

"JUST POLLYOP-POLLY HOPKINS!"

"What's your name?" he inquired.

"Just Pollyop," was the answer. "Polly Hopkins. My daddy" is Jeremiah Hopkins, the mayor of this settlement."

"Can I do something for you, Polly Hopkins?" queried Robert. as she finished telling about life in the squatters' city.

She flung out both hands in a comprehensive gesture as much as to say he could see for himself how much she needed.

"Sure, sure you can," she said with fierce emphasis. "You can make Old Marc leave us squatters be. You're bigger'n he is! The squatters need you awful bad."

Her voice broke. Robert took a long breath. Of course he could help this girl and her people. He would, too! As far as money gave power, he could equal and surpass Marcus MacKenzie. "I did try to talk sense into Mr. MacKenzie's head," he re-

turned presently, "but now I will make him leave you alone."

In spite of the curved lips about which a smile lurked, there was apprehension in her voice when she asked:

'Can you lick 'im to a finish, mister?"

"Yes, I think I could," laughed Robert; "but it won't be necessary.

"Then I see us Silent City folks bein' happy again," sighed Polly. "We got a awful lot of things an' folks to take care of here."

There you have them-Storm Country Polly and Robert Percival. heroine and hero of another of those fascinating stories by Grace Miller White. "Tess of the Storm Country" was her first story. It was printed as a serial in a magazine for women-and practically established the magazine. It was put on the movie screen-and made the fortune of a woman film star of world-wide fame. Of course Grace Miller White (Mrs. Friend H. Miller) kept right on writing of the "Storm Country." Half a dozen other stories have been successes. More than a million copies of her books have been sold. The "Storm Country," by the way, is Cayuga Lake and vicnity in New York, one of the garden spots of the world.

Given a beautiful and persecuted squatter girl and a nice young man with brains, sympathy and money-what more do you want for romance!

given to the wide eyes their shade of ripe chestnuts.

-1--Four miles from Ithaca, N. Y., Oscar Bennett's farm spread its acres along the face of West Hill between

CHAPTER I.

Polly expected every moment that Oscar would reach out for the pail, hand off'n me, Oscar, or I'll tell Eve and, though with bad grace, he'd give the Lehigh Valley tracks and the high- her the milk just the same. She fidway leading to Trumansburg. Oscar geted in her chair and drew a long Bennett was what the country people sigh-he was staring at her in such a

Polly noted the glitter in Bennett's [turned back into the house. For the ingry eyes and felt again the quiver

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the barn.

what the girl would do.

of fear. "She gives you all she gets her fingers on," she came back at him in defense of the absent Evelyn. "Lots of times she's got along on about nothin' to send you cash, an' didn't I come runnin' up here with it as soon as she give it to me? Now her ma's gettin' on that Eve ain't spendin' her money on herself, an' she watches 'er like a hawk does a chicken. She told me that only yesterday."

The squatter girl rose to her feet, anxious to be gone.

"Oscar, you might be lettin' me have just a wee bit of milk. You ain't losin' nothin' through me."

She picked up the pall, and with a growl the man snatched it out of her hand.

"Women're a d-d nuisance," he grumbled. "Well, wait here."

He went out of the room, and Polly Hopkins drew a long breath. It was getting harder every day to get the milk she needed.

When Bennett returned, she was standing with her hand on the door knob, ready to go. In silence she took the pail he offered her.

"Looka here, Pollyop," he began abruptly, as Polly opened the door. "What's to hinder your paying for your milk yourself?"

He said it with extreme deliberation, making emphatic the last words.

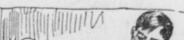
Polly threw up her head and eyed him sharply. "I run my legs most off for you as 'tis, Oscar," she retorted, "between here and the Robertsons'; but I don't never have no money. You know that, an' Daddy Hopkins don't get much, either. If I had a dollar, I bet I'd spend every penny of it fillin' up Jerry an' Daddy an' Granny Hope with milk an' eggs." To make him understand how anxious she was to please him, she went forward a pace. "An' I'd buy 'em all of you, Oscar. That's as true as Granny Hope's God is settin' up in the sky."

