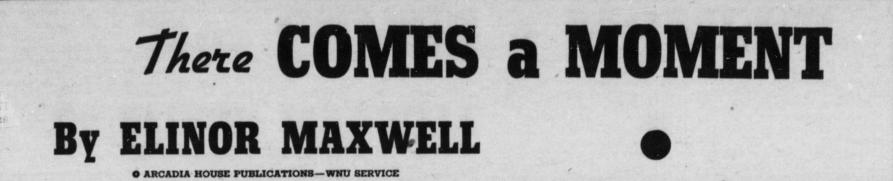
THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



CHAPTER I

-1-Mary looked about the living room with mingled emotions of affection and despair. Phrony had just completed the first thorough cleaning it had undergone in two months, and the place did not seem quite as cluttered as usual. The woodwork and furniture had been polished with something Aunt Mamie had bought from a door-to-door salesman; the windows shone from yesterday's washing; the nap of the Axminster "'nine-by-twelve" positively stood up

as a result of Phrony's vigorous sweeping with the ancient, but still active, vacuum cleaner. Holly wreaths, tied with rather too narrow red ribbon, hung at each window, while Aunt Mamie now labored over the arrangement of a bunch of the same leaves for a vase on the mantel.

"The house looks more festive than it has for years," Mary remarked happily. "Christmas decorations certainly help."

Aunt Mamie compressed her thin lips. "Not half as much as a good, first class cleaning," she replied. "Why your mother puts up, year after year, with incompetent help is beyond my understanding. Of course, this isn't my house, and it's not up to me to interfere."

Mary's young shoulders straightened defiantly. "You know why Mother puts up with incompetent help, as you call it, Aunt Mamie. Phrony's the only maid we can get in Hawkinsville who'll cook for this big family, and clean, and wash, for five dollars a week."

Aunt Mamie, her father's maiden sister, was getting more and more on Mary's nerves as the years went on. She had been dependent on Mother and Daddy's hospitality for two decades now, yet she eternally found fault with Mrs. Loring's housekeeping, criticized the conduct of Mary, her eighteen-yearold sister Ellen, and their harumscarum and adorable little brother. Peter; complained constantly about her health, which, as far as the Lorings could determine, was about on a par with that of a truck horse; continually referred to the purely imaginary men she might have married. In fact, as time had worn on, Mamie's illusory suitors had become more and more real in Mamie's mind, increasingly ardent in their affection for her; their words, never actually spoken, their deeds never actually committed, more and more colorful and graphic in her frequent recitals of them. Mrs. Loring, always eager to avert unpleasant feeling, eternally pet of white. seeking peace at the cost of any concession she might make, forced a smile to her lips. "How charming everything looks!" she exclaimed brightly. "I know Linnie and Lelia will think the house is sweet. It's been years since they've seen it, you know." dolefully at her sister-in-law. "Too thumbed law book over which he many years, I'd say," she rethat was born and raised in Hawkinsville would see fit to return dreary old office the offernor this to her home town a little oftener; fore Christmas, and reading up on a but, of course, Linnie always was a gadder."

Mrs. Loring's eyes clouded. "Jim | arm. "If my eyes are sparkling, | expectedly. "Aunt Linnie, this is was a very promising young lawyer Daddy, it's because of Aunt Lin-at the time, Mamie. My father had nie's coming—and not the weather no reason to believe that-that we conditions, although it is getting would later have to struggle-as we snappier every minute outdoors. have had to do."

"We're having a very nice dinner," Mrs. Loring went on, trying valiantly to avert a clash. "I bought all excited over the arrival of our a lovely roast beef at Haubert's, prodigal relatives!" and Phrony's going to try Mrs. Upham's recipe for French-frying those little hearts of cauliflower." Mamie's eyes glittered with anticipation. She was inordinately fond of food, although she was constantly telling how little she ate. Even hearing about a meal was a pleasure, and now being informed that beef and cauliflower were in store for her, her attention was diverted from the topic of the inconvenience caused by Linnie Cotswell's and Lelia Ormsby's visit.

"Mother, are you going to the station with Dad, or shall I?"

"You go, darling. I know you can hardly wait to see Aunt Linnie."

Five minutes later, Mary was speeding through the wintry dusk,



"And I can manage the other six," said Christopher Cragg.

Daddy, it's because of Aunt Lin- Christopher Cragg. Mrs. Ormsby, Hurry, Dad, and close up shop. The train's due now in ten minutes. Good

Mary linked one arm through her father's as the train blustered in. They were coming! They were coming! Those creatures from another world! Suddenly, she caught sight of them through the snow-splattered windows of the Pullman.

