THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



flushed cheeks.

brushed his rumpled hair and changed

his collar, then sat down to cool off

and think things over. He'd show

Mary . . . He dwelt for a few min-utes on this agreeable thought. But

show her what? What was there to

show her? And supposing he could

think up something, would she consent

to be shown? His recent interview

with her, the mere thought of which

caused him to grow hot again, did

not furnish material for much hope of

exhibition. Mary, after all, held all

the high cards. His only chance, so

ness up to strength. His pride, if

nothing else, told him that it would be

better than leaving the game unfin-

ished, even if he lost. His common

sense told him that if he did not

finish it, he would have smaller hope

than ever of another game with Mary.

Having reached this conclusion, of

which there was no possible doubt,

neither comfortably nor rapidly, he

decided to act upon it at once. He

fairly rushed to the orchard. Mary

"Look here, Mary," he burst out,

'I'm-I'm-sorry I-I acted as I did

the night of Blanche's wedding. In

fact, I'm-I'm just as ashamed of it

as I can be. I'd give anything if you'd

"That was the wrong word," floun-

dered Paul. "I meant, of course, I

want to ask you to-forgive me. To-

to be friends with me, if you won't be

"Oh, of course, I knew you wouldn't

be anything again after-after that!

But I can't seem to say what I'm try-

ing to. You know what I mean,

though. Please, Mary-" and he held

The girl closed her book, rose, and

came toward him, looking at him with

that clear and direct gaze that was

so hard to meet. But, though he

"Please," he said again. "I never

would have done it if I hadn't been

She drew back a ilttle. "You speak

as if that were an excuse," she said

"Why of course it's an excuse!"

"Of course it isn't. It was-dis-

graceful, to do what you did, but it

was even more disgraceful to get into

a condition that would allow you to

Paul had honestly not considered

"Well, I guess it was," he said,

the matter in this light before.

flinched, he looked at her squarely.

"Overlook it !" flamed Mary.

was still reading.

-overlook it."

anything else-"

out his hand

drunk.

evenly,

do it."

"Anything else!"

And he wanted to play with her. . .

A Romance of the Commonplace

By Frances **Parkinson** Keyes WNU Service Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

SYNOPSIS

Motoring through Vermont, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, meets Blanche Manning, seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. It whom he is immediately enamored. It being a long distance to Burlington, Starr's destination. Blanche suggests, the village of Hamstead not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning, Mary receives Phillp with true Ver-mont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her cousin Paul, rec-ognized as her flance. Starr informs her of his desire to win Blanche for to speak, was to lead through weakher of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She tells him of an old family superstitution concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family. Paul Manning is inclined to be dissipated. Mary's reproaches for his "con-viviality" are badly received by Paul. Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his lovemaking. Philip. from records of the Manning family, Trom records of the manning tanning, learns the sorrowful story of the "Countess Blanche," French wife of a Revolutionary hero, Moses Manning, and of the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. The evening of Philip's marriage to Blanche, Paul, under the influence of liquor, bitterly af-fronts Mary, and tells her their en-gagement is ended. Mary, at first acutely conscious of her position as a "jilted"woman, is greatly comforted by her lifelong friend, Sylvia Gray, and the love of her two small brothers. Paul really loving Mary, though with a self-ish attachment, finds life a good deal of a blank with her out of the picture.

CHAPTER VIII-Continued --9---

Driven at last to desperation by loneliness and boredom, he decided to go to Mary and ask to be reinstated in her favor. This seemed easy enough when he first thought of it, but the more he reflected, the more he saw that it might be rather difficult. He had treated Mary somewhat shabbily, he admitted. She was having a very good time without him-he was forced to admit that too-and there was really no special reason why she should ever crave his society. He started on his errand of reconciliation several times, only to turn back, feeling that his stomach was caving in uncomfortably for some reason, and that it might be better to walt a few days longer. At last having spent a Saturday evening at home when every one else under thirty in town had gone off on a picnic, returning in the highest spirits at midnight -Mary was with the Grays and laughing and singing when they dropped her at the front door-he took his courage, what there was of it, in his hands, and sought her out. He found her, late that Sunday afternoon in, such a condition again. I am sorry.

cuse which could be construed as sufficiently reasonable to give him a few to "make up," she felt she could afwords with her. ford to laugh at him! Well, he wasn't

She held the door half-open without to be trifled with like that! He'd inviting him to enter as he made his show her. Angrily he brushed away request, and the corners of her mouth two big tears of resentment and hurt twitched. He had the uncomfortable pride that were trickling down his feeling that she saw through him perfectly. In the seclusion of his bedroom he

peal to Mary and cause him to find

"Would you like the 'Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams?" she asked.

