

Bellefonte, Pa., June 20, 1924.

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

You say that your life is a failure, Your future holds naught that is sweet, That the troublesome years bring little but tears,

And always, always defeat.

Mistakes-ay, sins you call them-May cover your past like a pall, But the soul that is strong to outlive it's wrong,

Is the bravest soul of all.

You long to go forth in the battle, But your feet are fettered quite; Remember, who serve in the corps of

serve May be able as those who fight.

You chaff to enter the races, For pleasure and gold and fame; Yet many who win 'mid plaudits din Find the prize but an empty name.

The toil that is yours seems fruitless, Your days are dreary and long; But the lowliest duty may glow with beau-

When wrought with a cheerful song. The worlds' best sweets are denied you, You have tasted earth's cup of woe;

But who suffers to give that others may live Has the noblest life, I trow.

The work that to us is given, And smile in belief that what causes us grief

O let us, my friend, do bravely

May keep us the closer to heaven. The pathways we traverse are many, And some by the berrenest strand; But with visions grown wide we shall won-

der we sighed, For they led to the Beautiful Land. -Emma C. Down.

THE POT OF GOLD.

How Shall a Girl Choose When It's a Question of Hearts and Careers?

She came out at last into the late Building, with a small, prancing bow, that she was glad of this, glad that ful, incredible upward turn in her prosaic and lowly path.

As usual, she took the subway; but rapidly eastward toward Stuyvesant Square. In front of a remodeled brownstone building she stopped abruptly, paused in a dim hall to ring a bell, and then plunged up three long flights of stairs at breakneck speed. At a big white door he was waiting for her, a square-shouldered, squarechinned, blue-eyed young man, not before!" handsome at all, but wholesome-look-

ing, competent. Lynette! And do you know I had a hunch it was you! What a face! Has Schumann-Heink adopted you and insured your future, or did you find the pot of gold at the end of the rain-bow? There was one this morning, I "Oh, I love r

young man stood and looked at her; but Lynette looked at his latest but it's good. Fresh and fragrant and achievement, an oil sketch of a skyachievement, an oil sketch of a skyscraper towering above a ramshack- have some?" le old building on a down-town street

corner. One saw the huge bulk of the manmade cliff looming up into the void. Beside it was the tiny shop of a fruiterer, with soft color and dim forms; one could almost smell the mingled odor of southern fruits and dusty streets, almost hear the shrill voices of children playing on the pavement, almost cringe in dread of the great, white monster looming so perilously

into the blue. "It's good, Hartley," said the girl with a little sigh. "It makes me hate the crazy modern monster, and fear them, and somehow love them, too, all in a breath. And I can see that dim white spot down there is a baby, an Italian bambino, probably bow-legged, tottering along with the bigger children. Harley, the thing is so good that I almost think it must be great!"

lips compressed. His expression was that of a man who passionately loves like some virile poem. And Harley and believes in his own work, but the quirk of humor about his mouth indicated that he did not take his own performance, thus far, too seriously, that he was not obsessed with the solemn egoism which afflicts so many of his, brother craftsmen.

"But you haven't told me yet," he objected, turning his back upon the picture and regarding her with varied emotions which he battled to sup-

"Told you what?"

"About the pot of gold, to be sure. Only gold could make you so radi-"What a horrid, insulting, pessimistic speech!" cried Hood and Riddle's

little dark head. "Yet you aren't shocked; you aren't insulted—so it's true!" And the young man of the square shoulders

stenographer, with a prim tilt to her

looked so triumphant and at the same time so absurdly curious that Lynette laughed and confessed. She showed him the letter, and the check which represented a part of her fortune. He read the letter deliberately, smoothed the check affectionately, then gave a shake of his head, rather in the man-ner of a mastiff. "It seems genuine, Miss Honorable Heiress."

"You are the first person I've told," said Lynette. "I'm rather glad of that," he said; then, with an extra accent and an apology, "and I'm glad your luck has turned. You deserve it, if ever mortal did."

