Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February 19, 1932.

LET US SMILE

aren't they?"

eccentric.

herself.

onion.

tear-filled eyes shining.

if you die?"

had begun.

said Theron.

ped her hands.

sideways out of her dark eyes.

Her laughter heightened.

mahogany desk in Boston.

than his opening remark.

-they're for pickling."

"Why

stand the onions!"

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the

is just a pleasant smile, The smile that bubbles from a heart that

loves its fellow men, Will drive away the clouds of gloom

and coax the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too, with

manly kindness blent-It's worth a million dollars, and it

doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;

It always has the same good look-it's never out of style,

It nerves us on to try again, when fail-

ure makes us blue; The dimples of encouragement are good

for me and you. It pays a higher interest, for it is mere-

ly lent-

It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

wrinkle up with cheer

A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.

knife. It ripples out, moreover to the heart-

strings that will tug. And always leaves an echo that is very said cheerfully.

like a hug. So smile, away. Folks understand what

by a smile is meant-It's worth a million dollars, and it

doesn't cost a cent.

A BUSINESS MAN IN LOVE

Theron Flagg stopped his beautiful roadster at the gate and stepped out himself rather a beautiful object in immaculate and expensive sport clothes. It was not Theron's long time, or what her reaction to fault that he looked so much like his errand was going to be. an advertisement for one of our Better Collars. In shabby clothes, his country club here in Foxport, don't good looks were intensified and he you?" he asked, selecting another I wish I was an animal." became promptly the male Cinderella, the poor boy who has not a chance in the world of not winning the millionaire's daughter.

The roadster and Theron and the house before which they had stopped made an incongruous trio. Passerg-by, had there been any on this sandy and little-traveled road, might well have wondered what such a young man, in such a vehicle was doing there.

Even when it had been built, some seventy-five years before, this house had had neither beauty nor charm. Three-quarters of a century had addits side with the unnatural aspect of a wen or a goiter, and an increasing air of shabbiness and neglect. As he walked up the unkempt path Theron wondered what color the paint had been originally, before weather changed it to its presthe ent sickly raspberry.

A terrific pounding was going on

new-and pristine is my hat!" she ing since five this morning. "You sang. ""My dress is nineteen-twen-ty-two-my life is all like that!" Theron shook hi Theron shook his head. "No; I'm

D'you know Dorothy Parker's stuff? a native." The sculptor raised himself on an All your clothes are new though, elbow and gazed briefly into the Here's your hat!" Theron's orderly mind was getting young man's face. "New England-under control. This girl must be er," he said, and grunted. Theron did not care for the grunt. Dirk Salisbury's daughter. She prob-

ably was not insane; living here in He did not care for Dirk Salisbury, nor was he at all sure that he cared this dreadful house, miles from anyone, was enough to make any girl for Salisbury's daughter. Yet he stayed for luncheon.

"My name's Theron Flagg," he said. "And—" At the west side of the ugly house was more vegetation, grapevines, un-"Do sit down," she interrupted trimmed yet flourishing, and be-

him, and added politely, "If you can neath them on a bare wooden table "Miss Mason stand the onions!" Sabra had set their food. There Theron mumbled. He sat on the grass. "Give me were no delicacies of serving, no a knife and I'll help peel 'em," he precision of arrangement, no decorasaid. an offer which surprised him tion of flowers. Plates were piled, more than it did her. He liked knives and forks dropped in a heap, tion of flowers. Plates were piled, pickled onions well enough; in a dry three thick glasses set one within

cocktail a small onion lent a subtle the other. But the copper casserole contain-ed as excellent a stew as Theron flavor. But there was nothing subtle about a bushel of onions. "Self-protection?" the girl sug-had ever tasted in Provence, flavor-had ever tasted in Provence, flavor-expert was clad, this day, in boys' "Self-protection?" the girl suggested, smiling. "But think of your ed with thyme and bay and garlic and a touch of saffron. The solution heaped in a tin dishpan, was like no

the thick glasses were filled with a out?"

