THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL. PA.



CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-15-But the sparkle had gone from their merry plans, and it was a relief when Eddy started the motor for the ride back to town.

"Won't you come along, Alex?" invited Ginger pointedly. "We .an take one more."

"Oh, no, thanks. Miriam promised to take me in herself along about midnight. My doctor prescribed more Pay Dirt for me."

At the end of the driveway, they looked Jack. Miriam sat on the high gate, Alexander Murdock steadying her with one hand, while he swung the gate beneath her with the other. Their father smiling, waved farewell. "Poor father," mourned Ginger. "What would you call it but preacher's luck, to lose his eyes just when there's the most to see?"

A dull supper at the parsonage, followed by the usual evening service at the church.

Tub Andrews hurried up to them after the service, offering himself as an escort home-a mere formality for those few safe intervening feet.

"I don't think we ought to," objected Marjory. "You see, the minister is staying with us-aud I think we ought -I don't think it would look well for us to go off and leave him-"

"Ginger can take him." suggested Tub generously. "She can give him pointers on running a church-Ginger can give pointers on running anything."

"But Ginger is so young," stammered Marjory. "I feel that I am rather the head of the house now. and-"

Hiram Buckworth himself appeared at that moment. "Girls, if you will excuse me," he said gravely. "I will walk over with Mr. Westbury. We are discussing some church business."

"Hurray for Jop," chimed Tub "that suits me to a T. We've got some church business of our own to talk about

a silly name for a farm," said Ginger. "Just like Eddy Jackson. Who else would do such a dumb thing? Pay Dirt. Everybody knows a farm is nothing but dirt, and if it didn't pay, nobody would farm it. Oh, hello, Mr. Buckworth. Home so soon? It's lovely tonight. Won't you come and talk to us?" "Not tonight, thanks, I am tired.

Pleasant dreams." And he passed inside.

The girls sat very still for a moment. They heard him say good night to Miss Jenkins, and go up the stairs. Marjory's tense arm about Ginger's waist relaxed suddenly. Her quivering breath was more a sob than a Her shoulders rose convulsigh. sively.

"You-can go now. Thanks, Ginger. Ull sit here a minute, and listen to the night."

Ginger went in without a word. She was a stricken soul. She climbed to the studio, and counted her store of dimes. She looked at her complicated page of multiplication and addition. She sat for a long time. figuring, thinking.

Obviously, Marjory and the richness of a wealthy husband were to be denied them as succor. Marjory was forever lost to her plans for the future. All the years of washing dishes for the sake of Marjory's hands had been in vain. All her dreams of a romantic figure breezing mysteriously into their commonplace



mit defeat when she met it, and Marjory was her Waterloo. Marjory. beautiful peach-bloom Marjory would marry a minister, and her future

marry a millionaire. You must admit she's got the looks for it." "Ginger, what do you mean? Is Marjory engaged, or isn't she?" "Not engaged-not exactly. But It was all understood--we talked it over and we all agreed-we girls did, that is, father just laughed at us-that Margie should marry money, lots of money, millions-" "And she's not engaged to that-fat

young Andrews-or anybody else-"

"Certainly not. There's no man mixed up in it at all. Just money." If looks could slay, the career of Ellen Tolliver would have ended at that moment.

"Why, you little devil!" he ejaculated irreverently, and flung ber roughly out of his way.

"She's still in the hammock," called Ginger meekly.

Then she went immediately to bed. She wept for a while, sofily, for it is natural that youth should abandon its dreams and its expectations of great riches with reluctance. But in the end she smiled, and stiffened her slim little shoulders beneath the white sheets. Very well, then. Plainly the future of the entire household de-

volved upon her, and her alone. "Selah," she whispered into the darkness.

CHAPTER IX

A great peace, a sort of subdued grandeur, descended upon the turbulent spirit of Ginger Ella, for she had schooled herself to accept life as it is, and mold it to her own pattern as opportunity came. That the opportunity would never come now, as concerned Marjory, she was well aware, but without resentment. After all, perhaps one had no right to attempt to mold human lives, free souls, like herself. As for Miriam and the grocery clerk, she yet had hopes Alexander Murdock was leaving on this very day, and Ginger did not for a moment believe that the sensible twin was so deeply interested as to disqualify her for interest in more intriguing figures-granted the appearance of such figures. Get her away-that was the best

method. Ginger was adjusting berself to a new impression of the sensible twin. So still she had always seemed, so subtly impenetrable, that in contrast with Marjory's radiance she had appeared more of a liability than anything else. But there was something strange about Miriam. Ginger did not understand it. She remembered how Tub Andrews, even in the gorgeous presence of Marjory arrayed for the beauty pageant, had succumbed to Miriam's stillness. She remembered how Alexander Murdock. a mere grocer, of course, but still no doubt possessive of the usual male inclinations, had passed over Marjory with a passing cordiality, to plant himself immovably at the un-dancing feet of Miriam. Strange about her! everything, Ginger about



seven. Painted in Paris in 1783 by Joseph Siffred Duplessis. This portrait is now owned by the New York Public Library, the gift of John Bigelow.