Inconsistently she began to cry; then, as her host looked puzzled and a woman near me—she wasn't young troubled, she laughed. At last she or pretty, but she had a lined, sweet, sat up straight, talked things out, in weary madonna face—put down her the impetuous manner of some excit-head and cried as you sang. I re-

understanding. "Harley Lane, I'm twenty-seven years old, almost twenty-eight, and never since I was eighteen have I had never since I was eighteen have I had a dollar I didn't earn—and never have I earned one dollar by work I wanted to do! Back there in Virginia, after Dad died, I taught five years in a dull, respectable private school. They paid me twenty a month, and my board, that was all. Seven hours a day in the school rooms, two hours every that was all. Seven hours a day in the schoolrooms, two hours every night supervising study hour, every other afternoon walks with the 'young ladies,' some of them older than I! Oh, Harley, it was the dullest, drab-best, dreariest life, with never your soul really your own! But I saved, even on the twenty; I used to sit up nights to make my own dresses, and then one vacation I plunged recklessly and put some money that had been given me into studying stenography. And I took six singing lessons be-Harley, that first teacher told me that some day I would sing in grand opera—if I could spare three or four years and about two thousand dollars to study in Germany! I kept on with the stenography, but I stopned the singing lessons them. ped the singing lessons then and there! They were too much like mockwhether my money would hold out, whether I could make good. But I did. This last year I've had twenty a week, which meant putting something in the bank every month. I calculated that at the rate I was earning and saving I could afford two years in Germany—by the time I was forty! And now, Harley Lane, I have ten thousand dollars and I'm only twen-

Harley got up slowly, crossed the room and patted his visitor on the back in solemn, fatherly fashion. "Fine, strong, spunky little per-on!" he said. "Have some tea, do. And, Lynette, you'll arrive, you'll turn the trick, you'll have 'em all wondering and crying—the people out in front, beyond the footlights."

Lynette saw it all: The stage, her dream self—a gleaming, glittering, magnetic figure. She heard the music, the call of the Valkyrie, Brun-June sunshine of lower Broadway hilde's plea to Wotan. Again, she without having shared her secret with was in a wintry forest, lost, cold, hunany one in the office. She informed the giant skeleton of the Equitable in the hand of a king's son. She was herself, too, as Butterfly, waiting waiting for the faithless naval officer thus far no mortal knew the delight- all through one endless night, motionless, tragic, with her eyes never wavering from the broken panel of the shoji. Yet again she was in an anshoji. instead of continuing up town she got off at Eighteenth Street and walked sion of Debussy's music, or a reckless Louise, mad with the lure of springtime in Paris and aflame with youth.

There was no end to the picture, with fortune and glory just beyond

the frame. "Harley, I'm perfectly beside my-self with joy. But, oh, I'll do it, I'll work, work as nobody ever worked

Harley was making tea for her, and he made it with the deftness of one with craftsman hands.

"We'll pour it over ice. I have plenty, and then we'll drink to Lynette at the Metropolitan. Lynette, "Oh, I love melting lots of ice with ale

His visitor entered the studio without answering and dropped rather breathlessly into a long, low chair of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and dropped rather breathlessly into a long, low chair of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and dropped rather of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and breathlessly into a long, low chair of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and dropped rather a moment. Lynette heard the sound of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and dropped rather a moment. Lynette heard the sound of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio without answering and dropped rather a moment. Lynette heard the sound of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio with the studio without a long, low chair of the ice pick, then a delightful tinger than the studio with the studio near the model platform. The big kle in a glass pitcher. Presently she was drinking from a tall glass.

> Harley nodded, yet having served her, his enthusiasm seemed to have evaporated. He twirled the silver tea ball absently by its chain and leaned back in his chair, watching her qui-

"What did Walker say about the competition, Harley?"
"Said he thought I'd have a chance, If I had the time to try."

trating and put in all of your time at mural work!"

"Of course it's what I hope to do, eventually," said the artist very quietly. "More tea, Lynn?"