"I didn't ask you for money," answered Bennett, staring at her. Suddenly he came close to her; and Polly backed to the door. His face was red and agitated; the cords in his neck were swollen while his fingers twisted eagerly. That was another thing about which Polly's eyes had been opened in two years of growing womanhood. When a man looked as Oscar did now, a girl got away as fast as she could.

"You might pay me in kisses," he muttered hoarsely, towering over her. "Ten kisses for each bucket. You're a heap prettier than Eve.'

speak. Her breast heaved as she swayed backward.

home," she said. "Here, take your



moment he paused in the kitchen; he could hear his old mother pottering about overhead in his bedroom. She was doing the work his wife ought to do! What a fool he had been to marry Evelyn Robertson! Instead of the fortune he had expected, he was tied

> hand and foot without money cr wom-Color Chosen for Backgrounds of an. He thought of the radiant squat-Printed Designs Applied to Silks ter girl who had just left him. Two years ago womanhood had not dawned or Embroldered Figures. upon Polly Hopkins, but today- He undertoned an oath and went out to All authorities are agreed that white

> Polly Hopkins ran down the lane as ing the spring and summer seasons of fast as her legs could carry her. The 1922, as there is an international movemilk was safe in the bucket, and she ment in that direction. At several of had scarcely reached the railroad the spring racing meets in France, attracks before she had decided not to tended by the well-dressed women of mention Oscar's vicious demand upon many nations attired in the latest creaher. If she told Daddy Hopkins, he tion of Parisian dressmakers, white would do some harm to Bennett, and stood out prominently among the most there would be no more eggs and milk smartly dressed, says Dry Goods for Granny and Jerry. If she spoke Economist. And after the spring racof it to Evelyn, there was no telling

> ing meets were finished and pleasure seekers left for the leading seashore The tangle-haired squatter girl was resorts, it was noticeable that white the daughter of Jeremiah Hopkins, the was prominent ine the expensive wardmayor of the Silent City, the leader of robes of Parisian women. all those who lived in the rows of huts Accordingly, we see white chosen for

Paris Sets Style for Spring and

Summer of 1922.

that ran along the Lehigh Valley the backgrounds of printed designs aptracks and on down the lakeside. plied to silks, or embroidered figures Uncouth and ignorant were Jere-

came to the little city of Ithaca agreed with the town's inhabitants that it was a shame the law allowed such a blot as the Silent City upon the natural beauty of Cayuga and its majestic surroundings.

gaze searching the lake for a boat. Daddy Hopkins had gone away early with Wee Jerry, and she always worried a little when they were out. Yet

she knew that the only way to get the bread, beans and bacon for the family was for Daddy Hopkins to defy the law and drag his nets whenever the game wardens were not

den food, it would be a desolate world indeed. Wee Jerry was Polly's five-year-old brother, and long before he could walk, he had chosen his father's big shoulders upon which to beat his way through an unfriendly and often hungry world. But this same world which had wizened Jerry had given to Polly

pliant as a marsh reed. With a sigh Pollyop turned to the house. The door was shut against the storm, and a thin curl of smoke twisted upward from the toppling chimney, losing itself in the baby leaves of the willows. The little lines that had traced the troubled brow vanished at the sight of a slab of wood over the door. On it was painted in crude letters: "If your heart is loving and kind come right in. If it ain't, scoot off." Pollyop and Granny Hope had worked a long time to make this sign, and even longer to nall it



DRESS SUIT LIKE MOTHER'S

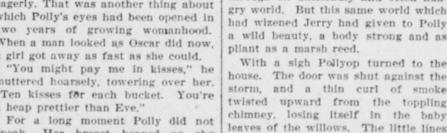
This is a dress that will gladden the heart of a little girl. It is of jade green duvetyn over a slip of pearl each of the primary colors of blue, red gray crepe de chine. The tightly-buttoned cuffs and the high collar are But for a striking combination with sure to make the little miss feel grown

SWEATERS AND SKIRTS AGAIN

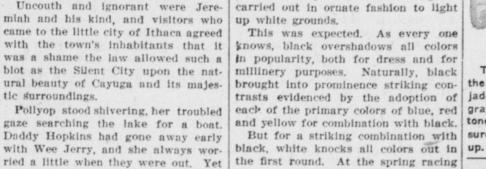
Combination Affords One of the Simplest and Most Convenient Forms of Attire.

