THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



Here we see Chicago with its fine families, its beautiful homes, its great buildings; and then we see its poverty, its tenements, its bootleggers and its gangsters. And thus



Margaret W. ily, naturally, ob-Jackson. jects. The theme is

not new. It is a famous complication of real life which, in its various angles, has provided inspiration ever since poets began to sing and novelists to write.

This is a story of youth and love that is as new and refreshing as the first violet of spring, yet its problems are those which might have confront-ed a pair of lovers at the dawn of civilization; but in this case they are set-tled in a truly modern manner, with the advantages of decision which com-mon sense, freedom of thought and freedom of action are supposed to con-

Infidelity and the overstressed tri-angle are absent. Art is the only jealous mistress here. It has been the achievement of the author to write a real love story of the present worka-day world, a story in which maid and man, husband and wife, through all their stress, even anger and possibly hatred, feel the dynamic current which steadily draws them one toward the other.

CHAPTER I -1-

Call Me Up

Her life began to have meaning and importance the day that Ernestine met Will again on Michigan boulevard. She had not seen him since they were both children, and the attachment she had formed for him then was a pale plant beside that which sprang up in her now. She was so beguiled with Will, so in love with his long nervous person, his burning black eyes, and his bright exclamatory ways, that nothing mattered to her except that he love her. Lillian always contended that Ernestine could have stopped the whole affair in its beginnings, but it is more than likely that she was wrong.

At that time Ernestine was surfeited with safety. She felt in herself the beginnings of spiritual indigestions at the security and complacency of the Bricelands. At school she had discovered that there were worlds beyond worlds outside of her mother's. Her family's outspoken conviction that society began and ended in their own conviction en tirely unjustified by facts. The oasis, Sheridan Park, had become lost long since in the great activity of Chicago. and what the Bricelands considered "old family" was unknown among the really rich and powerful of the city. as well as among the newly rich and arrogant "gold coasters" of the North side. Her schooling was finished when Ernestine was twenty. Lillian had been out of school a year and had already taken up the threads of the life outlined for them by mamma's connections. The sisters were congenial and fond of each other. At first Ernestine had been more than satisfied-she had been actively happy -just to be with her mother and Lil-Han again, with Grandmother Briceland and old friends in the big lovely house on Sheridan road. There was an endless parade of parties and dances and weddings. But after a few months Ernestine decided that to be reared in an "old family" group on the North side of Chicago was almost as bad as being brought up in a little town. She knew everything that every one hoped or did. Some of the younger people were becoming definitely ambitious, and aligning themselves with the gold coasters, or making entry, through school connections, into the older and richer society of other cities. The Bricelands were inaccessible to the horde of apartment house dwellers who were moving into Buena and Sheridan Parks, and crowding the North Shore with glass-enclosed tenements. Mamma disregarded the invaders superbly and refused to join the northward movement out of Chicago or the southward movement downtown. She would stay where she was, and Lillian complained that her attitude not only protected her from climbers, but also prevented the family from doing any climbing of its own. But Ernestine sympathized with her mother's loyalty to old associations, Ernestine herself was without social ambitions. She was established among intimate friends. She had only to be natural, casual, mocking, and it was enough. Ernestine knew a strange nostalgia. She wakened at night, filled with the need to use her gifts more actively.

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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it is a colorful pan-orama that makes and his intense concentration conbackground for firmed her recognition of him. It was characters who are his old stare. vivid and real

When she approached him and as the people you ind every day about touched his arm, his glance came back from the clouds and rested on her When the daughface, and he smiled. His smile was ter of a well-to-do charming. His whole countenance family makes a runaway match with the carpen-ter's son, the fambroke up into different lines and planes; his face seemed warmer, nearer.

> "Hello, Ernestine," he said in a natural tone. "Did you get the bird book?"

She laughed with delight.

"Will Todd, you are incomparable." They were shaking hands now and laughing together. "To think that you



Sat Leaning Forward, Looking at Each Other.

remember me, after all this time. Ten years-no twelve! But-of course I got the bird book. I wrote and thanked you for it! Didn't you get my letter?"

