

Bellefonte, Pa., May 22, 1931.

THE BOY THAT WHISTLES

Give me the boy that whistles, That lifts his face to the sky; That lets all the cares and the troubles, And fears of a world pass by!

Hands-not too clean-in his pockets, Cap on the back of his head: Eyes that are bright as a Springtime sky, And cheeks that are apple red!

Give me the boy that whistles; What if he runs away From school for a bit of fishing, When it is a joyous day?

What if he sometimes quarrels? He's not the kind who shirks; When I have a task, just give me the boy Who whistles the while he works!

EYES TO SEE

leafless trees begin to take on softer outlines and the hills that surround the peaceful little town seem, at abiding peace. sunset, to swim in a pastel haze. It Faith. is not spring, but it is spring's ada young man's fancy-

snow-banked turn. The driver started the fires, seen that the house straightened it and, "Well?" he was provisioned and arranged with those of the girl beside him.

was needed. He had said it all things for her, or for any friend. twenty times before. He had not Faith had not told him then about the afternoon had betrayed him.

wheels to express his emotions.

at her, she read his meaning. Brief- All at once the contrast between the ly she wished she had not come back two men who wanted to marry her to Leicester just now. It would seemed sharply etched. "Two men have been so much easier to write couldn't differ much more," ran her him that—But his eyes held hers. thoughts.

time.

fore, Bob, that I-" There she paused. The moon, to- sort of lawyer who, driving out to night, would be full and golden. At see some rural client, would linger the moment it was a catch in the to help repair a pump, discuss polthroat as it rode, pale and luminous, itics or anything else.
through the mists that hung over "Why not?" he had retorted, through the mists that hung over Elderboro hills. All nature when she had so accused. seemed to be weaving an insidious net to seine the senses. Even Faith, felt, was that he honestly could not whose creed was candor at any cost, see why not. His whole life moved whose slogan was that sentiment is as he did himself with a leisurely always sloppy, had to nerve herself grace. Nor was it because he had

-that I'm to be married the first announced yet.

steadily—"I do." inite horizons, and that Bob was so "Happiness?" echoed Faith, al- darned content to have his horizons most rebelliously. The distant hills set. were opalescent now; they were like frozen music. Gypsy music, with all twenty-six, restless and reaching. its urge and its hint of frustration. She had a flair for line; had dabbled "Does anybody ever really find hap-piness?" she went on. "Does any-body but an idiot expect to find it?" in design. But she was candid with herself.
"I might be able to decorate lamp

have the illusion of having it in houses."

your grasp just now.' But added, swiftly, "Oh, don't mis-understand me. I only mean I'm munity a real service." easy for her. And yet, perversely, not madly-or foolishlylusion of having something in your things-

She paused, her eyes challenging. ster stopped. But all he said was:

"I am not going to debate it with as she started to get out. you. It's not what I think, anyway, but what you think that counts." He slipped out from behi "I admire Chan and I respect him," wheel, went up the path he had "And I like him enormously. If you himself shoveled through the snow. say all that is a poor substitute for She was grateful for that, yet love—well, I'll despair of your menimagine Chan doing such a thing! tal processes.'

"I thought you did, anyway," was time. But he just wouldn't have

The road was swinging down into Leicester. The lights of the town had informed her, at their very first were below them. paled, save for a strip of rose-flush- something in his voice that took the ed amber in the west. The moon blatancy from the remark, "I assure was serene and confident now; the you, though, that I am an exception

"Are you going to let me take you starve." to dinner before you leave?" asked, as the car swung into Main mas. street. She hesitated, and he add- feminine intuition for Faith to realed, "Or would Chan object?"

ing about you. I think-

sation," he suggested. "I'll take Bob, but the very fact that he al- should he tell her about making a you to the hotel-for dinner, that is. lowed himself to be interested in her will for fifty cents? Or drag her I suppose you want to go to the showed how sure of his future he uncle Amos into the conversation.

and lock up.'

familiar to both since childhood. Their ancestry could be traced that when he did fall he fell hard. years before. through the old town records. Bob had been born and bred there. lived in a house that had belonged has promised before. to his great-grand-father, fronting the triangular Common with its inevitable Soldiers' Monument and she had told him. weather-beaten old cannon.

