

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., February 13, 1925.

GRAY MEEK, Editor

To Correspondents.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

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## FROM MOUNTAIN TO CITY.

A Newsy Letter of Travel and Home Life in China by Mrs.

W. R. North.

Chengtu, China, Sept. 7, 1924.

Dearest Home Folks:

Here we are back again in our old house at Chengtu, and maybe we are not glad to be back. It's fine to go away and have a summer in the cool of the hills, but it's just as fine to get back home.

We left Kwansien on August 25, for Beh Luh Din, another lovely resort, where the foreigners have bungalows almost as nice as their city homes. Beh Luh Din means "White Deer Mountain" and the foreigners have their bungalows on the very top of it, 6000 feet up in the clouds. We were a day and a half getting to the top, it taking a half day to climb the mountain, and I had to walk almost the whole way up, for I was riding in my three man chair and they couldn't carry me around the curves. We were a day traveling on the plain from Kwansien to Chin Gang Lin, at the foot of the mountain, where we spent the night. It was one of the hottest days we had all summer and we hadn't any cold water to drink. We had to try to quench our thirst with hot tea and it wasn't very satisfactory. Oh, how I longed for a drink of ice-cold lemonade!

It was beginning to get dark when we landed in the temple at Chin Gang Lin where we spent the night. Our carriers with our bed loads had not come in yet and didn't get in until almost nine o'clock. I was so tired I think I could have slept on the floor. But we finally had our supper and got our beds up and got in them. But our bedding had all been baked so by the sun that it was just like crawling into an oven. It was almost morning before it cooled off sufficiently to make one feel comfortable, and then it was soon time to get up and have breakfast and begin to climb the mountain. Such is travel in China!

But when we reached the top we felt repaid for the effort we had made to get there. The scenery from Beh Luh Din is exceptionally fine. One morning we had a fine view of the snow mountains. It seemed as if they were almost near enough to reach out and touch them.

The late afternoon of the day we reached Beh Luh Din, it started to rain and kept it up for almost three days. We weren't troubled with the heat, then, I assure you. It was almost uncomfortably cold and the people had to build fires in the fire-places. The mist came up the mountain and closed us in so that we could scarcely see the next house below us on the hill. But the folks on the mountain were glad for the rain because they depend on it for their water supply. They have huge wooden tanks set under the spouting at the corners of the houses, and unless there is sufficient rain during the summer to keep those tanks filled, they are out of luck. When we reached there the tanks were just about empty, and even the spring from which they get their drinking water, had gone dry.

We left Beh Luh Din Monday morning, September 1st, with a bunch of opium users for carriers. Heretofore Bill has always kept behind our loads and seen to it that they kept up with us. But this time we decided we'd push on and let our loads come behind. So, we waited until our food load caught up and off we started, just my chair and that one load. Well, the result was that at the end of the first day's journey there wasn't one of our loads had caught up to us. We spent the night at Penghsien, where there are foreigners stationed, or I don't know what we would have done for sleeping accommodations. Mr. Reed, with whom we stayed, supplied us with bedding, but we had absolutely nothing in the way of toilet equipment. I didn't even have a comb to comb my hair. Mrs. Reed hadn't gotten back from the mountains, or I suppose she would have supplied me with one.

The next morning we got up early and started for Chengtu, our loads still not in sight. We reached home at about five-thirty Tuesday evening and not one of our loads came in. The unfortunate thing was that our keys were in my traveling bag which was tied up with the bed load. Everything was locked up here at home and we had no keys to unlock our trunks. One large box was unlocked and it happened to have two sheets, a blanket and a few towels and wash cloths in it. So we fixed up a bed and could wash ourselves, but I still couldn't

comb my hair and we had no tooth brushes or tooth paste. Then, too, here were all our loads which had come down from Kwansien with the Starrets through a pouring rain, and we couldn't get them open. We had visions of everything in them being covered with mould. We took our meals at Freemans, but here we were all day Wednesday and unable to do anything because we had no key. It certainly was provoking. And in my traveling bag were \$18.00, my jewel case and other valuables. I really never expected to see it again, for the carriers were all opium users and an opium eater will sometimes steal when he's short of funds and needs his opium. But, finally, Thursday morning, in came our bed load and the traveling bag, and not a thing had been touched. I consider we were fortunate to get all our things even though they were so late getting in.

We got all of our boxes and trunks unlocked and found nothing badly spoiled. All of our shoes and, in fact, anything leather that had been stored away for the summer was just covered with mould. It all rubs off, though, so there's no damage done. We worked hard Thursday, Friday and yesterday and now have the house in pretty good condition. Although we have servants, cleaning house out here is some job. It's almost impossible to get the servants to clean the wood-work properly. They don't see any dust higher than their heads and they never get the dust out of the corners. It's very trying to one who likes to have things done right.