Perhaps it was the wine or the sunshine beating down upon him fit and Elisabeth like a little fool, which made Theron feel so languid She laughed and handed him a and content. Certainly he had no "You're going to look right desire to stir himself, and the three funny when you start weeping" she sat smoking and saying little.

He peeled an onton, and his eyes smarted. He had never felt quite repose, pale and gentle, like a Watts-such a fool. Without speaking, he Burne-Jones-Swinburne, lady, and his face wonderingly. peeled another, and another, and she in animation so conversely vivid and watched him, chuckling a little to colorful.

idea of a sculptor; he could have stepped intact from the pages of Du Maurier or Murger. A tremen-dous man, full-bearded and full-"You have?" said Sabra, faintly and could not speak a dozen consec-utive words tuned to the ears of a "Eating's a fine thing'" to the fine thing's a fine thi

"Eating's a fine thing!" he cried, now. "Eat and sleep and make love crude, and your mother-" -why be a human being, anyway?

His daughter's dark eyes came

bers we can get right now, so that far removed, darling," she comfort-

"That's it!" she interrupted him was silent.

and see what I've done, Sabra."

you, I thought: No, it's not brushes; it's not books. He's not working

"What," she demanded, in a whis- clay and tools and great sheeted

you die?" In spite of his irritation, he laugh-"" which Salisbury was engaged and "" which Salisbury was engaged and "" two heautiful law and huyurious

"It's very becoming," said Theron. Yet only the next afternoon, Elisabeth and Sabra met. Theron and Salisbury roared at him. "Becom-Elisabeth were returning from the ing to what?" he demanded bellig-Salisbury roared at him. "Becom- you? beach when a voice from a truck erently. "Becoming how? She hailed them. "Hi, Theron Flagg! looks just like anybody else, and

she isn't like anybody else! Go on and change it, Sabra." She hesi-Sabra descended from the truck, and change it, Sabra." She hesi-bestowing a delicious smile upon its tated. "Go on!" he shouted, and driver, who was grinning apprecia-she went, yet Theron did not think with a wife? He'll probably marry

tively "Oh, you needn't have-" Theron impelled her.

"And a jar of your own onions!" and when she returned in a gypsyish interrupted Sabra, her dark eyes verý bright as she handed them to

hanging, he understood her father's "Miss Mason-Miss Salisbury," feeling. This was Sabra Salisbury.

The girls shook hands, and Theron could have slapped Sabra for the lived in," pronounced Salisbury. "And they need color and form just amused and slightly mocking smile

as much as painting." "You tell 'em," s she turned upon Elisabeth. "Won't you come in and meet my mother and have some tea with fashion expert indulgently.

us?" he invited, instead. She shook her head. The fashion initial object of clothes, of course." overalls. "I hadn't meant to come self, not considering it in the least Sabra in a gardento town, but Dirk wanted a drink, odd that he, Theron Flagg, should "Lool so I hopped a truck. D'you know be spending an evening discussing wine. so I hopped a truck. D'you know where that Italian bootlegger hangs women's clothes.

He suggest going back for another-Theron looked at her calmly. suspected that Miss Sabra Salisbury Sabra, he reflected pleasantly, could hold as much beauty and order of was showing off for Elisabeth's bene- ride with him-when the thought of form as anything else? If you strip Elisabeth and their engagement. was watching Sabra, round-eyed. "Come in with us, and I'll give you a bottle of decent Scotch to take asked, at his exclamation.

Elisabeth's round eyes moved to

Mrs. Flagg received her guest without a flicker of surprise at her

costume, and sat her in a delicate ever he wanted to choke her. If far into the nights.

know. Dirk's work seems so-so Her confusion gave him a distinct

satisfaction, but his eyes remained angry. "Don't forget that it is peo-

reminded her. "Theron!" Mrs. Flagg protested.

his mother gently. And less gently,

They got on fairly well after that, things to Theron beside a headache though Theron was acutely con- and a bitter taste in his mouth. He not until he stood face to face with scious of Sabra's amusement at his mother and Elisabeth and the pret-

her soft voice sounding suddenly,

to Theron, peculiarly colorless. Sabra shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't any plans. One place is as good as another, I suppose."