Since the war, dressing at winter resorts has been very much simplified. One changes once, or, at the most, twice during the day, not five times. The dress worn in the morning will go through the afternoon-right up to the dinner hour.

Sweaters and skirts are a uniformthe accordion plaited silk skirt with a frilled batiste blouse and a thin, contrasting sweater. The hat, the blouse, and the sweater are all of the simplest, depending upon a flash of color for their visibility rather than on any intricacy of line or elaboration of trimming. For the dress that starts the day, the French handmade linen in pastel or bright colors, made with a kimono blouse and straight skirt with lines of drawn work (the most inexpensive dress in the world) has always the greatest popularity. Then come dotted swisses and ginghams, always made so simply that it is a marvel how each year's crop can look new For the afternoon come organdies and those delicate lingerie gowns with insets of lace and eyelet-work thrown into contrast by their black taffeta foundations; gowns of crepe de chine meets in France there were several and georgette crepe-always the same combinations of white and black, white types of dresses, yet always with some little newness that dates them as this Next to black, bright colors, es. year's dresses look just a little oldpecially reds, afford excellent combi- fashioned. Last Palm Beach summer nations with white, and the two other the sleeves were still short, the waistprimaries of blue and yellow follow in line normal, the belt inconspicuous, the the order of appropriateness for com. hem straight, the neckline varied. This year almost every dress will have a mous sleeves or none at all .- Harper's Bazar.



"I get all the kisses I want to



about. Without the lake and its hid-

and even the Ithaca folks called a fine farmer. His farmhouse faced a lane that led to the west shore of Lake Cayuga, and from the front porch he could see, much to his dislike, the few straggling squatter shacks that brought to an end northward the Silent City. Like all other substantial citizens, Oscar detested the squatters. In his estimation they were a set of thieving loafers and Sneaks, and many times he had wished that he owned the ground they squatted on instead of Marcus MacKenzie.

Of course it was no secret that MacKenzie never let an opportunity slip to pop a fisherman into jail, but in Bennett's opinion that treatment was not severe enough, and besides, it did not accomplish anything. Mac-Kenzie's idea was to jail the men whenever the chance came and for a period as long as the law would allow. But what good did that do? Fierce hatred flamed in the baggard faces of the women, and they held to their squatter rights with the tenacity of leeches until their husbands were given back to them. Bennett would have done away with the wives and mothers if the job of breaking up the Silent City had been his. No man would hang to a hut long without a woman in it.

One morning in the early spring Oscar was finishing his breakfast when the door opened slowly. A girl with a small tin pail in her hand stepped into the room. She smiled at him almost humbly.

"Shut the door !" he shouted at her. "Where's your manners, Polly Hopkins? Can't you see the rain's coming in after you?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. Mechanically she turned, closed the door and, uninvited, seated herself in a chair and placed the pail at her side, «

"So you've come begging, Pollyop," went on the farmer, wiping his lips on the sleeve of his gingham shirt. "Well, you might as well turn tail and run home again, for you're not going to get anything more from me. I to get. Another thing she had come don't want a poacher's brat around to understand was that, if Oscar had here."

The girl's bare wet feet drew tensely backward under the chair; but she remained discreetly silent. Oscar always abused her and called her names, keep him quiet. but that was because she was a squatter. After a while, he'd change his she interposed. "I don't knowmind, and then she would take home what she came for. She noted with a Miss Robertson would do to you an' quick breath that Oscar's eyes softened her girl if you told. You'd get Eve, during the time he was silent. That boded well for her errand; but Bennett's mind was not on milk or any of those suffering for the want of it.

Hopkins was beautiful even if she were barefooted and ragged. Her to burn, and she deals it out to me in straight young shoulders were covered small little dollars. I tell you I'm sick with wet curls that seemed to have of the whole thing."

uliar manner from under his heavy brows.