Chichester Building, containing his his dark eyes amused. law office. On the base of the third

keting. And here, with his rods, you?" she had concluded. his guns and some law, Bob was con-

"The trouble with you is that you

his ways. tions," he had suggested. But Faith scorned that. Her own had explained. direct ancestry had been more adventurous. Her graandfather had might be going to Leicester to body has relatives doing all sorts of

but he had got out. The house to which Bob was driving her was outside the town. An sure everything is all right," -Author unknown old farmhouse bought and remodeled promised. by her father as a summer home, tion—"

when Faith was but a baby. In summer Leicester is ever so charming. Even his February night In Leicester, in February, the as the roadster swung out into the white-blanketed countryside, gleaming under the moon, it suggested you know." "Always," mused

She was glad, now, that she had vance advertising. And in the spring come. On her arrival, two days before, she had gone to Bob for the This afternoon a roadster, return- keys to the house. He, charactering to Leicester, skidded around a istically, had gone out with her and asked abruptly, his eyes meeting a neighboring housewife to do the work. He was the sort of country No more than that. No more lawyer who could stop to do such

intended to say it again today, but Chan. Nor had she told him the whole truth today. She had come A hint of spring-and the girl be- to Leicester not because she was a side him. The tilt of her nose; the bit tired of New York but to make twist of her lips; the-oh, everything up her mind about Chan. She had about her! He had been that way no intention of marrying Bob, ever. about her since she was ten and he Yet he had figured in some nebulous fourteen, turning elaborate cart way in what had been in her mind. Nov, as she nestled her pretty She had suspected what he felt chin in her furs, everything was as then. Now, in the one word flashed crystal clear as the air she breathed.

Take Bob. He probably had three "No," said Faith, for the twentieth or four thousand a year outside the "I should have told you be- little-she felt sure it was very little-he made at law. He was the

The essential fault with him, she

no greater capacity. It wasn't even the fact that Bob of June," she went on. "It isn't had only three or four thousand a June, she went on. It isn't had only three of four thousand nounced yet. But I wanted—" year while Chan must make at least diance was pleasant. The dining twenty that mattered. In Leicester room was all but deserted. The lawyer, with a negligible practice. And she was to marry Chan. suggested Bob. He smiled; almost one could live very comfortably on a as if he meant it. "And so," he few thousand a year, she knew—too added, "it is my privilege to be the comfortably, she might have added. first to wish you happiness and"— It was just that Leicester set def-

Well, she was not. She was

His eyes met hers. They were shades, but what I want to do is blue, deep-set, far-looking, the heri- paint murals," she had told Bob, the tage of a race of pioneers. But he previous summer. "The urge is did not look far, Faith reminded there but not the talent. It's taken herself. He was content to live in me four years to discover that, and Leicester, practice law desultorily, now I'm wondering about architecrusticate and vegetate.

"Perhaps no one ever really does discover I want to design Taj Mahals in him; he was the sort of man a find happiness," he commented. "But and have the equipment only to— girl could take dinner with without it seems to me you should at least oh, draw specfications for hen-

our grasp just now."

Bob's comment had been charac-last fervent plea. But Bob merely made conversation. That made it

in love She thought of that now. with Chan. I'd be afraid to marry saw Taj Mahals, and he saw henhim if I were. It doesn't last; you houses. As an afterthought she adknow that as well as I do. Love is mitted that perhaps that wasn't what you called happiness—the il- quite fair. He did know heaps of

> The thought broke off as the road-"Stay where you are," said Bob,

"I can He slipped out from behind Not that he wouldn't if he had the

the time. "I'm only a young lawyer," Chan The sunset had meeting. But he had added, to the rule that all young lawyers

> he They had met just before Christ-It had required no excess of ize he was interested.

"Of course not!" she said. I was Well, so was he. He certainly not thinking of Chan. I was think-had no horizons. She had the feel-Well, so was he. He certainly had no horizons. She had the feeling he would go far. He was no more than a year or two older than a war or two older than a law year or two olders. Why 'Let's save that for table conver- more than a year or two older than

> "I'll make you love me," he had He promised her, as many another man without explanatory footnotes.

"And I don't want you to think grandfather have the cash. He had gleamed on the third finger of her angle stood the white-pillared court that I'm one of those wabbly ladies never married. When he had grad-left hand. house, for Leicester was a sleepy litthat can't make up their own minds." uated from high school, Uncle Amos "Were you tie old New England county seat.

She had felt it her duty to tell him had gone to work as a clerk in the that?"

assured her. Faith had been warmed by that.

with the frankness that was her fet- wished she could feel the illusion.