"I'm quite unhappy"—Was it the relationships always bring. Hungarian? His mother was definitely

other sort of living, that careless,

His headache and his tangled

Salisbury brought out the wine

neath the vine which gives wine.

"Why not?" Theron inquired.

Why don't dogs mate with cats?"

I don't know how many

the sculptor.

not for you."

and water."

almost of its own volition,

"Dresses ought to look worn-

"I know," said the sculptor. "The

"Remember something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Lord, yes!" he said, getting up a

suggested the

They had finish-

Sabra

tently. "In love with her, aren't

"Am I" Theron had never talked sc "Becoming how? She with a man or a woman in his life "Why doesn't she marry this Lupesco?

it was entirely filial obedience which her ultimately-when he's sick or broke or a failure. It's the only Girls like to change their clothes, way he'll get her, and he's beginning

white throat and her dark hair inquired.

"You've seen her here," s'aid Salisbury. "Can you see her happy in your setting? Can you see her paying calls and being polite to the proper people and entertaining your business friends?"

Theron obediently tried to see Sabra in those roles, and found the phantom disturbingly lovely and de-Sabra across his dinner sirable. Theron leaned back, enjoying him- table; Sabra in a white kitchen;

"Look here!" he said, sipping his "You talk about formform in art, form in dress. What's ed the bottle, and he was about to the matter with form in living? Why shouldn't the accessories of life home brought up the thought of away too much of symmetry from a work of art, it loses out. Why can't you see that living bears the same loss?"

From time to time, he looked at he said, and as she hesitated, "Oh, little unsteadily, and shaking Salis-Sabra. The girl was really lovely; in don't be an idiot!" Never had Theron Flagg talked

"I wondered when you'd remem-ber," she commented, at the door. Sabra was a Sabra was gone for a week, and Theron and Dirk talked almost She was smiling, and more than daily, talked for long, tireless hours,

by a solid busines man. I had no idea they'd do so well." I had no sometimes thought of women as They! This time the pressure of potential mothers for their sons; it his mouth upon hers bent her head was strange to think of a man as back so that she cried out; she a potential grandfather. Strange for ple like my mother who buy the seemed very small and fragile in his Theron to be thinking of children work of people like your father," he arms, and he wanted to hurt her, at all. He was thirty-two years and did. She was not laughing old, and never, until this moment, when he released her, nor did she had he given the prolonging of the

During her absence, his thoughts "I don't know that I particularly of Sabra had held a paradoxically like you!" said Theron, and pushed impersonal quality. He had thought, Sabra smiled at Mrs. Flagg. "By her back into the house, and strode and even spoken, of love and mar-all means. And may I say that I to his car. The morning brought several had pictured her, in turn, a wife had seen Elisabeth the night before, her again that he realized that he and she had found, and said that she loved her, was in love with her, ty formality of their tea. "Will you be here all summer, Miss Salisbury?" Elisabeth asked,

known each other since childhood The realization made him at first was swept away, like a bridge be- awkward and unhappy. Here, before fore a flood, and Theron knew that him, was Sabra Salisbury, again in there was no rebuilding it. He was the faded black dress in which he not unhappy, but infinitely sad, with had first seen her, and now he lov-Theron found himself remember- that melancholy which reminders of ed her and wanted to marry her. ing one of her first remarks to him: the instability and frailty of human He looked helplessly into her eyes, trying to read them. What had gone