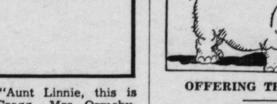
Mary pressed forward, reaching Miss Cotswell as she stepped to the ground. "Aunt Linnie!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Linnie!"

Linnie Cotswell caught her in a swift, fragrant embrace, kissed her lightly, then wheeled about to the time. Well, he had gone to Harporter. "Are you sure all my bags are here?" And, being assured that so Johnstone, knowing Doctor Cragg her six, and Lelia's three pieces, of was looking for an opening in a pigskin luggage were duly piled to- small town, wrote him about the gether, she returned her attention to Mary. "My dear!" she ex-"What a lovely young claimed. woman you've grown to be! This is Mary, isn't it? Darling, you were out the whole works from Jessie." terrible in glasses and dental braces the last time I saw you! And Jim! Dear old Jim, how nice it is to see you! And, of course, you know this is Lelia!'

Lelia, one lovely blue eye almost obscured from view by the dipping fur of the Cossack hat, extended a hand, first to Mary, and then to James Loring.

The train began chug-chugging its way from the station, and Linnie, glancing at her brother-in-law, sensed his dismay. "Poor Jim," she laughed, "are you wondering why in the world we brought so many bags? Well, six of them are mine. When a woman reaches my age, you know, she simply has to carry about a lot of clothes, and astringents and cold creams in order to be constantly warding off the ravages of time. Isn't there a redcap in the place?" Mary laughed. "Not one in a carload, Aunt Linnie, but I can manage at least three of those gorgeous bags. I'm young and strong and willing, as they always say in

advertisements." "And I can manage the other



The Woodhull Dispatch tells of a Doctor Cragg.' real estate man who was showing a Five minutes later, James Lorprospective tenant a house, and the ing's car, carrying the three womwould-be renter said: "You say that en, was crawling discreetly up Johnthis house has been occupied all son Street hill, while Christopher Cragg's sedan, filled to the roof along, but most of the windows are broken. How does that happen?" with luggage, followed sedately. Said the real estate man: "Well, "Where in the world did that you see, my partner is very enthusi-

young giant come from?" Linnie Cotswell demanded. "If only I were thirty years younger, I'd fall in love with him. He's not a Hawkinsville from the railroad station." man, is he, Jim?"

"He's not from a Hawkinsville family," Mr. Loring returned, his eyes ahead of him as he piloted his old car towards Main street, "but he's chosen to live here. Old Doctor Ehinger died a year ago, you know, and this chap happened to finish his interneship at the Henrotin Hospital in Chicago just at that vard with one of the Johnstone boys, practice and the office and the little house Doctor Ehinger had left without a head. Cragg dashed right down to Hawkinsville and bought

"But, Jim," asked Linnie, "wasn't Doctor Ehinger's equipment terribly antiquated? I can't see how a doctor just starting off in life could put up with it."

"It was simply incredible," inter-polated Mary. "Chris has thrown most of it out, and bought beautiful new stuff. Everything is white

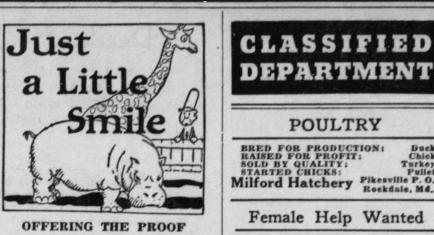
tile and glistening metal now. It seems he, went through the deal with Miss Jessie just as a matter of good will, and really he's profiting by it. All the younger people in town are taking their children

to him." "Even so," Linnie Cotswell said meditatively, "he can't expect to make a fortune in a town of this size. After all, a city's the place for a modern young doctor."

"Most people think he's just a little too modern for their tastes," returned Jim Loring. "After all, the old ways are the best." "Oh, fiddlesticks," Linnie Cotswell chortled. "Why, isn't this your

Might Have Been Worse Father-Aren't you glad now that Mrs. Loring had lighted the place

you prayed for a baby sister? from top to bottom, and the freshly Small Son (after viewing his twin



astic, and every time he shows a

customer he insists on proving to

him that it is only a stone's throw

Very Good

gentleman promptly got up and of-

"No, miss," replied the gentle-man, gallantly, "I'm a jeweler; for haven't I just set the jewel?"

The Choice Is Yours

himself for most anything but get-

ting somebody's old hat after a big

Gus-How about a top-coat, an

"Just before you came in the

judge said that on account of the

nature of the case, all women under

twenty-five would have to retire."