"I'm relieved. I was afraid you cester is a small town, and every-

grandfather had left Leicester. He it was Thursday. And she was go-had had ambition, vision. He had ing back with her mind made up. tainly must. He's so—well, servile. not made millions, or even a million, She-But Bob was back with her

suitcase. "I'll come out tomorrow and he

"Oh, that would be an imposi- fered. "I have the interests of the fireinsured the house for your father,

"I know of no reason why the have to explain." fact that you are going to marry a that wouldn't seem logical.'

was touched. He was a dear. "You really ought to stop for your own sake, Bob," she said. "You ought to find some nice girl and why it wasn't so easy. It costs a lot marry her. I don't want to feel I've to live in New York; they were

"Many men never marry." "But you were made for some woman!"

"Let's say one woman-and drop the subject. don't you think?" She refused to be diverted. "I woman. I wonder if you really explained.

know me." study you."
"Perhaps; but there's always been

what you call the illusiongiven him a definite answer yet." "How did you know that?" she ed in obvious humility.

gasped. "Oh, even a country lawyer uses his wits occasionally," he retorted. They were already back in Leicester; he was drawing up to the curb outside the old Leicester House. This was just a small-town hotel; yet, like Leicester, it had been famous in its day.

Tonight, as always, its yellow ra-

over them. Bob glanced at Faith. "Oh, order anything, so long as it's quick," she said.

Her train left at seven-ten. She would arrive in New York after midnight; tomorrow Chan would have his answer. In the meantime. here she was with Bob. She had told him, two hours before, that she was going to marry another man.

saying.

Their eyes met. She had always the eyes. They had a certain well with liked his eyes. distinction that blended well with his lazy charm. He had good blood discomfort, after rejecting him.

Chan, surely, would be making one she found herself criticizing him

She again—as always. "How's the law buisness?" asked. He smiled. "I'm not being rushed." he admitted. "I went over to El-

derboro this morning to draw up a will for Johan Saunders. Remember Faith did. "Did he pay you?" Bob shook his head. "I'll send

him a bill, later." "He never will pay you." "I supose not. That's why charged him only fifty cents."

"Fifty cents!" echoed Faith. "That's all I can afford to lose." Faith said nothing for a moment. Then: "Well your law buisness gives you plenty of time for hunting and fishing, anyway, she remarked. "Exactly," he agreed.

"I never could fathom you." "I did not know you ever made any effort to," he retorted, and added, You saw your uncle Amos, I suppose."

Faith nodded. "I'm a bit worried about him," Bob went on. "He doesn't seem well. "Have you been making his will,

"I handle all his legal affairs."

must be. No amount of emotional "Of course Bob is charming and pressure, she sensed, would force that counts he's your uncle Amos "Of course Bob is charming and They ran on through the town, reer was assured. And that she over again," Faith's mother had could not quite understand it. Why miliar to both since childhood, held to his credit. The more so in thought it wise to remind Faith some should she be present? If the wire

as promised before. When her own grandfather had Chan would! Faith had been frank with him. moved on toward New York his "You don't "I'm going to say it's so sudden," brother, her great-uncle Amos, had had remarked, when she had told him. brother, her great-uncle Amos, had had remarked, when she had told told him. eather-beaten old cannon.

"I have a suspicion you aren't which they had both been born. He would marry him.

Across the Common was the old exactly surprised," he had inserted, had been content to take that as his "I'm not," he had retorted, as he share of the estate, and let Faith's produced the solitaire that now

Here the surrounding countryside exactly how she felt-about him and local hardware store. He had begun "I'm sure enough for two," he had made twenty-five or thirty at the you."

most.

rished she could feel the illusion. "T'm sorry we bought a summer Instead, she had told him she was place here," her mother had told He had not denied it—or changed going to run up to Leicester to think faith's father, with great feeling. is ways. "There are compensations," he had suggested. "Not making up my inf I had known about your uncle mind about you—but about life," she Amos—" "Oh, don't let him worry you. Lei-

> our friends who come to visit us cer-The way he rushes around in his

> shirt sleeves. Just like a frightened rabbit." "I never saw a frightened rabbit in shirt sleeves," her father had of-

Faith's mother had refused to be side-tracked. "I'm not a snob, goodinsurance companies at heart," he ness knows. But I wish we could go cut in as he backed the car. "I somewhere else. I'm so sick of explaining that he's just eccentric. And the way he lives! Just that one room Bob sold insurance, as did so on the top floor. Even Leicester talks many small-town lawyers. Imagine about that, I know-renting the rest Chan selling insurance as a side line! of the house. I try to dodge him, but "And besides, my child," Bob add- Leicester is so small. And then I

Later, Faith had got her mother's better man should make me stop do- viewpoint. It was awkward, when ing what I can for you. That—well, you had girl friends from New York visiting you, to have to explain about And realist though she was, Faith Uncle Amos. She herself had wished sometimes that they might leave

Leicester. But she had known by that time spoiled your life. And if you never always a bit hard up. "Perhaps next marry I—" year-if business is better," had been her father's annual promise for years. But there was always some-

thing to prevent.

