THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Good Lord!" Phil Buchanan exclaimed incredulously. "You're-you're not crying! My dear child, please don't take this thing so seriously After all, The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York"

Mary averted her face, and gazed blindly out of the window. "No," she finally managed to say, "The National Weekly's not the only magazine in New York, but if you say 'Their Son' is trite, and lacks conviction, there's no use in my trying to market it anywhere else. And what a fool you must think I am! Crying because you don't like my story! I-I bet I'm the only woman who ever bawled in your office"

Buchanan grinned, showing those strong teeth that looked so startlingly white compared with the tan of his face "Well, perhaps you are, but let's forget it"

Mary smiled through her tears. "Maybe you can, but I'm sure the memory of my making a fool of myself before an editor will haunt me to my dying day!-Mr. Buchanan?"

"Yes, Mary?"

"Throw that script in your waste basket!"

"Why, I can't do that. It's your property, you know."

"I never want to see it again!"

"No, I won't. It'll be mailed to you in proper form. Now tell me, what's the new tale about? And do you feel that you've allowed yourself enough time on it?"

Mary looked at him with troubled eyes. "Why, I don't know. I worked on it constantly for two days and a half-and, after all, a short is only a thousand or so words in length. Do you think I'd better take it back home?"

"No. Leave it here. I'll glance over it, myself, instead of submitting it to the regular routine. Then, if I feel it should be improved upon, I'll return it to you for revision before putting it through the usual reading procedure Are you having that picture taken this afternoon, by the way?"

Mary glanced at her watch. "Yes, and it's time I was g am.

A united howl from the inmates had set up the moment Phil's car had pulled into the driveway. Oscar, feeling he had been betrayed by his master and this girl who had allowed him to lean so comfortably against her, slunk beneath the car and, for exactly ten minutes, steadfastly refused to budge.

Eventually, they wheedled him out, Doctor Horner having produced some bait in the shape of a very large hunk of round steak. Finally, assured by the veterinary that Oscar merely had a cold and would probably be in the pink of condition within a few days, they told the dog good-by, and, followed by his accusing eyes, made their way to the coupe.

It was nearly midnight when Mary reached home. Lelia had just got in, and was rifling the ice-box; while Miss Cotswell, propped up in bed, was reading.

"Come on in here, girls," she called from her bedroom, "and bring some cheese and crackers. Where in the world have you been, Mary?"

Mary stepped into the bedroom. "Why, Aunt Linnie, didn't Addie



CHAPTER X

The script of "Their Son" had reached Mary the second morning after the drive to Westchester with Phillip Buchanan, and the very sight of the long envelope in which it came, and the printed rejection slip that automatically had been en-

closed, sent a wave of nausea over her. There was a small fire burning on the hearth in the living room, the March morning being chill; and Mary, seeing that Aunt Linnie was engrossed in her mail, stepped to the hearth, and dropped the script on the burning logs. "That's that!" she told herself.

'I never want to see the thing again. It'll only remind me of how futile my efforts are."

In that same morning mail, there had come a letter from Janet Loring; and Mary, seeking what pri-vacy she could, seated herself in the wing-chair by the window, and

slit it open with a hairpin.

Mary Dear: Mary Dear: I am getting more and more worrled about Dad every day. He is so terribly discouraged, and as yet not one ray of hope has come our way concerning a position for him. Also, he is not well, and has contracted a hacking cough that keeps him awake night after night. I've urged him to go see Doctor Cragg, who's back from his honeymoon, you know, but Dad always says. "Oh, it's nothing. I'll be better tomorrow." I know, however, the truth of the matter is—he's afraid of what the doctor will tell him, and also he feels he can't spend the money even on such a neces-ary thing.