She was conscious of many things. Of his clothes, which were all wrong, too bright and loud, each garment chosen without regard to the whole. He was too white, like a person always indoors, and though he was tall, he was not at all robust. Yet he gave a distinct impression of energy, mental rather than physical. He seemed to wanting to play tennis. I work on Ernestine to be positively electrical, the Sun, and often go home after two the most alive person she had ever in the morning. I come over here known. sometimes, when it's quiet except for He put his hand within her arm and a few cars. The streets echo, and the turned her southward, so that they strangest feeling of unreality comes walked shoulder to shoulder. over me." "Nary a letter," he answered. "I see now why I have spent all these His eyes shone. His voice thrilled years misunderstanding you. And you with enthusiasm and excitement. wrote me! My heart was broken, "I work in the art department," he when I was ten. I've never trusted a told her, and the way he put it, it was woman since." a "brag." a superlative announcement.

smiled in return, memories flooding over her. He had always smiled charmingly. When he was a child she thought it was because he was lame that he smiled so sweetly, but now, he was free from any impediment that

she could see. Ernestine recalled the carpenter's wagon at the stone carriage block of her mother's house. It was a bright green wagon, with a green and yellow striped umbrella over the driver's seat. Old Peter Todd, who worked for papa, had got down from this high seat and turned to help his son. He-Peterhad come to repanel the dining room for mamma. As the boy's mother wasn't well, he explained, he'd had to bring him. Ernestine had at once extricated the tall thin boy, with a metal brace on one foot, from behind his father. He liked her. Silent with every one else, he was gay and friendly with Ernestine. He had come with his father every day that summer. and they had played together from morning till night. How kind mamma had been to him! Ernestine wondered if mamma would be as kind

now? She had never had so nice a playmate. Perched perilously on the high wagon seat, she had gone home with him and his father. The tiny house in which he lived had seemed to her like the little house on the plains in the story of The Wonderful Wizard of Oz. He had given Ernestine a pine shingle with a rippling American flag painted on it; and, after she came back from the lake in August, he had brought her the bird book, a duplicate of one of his own that she had admired.

And she had never seen him againnor thanked him!

"What a charming place, Will !" she exclaimed, as they came out on an upper floor and into the room with the walls crowded with brass and metal relief work. Crowded, small, dark tables were set with colored linen runners. At every table there were women smoking, and throughout the room a sprinkling of men who looked strange to Ernestine. They had a foreign sophisticated air. They were not at all like papa or Loring.

They ordered pastry and coffee and sat leaning forward on their elbows looking at each other, smiling, remembering.

"But how about your brace?" she asked him. "Were you able to discard it at thirteen, as you expected?"

"Sooner. But walking without it was a staggering business for a year or so, I can tell. I'll never be a golf champion, and the American army had two-piece suit with the down-in-theto go to France without me, but I'm back coat and hemline. well, really. I never think of it any A very interesting

"What do you do, Will, on the Sun?"

"I've been there over a year now, and,

Ernestine, I'm crazy about it. Lord,

it's wonderful, the feeling you get on

a paper. I've made some fine friends.

Every one in Chicago knew John

Poole, whose comic strip in the Sun

was as much a feature of Chicago life

as the beauty of the Blackstone reared

"Why, Will, how fine! But what do

He hitched his chair a little nearer

"Did you ever see, in a newspaper,

the little curlicues around a half-tone

-that's a photograph-decorations to

make the picture, which may be odd

in shape, fit into the type? I do those

things, and lettering, and sometimes

a spread." He sent a waitress for a

for it," he boasted. "And I'd do it

for nothing, if they didn't pay me.

The fellows are real guys, and we've

"I get twenty-five dollars a week

paper, and showed her what he did.

good one, too."

you draw?"

against a winter sky.

to hers in his eagerness.

Chic for Spring Array of Winsome Suits in

Fashion Picture for Milady's Wear.

It is a suit season, asserts a fashion correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Leading the fashions for spring are an array of stunning suits. Herewith are some of the features of these new suits which mark them different:

The jackets are nipped in and have fitted seams. A small cape swings from the

shoulders. Sharkskin, like the suiting worn by men, now takes its place as a material for women's clothes.

high waistline so as to give a peplum effect on the jacket. The softest, frilliest blouses, tucked

The junior tailleur features bright

The young miss prefers the shoulder cape suit which looks very "swagger."

tailleurs with the collarless peckline and a peplum.

quently of some bright shade. But sharkskin sulting is predom-

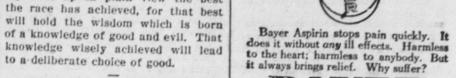


Kasha Features Cape.

to form.



immediate relief:



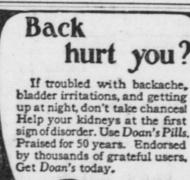


Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.



Judge Got Aerial View

A San Diego (Calif.) judge held court in an airplane to get a bird'seye view of part of the city. Superior Judge Lloyd E. Griffin made the flight with attorneys from both sides in an injunction sult over a proposed causeway over Mission bay and viewed the territory affected.