Through two winters, in fact, It's a beautiful night, Faith and her mother had stayed on in Leicester. "We think it best for Faith-much better than city life don't see why you think I'm the one for a growing girl," her mother had

But Faith had known better. "I've had plenty of opportunity to "We're retrenching," she had informed Bob.

She hadn't minded, then. The winters in Leicester had angels of appeal. "Always," he admitted. "And al- One of them was Bob. He could do ways, too, a wonder if you really anything. He had taught her how to know yourself." He paused. Then: skate and taken her to ride on his "You really came to Leicester to double-runner. In fact, when Faith discover something about yourself— was thirteen and he seventeen, he and Chan, of course. You haven't was a king in Babylon and she his Christian slave—though never cloth-

Then Bob had gone to Dartmouth and after that to Harvard Law school. While still in law school he had come into his heritage; the old house fronting the common; the law practice that had been his father's; the three or four thousand a year that made it possible for him to surrender

So now he was just a small town Chan. ancient colored majordomo hovered And she was to marry Chan.

Over them Rob glanced at Faith In spite of herself, she surrendered to a sudden childish desire to shake the equanimity with which Bob faced her, across the table. 'You haven't asked a single question

about Chan," she said. "Why should I? I've heard you that he measures up.'

And now:

"I'd feel easier if you showed to try to." She had not meant to some interest in your food," he was was true. She had never been able

to change Bob. "Let's say, rather, that I've never been able to get your viewpoint," he substituted. "It would not be fair, surely, to pretend to be other than

I am. "And what are you?" she demanded.

Bad news to anybody who prefers to think well of the human race, I mented. suppose. But is this the moment to rub that in?"

Faith realized that it wasn't. "It's an acknowledgment at Chan, turned just because I-well, I do hate to to Faith. think of your wasting yourseif. shan't see you again soon; perhaps not for a long time-" She broke off! abruptly. She was an What had got into her? "S "Sorry, she apologized, and glancing at her wrist watch, noted the time with re-

"It's almost seven." They had a few moments at the station. Then the train rolled in. She offered him her hand; looked up

"You were always a dear-I know ly." you were tonight. And I was hor-rid." She felt her eyes smart. But glanced at Chan, He grinned. all he said was:

"All good things-Always." And the train took her southward. from him now and then. Of course she wouldn't hear from him that way gaain. This was final. But nothing in life ever is.

YOUR UNCLE AMOS DIED THIS MORNING STOP FUNERAL SERV-ICES AT THREE P M FRIDAY STOP I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD BE PRESENT IF POSSIBLE

was only a week later when his

She read it a second time. should she be present? If the wire had been from Chan she might have Faith had known what she meant, suspected he was simply contriving one more opportunity to see her.

"You don't seem surprised." she

"Were you as sure of me as all

"I was only sure that I was not brought its litigation; here farmers love and marriage. "And I think it's at a dollar and fifty cents a week. going to give you up. I always get nothing. She was still stunned. and summer colonists did their marimortant that I be very sure, don't He had been there ever since—fifty- what I want—and I have never Uncle Amos living in an attic room. seven years, now-and probably wanted anything more than I want and leaving money for shrubs and

most.

And so they were engaged. They hospitals and playgrounds; for firemost were to be married in June. She had men injured at fires. are perfectly satisfied to be a not-so-very-big frog in a very small could expect that, for all her dis-puddle," Faith had once told him, trust of love, as an illusion, she for months. Why was the telegram in his shirt sleevs in the hardware addressed to her, instead of to her store. father? She showed it to her moth-

er.

ter said. Her father, however, took a different view. "Somebody must go," Bob. "It's to establish a civic fund he said decisively. "I can't—and if to be expended for the betterment been born in Leicester, too, in the brick house that now belonged to brick house that now belonged to be going to Leicester to body has relatives doing all sorts of the body has relatives doing all sorts of the body has relatives doing all sorts of the same things," her father had cut in. "No-body thinks twice about it."

you knew Leicester as well as I do and beautifying of Leicester. That body thinks twice about it."