He looked at her miserably. "You know I couldn't make head nor tail of it," he said, in the voice of a prisoner at the bar who pleads for justice though he knows he deserves no mercy. "I'm not clever like you."

"You're thorough, when you take the trouble to be. Thoroughness helps in reading."

"All right, give it to me."

Mary vanished, leaving him on the doorstep, closing the door behind her. When she reappeared, she had an unformidable looking volume in her hand,

"This is Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sunset." she said demurely. "It took me a little while to find it, but I think you may like it better. If you decide you want Charles Francis after all, come back and get it."

"Well, your cordial invitation is a bribe worth considering," retorted Paul. Then, rather frightened at his daring, he blushed scarlet, Nevertheless he looked straight at her, smiled, and lifted his cap. "Thanks very much for this," he said. "Good night." Inevitably, a few evenings later, he brought the book back, having, to his intense surprise, thoroughly enjoyed it. Seth had gone to prayer meeting, and Mary was putting the children to bed upstairs and did not hear his knock. After hesitating a minute, he went into the living room, put the volume down on the table, and began to look at the others that were lying upon it. He chanced on a novel of Zane Grey's, glanced down the first two or three pages, and then, genuinely interested, sat down and began to read, entirely forgetting his awkward position as an unwelcome guest. When Mary entered, half an hour later, carrying a huge mending basket piled high with sewing, he started guiltily to his feet and stammered his excuses.

"That's all right," said Mary, tranquilly. "Why don't you read aloud to me while I sew?"

"Do you honestly mean that?"

"If you would honestly like to. You might poke up the fire a little before you start in." It was not until the tall clock in

the corner struck eleven that Mary spoke or stirred. Then she rose, gathering up her piles of neatly folded and mended clothes, "You must go home," she said. "It's

getting late. That's a good story, isn't it?"

"Fine! Could-could we have some more tomorrow night?"

"I've promised to go to White War with the Taylors. There's going to

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Flower-Trimmed or With Feathers How | BrokeInto

FLOWERS are flourishing in fash-ionland. Even so early as in midseason we began to have hints of 1. flower vogue to be. The drst flower garnitured hats made their appearance timidly. These for the most part adhered to the tailored mood, such as for instance a sailor with perhaps a band of little velvet flowers very primly encircling the crown or perhaps with a wee bandcau of posies next to the hair. They were adorable, as they brought

a breath of spring, and the reaction to them was so favorable Paris milshape formed of identical petals. These liners were encouraged to follow them heart-shaped flower muffs are the newup with a more pretentious gesture. There began to arrive from abroad most ravishing little toque-and-bouton-

niere sets made all of violets, or rose petals, or gardenias or, perhaps, vel vet posies in variegated coloring. The latest arrivals from certain

French ateliers introduced a most charming idea, that of flower necklaces which are worn like leis. We are illustrating one such centered in the group pictured. The flowers in this instance are white camellas for both the wreath about the hat and the lelnecklace. Among the models of her spring collection Jane Blanchot also is offering an interesting lei formed of

Most of the flower toques are designed in colors to form a perfect harmony with the costume, with the exception of the all-white sets which are effective with black or whatever the color may be. We are showing two flower toques here. The ensemble at the top, to the right, is made of violets with a matching corsage. The matron of honor who wore it had on a lovely light blue lace gown. For the bride a set was created which consisted of a toque of white rose petals and a muff which was a perfect heart

est florals for brides. The dainty toque below to the left in the picture is half and half of navy straw and purple velvet pansles. It tops a dress of Eleanor blue, the hyacinth tone of this blue being a perfect complement to the rich purple tones of the flowers.

