THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.

"I'll say you mustn't!" Don

swung down from a step-ladder to

embrace his Nora with all the ar-

dor of a brand new husband.

"When you say 'wedding gown,'

woman, it sends a delicious shiver

up my spine. And don't you worry about the lack of aprons. Jim Per-

kins' general store up at the Port

supplies every need in the life of a

modern housewife from bathing

suits to vanity cases. The towels

are, or were anyhow, in a bureau

The sun broke through the clouds

at last, and with its cheerful rays

streaming in at the open casement,

the oil stove seemed less dismaying

-the lack of running water some-

thing that could be endured-for a

time, at least! After all, nothing

thought Nora - nothing, perhaps,

The sadness of that parting still

hovered near, when after a supper

and milk supper I've had since I

was six years old!" admitted Nora)

they tramped a half mile up the

full moon rise out of the sea. Sit-

ting there quietly, watching that

ever widening path of gold, hear-

ing the soft, low murmur of break-

ing waves, Don felt that his cup of

joy was running over. He said,

drawing the girl closer: "Happy,

"Happy," said Nora. He turned to search her face in

the growing brightness, conscious of

a reservation in the answer; and,

loving her greatly, Don understood.

little while," he told her. "For you

to worry won't help him now, Nora;

"But he's suffering, Don.

"Why should I mind, Nora?"

The fingers clasping his own

"Yes?" he urged after a silence.

"Would you mind if-if I wrote to

"But he's unjust to you, Don. Ter-

"Oh, my dear! Haven't you given

you happier. Who am I to deny

It

and-and it hurts you."

tightened a little.

"Try to forget your father for a

beloved?"

save the parting with her father:

drawer; but this filthy job is mine!"



### SYNOPSIS

James Lambert tries in value to dissuade marrying Don Mason, young "rolling stone." He tells her, "Unless a house is founded upon a rock, it will not survive." Leonora suspects the influence of her half-brother, Ned, always jealous of the girl since the day his father brought her home from the deathbed of her mother, aban-doned by her Italian baritone lover. Don arrives in the midst of the argument, and Lambert realizes the frank understanding between the two. Sitting up late into the night, Lambert reviews the whole story, of Nora as a child, at boarding school, study-ing music abroad, meeting Don on the re-turn trip. In the morning he delivers his ultimatum, to give Don a job with Ned for a year's showdown. When Nora suggests hambert threatens disinheritance. Don agrees to the job, but before a month is out much the is too thred to go out much with over, his nerves are jumpy, he cannot sleep at night, he is too tired to go out much with Nora. Nora soothes him with her music. Nora grows quieter, and broods over Don, complains to her father of Ned's spying on him, and decides that rather than see Don's spirit broken, she will run away. She urges her father to put an end to the futile experiment. James Lambert is obdurate and an gry. Lambert tells her that if Don quits she will quit with him; that he will be through with her. He adds that if she tires of her with her. He adds that if she tires of her bargain it will be useless to come to him for help. Later Don and Nora discuss the situ-ation. Don promises to buck up and take life more calmly. "We'll stick it out," he says. With the coming of spring, Don is full of unrest and wanderlust, and takes long walks at night. One evening a poor girl speaks to him, and in his pity for her, he sives her money A car passes at that he gives her money. A car passes at that moment, flashes headlights and moves on. A terrific heat wave ushers in the summer, and Nora refuses to go to the country with her father. Ned, meanwhile, insinuates to his father about Don's evenings away from Nora, but Lambert refuses to listen. Mean-while Don broads over the undermining of while, Don broods over the undermining of his morale. At the height of the heat wave, when Don is finding everything insupport-able, Ned speaks of having the goods on him, having seen him give a girl money. When Ned scoffs at the true story of the episode, Don knocks him down, and is through. He calls Nora.

# **CHAPTER V—Continued**

Would her father leave it just as it was, she wondered-just as they'd furnished it together for her sixteenth birthday? James was fastidious about such things. It was the one point on which they never clashed. What a time they had had over her rose-tiled bathroom! Her father had fussed. Each fixture must be the finest-the most perfect. The antique bed they had picked up at an auction in the country. How he had glowed over the satin-smooth mahogany-dear Dad! As for the rug-they had hunted the city over for that rug. It must be Oriental, James insisted, yet it must blend with the soft rose hangings at the windows. They had it at last: an exquisite Per-

and turmoil-to lie on my back in | washed away in winter; yet it's far | spoil my wedding gown, you know." the cool woods and look up at the sky, or watch big waves roll in on a hard beach. I've got to do something like that, dear, until this fiendish alarm clock stops ringing in my ears. I'll admit it scares me. Let's go to Maine."