She let him fill her glass, but her gay mood seemed to have passed. She stared at the picture on the canvas;

nat I almost think it must be great!" it was so freshly painted, so free from all mannerisms, insincerities, so steepthe moment his brows were knit, his ed in the atmosphere of the city, and yet with an appeal to the imagination. himself was so tingling with vitality, with promise, with his unspoken determination to win. If only she could share with him her windfall-yet she did not dare to word her wish. Harown. Soon she would be getting his letters over there in Germany. She leaned toward him rather abruptly:

"Some ways it will be horrid, going so far away—from my friends. I hadn't thought of that." "Why should you think of anything save the fact that your drudgery and

poverty are of the past?" "And yet— I may fail Harley."
"You won't fail, Lynn. You see, I Sunday, though you didn't tell me beforehand of your chance, little os-

trich!" Her face burned suddenly. "Did you really? Oh, I'm glad-for I wanted to ask you to come, and then was afraid. Stage fright, you know."
He was studying her between narrowed lids, much as though she were posing for him on the model throne. Lynn liked the impersonality of his

expression, of his calm drawl, as he went on deliberately: "Your voice is a queer jumble of characteristics, Lynn. It has notes like a trumpet, brave and full. And then it is like a bird in some wood, thin and pure and high. And again it trembles, becomes personal, moving, a love chant, a cradle song! It brought my heart into my throat first the sex should demonstration more than once, with a jump! And fitness by demanding pockets.

ed, nervous, radiant child, certain of member that I rather envied her."

member that I rather envied her."

Her eyes glowed. "Thank you, Harley, oh, thank you!"

"For what?" he asked, smiling a little. "For nearly getting weepy in church over a girl's voice, like some sentimental Dago?"

"For telling me," she said.

"Oh, well, of course, I'd tell you, it sooner or later. You are one of those women who draw things from a man.

women who draw things from a man, whether he wants to tell or not."
"Do I?" she said dreamily.

then tell me some more." He met her gaze and suddenly flushed to his forehead, an agonized, painful blush which filled him with a sense of shame. He rose to his feet slowly. "No!" he said harshly, and ous energy stowing away the lady's then Lynette was also on her feet, trembling like some startled bird with fluttered wings, ready for instant the famous and really splendid silver-

hat in hand. "We'll go to Allard's and get some dinner. It's long after

there! They were too much like mock-ery. Later on I resigned my teaching and came to New York in search of a room, a room which subtly reminded position as a stenographer—and that one of a huge, mellowed meerschaum. first month was thrilling, not knowing At the far end an orchestra played tracery of the Madison Square tower popular airs with astonishing swing

> ley ordered their dinner, and a tranquil, pleasant old waiter served them.

The girl's head lifted proudly. "If you think me a self-conscious, cocky

phere. This noisy place is a suitable scene for my confession—but remember, it is a confession, not a proposal."

"I shall remember," said Lynette

rather coldly. "It was all just as it seemed," said the man deliberately, "or I thought it was, a pleasant, well-balanced friendship between a shabby painter and a pretty Southern girl. And then I heard you sing that day-in the Cathedral. Before you had seemed charming, rare—but I was the artist, I was the ambitious one, with talent, possibilities! Lynette, that day I went suddenly quite mad, with sheer jealousy. You were no longer the young stenographer; you, too, had a right to your dreams. And it came on me like a bolt of lightning that our friend-ship was a delusion! I wanted to own you, to marry you, to tether you. Poor and struggling myself, I wanted you to be poor with me, to struggle by my side—"

He stopped because the music had stopped, but in a moment the chatter in the room covered any subdued talk, and he continued slowly:

know. I was half tempted to follow it over to Long Island and see whether there was anything in the old wyth."

On, I love metring lots of ice with hot tea. It seems so wickedly extravagant—just the way I'll feel when I resign my job tomorrow."

This resistant entered to follow hot tea. It seems so wickedly extravagant—just the way I'll feel when I resign my job tomorrow."

