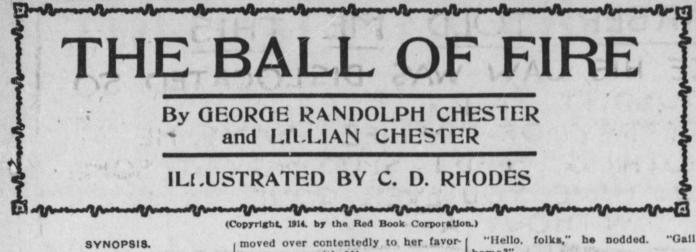
THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



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At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church Gail Sargent listens to a discussion about the sale of the church tenements to Edward E. Allison, local traction king, and when asked her opin-ion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, says it is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

had laughed to cover the embarrassquite collected enough to thank Alli- family. son for his ready aid; but she had felt the thrill of that tensed arm, and it had awakened in her mind an entirely new vein of puzzled conjecture.

Gravity with a man invariably leads leading joy in life, business; and the a riot in the vestry." first thing Allison knew he was indulging in quite a unique weakness, for him; he was bragging! Not exactly flat-footed; but, with tolerably strong insinuation, he gave her to understand that the consolidation of the immense traction interests of New York was about as tremendous an undertaking gent, who could not train himself to as she could comprehend, and that, hav. wait for a servant to sift the mesing attained so dizzy a summit, he felt entitled to turn himself to lighter his characteristic explosive-first-sylthings, to enjoy life and gayety and labled: frivolity, to rest, as it were, upon his laurels

Gail was amused, as she always was when men of strong achievement dropped into this weakness to interest girls. She did appreciate and admire his no doubt tremendous accomplishment: it was only his naivete which amused her, and to save her she could not resist the wicked little impulse to nettle him. To his suggestion that he could now lead a merry life because he was entitled to rest upon his laurels, she had merely answered. "Why?"

He dropped into a silence so dense that the thump was almost audible. and she was contrite. She had pricked him deeper than she knew, however She had not understood how gigantic the man's ambitions had been, nor how vain he was of his really marvelous progress. After all, why should

home?" ite contrast with Minerva. "Gail would attract anyone." returned Mrs. Sargent complacently, and then a little crease came in her brow. "I wonder where she met him."

"At the vestry meeting, Lucile said." "Oh," and Mrs. Sargent's brow cleared instantly. "Jim introduced them. I wonder where Jim is?"

The door opened, and Jim Sargent Gail, too, was disturbed. While she came in, wiping the snow from his stubby mustache before he distributed

ment of her mishap, she had been his customary hearty greetings to the "Where's Gail?" he wanted to know. 'Out driving with Edward E. Alli-

son," answered both ladies. "Still?" inquired Jim Sargent, and then he laughed. "She's a clever girl him back to the consideration of his Smart as a whip! She nearly started

> "Was Willis Cunningham there?" "inquired Mrs. Davies interestedly

"Took me in a corner after the meeting and told me that Gail bore a remarkable resemblance to the Fratelli Madonna, and might he call."

The telephone bell rang, and Sarsages, answered it immediately, with

"Hello!"

buoyant voice. "Mr. Allison and I have give the girls a thorough polishing in



"Not yet," responded Mrs. Sargent, in whose brow the creases were becoming fixed.

"It's hardly time," estimated Jim, and went back into the study. "I'm terribly vexed." confided Lucile, stopping behind Ted's chair, and

thought it would be such a brilliant miring inspection. "It's a beautiful I suppose you meant in your comparischeme to give a winter week-end puppy. party, but Mrs. Acton is going to give

one at her country place." "Before or after?" demanded Mrs. Davies, with whom this was a point of the utmost importance.