His mother was definitely wound- on in New York betmeen her and . Her son had not acted like a his unknown rival; how did she Azy and luxurious He drove her home, not admitting ed. Her son had hot acted like a line data him the son flagg, with to himself the skill with which he gentleman; he had been both drunk compare him, Theron Flagg, with the to himself the skill with which he gentleman; he had been both drunk that other? At least, one could be frank with excuse, no justification that he could Sabra; such a short time of knowing this father and daughter had Lord, is she your sweetheart or offended Sabra Salisbury. He did taught Theron the advantage of mething?" not know. In any case, he felt that openness and directness. "No," said Theron, and any doubts he had allied himself with her Dirk Salisbury was wo

"Besides being Theron Flagg, what are you?" she inquired, at last. "You haven't come to the wrong house or anything, have you?" He looked at her, aware already, as though he had known her for a "You know that we're building a

"Eighteen-hole golf course, tennis courts, yacht landing, and a clubhouse. We need all the mem- alive with humor. "You're not so

the work can go on. I'm chairman ed him. Theron smoked his cigaret and of the membership committee and--

Then Salisbury rose. "Come on in triumphantly. "You know, you look like a chairman! When I first saw

Theron did not move.

"Come on, if you like," Sabra in-vited, and he followed them.

his way through college, nor is he The entire lower floor of the house deaf and dumb. It might be insur-ance, although he's dressed. Or-" with the exception of a small kitch-"Oh, shut up!" said Theron, who was never rude to ladies. He might —"thrown," reflected Theron, was as well get it over with, and then almost literally the word. Walls ed nothing of mellowness, merely a he would go. "Membership is a hun- had been pounded down and jagged bay window which protruded from dred and a quarter a year, but if cracks and seams remained on floor you join now you can get a life and ceiling where they had stood. membership for five hundred. That's At one end, a couch, two chairs a family membership, of course." and a table looked like pigmy fur-The girl leaned toward him, her niture; there were neither curtains nor rugs. The rest was stone and

per, "happens to a life membership figures, the sculptor's workship.

within, a noise like the enemy bom- ed. "Well, I may look like a chair- it bardment in a sound-picture. Ther- man to you, but you don't look like and subtly wicked. on's knock was ineffectual against a country club member to me! How- to say something of the pleasure it gave him. "Lord, that's great!" he said. "I "However, my onions are getting peeled," she said brightly. "Would don't know much about sculpture-you mind signing a jar for me?" "But you know what you like," in "But you know what you like," in-There were a great many onions, terrupted Salisbury dryly. "Yes, 1 know. Look here, Sabra-" and it did not seem fair to Theron Father and daughter ignored him; She did not suggest Theron felt his neck grow hot. He his stopping, and they peeled in wanted to turn and walk out of their house, but he had eaten their food, and whether they were civil or not, at least he would thank his "Why?" she asked, looking at him hostess before he departed.

"You needn't be so snooty about my clothes just because they hap- salad he had had in America, and pen to be clean!" he flung at her. the thick glasses were filled with a Theron Flagg was not at all in the very palatable red wine from an habit of being insulting to ladies, earthen jug. A smile comes very easy-you can and in view of the girl's faded and undeniably dirty dress, the remark carried its barb.

it. He hesitated, and then walked ever-" around to the back. No shrubs or flowers grew against the house; its brick foundation was bare and stark below the clapboards, like the gums of a snarling animal. But at the rear an enormous cump of old lilacs to leave her with them, now that he spread outward, like an enchanted thicket, and behind them Theron heard a girl's voice, and in some silence for almost ter minutes. surprise, because he had thought no "I presume," he said, "that you woman lived there, he walked to- are Dirk Salisbury's daughter." ward it.