When would come a way out for you. When you showed me your letter today I will resistant entered to follow hot tea. It seems so wickedly extravagant in the old again. was hardly surprised-and Lynn, I money must mean to you. And I shall take pride in your success, for and now you are to forget the futile little tale. It's quite unrelated to your life." success will surely come. That's all-

> Lynette met his honest blue eyes. She held out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me, Harley.
And it wouldn't be unrelated if—"
"If you cared," said Harley quietly
Lynette's flush answered for her. "I
must go home," she said; and Lane was on his feet, adjusting her cloak. He had paid the waiter, but they paus-

ed an instant for a last bar of music. Lynette's eyes sparkled. "If you should compete—and win! Oh, Harley, if you could only give up illusette were on their way to the up-town Then there was clapping, people were That last morning, more than a month later, Harley came for her in

a taxicab, and this astonishing extravagance would ordinarily have shocked Lynette, who was by nature a frugal soul, but she was beyond caring for ways and means that day.

She was waiting nervously in the little boarding house parlor while a colored maid went over her room in search of last things, which Lynette was sure she must have forgotten. She was trying to pull herself together, to win back the tranquility of all the dull and peaceful years, but for weeks she had felt about her throat hands which and chest those strange bands which ley's pride more than matched her excitement tightens almost to break-own. Soon she would be getting his ing point. She stared at Harley now with incredulous, happy eyes.

"Am I really going, after all? Even now, I can't believe it." "You're going, all right—and here is Miriam with the relics." For the maid entered, carrying a long blue veil and a tooth brush.

"Here's some things you'll need, Miss Lynn, honey. And I done poke into all the cracks and corners, but heard you sing in the Cathedral that this is all you ain't packed, 'ceptin' a Sunday, though you didn't tell me be-shirtwaist you lef' out on puppose, and just one other little thing-which

I got in my pocket." Lynette made a startled little movement. "Is it a photograph? Did I leave one on my bureau, after all?" she said. Miriam showed her white teeth and handed over a bit of pasteboard, carefully inverted, which the traveler stuffed hurriedly into her

Harley watched this small transaction and the opening of the mag-nificent new traveling bag, an unex-pected gift from the office. He had the slight smile of the superior male viewing feminine eccentricities. cidentally Harley was quite willing that women should have the vote, but he had been heard to remark that first the sex should demonstrate its

"Not one in your whole outfit, I'll

whereupon the young man said something about men needing pockets even when fully dressed and when the sun was shining!

Miriam was weeping frankly; Lyn-ette was popular with the servants, and even the elevator man at the office had grieved openly at her depar-ture. The manager of the boarding house, an ample person with several chins, shrewd eyes and a kind mouth came now to say a regretful good-by to one of her star boarders, and Harley with the precious traveling bag ous energy stowing away the lady's various belongings, from her steamer

mounted bag.
At last they were off, sweeping mounted bag.

"Oh, Harley, I beg your pardon!"

At last they were off, sweeping she cried, and then made for the door.

Lane followed more deliberately, hat in hand. "We'll go to Allard's and get some dinner. It's long after mounted bag.

At last they were off, sweeping in a tide up to her face and back again. She was afraid she might cry.

"Harley," she murmured, "oh, Harley," she was afraid she might cry.

But I didn't know—I didn't know—I didn't know—I didn't know! If much ferver for comfort; a breeze blew Lynette's adjusted veil; the whole city radiated peace and charm and the subtle thrill of summer exactly as though July were as ideal as

the June of minor poets.

Lynette gave a succession of great sighs, and looked affectionately at the Park as they passed, at the Grand Central Station, and later at the fine and the bolder outline of the lofty

Metropolitan. After all she loved New York, even A wavering breeze from open win-dows fanned Lynette's hot face. Har-leaving behind her a life of drudgery, of comparative poverty, to sweep on into a future full of hope and prom-"I was a boor, Lynette. And I'd ise and music, the music she loved better explain. Kind-hearted girls best of all. The city, the green are apt to exaggerate these things, squares, the broken, bulging, impos-and I don't want you crying over my sible sky line, the sound of incessant and I don't want you crying over my sible sky line, the sound of incessant forlornness when you're off in your steel riveting which punctuates daynew world." light for most New Yorkers, all these things she should miss. But the things she would gain! The work she would achieve! The growth and exlittle idiot—" she began.