spend the money even on such a neces-sary thing. He won't tell me how much money we have left in the bank, but I know it must be practically gone-after Pete's operation two years ago, and what Dad's had to draw for expenses lately. Morning after morning, he leaves the house right after breakfast, just as he's done for twenty-five years, when there really was some work to be going to. Each morning he bathes and shaves and dresses so carefully, and there actu-ally seems to be some hope in his face; but he always comes back to noon din-ner, and again for supper, with no news to tell us, and a look of defeat in his eyes.

to tell us, and a look of defeat in his eyes. Twe come to the conclusion that we ought to tell Linnie about our affairs, ask her for a loan. Five hundred dol-lars would be a life-saver for us right now-would give Dad some relief until he can find a position; but when I men-tion this to him, his face gets red, and he says, "No, Janny. We haven't come to that yet. I don't mind your sister's sending you valuable presents, and giv-ing Mary a lovely time in New York, but I can't allow you to ask her for money to-feed us." People don't seem to like Chris Gragg's wife very much. I saw her at Sullivan and Ourwerda's the other day, and she was being positively rude to poor Miss Ackley about their line of

poor Miss Ackley about their line of chintzes. I overheard her say, with a little toss of her head, "I'll simply have little toss of her head, "I'll simply have to go to Chicago to get what I want. Why. I can't even get a decent hair-cut or manicure." We're so excited over the news that your story will appear in The National Weekly next month. Mr. Chickering called up the other night to get the details, and he's going to print a nice article about you in the evening paper. To think my daughter should be a suc-cessful author! cessful author! Have a good time, darling, and as long as Dad is so adamant on the sub-ject, don't let on to Aunt Linnie in any manner, shape or form, that we are so frantic about finances here at home. Mary read the letter again, her heart heavy with compassion. 'Have a good time, darling''-'Don't let on to Aunt Linnie"-"To think my daughter should be a successful author!" The brave, pitiful sentences danced about in her tired "Poor Dad!" she thought. mind. 'Poor Mother! So gallant-so defeated! Wanting me not to tell. Wanting me to have a good time. Thinking me a successful author, when 'At Sea' is probably my one and only story that'll ever see itself in print."

The older woman, discerning the girl's unrest, studied her lovely young profile. "What's the matter, dear? You haven't received bad news from home, have you?" "No, everything's - all right. I

simply feel-restless. I won't be gone long." Linnie Cotswell, sympathetic to

something she could not fathom, continued to search the girl's face. "All right, my dear," she finally "Run along, but don't forget said, we're leaving for Journey's End at eleven. Jerome's car'll be here promptly on the hour."

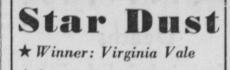
"I know," Mary murmured as she left the room to get a hat and coat. And to herself, she was saying, "Journey's End-Oh, my God! How can I stand driving out there today -filling myself with rich food-being shown those thoroughbred horses and dogs-talking fool nothings!"

The days wore on-fruitless, sterile days for Mary. She longed with every fiber of her being to write, but the words would not come. It was futile to try, she finally told herself, until after she had learned the fate of "Concerning Anne." If Phillip Buchanan accepted it, her belief in herself would be restored. The dried well of her mind would again gush forth. Until then, she must go on in this helpless dazeeating, bathing-dressing; attempting to sleep; attending farewell parties given for Linnie and Lelia.

It was now the twelfth of March, and they would be sailing in three days. Maybe, after they had gone, and she and Addie were left alone in the quiet of the apartment, she'd be able to think. Maybe . . .

It was early in the afternoon of the twelfth that, coming home from a dull luncheon at the Ritz with some of Linnie's friends, she found a letter from The National Weekly on her dressing-table. Her heart flooded with hope when she saw that it was thin and flat-that it could not possibly contain a script. With clumsy haste she tore off one end of the envelope, and snatched out the single sheet of paper it contained.

"Why, it's in longhand," she said to herself. "How strange! Did Mr. Buchanan write it, himself?" Yes, there was his signature, "Phillip Buchanan," scrawled at the bottom of the page.