"A week after." answered Lucile. 'but her invitations are out. I wish I to make ours notable?"

ing, the entire party, with the exception of Aunt Grace, who was listening the most important of all, for it was a

an exclusive academy. Thus launched, Helen had married a man with a greatgreat-grandfather, but Grace had married Jim Sargent. Jim was a dear, with whom he had been great chums; Rev. Smith Boyd. but still he was Jim Sargent. Gail's mother, who had married Jim's broth- thin rope of the sied to his other hand.

er, had seven ancestors, but a mother's family name is so often over- than true," he finally responded, with looked. Nevertheless, when Gail came a twinkle in his eyes. It had been in to marry, the maternal ancestry, all his mind to sharply defend that other things being favorable, might charge, but he reflected that it was even secure her an invitation to Mrs. unwise to assume the speech worth Waverly-Gaites' annual! Reaching serious consideration. Moreover, he this point in her circle of speculation. had come to this toboggan party for Mrs. Helen Davies came back to her healthful physical exercise!

cramped into the ministry. "There's Gail!" cried Mrs. Sargent. jumping to her feet and running into rector. She softened toward him, as the hall, before the butler could come in answer to the bell. She opened the the awe and majesty of this scene. He door and was immediately kissed, then stood straight and tall, his splendidly Gail came back into the library with- poised head thrown back, and his gaze out stopping to remove her furs She resting far off where the hills cut

that it was a shame that he had been

from the comfortable nest which she countryside with mellow light, and

had not quitted all evening, decided strewed upon earth's fresh robe a

ried something inside her coat. Her cheeks were rosy from the crisp air and the snow sparkled on her brown she had not heard before; and for that hair like tiny diamonds. "We've been buying a dog!" she there had seemed some instinctive

her coat, she produced an animated than either had thought it possible to teddy bear, with two black eyes and be. Then Rev. Smith Boyd hap one black pointed nose protruding pened to remember something. "The from a puff ball of pure white. She morality or immorality of riches de set it on the floor, where it waddled pends upon its use," he sonorously uncertainly in three directions. and stated, as he stepped out into the road

finally curled down between Rev Smith Boyd's feet. "A collie!" and Rev. Smith Boyd idly tickling the back of his neck. "I picked up the warm infant for an ad ket Square church, which is the one

"Isn't it a dear!" exclaimed Gail taking it away from him, and favoring Providence has blessed it, to the glory him with a smile. She whisked the of God." fluffy little ball over to her Aunt Grace and left it in that lady's lap, while she aire vestry," she added, still annoyed

"We woke up the kennel men," laughed Gail, turning with a sparkling leaf Inn. entirely surrounded by hectic tions to accomplish the journey. The came home so fast that Mr. Allison al-Murdock girls, Grace and herself, had most had to hold me in." She turned, no great-grandfather. Murdock Senior laughing, to find the eyes of Rev.

"Oh, it's you, Uncle Jim," called a Junior was married, but in time to proval. They were no longer blue!

CHAPTER IV.

Too Many Men.

"A conscience must be a nuisance and had plenty of money, and was as to a rector," sympathized Gall Sargood a railroader as Grace's father. gent, as she walked up the hill beside

> The tall young rector shifted the "Epigrams are usually more clever

starting place, and loked at the library "Then you're guilty of an epigram," clock with a shock. Ten; and the girl retorted Gail, who was annoyed with but about her. Rev. Smith Boyd without quite knowing why. "You can't believe all you

WAJ-BA-TEXAOTHA "This is a wonderful sermon, mused Gail; then she turned to the she saw that he, too, had partaken of BARRISON WALFER ATTORNEY-AT-LAW was followed by Allison, and she car. against the sky in tree-clad scallops. "It is an inspiration," he told her. with a tone in his vibrant voice which brief instant these two, between whom breathlessly explained, and, opening antagonism, were nearer in sympathy A B. SPANGLER again, dragging his sled behind him. following the noisy, loitering crowd with the number two bobsled. "Maringlish and Building CLEMENT DALE son with the rich man, intends to de vote all the means with which a kind "And the glorification of the billion First National Bank. with Rev. Smith Boyd, though she did not know why. Again Rev. Smith Boyd drew her out of the road, almost ungently, and

unnecessarily in advance of need, to permit a thick man to glide leisurely by on his stomach on a handsled. He slid majestically onward, with happy forgetfulness of the dignity belonging to the president of the Towando Valley railroad and a vestryman of Market Square church.

wealth of countless sparkling gems.