Harley smiled. "I think nothing so uncomplimentary, but since I muddled would make of her a new, splendid, competent Lynette! The thrill of youth, of hope, of an aroused ambi-tion tingled through her.

She stretched out her hands and laughed a little, an unsteady, exult-

ant laugh. Harley Lane sat and smiled at her, 'I'm a dumb stick, Lynn, but I'm glad for you and with you," he said soberly. Possibly the circles under his eyes and the thinness of his face seemed to belie this vocal satisfaction, but Lynette had long ago determined to ignore that conversation in the restaurant. After all, he had merely passed through a sentimental phase in their friendship; young men had frequently shown this tendency, since sentiment is a part of youth, inevitable but on the whole unimportant compared with vital matters like ambition, a wide vision, a far goal! After she was gone he would fall to work with a new zest. If he won the competition for the mural work in the Western courthouse he might be coming abroad himself in a year or so. And by that time what should she not have

achieved? At Fourth Avenue and Twenty-"It was rather a shock, to discover my rank egoism, my natural selfishness; but I fought the thing out, made ness; but I fought the thing out, made biles and wagons and huge trucks waited with them; a longer line of waited with the waited with the waited with the waited waited with the waited with the waited with the waited with the waited waited with the waited waited waited with the waited waited waited waited with the waited wait "It was rather a shock, to discover Third Street they were blocked for crossing was dominated by a magnificent policeman. Now he raised a majestic finger in warning or encourage ment, nodded reassurance to a frightened woman or a group of children,

or shouted a virile monosyllable to forces. some impatient driver. Lynn was watching this splendid autocrat when he lifted his hand and waved it to a couple, an elderly man and woman. They were obviously of the immigrant class; the man wore slouching, rough-hewn clothes, and the woman's heavy gray hair was uncovered. She was a thin, clean, furrowed little person, evidently work-worn, like her man. Lynette caught a glimpse of her face; it was honest and kind, with big dark eyes that looked out at the world eagerly with a certain hopefulness. The man, much taller, though a little bent, had gray hair that curled boyishly, and strong shoulders. With one hand he held the woman tightly, in the other he carried a stick and bundle. The pair reminded Lynette of Millet's reapers—then CANADA TAKES MARKET of a massive worker, by Roden, in

looking at Lynette. "A worn, battered old pair, poor all "Returns just compiled for March," their lives, living from hand to said Mr. Motherwell, "show that Canmouth, parents of perhaps a dozen ada exported 13,446,100 bushels of children, dead and living. But they are together—mates! And somehow bushels in the same month of 1923. they look as though the compensation really compensated, after all."

The United States exported 2,957,710 of their high school classes will be bushels in this period, compared with admitted first, then the middle third really compensated, after all."

speak. Yet in her mind there was a sudden turmoil, a horde of questions, United States millers, in spite of the an unspringing army of doubts. She 42-cent tariff duty recently imposed. was utterly amazed at herself, even Mills in Minneapolis, Duluth, Chica-

been seeing these past radiant, busy, hurrying weeks. "Mates." For some life of the very poor, those two became enviable in the eyes of Lynette Rey, possessor of ten thousand dollars, a voice, of youth and charm, and Anti-Noise Campaign is Started at possibly of a great, splendid, successfut future.

citizens to be of America, founders of a noise makers listed for squelch- patients has emerged from the experdrab and poor they might be, however obscure, they were at least together. "The saxophone player who begins Only death would separate them. And she, Lynette Rey, the fortunate, the

less congestion. In five minutes they would turn westward and reach their destination, the dock of a great liner.

Lynette turned to Hartley, but his eyes were fixed on some children play-

ing on the steps of an empty house and his face for the moment looked wager," he said now to Lynette. and his face for the moment looked gray and tired. A group of boys be-

bathrobe," she answered proudly; yound them were batting a ball across the street in imminent peril of getting themselves run over. But the chauffeur was a cautious soul, evidently used to and tolerant of the children of

the poor. They swept by and the children played on.
"Harley," said Lynette, "please look

at me a moment.' Harley turned toward her, shrugging his shoulders. For an instant the lines of those shoulders, a little stooped just now, reminded her of the old man holding his wife by the hand. Harley smiled, not very cheerfully.

