limbs?" suggested Marge sweetly. "Oh, Mother—he was just tell-ing what an awful time he was er your sister told you that I was having to get manikins to display a on for the shoes show next week new line of shoes he's horribly in-terested in And you see legs I "I should think," commented Ann terested in. And you see legs-I mean limbs, Mother dear—are so important."

"Did you think," interrupted Ann coldly, "that I'd be interested in becoming a manikin?"

"No, but he did-until he you," explained Marge serenely. "He knew in a second then that he might just as well try to get Queen Mary. But he was a good sport just the same. He admitted I'd won my bet and-" "I should think," said her mother,

"you'd be ashamed of yourself." And but-Naturally Marge wasn't. when the fruits of the bets she had won appeared—as they did, prompt- type," he informed her. ly, the next day-she brought them home and exhibited them trium-

phantly. "The man has taste," she purred contentedly. "Not an inch of any-thing but silk. Even the toes." She you?" swiftly slipped out of the stocking that sheathed her right leg and drew on one of the new ones. "Gosh!" she breathed, enchanted.

She held her leg outstretched be-Ann could assimilate it, Marge had fore her. The stockings—the thought was Ann's —might have been made

"They must," was Marge's reac-"It doesn't seem to me,"

"Unless his intentions are honorable-or the reverse?" ploded Ann. "What do you think Marge. "Well, I'll ask him which the next time I see him."

"You expect to see him again then?" asked her mother quickly. "Well, he's to be in town and he replied may need a manicure," Marge. And added, cryptically,

"Men do, you know." Evidently she quite expected he would. Well, so did Ann. Surely Tommy Adams would not have paid his bet so prodigally if his interests To Ann this was all as unintelli- had not been caught. Nothing that the postman withdrew. Marge might have confided about Tommy Adams' future activities

would have surprised her. This had nothing to do with the next morning. At the moment self."

"You're not as bad as all that," insouciant announcement that Marge Samuel Benton was in Washington, He would return the following Tuesday-January third.

"And then," he had told her when, at Christmas, he had given her the surprising gift of a hundred dollars, "I want you to go away, for a week. A real spree—Atlantic City or something like that."

Ann had no intention of going financial. This, however, was yet time there was the office routine to

Entering, Tommy Adams discovhowever romantic his position, was engaged in commerce none the less. Nevertheless. Pascale, who plan-

ned to send his son to college on the proceeds of his daily rounds of office-buildings with his little shoepolishing box, had just paid her a be flattered into becoming a manicompliment. "You have," he had announced, almost reverently, "the lovelies' legs.

No like this"-his expressive hands, holding the implements of his trade, Marge would be persecuted that widened broadly —'or"—his hands way. But even in the beauty shop came almost together—"like this!" He lifted his brown, dramatic eyes to her, smiling at her expansively, radiating all the swift charm of the

> an old friend. "Isn't it too bad that the rest of me doesn't match?" she had suggested.

> He had looked up at her, puz-"The rest of you-doesn't zles. match?" he had echoed. "Ever hear of 'It?' she had asked, amused.

"It? Sure I go to da movies too. Great big pictures of girls, They say girl has 'It.' No 'It' at all. Maka da smile, or make da weep. But just the same—" He had gestured widely, disgustedly. "What do you mean?" Ann had

It was queer what some people could tell you. Street car conducpolicemen—almost anybody when you got them talking.

"They all so American," he explained "Not like Italy. In Italy people look-alive. In America people hide everything. You go into an office and see people with dead faces everywhere. As if they afraid to look alive and—" He had paused a bit lost. Then surprisingly: "You not-a that way," he had said. "Your eyes, your face—alive!"

Ann had stared at him, openmouthed. Then: "You're a nice man, Pascale," she had said, "but you're an awful liar. Do you-

The door opened and Ann glanced around, still smiling. She thought it was the postman. But it wasn't the postman. It was-Tommy Adams!

"I hope Im not being a nuisance," he began directly. "I looked ingly. up your business address in the directory. I wonder if you could help me out of a hole."

American mask Pascale had refer- eagerly. red to. Did he-could he-believe that she could possibly model shoes married too. As he had said, that for him? Or would, if she could? made a difference. He couldn't Tommy, Pascale with a final flourish was interested. of his polishing cloth had replaced the tools of his trade in the little mitted, "but-oh, if it's a question asbrass-bound box and, arising, was favoring her with one of his prodi- I'm not the type." gal smiles. She must, of course, warm to him, glow swiftly if unconsciously before turning back to Tommy.

"People interest you a lot, don't they?" he remarked surprisingly, as the door closed behind Pascale. "Some people," amended Ann.

He grinned, unexpectedly, charmingly. "I wonder if I could—a little," he remarked. And went on

aloofly, "you'd have no trouble finding one!"