2. Vice-Commander Daniel F. Gibbs of the Benjamin Franklin post of the American Legion lays a wreath at the statue of Franklin, near the Trocadero in Paris, in celebration of the anniversary of "Poor Richard's" birthday, on January 17, 1929. Members of the Legion post attended the ceremony.

3. The famous "Fur Cap" portrait of Franklin, made in France a few months after his arrival there in 1777. Drawing by Desrayes, print by Lebeau. It gives an idea of the Franklin who was so much admired by the ladies in Nantes, Paris and Passy as a "patriarch," as a "peasant," and as the shrewdest of all diplomatists. (From "Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times" by Bernard Fay, courtesy Little, Brown and Company.)

4. Franklin Bache Huntington of New York, a great-great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, places a wreath sent by President Coolidge on the grave of his ancestor in Philadelphia on the anniversary of Franklin's birthday, January 17, 1929.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

T THE time Benjamin Franklin was living in France he once said that his face was as familiar there as the moon. And that was not overstating the case. For, in 230 their enthusiasm for this American, the French could not find out too much about him. The newspapers carried column upon column about him; historians and blographers vied with each other in writing about his career and he was pictured in innumerable engravings.

The flood of Franklin literature that started then has continued ever since, especially in his native land. Few Americans have been more written about than Benjamin Franklin, Franklin stands revealed not as a prountil it would seem that American vincial Yankee who glorified common historians and biographers had exsense, as so many of his biographers hausted the possibility of telling anyhave portrayed him, nor simply as a thing new about him. But it has regreat American, but one of the great mained for a brilliant French scholar men of his century and a man who to write a new blography which studlived in perfect harmony with his les the whole field of his life and actimes, even though in his wisdom and tivities in the light of innumerable his foresight he was far in advance documents, among them more than of his times. six hundred letters, hitherto unpub-Professor Fay's use of the new lished, and which presents what is Franklin material which he discovered probably the most complete view of has enabled him to clear up many Benjamin Franklin that has yet been matters in regard to Franklin's reliwritten. The author is Bernard Fav and the book is "Franklin, The Aposgion, morals and social activities which have heretofore been but little tle of Modern Times," published by understood. As to his religious be-Little, Brown and Company of Bosliefs it can now be seen that he beton. lleved in a Supreme Being. He re-Out of this new work, based upon garded Jesus as a great moral teachfacts which have been gathered toer and in regard to the immortality of gether for the first time, 'emerges a the soul he subscribed to the Pythanew Franklin. The Franklin which gorean doctrine of survival in a new Americans have hitherto known has body with new senses and new ideas. always been a figure which challenges That belief is reflected in the epiour admiration because he was such taph which he wrote for himself eara versatile, many-sided man. But "huly in life and which reads: man" as was this Eighteenth century character, he has not always been understandable to Twentleth century BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Americans. Through the Interpreta-Printer, (Like the cover of an old book, Its contents torn out, tion of Professor Fay he becomes more understandable and more easily And stript of its lettering and gilding.) understood. But the title of the book Lies here, food for worms gives the clew to the reason why-Yet the work itself shall not be lost, For it will, as he believed, appear once Franklin was "the apostle of modern times," Another historian, Philip Gue-



Hiram besitated a moment, biting his lip as though he felt annoyance. but nodded at tast, and went away. not without reluctance. And Marjory yielded her smiles to Tub Andrews, clinging meanwhile to Ginger to ensure her accompaniment, as they walked slowly homeward. On the familiar old veranda, Tub started at once, cheerfully, in the direction of the hammock.

"You can't stay tonight, 'Tub," said Marjory, with a smile warm enough to soften her dismissal. "I have to send you right straight nome. I have been under the weather for a day or two. and Miss Jenkins didn't want me to go to church at all. She has ordered me to bed."

Tub, complaining loudly, submitted perforce to this ejection, and sauntered away, whistling lugubriously. Marjory still clung to her sister's

hand.

"Ginger, walt a minute. Sh! Don't let him hear you. Let's sit in the hammock a while."