We have a hard time spreading out our little bit of furniture over this big house. Miss Oster, as I told you, has gone to Tzechow and we are here alone now. I also have to have curtains made for all of the windows and I don't want to put a lot of money into them here, for they probably will not fit our windows in Chungking. But we certainly are enjoying being alone, even with our small equipment.

When we entered the city on Tuesday, we hardly recognized it. The new military Governor, Yong Sen, is widening all of the main streets and paving them so that they can use rickshaws and even automobiles. Rumor has it that the Governor has already put in an order for four Fords. And I, myself, saw a rickshaw the other day when I was on the street. The city certainly will be greatly improved when the streets are finished.

On Friday I went with Miss Burdesham on a shopping expedition. We planned to take the whole day for it so made arrangements for Bill and his Chinese teacher to meet us at a Chinese restaurant and have lunch. At twelve o'clock we all met and the Chinese teacher ordered our dinner. We had rice, stewed chicken, steamed chicken and rice, and ham cooked in sugar. No vegetables at all, just meats. But it was well cooked and we certainly enjoyed it. It was the first time we had done such a thing but I think we'll do it again. Of course, we took our own chop-sticks with us.

This week it has been almost unbearably hot here. After being in the cool of the mountains all summer, it hardly seems fair to us that we should have to suffer from the heat now. We need a good soaking rain to cool the atmosphere.

I've been studying each morning this week, reviewing the summer's work, preparatory to the opening of school next Monday. I am surprised to find how much of it I remember. It is encouraging, because it leads me to believe that I may learn this language after all, if I keep at it long enough. I have learned, too, though, since I returned from the mountains, how much of the language I don't know. When we left Kwansien for Beh Luh Din, our cook returned to Chengtu, and I told him to tell my woman servant to get a coolie to help her clear the house and get it ready for our return. Well, she hired a stupid, old fellow, a friend of hers, who had never worked for foreigners before. He couldn't understand anything I told him, and I had an awful time getting him to do things I wanted done. Some of the things he did were funny, others might have proved tragedy. For example, I told him to put up the clothes line and help the woman take my clothes out and hang them up to air. Well, he didn't understand and after a while when I went up stairs, I found him taking my night gown and some underclothing off the clothes hanger. He was going to take them out to air. Maybe they needed it; I don't know.

On the other hand, one evening at supper time I discovered we hadn't any cold drinking water, so I told the cook to go over to Mrs. Freeman's and borrow a pitcher. He didn't go himself, but sent the coolie. Well, we foreigners call drinking water "bin swee," which really means ice water, and we use that term to distinguish it from "len swee" which is cold water which hasn't been boiled. Most Chinese who have not been in contact with foreigners do not distinguish between "bin swee" and "len swee." This coolie takes the pitcher and goes out and fills it with "len swee." Fortunately, Bill was printing pictures and just happened to go out to get some water in time to catch the coolie filling the pitcher. Otherwise, I might now be suffering from an attack of dysentery. Maybe not. It's surprising how well we keep out here where we are exposed to all kinds of filth and disease almost every day. I've about come to the conclusion that there "ain't" no such thing as germs.

I certainly was sorry to receive the clipping telling of Mr. Miller's death. He was one of the persons I looked

forward to seeing again when I returned. No doubt there will be many faces missing by the time four more years have passed. Do you realize that it is a year and six days already since we left home? If the rest of the time passes as quickly, we'll be home before you know it.

This year my supply of jars was very small, so I didn't get much fruit canned. I have just six quarts of cherries, one pint of strawberries, four pints of plums, eight pints of applesauce, four pints of tomatoes, three pints of pickles and one pint of apricots. But we get fresh fruit almost all winter and it's so cheap that it really doesn't matter whether you get a great deal of canning done or not. Just now we are getting persimmons, pears, dates and pomegranates. The persimmons are delicious. Bill sometimes eats four for his breakfast. The oranges will soon be in. They, after all, are about the best of all of the fruits, I think.

I suppose you are having plenty of corn at home now. We had it while we were at the mountains, but we haven't any now. It is too late for it here in the city. There are very few vegetables just now and it certainly is hard to plan meals this hot weather. You can't run to the store and get cold meats and cheese and there isn't any lettuce in our garden just now, and Bill won't eat cucumbers and onions. Tonight for supper I had deviled eggs, French fried potatoes, bread and butter, and fruit and cookies. It was enough for the heat, but I would have enjoyed something ice-cold.

I'm glad the folks at home enjoy our letters. I certainly enjoy reading the "Watchman."