you'd know it would amount to a was his vision," he went on. "He had been Monday, and now "Nobody in Leicester, perhaps. But public scandal if one of us wasn't real love for Leicester. What I have there."

most, however. He asked for the boyhood, and which developed through wire, read it with characteristic the years. They became literally concentration. Then:

have a feeling there is more to this you have a copy of the will made than you have guessed. You say and sent to me?" he asked. Bob was your uncle's lawyer?" "Gracious! You don't mean to

"I've got a hunch. Wait and see." They started early Friday. It was thing. raining, but Chan's car made good

time. It was almost three when they reached Leicester. Faith had wired Bob not only overstopped Chan physsaw him just before the service; introduced Chan to him. And noted, as the two men shook hands, that Bob not only overtopped Chan physically but, surprisingly, made him look a shade heavy. But, she reminded herself, Chan overtopped Bob thrusting her out. Bob accompanied in everything that really counted.

ed outside, the church was crowded. from behind. Then the car started. bareheaded by the open grave. The coffin was lowered into it's confines, the final compass of a narrow life, while the minister's voice ran on: "Or ever the silver cord be loosed,

or the golden bowl be broken-" Beautiful but incongruous, Faith wide open?" thought. Where was the silver cord to be loosed in Uncle Amos' life. Or any semblance of a golden bowl to be broken? Had Uncle Amos, in all his day, known one really golden mo-

ment? "Vanities of vanities, saith preacher," the voice concluded; "all that quarter of a million will help a is vanity."
Even Faith, the realist, felt a

ed them. "I know you are in a hurry,' he a lawyer, and a good one," he resaid, 'but could you wait long enough minded her. "And if I can't prove for me to read your uncle's will?" Chan answered for her. "I think compos mentis, I'll resign from the

thought my house might be better," that the will might be broken. I

"Very thoughtful," acknowledged to leave, you see. Tell me just what han. "Can we go at once?" you'd do." They could, and did. The snow Faith had been there last was now me one. I don't suppose he caught a dirty melange. But inside Bob's the significance of that but-

house were dignity and warmth, But back in Leicester, Bob puffed grace and peace. Even as a small girl Faith had he wants a copy of the will," he loved the house; the beautifully soliloquized. "Well, he would!" outline the only sort of man you could marry—and I do not doubt was white, not new and shining, but white like the hair of an old gentle- ties and his jaw set a little. woman. worth of the ancient mahogany; the ner, which he usually had at the tapestry paper, still clear and fresh. Leicester House. "I think there is tea in the li-

brary," announced Bob. It was there, on a little table set before the log fire. The room was old to Faith; she and Bob had often ravaged its bookshelves. She was familiar with its etchings, even with Bob's rods and guns. Chan took it office. all in at a glance.

"You do yourself well." he com-Faith sensed patronage, but if Bob did he did not resent it. He smiled

"It may surprise you," he began, "to know that your uncle left a sizable estate. I doubt if many people in Leicester had any idea—" 'Just how much is it?" interrupt-

ed Chan-and Faith wished he hadn't. "Roughly, something over a quarter of a million," replied Bob. "A quarter of a million?" Faith echoed incredulously. "Why, where could he-"

her, she would have let him; but he merely took her hand.

"I shan't ever forget," she said "He lived simply; invested wisely over a long term of years," explainting ed Bob. 'Some of his original integration of the said of

Faith could not comprehend it. She "What did I tell you?" he asked. catching her breath. Presently she "I've known some other cases where went into what had been his moththese old boys have surprised the er's room. On the bed was spread

haps I'd better read it to you,"

I know them all. Let's have the bequests.'

There were many. Faith sat, still incredulous, simply astounded.

To the town of Leicester, \$20,-000, to be used for planting shrubs and flowers along the roadsides-To the Leiceser Home for Elderly People, \$20,000-To the Community Hospital, 000-For a new playground,\$15,-000-To the Unitarian Church \$10,000; Invalids' Home, \$15,000; Y. M. C. A., \$20,000. Then less formal bequests:

To Leicester, \$20,000, the income to be distributed each year to old ladies at Christmas-To the Firemen's Relief Association, \$10,000, for firemen injured in the performance of duty-To my associates-To so and so, so much. Then: To my grandniece, Faith Adams, \$10,000.