"Really, Lynette, I don't seem to
want to look at you, just now!"

She put out an experimental hand,

touched the hand on Harley's knee, a various belongings, from her steamer rug, several coats and hat boxes, to the famous and really splendid silvermounted bag. it hadn't been for that old man and his wife I might not have known for weeks, months! The whole sea and half the world might have got between

us! Harley, so long as we two live never, never let go of me—hold me as you are holding me now!" He was looking at her in sheer amazement. "You will be on the bay in an hour— Don't play with me!" She put her hand to her wet cheek, dashed away glittering drops. "I'm not playing," she said. "I've just disnot playing, covered that I can't endure our not

being-mates!" He was dumb and white, careful not to take adavntage of this mad momentary whim, even by the merest ges-ture. She was looking for a handkerchief, consulting her little wrist watch.

"We've more than half an hour to find my trunk and get it off the boat." "Lynette, this is a mood which will pass. I musn't let you stay!" His voice was hoarse; he was trying to laugh at her and not succeeding very well-but she paid no attention to

this, made no protest. They were in a side street close to the river now; a hand organ was playing "Dixie" somewhere in rather a folrorn, dragging fashion. For the moment the street was empty, they seemed utterly alone, and for that moment, Lynette looked for the first time down into the soul of Harley Lane through the gate of his honest eyes. Eloquent, luminous, set deep in the countenance of this plain-featured young man, they asserted things, passionately proclaimed things, reverently promised things which Harley's lips could never in this world have ut-

tered. were seeing her through a mist, that he was shaking queerly. There came a great lump into her throat, her hand stole back, clasped his, just as they came suddenly to a halt, and a toyering black parter with a hard a composition. Then she realized that the eyes towering black porter with a beaming smile came out to help the chauffeur unload .- By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn, in the Woman's Home Compan-

Army Planes to Stage Battle of Gettysburg.

Gettysburg. — Several thousand Inited States Army soldiers and 100 some accident, went east and west with a hurtling clamor and bang. This tle of Gettysburg," on July 4th, as it would be staged under modern warfare conditions.

Last year a detachment of Marines re-enacted the battle as it occurred when fought by the Blue and Gray

Machine guns, tanks and modern barricades will be used in restaging the event this year. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the United States are expected to witness the modern exhibition of warfare.

One hundred airplanes, from scouting machines to bombers, are expected to whirl overhead, staging aerial maneuvers.

High officials of the Army and

Navy are to attend the event, according to plans now under way.

Details of the "battle" are being worked out by army engineers, who are now scouting about in Central Pennsylvania for suitable landing places, where the planes may be re-

FOR WHEAT FROM U. S.

Winnipeg, Man.—Canada is rapidly As their automobile was at last released and they swept by, Harley spoke, half under his breath, without liam R. Motherwell, Dominion Minister of agruculture.

eally compensated, after all."

Lynette sat quite still; she did not peak. Yet in her mind there was a "More Canadian wheat is going to

go and Buffalo have contracts aggre-She had a vision of the future quite gating 14,000,000 bushels now registered at Fort William and Port Arthur.

"The total amount of wheat shipped utterly illogical reason the word stung out of Canada to all countries in the year ending April 1, was 256,370,237 her, the fact stung her, those two commonplace old people hurt her horribly. Old, weary, living the sordid treatment of the crease of \$15,612,754 over the preceding the creation of the crea

Chicago.

Chicago. - Health Commissioner great melting pot, citizens already or Bundesen is leading 100 inspectors in cording to Dr. Haviland, this plan of

> his concert when people should be sleeping." "The ragtime player who feels it

happy, was going far away and leaving behind her—what?

They were going faster; there was awake."

They happy, was going far away and leaving behind her—what?

"The ragtime player who leels it necessary to keep the world wide awake."