★ Scouts Eye Graduates

★ Elbow Room for Grant

By Virginia Vale -

APPARENTLY Jesse Lasky, A who is now conducting his second search for new faces for the screen, thinks that there is something in a name-at least, something in my name. For he has chosen "Virginia Vale" as the name which will be bestowed on the girl who is selected as the winner of this nationwide talent quest.

The boy who wins will be called "Robert Stanton"—which makes me wonder if some man, somewhere, who really is named Robert Stanton, was as startled and exasperated as I was over discovering that his name had been kidnaped, as it were. There ought to be a law against it!

Freddie Bartholomew is no longer a star. Metro has demoted him. and promoted James Stewart,

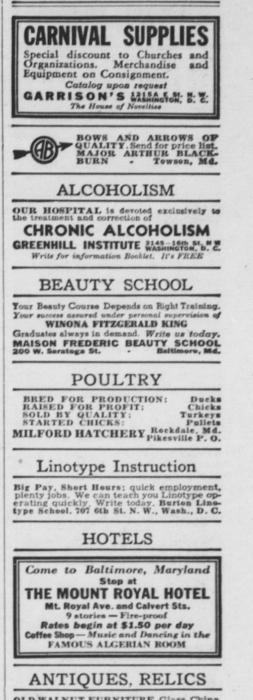


JAMES STEWART

whose popularity increases with every picture he makes-and he's making plenty of them these days.

These are the days when the girls who are graduated from high school or college may be taking a screen test right along with their diplomas, without knowing it. Practically all of the major movie companies are in need of pretty girls, it's said, and talent scouts have gone forth to find them.

Of course, the very girls who come out best in these informal screen tests could probably go to



CLASSIFIED

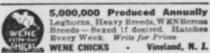
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BABY CHICKS



EGG BOXES

to the photographer's. Thank you, Mr. Buchanan. You've been-nice, and I'm sorry I acted so silly."

Phil Buchanan followed her to the door. "Well, there's something you ing floored me just a bit there for a moment."

Mary smiled at him obliquely. "And what is that? Never darken your doors again?"

"To the contrary. I have to drive Oscar up to Westchester this afternoon, and I wish you'd go along." "Oscar?"

"Don't tell me you've forgotten Oscar! My dog, you know. He's working up an attack of something or other, and I want to get him to the veterinary's before he breaks out with distemper or the rickets, or whatever Great Danes have. We

could call for you at the photographer's if you'll go; then, after getting Oscar settled, drop in at Trudi's on the Boston Post Road for a beefsteak dinner"

for dinner somewhere, and one of their usual walks, but an evening with Phil Buchanan suddenly appeared far more desirable than an evening with the suave Italian. She could phone Balianci; cancel her engagement with him.

"I'd love to go with you and Oscar," she finally said. "I don't imagine the photographer will keep me more than an hour, do you?"

"Not a chance! Shall I call for you, say, at five?"

"Yes, at five. Good-by."

He was, by the grace of a friendly policeman, waiting for her in his low-slung coupe when she came out of the building at five minutes after five Oscar, looking regal in spite of a nose that was definitely dripping, occupied the rumble seat.

chanan, and slammed the door. "I didn't know anybody short of the mayor could park on Fifth Avenue!" she said. "How's Oscar?"

"Oscar's got a decided case of the sniffles," Phil replied, looking silly old man, Aunt Linnie, and you really worried, "and Spike says you | might as well know it right now. can hear a sort of wheeze in his Also, I wouldn't have Umberto Balchest-like an organ in a country church when the organist misses a note'

Mary turned about, and looked at the big dog through the back win-dow. "He seems to be enjoying life right now," she reported. "Sitting up very straight and regarding the traffic with enormous interest!"

Eventually, they arrived at Loctor Horner's Country Retreat for City Dogs, and, cramped and cold, alighted from the car. Mary could discern, through the gathering dark of the March night, a rambling frame building, once a barn, so Phil Buchanan informed her-now a model hospital for canine pets.

"Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

give you my message? I telephoned about five, but you weren't in, and might do to-ah-make up for hav- I told her to tell you I was driving to Westchester with Mr. Buchanan. He had to take his dog to a veterinary's, and asked me to go along." "Heavens! How domestic and unexciting!"

"But it was fun, Aunt Linnie, really! We stopped at Trudi's on the way back, and had beefsteak and German-fried potatoes, and pancakes. And we sat in front of a big log fire in a room that can't be a day less than a hundred years old. No one else was there, and after Trudi served our dinner, he and his wife, who cooked it, came and sat with us, and we talked."

"Sounds cozy," commented Lelia, entering the room with a tray of food. "Phil Buchanan loves to hobnob with all kinds of people. Perhaps that's why he's so successful; he knows every phase of life. Half Mary hesitated. She had accept- the policemen in New York have ed an invitation with Count Balianci named their first-born son after him."

Miss Cotswell regarded her niece with speculative eyes. "Darling, you're not falling in love with him, are you?"

The butter knife with which Mary had been spreading some cheese clattered to her plate. "No," she said coldly. "I'm not falling in love with him, and a darned lot of good it'd do me if I were. He's interested in me as a writer-not a woman. And not so terribly interested, at that! He turned down 'Their Son' today-said it was trite and banal."

"Um," murmured Linnie, and bit into her cracker. "Well, I can't say, my dear, that I can shed any tears over that. The sooner you discover you were never meant to thing going on about them. They be an author, the better it'll be for Mary hastily slid in beside Bu- you. Something will have to wake from their use they derive their you up to the advantages of marrying Jerome Taylor."

Mary placed her plate on the tray with a bang that was almost fatal. "I'm never going to marry thatianci, with his brilliantined hair and perfumed cigarettes, for a gift. I'm sick to death of their fatuous glances and their silly speeches. It was wonderful-simply wonderful-to spend this evening with a man who never once mentioned my so-called beauty, nor attempted to kiss me. No, Aunt Linnie, I'm not falling in love with Phil Buchanan! And heavens knows, he certainly

is not falling in love with me. In fact, there are times when I feel quite sure he doesn't even like methat he secretly thinks I'm some-thing of a fool!"

And, leaping to her feet, her eyes burning with unshed tears, she fled from the room.

Suddenly, unable to bear her thoughts in the narrow confines of Aunt Linnie's home, she jumped to her feet. "Aunt Linnie," she began, and her voice was breathless. 'I'm going out for a walk."

Miss Cotswell glanced up from the announcement of an art exhibit. "Why, Mary! So early? It's only the cold water faucet. nine o'clock!"

Then, with joyous anticipation. she began to read:

My dear Miss Loring.

<text><text><text><text><text>

over?

Sincerely, Phillip Buchanan

Mary never knew how long she stood there at the dressing-table, staring blindly at Phillip Buchanan's letter. A dull pain pounded at the back of her neck, and, for a while, she thought she was going to be sick. The frankness of his words was reacting upon her with physical violence. Her mouth felt dry and hot. Automatically, she moved towards the bathroom, took

the peach-colored glass from its niche in the wall, and turned on (TO BE CONTINUED)"

Belgian Barge Dogs Have Been Used For Many Years as Guards on Boats

Travelers in Belgium sometimes | ships bound for America from Belsee on the decks of barges and canal boats little black dogs keeping their watchful eyes on everyare the Belgian barge dogs, and name which, incidentally, is pronounced, skeeperkeh, and means in Flemish little skipper, writes P. Hamilton Goodsell in the Detroit

News. Little is definitely known of the breed's origin. It has been used for many years as a guard on the boats that ply the inland waters of Flanders. It may have been distantly related to the Pomeranian, as they both have the same fox-like head with bright eyes, upstanding, small ears, and dainty, well-shaped little feet.