Bob glanced at her, but she said flowers to beautify Leicester: for

It did not link up. Uncle Amos

"But I still can't see-" she began. Chan cut in on her quickly. "How "I don't see any necessity of any about the residue?" he asked. "Thereof us going to his funeral," the lat- must be thirty or forty thousand more than you've accounted for." "Forty-three thousand," replied read to you is the expression of cer-It was Chan who surprised Faith tain dreams which run back to his "I'll drive you up," he announced. make that understandable to you-" "We can go and come in a day. I Chan gave him no chance to.

"Of course," Bob replied, Chan turned to Faith. suggest I'm an heiress. Oh, Chan, that's too funny! If you had ever seen Uncle Amos; knew the way he lived—"

Chan turned to Faith. "It's We'll have to hurry," he said. Faith felt a suppressed eage under the words. She gland Faith felt a suppressed eagerness the words. She glanced at He smiled, but his eyes were Bob.

odd-as if he were waiting for some-"I'm afraid none of us really appreciated Uncle Amos," she said. feel sorry and ashamed, somehow. I wish-well, you must know what I

mean." Bob's eyes warmed. "I don't think I'd worry if I were you. I can assure you that he lived a very full life. Chan was already in his coat, was

holding hers. She felt as if he were them to the door. For an instant The funeral services seemed in- he stood silhouetted, broad of shoulterminable. Although the rain pour- der, trim of waist, against the light At the cemetery the minister stood Bob waved-and the door was shut. "And to think," marveled Faith, "he left me ten thousand after-" "Ten thousand!" exploded Chan, "I

was afraid you'd say something like that if I didn't get you out. Can't you realize that will can be broken "Broken wide open?" echoed Faith,

"Just what I say-and hereafter you'll trust my hunches," he retorted exultantly. "Heaven knows I never had any idea of marrying you for

'What do you mean?"

your money, Faith, but your share of lot. "My share of the quarter million? sense of solemnity. Then Bob join- But it's only ten thousand!" "Listen, my child, you're marrying that your old uncle Amos was non

we can. Shall we go to your of- Bar Association. "The day being what it is, I haps it was silly of me not to realize Faith gave him a swift look. "Perwas surprised that he had anything

"Wait until I get a copy of the 'He promised to send

at his pipe thoughtfully. Nor did he miss the significance, was white, not new and shining, but Briefly he considered the possibili-Now she knew the full he went up stairs to change for din-

> Just as he finished he heard the front door open. It was seldom locked. Many of his clients-and their number would have surprised Faith-found it inconvenient to come to him during the day; he did more business in his library than at his Now, moving to the stairs, he look-

> ed down to see who his visitor might be And Faith, lifting her eyes, saw him there. "I—I came back," she said. The hall light beat on her upturn-

ed face. He saw that it was rain-

drenched; that the hat she wore was He came down the stairs with the swiftness of movement he could command on occasion. "You're soaking wet." he said, almost fiercely. march upstairs this instant, take a hot bath and change your clothes."
"But I haven't a thing to change

other days, ordering her around. The hot tub seemed a bit of heaven. She did not hurry. She was

She still felt almost tearful. Well neighbors. They live like misers, that was inevitable, she supposed. Bob had moved in and out of her life for years. They had never but firmly. "As your time is short, written regularly but she had heard from him courted him courted it to you." The dress, redolent, of lavender, was the one sor special term of the was spread all that she might need. "He got it out of the attic," she realized instantly. The dress, redolent, of lavender, was the one sor special all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one sor special all that she might need. "The got it out of the bed was spread all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one shows great all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one shows great all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one shows great all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one shows great all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the one shows great all that she might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the order of the attic, and was the might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the order of the attic, and was the might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the order of the attic, and was the might need. "The got it out of the attic," she was the order of the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it out of the attic, and was the got it ou he er Chichester had worn when she

sat for the portarit in oils which

'Lay on, Macduff," agreed Chan hung in the hall below. On it was jovially. "And skip the preliminaries, a note from Bob: Won't you please be the portrait of a Lady of 1830 until your things are dry? I'll be waiting

> Eevrything was there. More petticoats than she had ever seen; stockings that had once graced legs as slim as hers; slippers that looked just a bit too tight. She picked up the dress. It was of dove-colored silk with sprigs of blue flowers on it, fashioned with the quaint round low neck, the narrow waist and the

> long full skirts of the period. Great-grand mother Chichester may have been modest about her limbs," decided Faith, "but she certainly let the world know she had a neck and shoulders." She slipped the dress on, glanced at herself in the mirror. "Quaint-but rather cute,"

Decorously she descended to the (Continued from page 7, Col. 2.)

she assured her reflection.