"Oh, there are plenty of applicants," he assured her. He paused a second. Then, "Is there a chance in the world I could persuade you to help me out?" he plunged. "It's on-

ly for three days, next week." "Me-model shoes?" gasped Ann. "Why not?" he demanded. "Well, one of us is crazy," plied Ann, "and it must be because I'd be a perfect flop at that sort of thing. Marge would love it,

"I can get fifty persons of Marge's "It's you who are precisely the type I want-"And when," she demanded, you decide that? You"-she had a worrying me," he assured her. swift flash of intution—"certainly

yet I couldn't get you out of my a town?" mind somehow. And I had an idea

not quite sure of his ground. "Oh, I understand," him coolly. "An idea that I was like But as the heart of a little town. grin. She had wanted the position awfully. They'd get along together, she knew.

Some men made Ann feel that the she commanded was Alli's light have been made and dyeing the grass at dawn an

> suggested fessed as coolly. "But not just—" more radios and homes. That's w im which "Well, it wouldn't work," she asflippantly, "It's not a matter of pectantly. clothes at all. Either you have 'It'

or you haven't, and-They were interrupted there. The of letters on Ann's desk. Tommy, eyes intent, watched the byplay between them.

"Have you?" she retorted.

very amusing but not at all convincing. "Well, how does it happen that Marge has the proper perspective and I haven't?"

She almost let him think that. Then, feeling herself flush absurdly, she confessed. If he had looked incredulous! Or laughed at her! "That," said he, "is easy. She's

"Really?" commented Ann, in a

the younger. You both grew up together but she developed in one ent. "You'll be the way, you in another. She diverted show," he prophesied. attention from you while you were still a baby; got the idea the world to be divulged to him. In the mean- revolved around her and that she could have anything she wanted."

just that she is naturally more

coolly, "is a matter of taste."
(To be Concluded next week.) No woman who ever lived could take offense at that. But Ann chose to disbelieve him. Did he think she was silly enough to let herself

kin? But he was going on: "Your sister is a supreme little egotist. Life has made her so. I'm not criticizing egotism is not a bad thing. She knows she's pretty, she expects attention and—she gets it. She'll meet a man half-way —at least while you-"

"While I?" gibed Ann, as he hesitated. "While you," he plunged deliberately, "are so darned afraid that

any man will think you're chasing him that you freeze up. You wouldn't lift a finger to attract his don't see-" attention." "I wouldn't-not any man that

ever lived!" blazed Ann. "And," he commented imperturbably, "you ask me what 'It' is. Isn't it merely to make yourself attractive—naturally if you can, provocatively if you must? Your sister does-but you just won't." "Never!" Ann assured him em-

phatically. "Except," he grinned, "to Italian bootblacks and gray-headed letter came to advertising would have giv-carriers. They find you attractive en her away. This was the arrival, enough and like you."

'Oh, they're old and married," explained Ann. "They like me because I'm interested in them and their problems."

"I know what they like you for," he informed her. "I—have eyes. You know your interest won't be misconstrued and so you let yourself be natural and-darned attractive." His eyes sought hers and his nice grin flashed again. "I'm not old," he told her, "but I am married and Lord knows I have problems. If I could persuade you to take the same interest in them—" A curious thing happened then.

Ann had never dreamed, somehow, that he might be married. She certainly had no idea of his marrying her. And yet she felt-well, suddenly and subtly defrauded. "Won't you?" he pleaded beguil-

Ann wavered. "I-don't see what I could do." ne out of a hole." "Could you possibly get three Instantly her face settled into the days off next week?" he asked

Ann hesitated. He was nice. And Before, however, she could answer misconstrue her interest and—she gested Marge.

> of being a manikin, I simply couldn't. "I don't want the ordinary type,"

he persisted. "The styles I'm show- doesn't understand him yet." ing are new and, I hope, both distinctive and a bit revolutionary. I want the same type of manikin." "I'd be revolutionary enough, any-

way. "And that's the point," he pressed let her read would have proved it.

"I couldn't get you out of my He let her read the letter because mind-and neither could the buyers. at the very moment she had stage You'd stand out,"

"I," Ann maintained. "would be carried out, you mean. There would be lots of people there, and I'd simply shrivel up and die." Nevertheless, she was weakening in spite of herself. He saw that.

"Let me tell you a bit more," he begged. "I'm well, I'm running a shoe factory on a shoe-string. It's an old established concern that has been going behind for years. A town syndicate has been carrying it along and there was talk of closing it down. That's where I stepped in." He paused, produced a catalog and showed it to her. "Specialty stuff," he explained. "I sold the idea to the syndicate, now I've got to sell it to the world at large. And

it's neck or nothing.' Already he had caught her interest. A clever young man, Tommy reminded him, almost tearfully. Adams. For:

"It's not my own neck that's shan't sink without a trace even if do was to find a hole to crawl into! the thing does prove a flop. But— Or to bury her nose in a masculine "No," he confessed candidly. "And others. What a shoe factory is to

Ann didn't exactly. But he made that if—" He hesitated there as if her see it. Not as an ugly pile of not quite sure of his ground.

| brick and mortar, equipped with Ann assured machinery and smelling of leather.

"We employ a hundred and fifty Girls who don't know how to make men and women in good times," he the most of their good points. Then enlarged. "Some old, some young. somebody comes along and changes Some married, some thinking of their way of doing their hair or getting married. Each with his or something like that and they dis- her separate existence and problems her cover that they are really pretty -automobiles and babies, radios and "And," added Marge, "you might powder your nose now and then mother protested, "that any man hold still, dearest—" She produced would give a girl stockings unless it?"