The call of the mode for military effects is answered in dashing cossack hats and fez turbans whose height and severity of line is something for which we are expected to acquire a taste. Note the two models below in the picture. They are indicative of this new style trend. There is no end to other feather fantasies which are distinguishing the season's hats. They include every type from simple quills and brush effects to all sorts of intriguing novelties. C. 1923, Western Newspaper Union,

The Movies Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By LOIS WILSON

WINNING a personality award was responsible for my first "break" into motion pictures. I was born in Pittsburgh and my parents moved to Birmingham while I was still a youngster. It was there that I was graduated from high school and entered Alabama Normal college with the idea of becoming a school teacher. I entered the beauty contest that was being put on by the Birmingham News, not so much because I had any belief that I would win, but more for the novelty and excitement of the competition.

The contest took place at a ball, to which every girl in the state was invited. The winner was to be chosen as contestants danced before the judges.

Very much to my surprise, I was selected as the winner of the contest and given a trip to San Francisco as a guest of the Universal Film corporation. This was in 1915.

Along with 47 other contest winners, I left on the "American Beauty Special," the train that carried us to the coast. It was a glorious trip: we were welcomed and entertained at all the principal cities enroute.

When the exposition was over I



Lois Wilson.

went to Los Angeles for a short visit, after which I went to Chicago where my aunt was living at the time.

I heard that Philip Small and Lois Weber were making pictures in Chicago, so I called on them with the hope of getting work. Miss Weber was very friendly to me, and because of my long hair gave me a part in a picture she was directing with Pavlowa. Miss Weber told me she was sure I had screen possibilities, and took me back to Hollywood with her, and guaranteed that were I unsuccessful, she

Indian summer, sitting in the fragrant orchard reading a book, a rather solid looking book. She was, Paul thought, looking unusually fresh and contented and attractive.

"Hullo," he said, advancing towards her firmly, though inwardly quaking. "Hullo," said Mary quietly, without looking up.

Paul's heart gave a queer exhibition of acrobatic powers, as if it were turning somersaults all the way from his throat to his stomach, and then began to thump-to thump so vigorously that he feared it might be audible. He was pleased, and he was beyond all reasonable measure excited.

"Have a good time last night?" he inquired carelessly, "Yes. Did you?"

Paul choked, and fumbled with his tie. He could not understand why Mary should ask such a tactless question, when she knew perfectly well-He decided to be magnanimous, and ignore it.

"What are you reading?" he asked. "The Life of Charles Francis Adams.' "

"Do you like it?"

"Very much. Haven't you read it?" Another tactless question! Mary's voice expressed only polite surprise, yet she was aware that he never read things of that sort. The top of Paul's collar was rapidly sinking to the level of his collar button. Mary went on reading.

"I thought I'd come over for a little while," he murmured desperately. Mary turned a page. "Nice day, isn't it?" "Lovely."

"Warm for the time of the year. too."

"And likely to grow warmer any minute," replied Mary, her eyes still on her book

Paul could feel even the back of his neck growing red. Still he persisted. "Blanche is back in Brookline. Mother had a letter from her last night. She's thinking of leaving me and going down to pay her a little wisit."

"I should think it would be a very pleasant change for her."

Something in Mary's tone made Paul look at her more carefully. The painful flush at the back of his neck spread all over him. He could feel the cold perspiration dropping down his spine. There was no possible doubt of it-Mary was laughing!

Paul turned his back on her and strode away. Though unfamiliar with the quotation, he had, in substance, pictured Mary sitting like patience on a monument smiling down at grief. Apparently she was doing nothing of the sort. She missed him so little and she would lend him something to read, was getting along so well without him. He felt that the desire to improve his that when he went to her and tried | mind might be one which would ap-

Honestly, I am. Won't you shake hands with me and forgive me?"

flushing. "I'll try not to get-into

"I wouldn't touch you with a tenfoot pole. I certainly won't forgive you. I believe you're sorry now, because you're having a horrid time, But if I forgave you and you began to have a good time again, you would forget all about being sorry and do the same thing right over again."