"Yes, Sabra, my dear, my darling," it was saying in a rich sing- did not answer at once, and she song, "you may well weep! Tears laughed. "I'm afraid all the ladies may well trickle down your cheeks seen here are not all Dirk Salis-And for what reason do your pretty eyes fill and overflow?" The voice eyes fill and overflow?" The voice had heard that, too. He peeled paused. "Onins, my girl! A broken another onion. "Don't cry!" she paused. "Onins, my girl! A broken another onon." heart, a disillusioned spirit are but murmured, in the coaxing voice one heart, a disillusioned spirit are but murmured, in the coaxing voice one tridge Hare you sit in the golden uses to a small child. "I'm Sabra trifles. Here you sit in the golden uses to a small child. sunshine, polluting the summer air Salisbury." with your onions—" "We'd be

The singsong shifted imperceptibly into actual song, warm and deep and obviously improvised. "Oh. love is brief, and so is grief—sing hey, for pickled onions! And love is sad, "And yourself?" Theron asked. pickled onions! And love is sad, and life is made-sing hey, for pickled onions!"

Theron rounded the bush and stop- club member." The singer was sitting crossped. legged on the grass, ner feet bare try club's loss." beneath a faded black cotton dress, her black hair loose. A bushel what a pretty speech from a solid basket of small silver onions was at business man!" she cried, and clapher right hand, and an enormous yellow bowl at her left, and she was wielding a knife expertly.

"Yes, my dear," she resumed. "you amn yourself! It is not as though "Aren't you?" she said. damn yourself! It is not as though you had to pickle onions. Of your own free will, impelled by your own think of himself in just the terms barbarity, he felt an unformulated he commented low tastes—" She rubbed a bare her words and tone had conjured. lack in his own setting. "So!" said T arm across her face, and looked up with tear-filled black eyes at Theron. dignantly. a minute." Theron flushed. "Only been merchants who themselves set

a minute." "Well, why didn't you call out— fool?" she asked, still angry, and Gourieum and the trading from a sixth Flagg, continued the trading from a he asked. flourishing her knife.

"I'm sorry," said Theron. "I--" His errand seemed suddenly absurd. lilac clump announced that Dirk bowl with a kernel. Why?" "Do you like pickled onions?" she Salisbury was-to such-and-such and inquired, and added, rather fiercely, this-and-that was not Sabra cooking

You don't look as if you did!" lunch? Then Salisbury himself, a "T'm wild about them," stated bearded giant, dirty and magnifi-Theron, and suddenly she smiled and cent, stood before them like Zeus, her pale face was lovely.

'I'm peeling with tears in my eyes!" she announced. "Every pearl an onion and every onion a tear." She looked up at him swiftly. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

The thought had entered Theron's head.

ad. "T'm truly not," she answered, be-Dirk. And don't eat those onions they're for pickling." She slapfore he could reply. "T'm quite unhappy!" Her smile flashed again; she seemed amused as much at hersaw such white shoes!" she said.

Theron looked down at them. ed into the house. "They're new." he explained. "They won't be so white long."

He had suddenly seized his chisel and slap you!" requested them both to get out.

bury's daughter," she said. Theron She smiled and put out her hand decisively. "Good-by."

anger than confusion. He bowed briefly and strode off. It was not "We'd be awfully pleased to have until he reached the car that he realized he had left his hat. It your father a member of the club," "I should think you would!" Sabra if he'd go back for it. He started his motor and drove off.

gracious His own home seemed and serene when he entered it: pleas-She laughed at him. "You just ant dignity of ivory paint and masaid that I don't look like a countryhogany, soft rugs and fine chintzes. "That," he returned, "'is the coun-His mother had asked Elizabeth Mason-who was not his fiancee--to dine with them, and the two women were sitting indoors, the elder dainty and exquisite in gray organdie, the younger already in a dinner frock of blue crepe. It seemed very Tehron looked at her coldly. far from that spot beneath a ragged "What makes you think I'm a busigrapevine, as far as the South Seas, difference between civilization and He was, undeniably, yet he did not

Flaggs originally had been natives of At dinner, the excellent New Eng-the New England town in whick land food, hot raised biscuits and a well as anyone else." The sculptor "Now just how long have you been Theron now spent his summers. In roast with Yorkshire pudding, cried standing there?" she demanded in- the days of clipper ships, they had out to him its lack of garlic and raugh wine-which he knew was ab-

"Do we ever use garlic, Mother?"