"They happy, was going far away and leaving behind her—what? "The phonograph player who makes himself a nuisance late at night." "The radio fan who turns on the

horn at unseemly hours." "Early morning street car gongs." "The annoying locomotive whistle." "The automobile horn which screeches for the best girl to hurry."

COOLIDGE AND DAWES.

The Republican National cenvention which started with almost depressing calm, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday of last week, worked up steadily through the three days of its sessions into a precedent-setting climax on Thursday night and ended amid scenes that soothed the hearts of the old-

timers Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, had been nominated for Vice President by an overwhelming vote and had declined. That had never happened before in the party's history, nor was it in accordance with the convention managers' plans. Then, after recess to confirm for the last time, Mr. Lowden's frequently reiterated decision, the "Hell and Maria" general, Charles G. Dawes, from Chicago, was swept into the nomination. And that, too, had not been planned by the leaders. The convention itself, as President Coolidge wished, had named his run-

ning mate. Nomination and acclamation Calvin Coolidge was accomplished at the morning session with decorus enthusiasm, only the Wisconsin and North Dakota followers of Senator LaFollette dissenting. Everybody knew what was going to happen, and it did. Then came the business of senator the senator is the senator that the sena lecting the Vice Presidential candidate. Nobody knew what was gaing to happen, though some of them thought they did.

Former Governor Lowden was nominated for Vice President on the third ballot but his positive refusal to accept made it necessary to reconvene the convention and General Dawes was then nominated. Election of Senators and Represen-

tatives who believe in Republican principles and acknowledge party responsibilities is urged in the Republican platform. Other high spots in the platform are:

American adherence to the world court as recommended by President Coolidge.

Demand for speedy prosecution of all wrong-doers in official positions.

A declaration for rigid enforcement of the law, but without specific mention of prohibition. Scientific readjustment of railroad

rate schedules.
Farm relief legislation. Progressive reduction of the taxes of all the people. Settlement of foreign debts grow-

ing out of the war on the basis of the agreement concluded with Great Britain. Reaffirmation of the belief in the protective tariff policy.

Renewal of a pledge to aid wounded and disabled veterans.

Application of the civil service law to the prohibition enforcement field force and to postmasters in first, sec-

Opposition to nationalization or government ownership of public util-A declaration of faith in the eight-

hour day for labor and a pledge to continue efforts to eliminate the seven-day, twelve-hour week. Reaffirmation by the party of its "unyielding devotion to the constitution and to the guarantees of civil,

political and religious liberty therein contained. Enactment of a Federal anti-lynch-

Increased participation of women in party councils. Maintenance of a Navy at the full

strength authorized by the Washington treaty. Creation of a Cabinet post to education and relief under which the welfare activities of the government would be grouped

Opposition to Philippine independence at this time. Constructive development of Alas-

STATE COLLEGE GETS MANY APPLICATIONS.

Applications for admissions to the next Freshman class at The Pennsylvania State College are pouring in at the office of the college registrar now that most of the high schools of the State have had their graduations. The class next year has been limited to 1000, and the bulk of the admissions will be made beginning about July 1, when it is felt that all applications

Regardless of the time at which an application for admission is filed, each will receive full and equal consideration, according to the college registrar, W. S. Hoffman. Where there are more applicants than can be accommodated in a particular course, the scholastic record of the applicant will determine the admission. Applicants who stood in the upper one-third and if there is room for more students in the courses, other promising applicants may be admitted.

willl be filed.

This precaution is found necessary at Penn State because of limited fa-cilities, and applies to practically all courses except those in the school of agriculture and in the school of mines. In these schools all properly qualified applicants are admitted each year.

Insanity Grip is Broken by Work and

Exercises. Albany, N. Y .- Doses of work and light exercises is the "medicine" which is being used to cure thousands. of insane people in this State, according to Dr. O. Floyd Haviland, head of the State Hospital Commission. Ac-

Adult patients with minds like children have been so greatly improved by being fed work and exercises, instead of drugs and medicine, that their parole is possible. Others, whose disorders are incurable, are brought to a condition where it is much easier for

attendants to care for them. The system under which this is accomplished is known as mental therapy, and New York State was the first to adopt it in its institutions for