Although the Schipperke has not the full coat of the Pomeranian, one of its characteristics is its profuse ruff:

It weighs up to 18 pounds and possesses the usual terrier qualities. The breed first made its appearance in England in the eighties, but it was not until much later that it became known to any extent in this country.

At one time, it is said, sailors on

gian ports would steal these dogs and find a ready market for them. It is an excellent watchdog, ever alert and inquisitive and somewhat suspicious of strangers; and it is splendid with children.

It is a good hunter of rats, moles and other vermin, and can be used to hunt rabbits. It is hardy and easy to care for.

nesslike little dog, ideal for the small house or apartment, and possessed of sufficient reserve to classify it in the one-man category. The breed is listed as non-sport-

ing, and not as a toy or terrier.

paratively few animals possess the characteristics necessary for classi-fication as mammals. Mammals comprise the highest class of animals. Their outstanding characteristic is that they nourish their young with milk. Mammals are covered more or less with hair, possess mammary glands, a muscular diaphragm which separates the heart and lungs from the abdominal cav-

out nuclei.

Hollywood and try hopelessly for years to get into the studios.

in "Stunt Pilot," the second in a

series of Monogram pictures based

on the "Tailspin Tommy" cartoon

He has been in the real estate

business for three years, and during

the last nine months has been sales

manager for a large realty firm in

George Hicks, the NBC announcer

who has been down to the bottom

of the ocean and up in the clouds

for special broadcasts, and is to

382

Cecil B. DeMille always orders an

extra microphone on the stage

when Cary Grant is doing a play

on that radio theater program. The

extra microphone is used exclusive-

ly by Grant, who waves his arms

and gesticulates while performing,

and doesn't like to worry about ac-

cidentally striking the person beside

Over a period of two months The

Three Marshalls (Peggy, Jack and

Kay) have had to change their

radio program five times because

the songs they submitted to the sta-

tions before taking to the air were

"likker"-which in this instance was

ODDS AND ENDS—"Captain Fury," the first motion picture to be shown at New York's "World of Tomorrow," is one of the most old-fashioned melodramas seen for a long time in the world of today Here's an inspired title for

seen for a long time in the world of today ... Here's an inspired title for you-the sequel to "Angels With Dirty Faces" will be called "Angels Wash Their Faces" ... Mickey Rooney's going to England to make "A Yank at Eton" this summer ... Jack Benny's "Man About Town" may re-vive the popularity of musical pictures. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

used as a musical term.

381

strip.

Hollywood.

for himself!

him.

banned.

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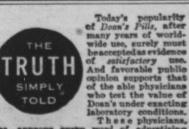


BACK TO WORK

"T HE most important job for con-gress today is what it has been for the last six years-to put America back to work. This must be the watchword. Back to work for the unen-ployed. Back to work for idle capital and empty factories. Back to work for all to the task of creating a better world Only under an administration dedicated to such a program can America once more move forward."-U. S. Represen-tative J. William Ditter.

Narrow Souled

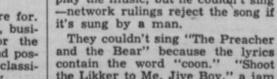
It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottlesthe less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out .- Pope.



too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend *Dean's Fills* as a good divertio treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry is

and for relief of the pain and worry it auses. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste pury to health, there would be better un-quertanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medica-tion would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urina-tion may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging back-hoke, persistent headache, attacks of dis-vinetion. You may suffer nagging back-sciness, getting up nights, swelling, puff-ues under the eyee-feel weak, nervoux, and played out. Denon's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide ne-plaim than on something less favorably and the part of the





the Likker to Me, Jive Boy," a jam session favorite, could be sung only if some word not suggesting an alcoholic beverage was substituted for

Animals and Mammals

All mammals are animals; com-

ity, and red blood corpuscles with-

They couldn't sing "Hallelujah. I'm a Bum"-it was thought to be offensive. "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" was all right if only Peggy and Kay sang the lyrics; Jack could play the music, but he couldn't sing

Altogether it is an attractive, busi-