"But your hard-saved thousand will melt away so fast at a hotel, Don," objected Nora with new-born caution.

Don glanced at her, so sweet, so young, so infinitely precious, and for the first time in his twentyseven care-free years, a sense of responsibility crept over him-responsibility for Nora's happiness.

"It's more than a thousand now." he answered gravely. "Have you forgotten that I've been holding down a steady job? And a hotel isn't necessary, is it-even on one's honeymoon? You see, there's a place I can take you-a studio belonging to a New York artist. You've heard me speak of Ven, Nora. He's abroad just now; but I'm always at liberty to go there. Besides-" (a smile sprang into his expressive eyes) "it happens to hold the 'worldly goods' with which I've recently, endowed



enough from the beach where the summer people bathe to give us privacy. You'll love it, Nora, once you get the hang of things; and I'll do the cooking. Cooking is one of my real accomplishments, as you'll soon find out."

"Which sounds," she laughed, "as if you doubted that it's one of mine!'

Nora never forgot their arrival at "the shack" next afternoon.

It had been raining all day; and though rain was needed to cool the air, it added neither cheer nor comfort to the atmosphere of that onetime fish house, long unoccupied, covered with dust and cobwebs, stifling now with the accumulated heat of weeks.

If James Lambert's pampered mattered except this chance to help daughter needed discipline, she got Don back to his normal, sunny self, it in the moment when her new husband unlocked the door and thrust her hurriedly inside out of a driving rain; and it is to Nora's everlasting credit that Don did not of bread and milk ("The first bread suspect the consternation that surged through her loyal heart. The charm of the place which she was to know later, was wholly lost amid the gloom and darkness of that beach, and from a sand dune saw a stormy day.

Don having seen the room with sunlight dancing across its worn old floor, never realized just how it looked to Leonora. In that first moment she wanted to cry out: "Oh, Don, we can't stay here! Not now anyway!" To one reared in the soft lap of luxury, such a proceeding seemed well nigh impossible. Indeed, the words of protest were on her lips, when, glancing up quickly in dismay, she saw her husband's face.

And it was a transfigured face. It was the face of a tired small boy who has reached home. It brought a lump into Nora's throat. It brought swift tears into her eyes.

Said Don, throwing open a casement window at the back: "Isn't this wonderful, Nora? The view on would be cruel if I forgot that altogether. I wonder-" a clear day is simply marvelous. Isn't that fireplace a corker? It takes in a four-foot log-not that him once in a while, dear?" one wants to consider fires just now! But we'll cool off soon as the ribly, terribly unjust. I couldn't air blows through here. Lucky the have you feel that I wasn't loyal." rain's not coming from all directions as I've seen it do. We'll have things snug long before bedtime, me proof of your loyalty? Write to and-" your father of course, if it will make

Cool, Smart Frocks That're Easy to Tub

DRESSES with v-necks and short sleeves, easy to put on, and with no ruffles or fussy details to keep you long at the ironing board! That's the main and most important fashion for summer time, and here are two particularly smart styles that you can quickly and easily make at home, even if you haven't had much ex-

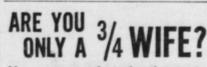


### CHICKS

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precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor poverty take away from youhouses built without hands for your souls to live in .- John Ruskin.



<text>

But Glory Is Not His He may well swim that is held up by the chin.



compare how you feel then with the way you do right now! In the meantime, stop at your drug-store and, tonight, drink a cup of Garfield Tea.

Tonight-"Clean Up Inside"-Feel Different Tomorrowt

1462 1453 perience in sewing. A detailed

## sew chart comes with each pattern.

## Slenderizing Shirtwaist Dress.

If you take a woman's size, choose this smart tailored type with notched collar, short kimona sleeves, and action pleats in the skirt. It is cool and unhampering. Gingham, percale, seersucker or tub silk are smart materials for it.

### Basque Frock With Dainty Frills.

This charming dress is extremely becoming to slim, youthful figures, with its snug bodice, puff sleeves and wide revers. A fashion you'll enjoy for home wear and afternoon parties all summer long. This design will be lovely in any dainty cotton that you like-dotted Swiss, dimity, lawn and linen, light or dark, with white cuffs and revers to make it look so cool and fresh.

#### The Patterns.

1462 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 41/2 yards of 35-inch material.