A DIURETIC

THE KIDNEYS

Some of the new suits have peplums on the skirt or are fitted at the in, are worn underneath.

red covert cloth.

Madame wears one of the severe

The town tweed suit is most fre-

inantly to be found in the mannish

A parent should not be dictatorial with respect to the child's use of his allowance. If a mother really directs his expenditures, although the money is in his hands, the point of having an allowance is missed. A youngster may learn much from his mistakes. Let him make them, but try to get him to realize that they are mistakes.

old things. It is the part of the par-

ents as the transmitters of the social

heritage to lead youth to the mountain

top. Set up in plain view the best

In California, the state department

of institutions is attacking juvenile

delinquency through clinical study of

problem children. Every county in

California is going to be covered dur-

ing the next two years by free mental

hygiene clinics which have been es-

tablished in connection with eight

state institutions. Also a traveling

child-guiding clinic has been estab-

Most of the earth's lodine is in the

oceans. There is a little of it in the

drinking water and in the plants

grown in the soil near the seashore.

In the inland communities it is scarce.

This explains why disturbances of the

thyrold gland, of which golter is the

most widely known, are prevalent in

inland districts. Medical authorities

are agreed that these troubles usually

are caused by a lack of lodine in the

lished to serve remote communities.

to a deliberate choice of good.

In arranging furniture, room groups should be disposed so that one can read in the comfortable chairs without moving things about to make it feasible, and the groups should be inter-related so that the chairs which are most frequently offered to guests are not isolated, but are close enough to others to make a natural group, encouraging conversation in the room.

What modern education does is to stimulate the child's imagination so that he wants to learn. Learning is not forced upon him in groans and dismay on his part. It is eagerly sought because achievement lies at the end of the path of learning. The project method encourages in every child the power to recognize the creative desire within him and to translate it in-

to Be Good for Summer

Whether the gay-printed or embroid-

ered linen jacket that accompanied

the tennis frock last summer would

survive this season is a question to be

answered in the affirmative. The new

version of this colorful wrap, how-

ever, is very different from any that

promenaded last summer's smart

board walks. The designs are larger

and more modernistic, the colors are

even gayer and the fitted, flared jack-

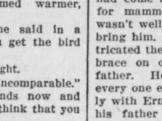
et of the new mode has nothing in

common with the loosely hanging

on Paris Fashion List

Three Novel Chapeaux

jackets of other years.



And then, she met Will.

It had been twelve years since she had last seen him, but she knew him at once when she encountered him on Michigan boulevard one November afternoon after the Armistice. It was late afternoon, and the sky was thickening with dusk. Will stood with his shoulders against the great granite blocks of the library, looking out over the heads of other people, into the mysterious beauty of the clouds.

She stopped and looked at him, and her heart missed a beat lest this be some stranger who might respond too boldly to her stare. But she was sure

She laughed at his nonsense, but with a certain catch at her throat. When she was eight years old he made a beautiful book of colored bird pictures for her and bound it. He had brought it from far out on the Northwest side of Chicago, where he lived, to her home in Sheridan Park. She had been at dancing school that afternoon, and had never seen him since.

"It seems dreadful that you should never have been thanked for the book. I wanted to go to see you again, but no one would take me. But I spent a whole month's allowance on a gorgeous box of stationery with a huge gold E on every page, and I wasted most of it before I had a letter perfect enough to send you." "I'll never have it now," he said.

"It isn't right," "I suppose I didn't address it cor-

rectly. Somebody should have helped me. But let me thank you now for the book, Will. It was beautiful. I have always treasured it. It was the only thing I had given to me that the giver made with his own hands."

got a regular boss. This is my day "Don't thank me yet," he said, off, and here I am downtown, and godrawing her into an entrance and ing over there, pretty soon. I can't pushing a gilded button for the elestay away. If you'll go with me, I'll vator. "Take tea with me, and thank drag you around the plant, and show me, in detail, and with repetitions." you the big presses, and introduce you As they ascended in the elevator he the Mr. Poole, and the fellows in the gave her arm a little squeeze, she

looked up at his bright smile and (TO BE CONTINUED.)

art room.'