Till We Meet Again

great argument, and meant to finish

again," he said, "the better it will

be for both of us when we meet."-

sisters)-Yes, Pop, and aren't you

The Little Fixer

Warren-Did you sew a button on

Jennie May-No, honey bunch. I

couldn't find the button and so I

The Right Road

little boys go who do not put their

Small Boy-Please, Miss, to the

Not Bad Now

that fellow earns only \$20 a week.

Dad, the weeks will pass so quickly

because we're fond of one another.

Too Much Education

your college pudding, sir?

ought to have been expelled.

Waitress Lulu - Don't you like

Kickbush - No, I'm afraid not.

There seems to be an egg in it that

Strife Ended

between Kelly and Murphy is ended. Did they bury the hatchet?"

"I hear that the ten-year fight

"No. They buried Murphy."-Tel-

Smart Girl

Angry Dad-Why, hang it, girl,

Pleading Daughter - Yes, but,

pennies in the missionary box?

School Teacher-Where do all bad

glad I quit when I did?

my coat, Jennie May?

sewed up the buttonhole.

pictures.

off his opponent once and for all.

The Irishman had been having

"The sooner I never see your face

umbrella, or maybe a wife.-Florida

Bill-A man can always console

fered her his seat.

gratefully.

dinner.

room."

Houston Post.

A lady entered a trolley, and a

"You're a jewel," said the lady,

199% PROFIT TO YOU Show beautiful greeting cards. Marvelous packet 5,000 seeds. Send stamp. Free samples, MARY MERLE, 4 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

POULTRY

Ducks Chicks Turkeys Pullets

AUCTION SALES

• Furniture and Household Effects of every description Auctioned Within Our Salesrooms

710 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md. Every Wednesdoy-10 A. M. Attend These Sales and Save Money. E. T. NEWELL & CO., Inc., Auctioneers Established 1907



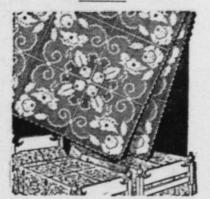


SEEDS





Lovely Bedspread of Filet Crochet Squares





Mrs. Loring flushed to the roots of her dark hair. "Well, why shouldn't she be a gadder, Mamie? She has no ties, whatsoever; she are few and far between. loves to travel, and she has a very nice income."

Mary hadn't seen her mother's how smart she looked in the new fur ida for the winter."

"And dashing about, spending other people's money, like a drunken sailor!" Mamie persisted, the tip of her long thin nose twitching convulsively.

Mrs. Loring seated herself in one of the armchairs by the round center table, and with apparent calm, picked up the Hawkinsville Journal, fluttered it open, and pretended to read the headlines. "The money Linnie spends is her own," she said, her eyes fixed unseeingly on the print. "It was bequeathed to herby several different people."

Intrigued by this revelation, Mary asked, "How come, Mother?"

"Stop saying 'how come,' Mary! I've told you again and again that I hate that expression. Well, when your Grandfather Cotswell died, Linnie was the only one of us who had not married, and he naturally felt that what money he had should go to her. He thought-that since all the rest of his daughters had husbands, we would, of course, be provided for."

"Dirty trick, I'd say!" sniffed Mamie. "I can't see why one daughter should have been singled out. How did he know Linnie wouldn't later marry some man that'd outshine the husbands of all the others? Too bad he didn't set aside a tidy sum for you, Janet."

up Concert street to Seventh, down Seventh to Main, and up the rather dirty brown steps that led to her father's dingy law offices in the Cactus building. A light snow had be-

gun to drift earthwards, and to cover the little town with a magic car-

James Loring was seated at his desk when Mary, without knocking, opened the door of his office. He was alone, his one office assistant being Ellen, who had left an hour before to do some last-minute Christmas shopping. A green-shaded electric bulb shone down upon

Mamie turned about, and gazed his thinning hair and the wellwas poring. "Poor Daddy," Mary case that was probably tried somewhere fifty years ago! Well, it's a

good thing the railroad keeps him on as their local attorney. Heaven knows, his cases of any other sort

He glanced up as she entered, his face lighting with a smile as he saw

sister, Linnie Cotswell, for ten coat she had bought from her own years, but she was quite willing to fly to her defense. "I think she's a dipped rakishly over one eye. "How darned good sport," she said defi- pretty you look, my dear!" he exantly, "and if I were in her shoes, claimed, rising from his chair with I'd live just the sort of life she's that old-world courtliness which he chosen to live-Europe in the sum- extended even to his female chilmer, New York in the autumn, Flor- dren. "It must be getting colder.