"I wouldn't-I swear I wouldn't." "You're not going to have the chance. I must go in now and get supper."

"Well-won't you at least speak to me when you see me and-and so onas long as I do behave?"

"Yes," said Mary over her shoulder. "I'll do that, if you just happen to see me. I won't if you try to like this, again."

And with this small concession. Paul was obliged to be satisfied. Or rather, he strove to be satisfied and was not. Mary was amazingly pretty, prettier than Blanche, far and away prettier than Rosalle King or any of the girls who worked in the mill at White Water. Why hadn't he noticed that before? And she had "pep"oceans of it! How could he possibly have thought that she was tame? He had not only acted like a fool, but like a blackguard. He deserved his fate. That was the last conclusion that Paul reached and the effect that it had upon him was more sobering than anything that had happened to him in all his life. He bowed under it, hurt and cowed and a little frightened. Then he pulled himself together, still wincing, and began to try to build together again,

a stone at a time, the foundation for that happiness which he had destroyed.

CHAPTER IX

Paul was wise enough to guess that his cause would be hurt rather than helped if, immediately after his encounter with Mary in the orchard, he "happened" to see her too often. But he nodded to her when he caught sight of her at a distance, and she nodded back. He did not venture on more than "Hullo," or "Good morning" when they met. But after a week or so he remarked that there had been a hard frost the night before, and that the post office was being shingled. This daring attempt at conversation having left him unscathed and even unattacked, he risked stopping a moment, the next day, to warm his chilled fingers over the stove and get a drink of water at the sink. And summoning more and more courage with each new success, he finally appeared one evening after supper and asked Mary if

be a concert." "Well, the next night, then," "That's Sunday. I generally go to

church Sunday evenings, now. Father listens for the boys." "The service is over early."

"Yes, but Thomas walks home with me and comes in for a little while, You can come, too, of course, if you'd enjoy it, but we couldn't read."

This did not sound especially attractive to Paul. Nevertheless, with his new-born caution, and in his gratitude for the unexpected favor he had just received, he decided not to say so, "Well, perhaps I will. And thanks awfully for letting me stay tonight. I've had a fine time. May I take the book home with me?"

"Certainly-would you like a glass of milk and a doughnut before you go? I made fresh ones today."

"Um-m-m! Would I?" They went into the kitchen, sat down beside the table with the red cloth on it, and talked over the story as they ate. They did not agree as to the probable outcome. A friendly argument ensued. When Paul finally got up and pushed back his chair, they were both laughing, and Mary, with a sudden gesture, snatched the book from him.

"You shan't find out which of us is right before I do!" she exclaimed. "You had better come over Monday night and read aloud some more. I promise not to look into it myself before then. Good night."

"Good night," said Paul, briefly and happily. And held out his hand,

It was not until Mary had put her hand in his that she remembered her statement of a few weeks earlier about a ten-foot pole, though Paul had by no means forgotten it. And when, growing crimson, she tried to pull her hand away, she found she could not, "Good night," he said again, pleasantly and firmly, and gripping hard. For a moment Mary struggled to free herself. Then she met his eyes. The first lesson in Paul's new course of education had been to learn to look Mary in the face, and, as she had said, Paul was thorough. The expression that the girl saw in her cousin's was so full of new-born humility and penitence, and yet so clearly determined to deserve, and claim, the right on which he was insisting, that she could not well see it and remain untouched. She stopped struggling and returned his pressure.

"Good night, Pauk" she said "soft ly. "I've had a good time, too," and smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Petrified Evergreens The wood found in the petrified

forest in Arizona is that of prehistoric coniferous or evergreen trees

white linen hyacinths with a black ribbon across the back of the neck. This is shown with a toque of novelty black straw with matching hyacinths bordering the left side.

THREE NEW KINDS **OF SPRING COATS**

There is a lot of talk about Schlaparelli's square-shouldered coat model which, in its most histrionic form, presents us with a detachable collar over its padded shoulders.