Only Surmises as to First Spoken Language

Many surmises have been made re- | language in the world. Adam and Eve garding the oldest language. In an attempt to discover what children would say if uninfluenced by established speech, Psametichos, an Egyptian king, entrusted two new-born infants with a shepherd, with the strict charge that they were never to hear anyone utter a word. These children were afterward brought before the king and uttered the word "bekos" (baked bread). The same experiment was tried by Frederick II of Sweden and James IV of Scotland and by one

of the Mogul emperors of India. Nothing conclusive was proved in either case. The Persians claim that Arabic, Persian and Turkish are the three primitive languages. Their tradition says that the serpent that tempted it was Will. He did not see her at all, Eve spoke Arabic, the most persuasive | burn up the witches.

spoke Persian, the most poetic language of all, and the angel Gabriel spoke Turkish, the most menacing language. Scholars formerly agreed that Sanscrit was the oldest tongue but later discoveries suggest that it too is derived from some still more ancient speech.

Superstition Lingers

Even in this day and age there are some people in England who believe in witches. Burning the Clavic, an ancient custom, of which the object is to free the inhabitants of the city from witches for another year, is still celebrated at Burghead. Blazing embers are carried through the town and flung through open doors of houses to

more. It's such a darned interesting model is made of blue wool crepe and old world to kick around in, without worn with a pique blouse.

Almost all of these skirts are quite long in skirt length, at least four inches below the knees. The foremost designers have turned their attention to perfecting the enchanting blouses which are worn with

the new suits, Lanvin introduced a blouse with a ting into bed a definite one repeated side neckline, tied in a bow; other night after night in the same way at little bows adorn this blouse "here the same time without exception, and and there." the child will accept it and co-operate.

Augusta Bernard featured in the spring openings a crepe blouse which has bits of shirring on it and a frilled Gay Printed Jacket Is neckline. From London comes the shirtwaist blouse, smartly tailored and tucked in front like a man's tuxedo John Poole is a friend of mine, and a

shirt. Chanel displayed great originality by designing a peplum blouse which is belted at the high waistline and has tiny appliqued bows down the front. The scalloped jabot blouses with

shirrings are distinctly the creation of Patou.

There are two types of suits, really. There is the mannish, tailored suit and the "dressmaker" suit. The latter, which is the ultra-feminine style, requires the frilly, fancier blouse. With these suits are worn the now

popular cuban heel shoes for informal wear or a pair of the smart new oxfords with dainty high heels. Flat envelope purses seem to complete the ensemble idea with these

suits. As soon as top coats can comfortably be discarded, the always flattering fox scarf will once more adorn the shoulders. A bright-colored, large-sized hand-

kerchief flowing out of the jacket pocket will not be amiss. The spring felts and straws, too, sport new ideas. Although the daytime hats have brims, they are worn

off the face so as to expose the eyebrows. They are very smart.

Old-Fashioned Cottons for Spring and Summer

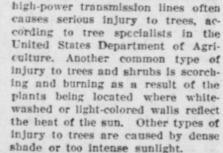
from baby to navy.

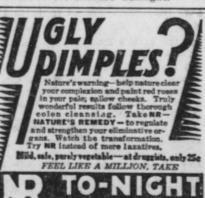
Whether it is the result of the return of demure fashions or not, the fact remains that cottons, good oldfashioned cottons, have returned for spring and summer. Voiles, organdies, dotted swiss, dimities, the cottons that used to make our best summer frocks when we were very young are now illustrating that even fashion history repeats itself. But the fabrics are changed a bit from the days of our youth. Volles appear in exotic prints and unusual color combinations, Muslin is stiffened and printed with gay blossoms. Cotton net is an important fabric in the summer mode.

ribbon trimming woven through net. New Colors Reds come with an orangy tone or are very clear and vivid, and the next popular color for novelty is blue,

Center-Evening cap of gold pearls with a vell to match. Bottom-White and blue Japanese straw hat with an up-turned brim. It is trimmed with grosgrain ribbon.

A happy bedtime is very necessary to the small child. The hours of sleep are influenced by his condition of mind upon going to bed. Bedtime is not the occasion for reproaches and disagreements. Ten minutes before bedtime "Electrocuted" Leakage of electric currents from tell him that in a few minutes it will be time to go to bed. Make the actual routine of getting ready and get-





Hopeless One

TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"Where are you going now?" demanded the Missus as old Di picked up his lantern and cane,

"I'm going out to search for a married man who admits his wife's backseat driving is a great help to him in guilding the car," he sighed.



Strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



ham's Vegetable Compound to build me up. The first bottle made quite a change in me. I got an appe-tite and can sleep tite and can sleep much better, I am not so nervous as I was. I have six children and do

all my own work can do so much more now than I could when I began taking the Vegetable Compound and I shall certainly recom-mend your medicine whenever I have an opportunity."-MRS. JOHN OSDORN, R. #2, Box 216, La Junta, Colorado