"That used to be lots of fun," remembered Gail, looking after ber Uncle Jim in envy.

"Market Square church has dis pensed millions in charity," the rector felt it his duty to inform her, as they started up the hill again.

"If it's like our church at home it costs ninety cents to deliver a dime." she retorted, bristling anew with by gone aggravations. "So long as you can deliver baskets of provisions in person, it is all right, but the minute you let the money out of your sight it filters through too many paid hands. I found this out just before I resigned from our charity committee."

He looked at her in perplexity. She was so young and so pretty, so charming in the ermine which framed her pink face, so gentle of speech and movement, that her visible self and her incisive mind seemed to be two different creatures.

"Why are you so bitter against the church?" and his tone was troubled, not so much about what she had said,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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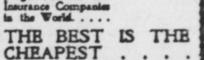
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throw off her furs. "Where could you buy a dog at this hadn't mailed mine. What can we do hour?" inquired Mrs. Davies, glancing at the clock, which stood now at the That being a matter worth consider- accusing hour of a quarter of eleven. for the doorbell, set their wits and glance to Allison, who was being intheir tongues to work. Mrs. Helen Da- troduced ceremoniously to the ladies vies took a keener interest in it than by Uncle Jim. "We had a perfectly any of them. The invitation list was glorious evening! We dined at Roselong and arduous way to the heaven of lights, then we drove five miles into the socially elect, and it took genera- the country and bought Flakes We

had made his money after Murdock Smith Boyd fixed on her in cold disap-

he pause, when he had such power in him? She did well to speak slightingly of any achievement made by a man of such proved ability. New ambitions sprang up in him. The next time he talked business with her he, would have something startling under way; something to compel her respect.

CHAPTER III.

The Change in the Rector's Eyes.

The grand privilege of Mrs. Jim Sargent's happy life was to worry all she liked Just now, as she sat on the seven chairs and the four benches of the mahogany panelled library, amid a wealth of serious-minded sculpture and painting and rare old prints, she was bathed in a new ecstasy of painful enjoyment. She was worried about Gail! It was six-thirty now. and Gail had not yet returned from Lucile's.

Mrs. Helen Davies, dressed for dinper with as much care as if she had been about to attend one of the unattainable Mrs. Waverly-Gaites' annuals, came sweeping down the marble stairs with the calm aplomb of one whom nothing can disturb and. lorgnette in hand, turned into the library

"I'm so glad you came down, Helen!" breathed Mrs Sargent, with a sigh of relief. "I'm so worried! Gail hasn't come home from Lucile's!"

Mrs. Helen Davies sat beneath the statue of Minerva presenting wisdom to the world, and arranged the folds of her gown to the most graceful advantage

"You shouldn't expect her on time. coming from Lucile's." she observed. with a smile of proper pride. She was went upstairs, positively humming. immensely fond of her daughter Lucile; but she preferred to live with her sister. "I have a brilliant idea, Grace. I'll telephone," and without seeming to ing to be done! exert herself in the least, she glided from her picturesque high-backed they expressed their worry again. At Flemish chair, and sat at the library that hour Ted and Lucile Teasdale and table, and drew the phone to her, and secured her daughter's number

"Hello, Lucile," she called, in the most friendly of tones. "You'd better Lucile's husband, who was a thin-Grace develops wrinkles'

Mrs Helen Davies listened to the answer, a sparkle in her black eyes. "Where is she?" interrupted Mrs. Sargent, holding her thumb.

"Out driving," reported sister Helen. any speed in an auto is to go sidewise." 'Have you sent your invitations for the house party. Lucile?" and she dis so I can bet on our chauffeur." laughed cussed that important subject until Lucile, fluffing her blonde ringlets be-Mrs. Sargent's thumb ached.

where?" asked sister Grace, anxious through the park, and never lost a revfor detail

Mrs. Helen Davies touched all of her the library table, and beamed on should be home by now!" Grace.

ingly advised "She is driving with happy Edward E. Allison. He is the richest Jim Sargent came to the door of the for Gail a brilliant future," and she guardian.