A sleeve applied with cartridge pleats at the shoulder is a simpler means the designer uses to get the same square effect. One lipstick-red unlined woolen coat that is here from Bruyere shows a square armhole as well as a square shoulder.

For a dress coat-a division more important this spring than last, with the increased interest in the afternoon toilette-one may choose from many perishable shades and soft weaves and decide on either furred or unfurred designs. The flat little l'eter l'an collars of fairly longish pelts are a magnet for the jeune fille, and the more sophisticated woman goes for rever lapels of the same kind of skins.

Between these two versions is another, which has a self-fabric cape bordered once, twice, or thrice with fluffy fox. Being a detachable gadet, one may ditch the cape entire and, opening the revers, fare forth with a inte spring model which needs only a corsage to give it elegance and je ne suis quol.

Cashmere Sweaters Are

Among Latest Arrivals

The latest sweaters are in plain colors, in cashmere or wool. A few exceptions are in wool and angora. tons, no troublesome snaps for the This mixture is also found in enwoman who owns one of these nifty sembles or capes, gloves and scarves sylo-frocks as they are called. The and the wool is knitted in dark model shown is in a brown and white shades, with the angora worked in cotton print with white plque finishstripes of pastel tone and white. ings, for most everything from house A variation of the scarf is seen in dresses to evening frocks is trimmed a round knitted collar, which rests on in pique or organdie nowadays, You the shoulders and is fitted to the throat. It has a small turned-over fluted edge and is made in one piece and fastens with two clips.

Shoulder Strap Pins

Shoulder strap pins are in againbut this time they are not concealed in pre-war style, but are out-in-the-open decorations for evening dresses. They are elaborate and fanciful, set with gems and made in four-inch lengths so that they will be very much in evidence,

IT TIES AROUND By CHERIE NICHOLAS



would pay my expenses home. After doing a part of one picture

with Miss Weber, I worked for two months as an extra at Universal studio. By this time the desire to gain success in pictures was imbued in every fiber of my body.

In one picture-and I laugh when I think of it-I played the part of a dope fiend. Lon Chaney put my first makeup on, and it was he who gave me instructions on the subject.

About this time J. Warren Kerrigan was looking for a leading lady, and picked me from a group of extra girls to appear opposite him. This was better and the salary was \$40 a week, which was most encouraging.

I played opposite Mr. Kerrigan in nine pictures and then accepted an offer of \$120 with a company in San Francisco.

Upon completion of this work I returned to Hollywood, and signed a long term contract with the old Paralta company, for whom Mr. Kerrigan was starring. My first work under this banner, was "A Man's Man." It was, my first real big opportunity, and from there on things were easier.

When the Paralta company went out of business, I had contracts offered me, and accepted the one with Famous Players-Lasky, for whom I have worked in many very fine pictures.

In my search for success on the screen, the Goddess of Luck has never deserted me. And it is to her that I attribute a great share of whatever success I have achieved. Luck made me enter the contest. Luck introduced me to Lois Weber, and Luck made me sign the contract with Famous Players; and again recently Luck made me sign a contract with Warner Brothers, where I made my first all talking picture, "The Gambler." WNU Service

Novarro Leads Stars in

International Popularity Novarro has completed arrangements to sing for two weeks at the Empire theater in Paris after his picture is completed. The Paris tour will be arranged for spring or early summer, whenever agreeable to the actor. Novarro was a film find of Rex Ingram and Ferdinand Pinney Earle, and started his climb up the ladder of fame in 1922. At present he gets more fan mail than any other male actor on his lot, and has the greatest international popularity of all of them. His international popularity, lumping the returns from European and Latin-American countries with the United States, rates about as great as Garbo's -perhaps greater at this time, for Garbo's exclusiveness and months off the screen have begun to put her on the declining curve.

slip your arms through the little puffed sleeves, wrap the left side across the back, then wrap the right side over and tie the ends in a bow in front. The silhouette and tailoring are as smart as in your favorite afternoon gown. It's the sort of dress that makes working at home a joy.

Color Combination Burgundy or wine color proves to be lovely combined with pavement gray. hyacinth blue and with any of the lavender pinks.

Here's efficiency for you. No but-