Mrs. Flagg laughed. "Certainly, son. Nellie always rubs the salad A booming voice from beyond the That launched him on the Salis-

burys, and Elizabeth listened intentlunch? Then Salisbury himself, a ly. "Do tell me about Sabra Sal.'sbury," she said, when he paused. "What did she have on?" bury,"

looked incredulously at a handsome Theron chuckled. "The dirtiest and faultlessly attired young man black dress I ever saw!" peeling onions, and roared with

That was funny, Elizabeth told laughter, thundering out ejaculations him, and Theron listened in some couched in even less elegant terms surprise to certain information about

Dirk Salisbury's caughter. She drank. was, he learned, the fashion expert Theron Theron blinked, but Sabra stood for one of New York's largest stores, at a tremendous salary. She ped his huge sculptor's hand sharp-ly, and Theron thought that she was

Theron looked down at them. They're new." he explained. "They on't be so white long." "'Oh, both my shoes are shiny "Lord, I'm tired; been work-"

contrived not to have Elisabeth ac- and discourteous. There was no that other? company them.

"That was a dumb little girl!" offer her, nor did he try. "A sale and as he frowned "Oh He had—or perhaps he had not said Sabra, and as he frowned, "Oh, something ?"

he may have entertained on the subject of Elisabeth's status were then and there dispelled. "But she's a nice the alliance. girl, and she isn't dumb. For the first time Theron become

consciously aware of a lack of emo-Sabra's eyes were dancing, "Don't tional kinship with Elisabeth; with apologize," she murmured. many things for which his mother

"I have never," said Theron delib-"It was good of you to let me erately, "wanted to slap any human and home stood as symbols. But he stay," he told her-after Salisbury beng as often as I have wanted to did not feel that he was part of that beng as often as I have wanted to did not feel that he was part of that

slipshod, ungoverned life which is "It must be love," she said, and called "Bohemian." He liked, he rehis desire to do her physical vio-lence was increased. "I always want It was plainly enough a dismissal, to sock people I like," she added, damask on tables; he liked women to be gentle-spoken, and men to and again Theron flushed, more with and then fell into a reverie. Was it speak gently in their presence. the Hungarian?

At her door she insisted that he thoughts drove him out of doors; his come in and have a drink with Dirk. The sculptor's cordiality rose with car, drove him to the Salisburys' house. was a good hat, but he was hanged his first taste of Theron's whiskey. He was sitting in it wishing he had "Better have "Fine." he rumbled. some. Sabra.'

She made a face at hm. "I hate him. the stuff," she said, and though it "Come on was none of his affair, Theron was New York." glad.

She disappeared into the kitchen, mation. Was he glad or sorry? and the two men sat in the crazy studio and had several drinks.

"You know," said Theron abrupt- Hungarian lover of hers"-Salisbury ly, "you and Sabra give me a de- qualified the musician with adjectives which Theron somehow approvcided pain! Just because I sometimes wear a boiled collar and have ed—"and hopped the morning train. an office doesn't mean that I have He needs her!" The booming voice. Was beautiful. "I do love you—oh, so much!" she said. "I think I was contemptuous. less appreciation of art than some and though its difference was the other fellow who needs a hair cut!" Salisbury squinted at him. "So?" flattered himself, reflected Theron

'So!" said Theron. "That Pan of grimly, by thinking that. poured out two more drinks. There's an artistic snobbery,' continued Theron, "that's just as bad as

any social snobbery. "Bravo!" cried Sabra, and he turned to look at her.

She had changed into a dress, and it was clean and French and im-Salisbury retorted. It's almost biomersely becoming. She had pinned we her heavy hair, and put on satin logical. silppers. Her father looked at her, and then are only two.

roared with laughter. "I told you no broken heart lasted more than a month!' "Oh, shut up!" said Sabra, and for

the first time Theron saw her blush. Dirk Salisbury refilled Theron's "It's true," s "To Eros! glass.