"It doesn't seem to me, her and begin to radiate charm and evhomes. It's —rather a pretty little erything. That was your idea, wasn't town. And if it goes as I hope—and the show will be a test—it?" homes. It's —rather a pretty little "Something like that," he con- means more automobiles and babies, more radios and homes. That's why sured him definitely. And added across." He paused, eyed her ex-

"If-if I could help I-I would," she said. "If you will, you can," he told her postman came in, depositing a sheaf positively. He held out his hand.

'Won't you—shake on it?"
Ann still hesitated. But his outstretched hand-to say nothing of "Have you any idea just what something in his eyes—was compel-'It' is?" he broke in abruptly as ling. So she let him have her hand impulsively.

At first she hesitated about tell-"I have a hunch that what you ing her employer. When she said need is not new clothes—or a dif- she was taking three days off he, What did surprise her was Tom- ferent way of doing your hair- of course, assumed that she intendmy's appearance at her office the but a proper perspective on your- ed taking the vacation he had sug-

"Atlantic City?" he asked intone that suggested he was being terestedly.

But he didn't. He merely chuckled which, of course, was quite different. "You'll be the hit of the

The surprising thing was that he actually thought so. But then he, like other men, always had seemed to hold a higher opinion of her "Nonsense," interrupted Ann. "It's than—well, than she did of herself. "It's because I'm sort of an oldfashioned girl, I suppose,' she decid-

> Yet that ,certainly, could not be Tommy Adams' impression of her. Aside from such attributes as a successful young manufacturer of specialty shoes should possess, Tommy was, obviously, well informed as to what the modern girl wears. "You'll need," he told Ann. 'some sort of ensemble, an evening

dress, of course, and something that suggests sport and Palm Beach too. And hats and stockings to match each costume. "And where," Ann demanded.

aghast, "do you expect me to get them?' He grinned at her. thinking out loud-I expect to provide them, of course." "Good gracious!" Ann protested.

"If you are running a shoe factory on a shoe-string, as you say, "It's all charged up to advertising he informed her serenly. this is no time to pinch pennies."

Nor did he. He not only took

Ann's breath away, he even took Marge's. As for Mrs. Randolph, she had been breathless from the start. Of course there had been keeping it from the family. If she had tried to, the first evidence of Tommy Adams' prodigality when it came to advertising would have giv-

but a dozen pairs! And that was only the first bomb to explode in Mrs. Randolph's presence. The next package to arrive contained accessories even more intimate. Ann wished she had open-

demanded Marge, "Say, does he think he's doing? Furnishing your hope chest?' Ann hastily placed the silky, slinky frivolities back in their wrappings.

ed that package in her room.

"I don't wonder you blush," added Marge mercilessly. "A girl is certainly stepping out when she gets step-ins. That—"
"I don't," exploded her mother, "see any necessity of his sending

things like that. I-I don't think it's nice." "Oh, he just knew Ann was the sort who didn't wear them," contributed Marge. "And of course in demonstrating shoes you demonstrate so much else, too!"

"He's one of the nicest men I ever met," flamed Ann, goaded to it. "And he's married—very happily married." "And isn't

"And it's all strictly business," "I could get the days off," she ad- Ann persisted. "He's as impersonal "As any other married man is at the start," Marge put in helpfully.

'Well, he'll tell you that his wife

This Ann ignored. Tommy Adams wasn't the least bit like that. He was delightfully casual and he was terribly in love with his wife. she had doubted that, a letter he He let her read the letter because

fright. This was on Wednesday, January the fourth. The show was beginning. The fourth, the fifth and the sixth floors of the hotel were given over the display of sample shoes. They-Ann and Tommy- were in a room on the fourth floor where his products —the shoes Ann was to model-were displayed. Footgear that, coming from a little New England village, was fit for a queen. Slippers such as Cinderalla might

have worn. Ann felt absurdly like Cinderella herself. Because downstairs in the main ballroom was a runway. And a million people, more or less, waiting to see her walk down that run-Well, she couldn't-just couldn't!

"I-told you I'd be a flop," she She was all dressed up and the place she was to go was plainly "I designated. But all she wanted to do you realize what it means to shoulder and weep. Yes-Tommy Adams' shoulder. Married or not, she felt that way.

> Adams darn near gave her the chance to. But that she did not guess. Because instead he abruptly drew a letter from his pocket. "Read the first page of that," he suggested. The first page was in the swift

And married or not, Tommy

firm writing that looked so like him. It ran:

stones.

This will be only a short letter today to tell you how much I love you and miss you and how I wish you could be here. I hope you are taking every precaution—this is bad weather for colds, you know-and that Doctor Crossman will sit on your chest if necessary to keep you in bed.

Don't worry about me. going to mean big things for us. I've got exactly the girl I want, you know. She hasn't the slightest idea how charming she is and she's not the type that would do this normally. And that's just the reason she's going to strike precisely the note I want. She'll make the others look like rhine-

As you can't be here I'm going to describe her a bit. I persuaded her yesterday to go to the best (Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)