They sat down, huddled together. and waited in silence until the sound of Tub's footsteps, and "ub's whistling, subsided into the darkness. "Ginger. I want to ask you something. Will you just sit here with me, and talk until-Mr. Buckworth comes home? And Ginger, if ae comes over, and sits down-he always does, you knowwould you mind-would you just as lief- You wouldn't mind, would you-"

"Go to bed, you mean?"

"Well, you see, Ginger, I want to ask him about something."

"I see. I'm to talk my head off undi he gets here, and then I'm to go to bed."

Marjory squeezed her arm about her sister's waist.

"You see- Well, you see, Ginger. it is like this. You remember that night when you crept downstairshow long ago it seems !--- and he had his arm around me. Well, Ginger, I didn't care a bit because you saw it. it didn't make any difference to me. But I think it embarrassed him, or made him angry, or something, for he hasn't so much as looked at .ne since." "I see," said Ginger dully.

"I want to tell him that you-you didn't think a thing of it-a little thing like that. I think maybe he thinks I feel bad about it." "You don't, do you?"

"No." Marjory's voice sank to a whisper. "Not a bit. I like him."

So the two girls sat, and waited. and presently from the church, they heard the two men, coming slowly, talking as they walked. Marjory clung to Ginger's hand, and held her breath At the end of the flagstone path they stood for a while before they said good night and parted.

"Y-you taik," whispered Marjory. Ginger talked. "I think it's such June 21-namely, at the summer sol- Africa.

would be that of catering to a Methodist church, and a parsonage minimum of three.

In that hour, Ginger Ella rose to great heights of renunciation. She relinquished ail her dreams of fortune, of fame, of social supremacy for her beautiful sister. She would be satisfied to see her merely happy. She smiled. She went down the wabbly ladder without a moment's pause, for her decision was made. She knocked at the door of her father's room, now occupied by Hiram Buckworth.

Silence prevailed within. Ginger knocked again. "Who is it, please? Just a minute."

He opened the door with 'ne hand as he struggled into his coat with the other. Ginger, all uninvited, stepped inside, and closed the door behind ber.

"Mr. Buckworth," she began gently "I was just going to bed," he in terrupted rudely.

"You misunderstood what I told you," she persisted patiently. "I didn't say Marjory was engagedexactly-"

"No. You merely said it was understood."

"But I-didn't mean a man. I meant money."

"Money?" He was entirely puzzled. "Yes. You see, we have always been so very hard up. Father did not go to seminary as you did-he didn't even go to college. He only gets about as much money now after all these years as you will get at the very start. And it takes so much for his eyes, and the furniture is simply falling to pieces, and you can see yourself we haven't any clothes."

"Yes, I know, Ginger." he said not without sympathy. "But what has that to do with-her?"

"She is so beautiful. So we naturally decided that she had better

thoughr. "The world," she concluded largely,

"it all gone .seebee jeebee. The grocers grovel to brains, and the preachers pick beauty. It's all wrong."

But perhaps when the twins found themselves away from the confining familiarities of Red Thrush, away among strangers, at the normal school -with clothes that became girls of their profession, and their looksclothes paid for from contributions to the home for the blind- But another annoying thought arose to disturb the even tenor of her plans

At the normal school they would meet only teachers-primary teachers, teachers of geography, teachers of Latin, English and algebra. Ginger sighed. It was unfortunate, but it was the best they could manage this year-what with the operation, and the retirement on pension. Besides, if an embryonic teacher could supplant the can grocer in Miriam's heart, no doubt a little later on, the new conqueror, could also be conquered by, say, an embryonic finan cier. She must hope for the best. As for Marjory-Marjory, whose beauty, and whose married fortune were now forever denied them, why should they, from their limited funds. provide the money to send Marjory to | normal to study to be a teacher, when she would be no teacher? Why learn dalla, once characterized Franklin as pedagogy, when all her future held was the accommodation of her person to missionary societies, and ladies' aids, and the minimum of three?

The finger of relentless logic pointed in another way. Let Marjory prepare herself for keeping a parsonage by keeping a parsonage-their own. She could take Miriam's place as servitor to their father, thus leaving Ginger free for her own further schooling and for the conduct of her favorite charity.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Stonehenge Mystery to Students of the Past

Ancient and mysterious Stonehenge [is located some nine miles from Salisbury, and near the little town of Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England. This circular formation of stones encloses what is commonly called the Altar stone. What its origin or purpose is time or research has not revealed, but it is obviously connected with some form of observation of the sun, possibly sun worship. It is generally believed to have been erected some 4,000 years ago, possibly by the tribe from the Continent which brought the idea of cultivation of land to England in the Bronze age. To the east of the Stone circle is the Hele stone or Friar's heel, over which at dawn on

At few places in England can the thoughts run riot to such an extent as in this circle of immense stones standing in solitude overlooking Salisbury plain. Pictures of human sacrifice and heathen rites spring readily to the imagination.