1453 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 41/8 yards of 35-inch material, plus 5/8 yard contrasting for collar and cuffs, and 2¾ yards lace or edging to trim as pictured. Send your order to The Sewing RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE How Do You Feel? Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. Tired? Irritable? No ambition? Look at your watch-note the time. The same time tomorrow, @ Bell Syndicate .- WNU Service.

sian that might have been woven for a queen's boudoir. Even Nora, thoughtless about money, had blinked at the price; and her father had laughed at her. . .

Well, that was over! The girl took one long look and turned away. It was so dreadful to go without farewells. Even dear Martha Berry, James Lambert's housekeeper, who, Nora believed, loved her as devotedly as any mother, had left that morning to oversee the opening of the country house. How still everything seemed as she went down-stairs! "As still," she murmured, "as if someone had just died here." Nora paused then, hand on the latch and said: "Good-by dear, darling home. Good-by. I will come back-some day . .

Her eyes were wet with tears when, a moment later, she told the chauffeur to drive her to James Lambert's office.

Don never heard the story of that interview, but, knowing his girl, he understood that she could not talk about it. For James in his anger had been unjust, the first time in all their years together. At the last Nora had said, her face curiously colorless as she stood with her back against the door:

"You are mistaken, Father. 1 am not ungrateful. I have been thoughtless sometimes, but I have never been ungrateful. Please believe that. I love you-terribly, perhaps more than I ever did before. It kills something in me to go like this-leaving you angry. But you have Ned, who is almost your whole world, Father; and Don has no one but me. Try after I'm gone, won't you, to see my side of it? Between us all we have done something to Don-hurt him unspeakably. He's lost faith in himself, and I've got to help him get it back. Without my help he might never get it back, Father. And I love him as you once loved my mother. Can't you remember that, Dad, and-and understand?"

Silence. A broad back turned to her.

"I-I am going now, Father . . Won't-won't you say good-by?" And still only that dreadful silence, a silence which seemed,

somehow, alive with tears . . . A closing door . . It was ten years before James

heard her voice again.

#### **CHAPTER VI**

They went to Maine.

"It's the first time I can remember," Don told his bride, "when I haven't been crazy to get aboard a boat and see things-new thingsplaces I've dreamed of. I don't understand myself, Nora. Is it only because I'm so let down? All I want now is to escape from this heat

### "Oh! Nora, tell me I'm not dreaming."

my wife, and perhaps she'd like the chance to look 'em over!" Nora laughed at the idea; but

questioned, not without curiosity: "What sort of worldly goods, Don?" "Just wait and see, young lady!"

he responded. "Honestly, Nora, I couldn't get along without that shack. When I'm 'over the hills and far away' and happen to stumble on something too beautiful to resist. I simply ship it to Maine (provided I have sufficient cash to buy the thing!) and the-er-retired fisherman who looks after the place for Ven, stores it away."

"I never heard of a retired fisherman before, my dear. I thought those salty specimens kept right on fishing until they drowned! And this studio you mention sounds like a storage warehouse. Have you left a space where your friend the artist can set up his easel?" Don smiled.

"He doesn't need it. Three years ago he bought an island farther up the coast, and has a bully place there. If I'd let him, Nora, Ven would give me the shack outright." "Why should he, Don? Is the man

indebted to you?"

"He seems to think so; though it's utter nonsense, of course. I had the luck to save his oldest girl from drowning; but it was all in the day's work and his gratitude was the only reward I wanted. You've seen Ven's work, Nora. He did those marvelous murals in-' "Not Carl Venable?" gasped Leo-

nora. "Don't tell me the Ven you've talked about so casually is he?"

"The very same, lady." Don grinned at her surprise, "I was coast guard down there one summer. Didn't you know it?"

Nora sighed helplessly. "Some day, my dear, I'll ask for a list of the things you haven't been. It would be considerably shorter than one of those you have. And does this shack you mention contain the creature comforts? The subject interests me."

floor. They were constructed with adobe brick foundations, slanting Don closed his eyes a moment trying to see things with Nora's vi-Then he said dubiously: sion. "I've always thought it a wonderful place, dear; but you-Well, I can't quite see how it will look to you. There's an oil stove for cooking, and water piped to the back door, if you call that comfort. Ven used it only for a studio. Original-ly it was an old fish house, I believe.'

Though the girl's heart sank at this description, one wouldn't have guessed it from her instant: "Why that sounds fine, Don! Is it close to yon floor. the ocean?"

His eyes brightened at this carefully simulated enthusiasm. "As near as it can be and not get

He turned, caught her close, hungrily. "Oh, Nora, tell me I'm not dreaming! It's so heavenly to be away from all that clamor-to be where it's quiet-to be back here, dearest, with you-with you!" And what could a loving woman

say to that?