Your cheeks are almost crimson, and your eyes positively sparkle." nd your eyes positively sparkle." signs gravely warn travelers many hartebeests off, peddling the Mary put her gloved hand on his against teasing them. Good-natured tails.

said Christopher Cragg, apsix." pearing suddenly from behind a baggage truck. "Why not let me take all of them in my car?"

"And why not?" retorted Mary. although her heart skipped a beat as it always so foolishly did when she came upon the young doctor un-

washed windows cast shafts of brightness into the night. It was evident she had been watching for the car to turn the corner, for she stood waiting in the doorway.

"What will Lelia Ormsby think of our home?" Mary asked herself. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Kruger National Park Modeled After Yellowstone; Has Variety of Animals

house?"

haps the world's greatest playground of deer, antelope and all the astonishing variety of Africa's wild life.

Roughly as large as the state of Massachusetts and more than twice the size of Yellowstone National park, after which it was modeled, Kruger National park contains within its bounds probably a greater diversity of wild life than can be found in any like area the world over, ac-

cording to a correspondent. Noah himself would be surprised at the variety of wild life the park | park is unsafe. boasts. Elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, giraffes, warthogs, zebras, bushpigs, buffalos, wildebeests, impalas, judus, antelopes, tsessebes, elands, reedbucks, lions, cheetahs, baboons, not to mention scores of kinds of wild birds, inhabit it.

Lions are always numerous and fly swatter, and they have killed

It may not be home on the range | and lazy when not frightened or but Kruger National park is per- hungry, lions often lie in the middle of the park's roads, refusing to budge until automobiles are almost upon them. They do not associate man with the automobile and trav-

elers are perfectly safe from them while driving through the park. Cheetahs are often seen, as are packs of wild dogs. Zebras are numerous. So are blue wildebeests, which are found in great herds and are comparatively tame. Hippopotamuses may be seen in the rivers,

and crocodiles inhabit even the small pools, so that swimming in the

Tsessebes, cousins of the hartebeest, are plentiful, but hartebeests themselves are becoming rare in Africa. While they are protected by law in the park, the natives beyond its boundaries have discovered that the animal's tail makes a fine

Bobby-Notice how Jane's voice fills the auditorium? Betty-Yes. Let's go now and make room for it.

WHY NOT?

ephone Topics.



"When he was asked all those questions his manner suddenly grew flat."

"Well, wasn't he being pressed for a reply?"

Good Strategy Mr. Smith-Daughter, I'm sorry to tell you that you'll never see that young man of yours here again. His daughter-Oh, I shall scream! Tell me what has happened to him! Mr. Smith-Nothing. I've just lent him \$10.

An Undertaking Father to future son-in-law-Are you prepared to support a family? Son-in-law-Yes.

Father-Now, be careful. There's 10 of us.-Minneapolis Journal.

Pattern No. 1499

Extra lovely-this lacy spread -but yours at no extra cost save that of this simple pattern and the string used to crochet it. One 10inch filet square, repeated, makes all this loveliness! In spread or cloth-use only four for a square doilie or an inset for a cloth. Pattern 1499 contains directions and a chart for making the square shown and joining it to make a variety of articles; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlework Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

How Women in Their 40's **Can Attract Men**

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears abe'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spella, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and If you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity: to enjoy life and assist calming fittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

BILL-OF-FARE

ONLY the stoutest heart enters a restaurant and proceeds to order filet of beef, lobster Thermidor, or even ham-and-eggs without first con-sulting the menu-card. For here are suggestions to set the taste-buds aquiver .. and prices plainly marked.

• Shopping for merchandise can be pleasantly conducted in the same manner. The advertising columns are in effect a bill-of-fare, with prices that protect as a bill-of-rights. In the leisure of your home, at the break-fast-table, you may check and choose before starting to town.

• And what a varied bill-of-fare it is Everything your heart may desire, your home may require, and your budget may permit. Presented in a readable and interesting fashion. Sponsored by a merchant whose name you know, whose services you have come to rely upon.

• Get the advertising-reading habit. It saves time, temper, and shoe-leather, to say nothing of your hard-won cash. The advertiser's word is asgood as his bond. On no other basis could be hope to hold your custom.

STARTS TODAY

Elinor Maxwell's romantic new serial story of romance in Manhattan . . . the tale of beautiful Mary Loring who ran away from home disappointed because Dr. Christopher Cragg married another girl ... who found a greater happiness in the love of Phil Buchanan.

THERE COMES a MOMENT >>>