"Fools!" she said.

bottle. "To Sabra," he suggested. He did not feel that he was drunk, for any man who is-one might al- ling!" was in love with Jan Lupesco, the yet it was an undeniable fact that most say whole! She was born to young Hungarian-gypsy conductor he forgot completely that he was to mother weaklings." had created such a stir in New York. accompany Elisabeth to a dinner "She's strong, isn she seemed amused as much at her ly, and there is a pekingese growling at a lad created such a stir in New York. accompany Elisabeth to a dinner site strong!" cried her father. "She's growling at a like a Pekingese growling at a like a transformer of the like a Pekingese growling at a like a transformer of the like a well-built ship, like one of the table was set out of doors, and like a well-built ship, like one of the like a well-built ship, like one of this again the three sat, this time before and study and deagain the three sat, this time before clippers that used to sail out of this

Dirk Salisbury was working, and was not yet sure that he wanted to the shelter of the green lilacs.

"Sabra, I'm going to tell you this now, and then, if you want, we can let it wait for a while," he said. She looked at him evenly, smiling. "I love you," he said, "more than I thought I could ever love anyone. I want you to marry me."

Her face did not change; her smile was steady. She put out her hands, "All right, Theron," she said flected, curtains at windows and softly, and then burst into laughter. "Darling," she cried, "don't look so startled! Didn't you mean it? Was supposed to say no?"

"Do you mean it?" he asked. "You'll marry me? Right away?" She nodded, her eyes still laughing at him. "It's very humiliating to see you so taken aback. Should I have been coy?"

not come, when Salisbury hailed The New Englander indulged himself in several bromidic extrava-"Come on in. Sabra's gone to gances to which Sabra responded with tenderness and warmth. He Theron's confused brain sought to adored her; he had never been so discover his reaction to that inforhappy in his life. He would be good to her always; he wasn't worth her "She got a telegram from that little finger and he knew it.

"Do you honestly love me?" he asked, still incredulous.

Her face, a little flushed now. so much!" she said. So it had not been because of last loved you right away, Theron." Her night that she was gone! He had hands moved over his head, his face. "I love your hair, the color of it and the feel of it and the way it

grows," she chanted, her voice taking on that singsong it had had jug, and the two men sat down bewhen he first heard it. "I love your "Women are queer animals," said gray eyes, and all the lights that e sculptor. "Take Sabra." He come into them. I love your nose come into them. I love your nose and-"

laughed suddenly. "Don't you take her!" he interrupted himself. "She's "For the love of heaven!" said Dirk Salisbury, coming, as Theron once had come, about the lilac clump, and standing, a baffled Jove, his very beard quivering with surprise. Sabra glanced at him. "And I kinds of people there are in this love your cheeks and your chill all world, but sometimes I think there most especially your mouth," she world, but sometimes I and non- continued. "Go in and sculp, Dirk. love your cheeks and your chin and We don't want you around here!" artists. And they mix just like oil Salisbury sat down. "All right," he said, "I'm through! I don't know "All right,"

"Rot!" said Theron flatly. "There anything about women. Theron grinned, a little self-conturbed. "Sabra's not an artist, but scious, a little foolish, yet entirely

turbed. "Sabra's not an artist, but happy. she has the artistic temperament. happy. "If that rude man would get out," said Sabra to Theron, "I could go on like that indefinitely-you dar-

> Recklessly, Theron kissed her. Salisbury groaned. "What did you o with the hungry Hungarian, do with Sabra ?"

His daughter looked at him bright ly. "Not that it's any of your business. But for Theron's benefit I'll tell you both that Jan did me the exceptional honor of asking me to

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"It's true," said Salisbury, unper-Sabra glared at them as they Besides which, she's one of those Theron's fingers closed about the poor unfortunate women who are constitutionally incapable of caring

"She's strong, isn't she?"