Why had he not noticed before that Polly Hopkins was so pretty, Oscar wondered, and a slow smile parted his lips. Polly's eyes lowered, and the long dark lashes only added to Bennett's sudden admiration. A quickdrawn breath slipped audibly past the man's teeth. Pollyop sensed in his attitude toward her a new quality that she recognized intuitively as dangerous. To bring his attention back to the purpose of her visit, she ventured to say:

"I thought it wouldn't hurt you none, Oscar, to gimme a little milk for Granny Hope an' Jerry. I'm always runnin' errands for you an' your woman."

Bennett's heavy farm boots made a scraping sound under the table.

"What good does that do me?" he returned. "Upon my soul, I might as well be without a wife as to have one who won't live with me or let anyone know I'm her husband. I'm gettin' sick, good and plenty sick, I can tell you, Miss Polly Hopkins."

This speech did not disturb Polly over much, for he'd made it a dozen times before. It was only the expression in his gaze, she did not quite like. Her mind went to Evelyn Robertson, the girl that Oscar had married. As if it were but yesterday, she remembered how two years ago she had gone with them under protest to a minister far back in the hills. Eve- an' marryin' 'er." lyn had explained that for some time

to come no one but the three must know of the marriage.

Pollyop had learned a great many things in two years! What girl does not after she's passed her fifteenth birthday? One of the things she had the milk without her permission if she found out was that Oscar was a dreadful person, more dreadful than most of the squatter men. Of course the men folks of her people did beat their

women, now and then. That was their right without any question. The blood | God, I'd set about getting my share. colored even her ears as she remembered how Oscar hectored his wife for the money it was so hard for Evelyn

not been afraid of the powerful Robertson family, he would have forced Evelyn into his home long before this. It had been a hard two years' task to

"Mebbe you are gettin' sick, Oscar," mebbe; but you know what that old mebbe, but you sure wouldn't get any more money."

The man's face darkened.

"That's just the rub," he conceded, He had just discovered that Polfy "but at that Eve ain't playing square with me. The Robertsons have money



"I Didn't Ask You for Money."

the first time I get sight of her." She glared up at him like a cornered animal. "I said I'd tell Eve. I'll do more than that! I'll put old woman Robertson next to your coppin' her kid

Oscar's fingers relaxed, and his hand dropped away from her arm as a rough laugh left his lips. She looked so lovely, her eyes blazing, her curls tumbled in confusion on her shoulders. that he would have taken his pay for had not thrown at him a threat he feared she would carry out.

"Men's kisses are what you'll get, my pretty Jass," he predicted grimly. "and if I was finished with Eve, by I won't always be married to my lady Robertson, mind you, Pollyop."

The blood had left his face. He was quite white and stern, and by this time Polly was on the porch.

"'Tain't so easy to get unmarried as 'tis to get married," she told him. "An' me! I'm just Daddy Hopkins' brat, an' I don't want any kisses but his'n. I'd let Jerry's tongue go twist for milk before I'd pay for it withwith-'

Oscar sprang at her. She was so tantalizingly beautiful, so alluring even in her grotesque attire that for the moment he forgot he had reason to fear ber.

"I'll kiss you, anyway." he snarled, but Polly, fleet-footed and afraid, shot from the porch and reached the lane. the milk dashing against the cover of the pail.

The man halted, looking after her.

'It'll help the Silent City folks, Granny," she had said. "'Specially, if I smile a lot at 'em." She flung open the door and went

in, closing it behind her. In one corner of the kitchen, an old woman, so old that no squatter could remember her other than aged, sat near the stove. About her shoulders was a shawl, and its edges were held together with clawlike fingers.

Munching on a bit of hay at the wood-box was a lean goat, an old friend of Polly Hopkins. Long ago she had found him, lost in the wilderness of the Storm country, and had brought him to the Silent City.

The shanty consisted of three rooms. Back of the kitchen Daddy Hopkins slept, and in the miserable coop-hole where Polly had once stored rubbish Granny Hope stretched out her weary bones at night. Polly's bed ranged the kitchen wall, and the room had but a bench, two old chairs and a three-legged table to offer in rude hospitality.

"I wheedled a little milk from Oscar, Granny," said the girl. "Goddy, but he's gettin' stingy !"

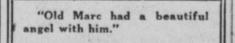
She put down the pail, went to the stove and thrust a piece of wood into it.