Rev. Smith Boyd Came Out With His Most Active Vestryman.

found the most enchanting roadhouse in the world, and we're going to take dinner here. It's all right, isn't it?" "Certainly." he replied, equally buoyant. "Enjoy yourself. Chubsy," and he hung up the receiver.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Davies, in a tone distinctly chill. She had a premonition that Jim Sargent had done streets are so slippery." something foolish. He seemed so pleased.

"Gail won't be home," he announced carelessly, starting for the stairs. "She's dining with Allison at some roadhouse."

"Unchaperoned!" gasped Mrs. Davies.

"She's all right, Helen," remarked Jim, starting upstairs. "Allison's a fine fellow." "But what will he think of Gail!" protested Helen. "That sort of unconventionality has gone clear out. Jim, you'll have to get back that num-

ber!' "Sorry," regretted Jim. "Can't do it. Against the telephone rules," and he

The two ladies looked at each other. and sat down in the valley of the fifteen." shadows of gloom. There was noth-

It was not until nine o'clock that party."

Arly Fosland came in with the exuberance of a New Year's eve celebration. "It's great sleighing tonight." stated

send Gail home, before your Aunt waisted young man, with a splendid natural gift for dancing.

"All that's missing is the bells." chattered the black-haired Arly, breaking Sargent with enthusiasm. "I'll give straight for her favorite big couch in the library. ("The only way to have

"We're to get up a skidding match. fore the big mirror in the hall. "We

"With whom is Gail driving, and slid a complete circle coming down olution!"

"I've been thinking it must be bad fingertips together in front of her on driving," fretted Mrs. Sargent "Gail

"Allison's a safe driver," comforted "Don't worry about Gail," she smil- Ted. who liked to see everybody

bachelor in New York, though not so study, in which he was closeted with cially prominent. No one has ever Rev Smith Boyd. Jim was prac- his eyes, which were sometimes green, the fleecy mantle of winter, while been able to interest him. I predict tically the young rector's business

was not yet home

Rev. Smith Boyd came out of the study with his most active vestryman. are compelled, as a minister, to say." and joined the circle of waiting ones. He was a pleasant addition to the coldly. "is a matter of interpretation." party, for, in spite of belonging to the He commended himself for his paclergy, he was able to conduct himself tience, as he proceeded to instruct in Rome in a quite acceptable Roman this mistaken young person. She was fashion. Pleasant as he was, they a lovable girl, it, spite of the many

wished he would go home, because it things he found in her of which to was not convenient to worry in his disapprove. "The eye of the needle company; and by this time Lucile herself was beginning to watch the clock posed not to be able to pass, was, in with some anxiety. Only Mrs. Sarreality, a narrow city gate called the gent felt no restraint. An automobile Needle's Eye." Gail looked at him with that little honked at the door as if it were stopping, and she half arose; then the smile at the corners of her red lips. same honk sounded half way down the eyelids down, curved lashes on her

block, and she sat down again. "I'm so worried about Gail!" she stated, holding her thumb.

"We all are," supplemented Mrs. Da- field. vies, quickly. "She has been dining with a party of friends, and the

"I should judge Mr. Allison to be a very capable driver," said Rev. Smith Boyd; and the ladies glared at Jim. "I envy them their drive on a night like this. I wonder if there will be good coasting.

"Fine," judged Jim Sargent, looking out of the window toward the adjoining rectory. "That first snow was wet and it froze. Now there's a good inch on top of it and, at this rate, there should be three by morning. A little thaw, and another freeze, and a little more snow tomorrow, and I'll be tempted to make a bob-sled."