No hardships or inconveniences are ever so hard and inconvenient to man, as they are to woman. In that moment Nora grasped this first lesson she was to learn of marriage, and was forever thankful that no word of hers had cast a shadow on Don's happiness.

For things were not so bad as she had feared. Slipping into a paint-stained smock discovered in a closet, Don declared cheerfully that when all else failed he could always earn their living as a houseman. It was amazing how rapidly he did away with all that dust. And what seemed stranger still to the bewildered bride, he appeared to derive pleasure from the performance! The revolting cobwebs vanished as if by magic while Nora was hunting through her luggage for some costume suited to the task in hand. "But I didn't realize the crying

need of aprons in the life of a married woman," she admitted with chagrin. "Where are the towels, Don? Perhaps I can do my share if I pin one 'round me. I mustn't

to Prof. John P. Gillin, University

of Utah archeologist and anthropol-

ogist. The dwellings found in Nine

Mile canyon, fifty miles east of

Price, Utah, were reported by a uni-

versity archeological expedition

headed by Gillin. The houses were

located on low buttes from three to

log beams and a flat log roof

Rock-lined fireplaces found inside

the houses were another previously

thatched with willows.

were well advanced.

him the comfort of your letters? He's got only the shadow-poor man!-while I have the substance! Yes, write, even if you receive no answers. He's angry now; but he'll treasure those letters just the same."

Not for years was Don to know how true a prophecy that was. Nora wrote next day, wrote as

she might have a year before, ignoring utterly their tragic parting. "Dad dear, we're here on the coast of Maine, occupying a studio

(it goes by the classy name of 'shack'!) that belongs to a friend of Don's, Carl Venable, whose work you think so wonderful. It's a darling place, right on the dunes with the broad Atlantic for a front yard. and a glimpse of pine covered hills behind us. I'm out on the tiny porch (just big enough to hold a bridal couple, Dad!) breathing in huge lungfuls of cool, salt air, and hoping you're not suffocating in the city. And from the delicious odor issuing from within, I judge that the fish chowder my husband (!) has promised me for dinner, is in the making. It's a relief to find him a good cook, Father. Otherwise we might suffer from starvation or indigestion or something. Why in the world didn't you send me to cooking school instead of college?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

# Strange Pueblo Homes Found on Buttes of Utah May Have Been 1,000 Years Old

Discovery of old Indian dwellings | butte homes and that the "lookout" of a type hitherto unreported has houses on the pinnacles were built cast new light on the history of for sentries and as impregnable early inhabitants of Utah, according fortresses in case of attacks.

All the houses found had been burned, indicating, in Gillin's opinion, that the Pueblos had grown weary of the pressure exerted by their nomadic enemies and withdrew, burning their dwellings as they left. It is also possible that they were fired by attackers or defour hundred feet above the canyon stroyed by lightning, they said.

One of the unsolved mysteries in the archeological study of Utah is why the Pueblos disappeared after developing a fairly high state of civilization.

#### The Cottonmouth Moccasin

unreported feature of dwellings of that age. The houses were built by The cottonmouth moccasin is one Pueblo people about a thousand of the most venomous of United years ago, Gillin estimated, and the States snakes. It gets its name from type of house indicates the builders the cotton-white inner lining of its mouth. Found in southeastern Simple rock "lookout" houses states, it is a cannibal, eats other were found on almost inaccessible snakes. In captivity, it outlives all other snakes. Though its poison kills pinnacles 2,000 feet above the can-

when injected by the snake, that Gillin advanced the theory that same venom is used to combat a nomadic tribes, possibly Utes from blood disease of humans called "haemophilia," which is uncon-Uintah Basin, forced the Pueblos from the canyon floor up to their | trolled bleeding.

Beauty, Thrift in **Crocheted Linens** 



### Pattern 6038.

Cross-stitched bouquets in crocheted baskets can be a needlewoman's pride. Try these on your linans. Other cross-stitch motifs that may be used alone are given. The crochet is done in No. 50 cotton; the cross-stitch worked in lovely colors. In pattern 6038 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs 31/2 by 12 inches; two motifs 4 by 101/2 inches; two motifs 41/2 by 7 inches; two motifs 4 by 12 inches; a chart and directions for crocheted edgings 41/4 by 15 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

# Humility in Wisdom

Humility is the part of wisdom, and is most becoming in men. But let no one discourage selfreliance; it is, of all the rest, the greatest quality of true manliness. -Louis Kossuth.



Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work-do not act as Nature intended—fail to re-move impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be narging backache, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyse-a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder dia-order may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt boog's Pills. Door's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation.

y have a nat er. Ask