"Wood's as wet as hell,", she complained, almost as if she had spoken to herself. The old woman stirred and lifted

her withered lids.

"Hell ain't wet," she muttered. "It's dry an' warm-hot, I mean," and she shivered, drawing nearer the fire. "Tain't like this lakeside." Granny Hope had been in the Hopkins' shack since the first winter snow. Her own hut stood on a little point

about a quarter of a mile away. In it she had lived alone ever since her husband had gone down in the Big Blow, a storm that was a tradition in the settlement, and which only the oldest inhabitants of the Silent City could remember.



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Fourth Estate. The expression "the fourth estate," referring to newspaper workers, is credited to Edmund Burke, who is quoted in Thomas Carlyle's fifth lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship" as saying. "There are three estates in parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sits a fourth estate, more important far than they all." This was in 1839. In this country where class distinctions are not made politically little ever is heard of the

three estates-the nobility, the clergy and the people-but the term "fourth With a shrug of his shoulders he estate" is comparatively common.



Basque Walst and Bouffant Skirt.

predominating.

bination with white. Similarly, the secondaries-that is, pair of long, loose sleeves that will the combination of two primaries re. share with the girdle the responsibility sulting in purple-green and orange- of giving color and character to the have been chosen by many designers gown; the short sleeve is, for the mofor combination with white, especially ment, passe-even for summer, even

in the form of motifs for the decora. on evening gowns. One wears enortion of white grounds.

Ostrich Parasols.

Ostrich is used either to cover or elaborately trim some of the smartest parasols now being offered for color for modish blouses. Such Southern resorts wear, matching sets blouses may be worn over a slip of of hat and parasol.

PASTEL SHADES ARE REVIVED as raspberry red for strapped slippers Faded and China Blues and Coral and Jet Beads for Trimming Are Featured.

After an absence of several years, during which primary pigment colors of blue, red and yellow and derivations therefrom have held the center of the color stage, pastel colors are to be restored to favor, according to cables wraps. A coat and cap outfit has a from the Dry Goods Economist's Paris straight line coat of plain color rough office.

We are told that no less a French authority than Worth is pushing faded ning wear, and featuring coral and jet colors, which is against all law and turesque for a cold, snowy day. evidence. Brilliant colors are staple for evening wear.

It is said that Lanvin is advocating pastel blues for both day and evening wear, and it is now common knowledge that Madeleine & Madeleine have adopted a dull greenish blue for all can demands for the flat Peter Pan their spring models.

Jenny has adopted forget-me-not and for crepe de chines. And from other French sources comes reliable infor nation that pastel colors are gain- and cuff borders. ing ground.

Ample evidence that Paris is not alone in adopting pastel colors is dresses made of broadcloth.

in the taking up of such soft shades trimming.

Poppy Red.

Poppy red is becoming a favorite self-color or black.

by manufacturers of shoes wooing the advance trade. Beige, too, is also seen in strapped slippers, especially for women who spend the winter at fashionable resorts in the South.

Combine Plaid and Rough Weaves.

Fabric and color combinations are all important in the development of children's clothes, both in dresses and weave material, with cap and scarf of a bright tartan plaid. The scarf was

fringed at the ends, and was long and China blues for both day and eve- enough to the entirely around the figure, with ends swinging either at side beads for trimmings, instead of vivid or back. The whole outfit was pic-

Blouses for Spring.

Fine batistes and organdles are chiefly offered in lingerie styles, and these blouses tuck in at the waist, For these waists one hears of Americollar, but most of the blouses have

the standard roll collar. Pin tucking blue and raspberry reds for taffetas plays an important part, as does fagoting; and there continues to be use of color for tiny insets and collar

be an early spring favorite, a number presented in the action of leading of these styles having been developed dressmakers in New York, who have for Southern resort wear. One retaken up military blues, that is, gray cently seen featured a frock with a blues, for cape suits, and, in addition, low waistline, topped by a square-cut favor pastel colors for capes and 30-inch long coat, which was fastened

at the neck only. The material used That the adoption of pastel colors is was dahlia colored duvetyn, with not confined to dressmakers is seen touches of embroidery in black at the

Early Spring Style.