Record Bone

Some idea of the immense size of prehistoric reptiles can be gathered from the fact that it took sixteen men to lift a bone of one discovered in

In a new And more beautiful edition, Corrected and amended The Author.

more,

The Body

.A deist in his early life, he believed that man could do no evil in a world where all events were foreordained by the Delty and that man therefore should take his pleasure where he found it. That belief was strengthened by his experiences in the notoriously immoral London of the early Eighteenth century, but when he became disillusioned through the betrayal by friends he had trusted, he determined to shape his life for himself and for that purpose he set down four cardinal rules of guidance-economy, perseverance, good-will and loyalty. Later he lengthened this list by thirteen-temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquility, chastity and humility. In the practice of these he was successful in all but two-order and chastity.

None of Fay's new revelations is more interesting than those dealing with the part which his membership in the Masons played in his career. The Masonle society had been established in Philadelphia in 1727 at the time when Franklin was only a comparatively unknown young printer. It was composed largely of rich merchants who did not look with favor upon Franklin. But he forced his way into the society (by showing how effectively he could use his newspaper against it, if its members kept him

out) and his Masonic affiliations helped win for him the position of postmaster general of the colonies and later it smoothed his path when he went to England on his first diplomatic mission there.

It was even more valuable when he was sent to France to enlist French aid for the colonies during the Revolution. "Through the Masons he had access to the newspapers which were officially controlled by the government, but which were really written by the Masons and the philosophers. such as Morellet, Suard, De la Dixmerie, who were all Franklin's friends." says Fay. "Practically all of the French newspapers published outside of France were in the hands of the Masons also." Franklin had his writings accepted by all of these and, being the master propagandist that ne was, he made the most of his opportunity to present America's cause to Europe.

The career of Benjamin Franklin is one of the strangest paradoxes in history. One of them is that this son of a poor Boston candlemaker and apprentice to a poor printer should live to record the fact that "Tho' I did not think that I should ever literally stand before kings . . . have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one. the King of Denmark, to dinner." Another is the fact that a man who was almost entirely self-educated should have universities of two continents vying with each other in conferring upon him honorary degrees.

But most interesting of all is the fact that this man who was so typically American that he became a veritable symbol of America, even in his lifetime, was never understood or loved by his own people. He was disliked intensely by the "best families" of Pennsylvania and was distrusted by many others in the colonies as a charlatan and a trimmer. The distrust in Pennsylvania is easily understood. He was the organizer of the small farmers, mechanics and small tradesmen. the democratic forces in that colony. and as such his name would naturally be anathema to the aristocratic supporters of the proprietors, the Penns. Logically, he should have been regarded in the same way by aristocratic, elegant France. Instead, that country took this simple democrat to its heart in his lifetime and all but canonized him after his death.

"His moral and religious theories frightened the century and environment he lived in," writes Fay, "He was accused alternately of atheism and bigotry, for though his God resembled its parent, the Christian Divinity, it had distinct differences. When, at length, Franklin had many adherents, it was because of a double misunderstanding; in America, he was followed because he was believed to be a Christian; in France, because be was classed with the atheists

stice-the sun rises when viewed from the Altar stone. Other pointed stones mark the rise of the sun at the winter solstice and sunset at midsummer.

and his activity in science, religion and philosophy had to be fully studfed.

Considered from that standpoint,

dominated the political, scientific and philosophic world of his time. But of all his titles to glory, the most outstanding one is that he was the first bourgeois of the world. "In this Eighteenth century which attempted to do away with aristocracy, and to orient itself to the domination of the middle-class, Franklin was the great precursor, the great example. He defined the principles of the bourgeois in his works, and made his life a pattern to follow. He exemplified it by Poor Richard and this was why the entire universe submitted to his influence. To understand

the amplitude and importance of this influence, Franklin had to be considered from an international standpoint,

Eighteenth century. Thus, one can judge and estimate his immense influence, which was also varied, as he

"the first Rotarian" and Professor Fay phrases the same thought in these words "His career was the apotheosis of the good fellow." "The innumerable facts that I have gathered here for the first time bring us closer to Franklin and show him to be more picturesque, more in contrast to the background of his epoch, the Eighteenth century," he writes in his preface. "This biography is neither

local nor national, but is the story of

one of the great leaders of men in the