"I'll help you," offered Rev. Smith Boyd, with a glow of pleasure in his particularly fine eyes. "I used to have a twelve-seated bob-sled, which never started down the hill with less than

"I never rode on one," complained Arly. "I think I'm due for a bob-sled

"You're invited," Lucile promptly told her. "Uncle Jim, you and Doctor Boyd will have to hunt up your hammer and saw."

"I'll start right to work," offered the young rector, with the alacrity which had made him a favorite.

"If the snow holds, we'll go over into the Jersey bills, and slide." promised the party."

"I seem to anticipate a pleasant evening," considered Ted Teasdale, whose athletics were confined entirely to dancing. "We'll ride downhill on the a rich man to enter the kingdom of sleds, and uphill in the machines."

"That's barred," immediately pro- to enter the spirit of the gospel?" tested Jim. "The boys have to pull the girls uphill. Isn't that right, Boyd?"

"It was correct form when I was a screams, came streaking down the hill. boy," returned the rector, with a laugh. and passed them. They both turned He held his muscular hands out before and followed its progress down the him as if he could still feel the cut of narrowing white road, to where it the rope in his palms. He squared his curved away in a silver line far at big shoulders, and breathed deeply, in the bottom of a hill. Hills and valmemory of those health-giving days, leys, and fences and trees, and even There was a flush in his cheeks, and a distant stream were covered with glowed with a decided blue. Arlene high overhead in a sky of blue, hung a Fosland, looking lazily across at him, round, white moon, which flooded the script

SHORTER FORM WELL CHOSEN "That," returned Rev. Smith Boyd

> "Identic" Altogether Proper and Orthodox.

To not a few readers of the English and American "notes" the word "identic," which was used by both gov. ernments, must have seemed a novel through which the camel was sup and rather unpleasing substitute for, or shortening of, the familiar "identical

The word has long been used, however, in diplomatic correspondence and documents, no doubt because of the influence exerted by the French. cheeks, and beneath the lashes a once the common language of intersparkle brighter than the moonlight national exchanges, and still familiar on the snow crystals in the adjoining to more diplomats than any other one tongue. The French say and write "It seems to me there was some-"identique," and of that "identic thing about wealth in that metaphor," is a natural translation. she observed, her round eyes flashing

The shorter form, however, has a valid claim for preference, in that it says exactly what "identical" says. and does it without the pleonasm or redundancy which marks so many of our words ending in "ical." Why we persist in lengthening such sufficiently long words as "philosophic" and "geographic" with a wholly needless "al" it would be hard to explain-almost as hard as to explain the frequent appearance of such absurdities as "disembark," "disassociate," "coincidentally" and "superimpose."

One should not be too fussy about such things, however, for in language whatever is, is right, and enough usage makes any usage right.

Tribute to Trees.

The trees formed the first temples of the gods, and even at the present day the country people, preserving in all their simplicity their ancient rites. consecrate the finest of their trees to some divinity. Indeed, we feel our selves inspired to adoration not less by the sacred groves, and their very stillness, than by the statues of the gods, resplendent as they are with gold and ivory. Each kind of tree remains immutably consecrated to some divinity: the beech to Jupiter. the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Minerva the myrtle to Venus and the poplar to Hercules In more recent times it Why Are You So Bitter Against the was the trees that, by their juices. more soothing even than corn. first was so difficult even in those days for mollified the natural asperity of man. -Pliny.

Out to Kill.

Rev. Smith Boyd hastily, and almost Bacon-The quantity of cattle in roughly, drew her aside, as a long, low this country has decreased in recent years, while the poultry flock has bobsled, accompanied by appropriate grown larger.

Egbert-Which would seem to prove that the poor-shot gunner is more dan gerous than the automobile driver

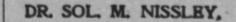
The Worshipers.

He-I didn't see you at church this morning

She-No; I was late and went it while you were asleep .-- Roston Tran

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AMOS KOCH PROPERTY



VETERINARY SURGBON

A graduate of the University of Pound ice at Palace Livery St te. Pa Both 'pà



Church?"

heaven, how can a rich church hope

open as she smiled up at him. "If it

State Department's Use of the Word