SARAH.

## Nesting Robins and the Northern Lights.

Two letters that came to our desk Wednesday morning so strikingly illustrated the wide seasonal variations in this great country of ours that we are prompted to give you just a glimpse of them.

The first was from Dr. Eloise Meek, who is now acting as medical adviser at Winthrop College for girls at Rock Hill, South Carolina. Most of the "Watchman" readers know Dr. Meek, if in no other way, through her series of letters from India, published in these columns several years ago and her more recent tales of "mushing" in Alaska. She writes:

"I was wakened this morning by the robins singing. Glorious spring sunshine is streaming through my windows and the jays are nesting just outside."

Surely this sounds like a description of late April here and makes one long for an end of the snow and cold. But then we pick up the other letter. It is post-marked Rampart, Alaska. The eyes of the world are on Alaska today, because of the heroism of those big-hearted men and their stout-hearted dogs who have been fighting the cold and snow in the effort to carry antitoxins into diptheria scourged Nome. Few of us know of the wonders of that vast, silent, frozen country that is the scene of so many tragic events and glorious sights, where they have either continuous night or daylight without dark. But let our correspondent tell you of it:

"The sun went behind the hill on November 11 and did not shine on Rampart again until January 29. You know how dark our days were. We came to and went from school in the gloom and used lights all day long. But now it's back again and every day is lengthening a bit, so that ere long will come the time when there will be no darkness—just daylight all the while."

"January was rather a mild month, sometimes being ten or twenty above zero, but February, so far, has been making up for it by giving us from thirty to fifty-six below. This year I have seen the northern lights in all their magnificence. I was so very much disappointed in them while staying on the lower river, but here: I can't conceive of anything more wonderful. They seemed so near, streaming across the sky from one horizon to the other, changing shape and color continuously. First a lovely glowing pink, next a pale green would appear, only to shade off into a deeper green. Then all three colors would join in a riotous dance across the sky and dissolve into a brilliant white light. It is all so awesome, yet glorious."

## BIRTHS.

Bloomquist—On January 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bloomquist, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Martha Anne.

Showers—On January 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Showers, of Bellefonte, a daughter, Evelyn Louise.

Gates—On January 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gates, of Nittany, a son, William Rodger.

Reichert—On January 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reichert, of Bellefonte, a son, Brinton Thomas.

Barrett—On January 21, to Mr. and Mrs. William E. Barrett, of Spring Twp., a son, William Edward Jr.

Wagner—On January 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Wagner, of Spring Twp., a son, Paul William.

Halderman—On January 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Emory Orvis Halderman, of Spring Twp., a son, Charles Elwood.

Smith—On January 29, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Smith, of Milesburg, a son, Harry Ward.

—The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a baked bean supper in the lecture room of the church on Friday evening, February 20th, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Adults, 65 cts.; children under twelve years 35 cts.

## Dr. Glenn Again Writing Interesting Letters from Florida.

The following is what we hope will be first of a series of letters from Dr. W. S. Glenn, of State College, who is spending the winter in Florida. The letters that Dr. Glenn wrote from southern resorts last winter proved so interesting to many of our readers that we secured a partial promise from him to write impressions gained during his present sojourn in the land of flowers.—Ed.

West Palm Beach, Fla., 2-1-25. The "Democratic Watchman."

It will be four weeks tomorrow since we arrived here and I had intended to write you long ere this, but every minute seems to be taken up and every day has been such a perfect one that I can't get much else done than sit on the porch and revel in its beauty.

We are wearing the very lightest of our summer clothes and crowds are bathing in the ocean all the while. There are many more tourists here than last year, new ones arrive every day, yet on all sides are displayed "Apartments and Furnished Rooms to Let."

We have a very pretty and comfortable place, half the ground floor of a large house, with lawn shaded by large bearing coconut palms, blooming poinsettias and other shrubbery. The Elk's club, a beautiful building, is just across the street.

The Palm Beach county fair was held last week. The display of oranges, grape-fruit and all kinds of vegetables was simply enormous, while there were pens of as fine chickens of every variety as I have ever seen. They had their auto show on the grounds at the same time and nothing was charged for admission to anything except the side shows.

We went to Methodist church this morning and, somewhat to our surprise at a resort of this kind, found it full to overflowing; then home to dinner to find delicious fresh peas and strawberries among the other things served.

Land and home values have doubled since we were here last winter. New homes are going up everywhere. The Conners highway across the State, that was opened last Thanksgiving day—also the new railroad that was opened with great ceremony last week, have directly connected the east and west coasts of Florida and brought the thousands and thousands of acres of the rich soil of the Everglades into market for settlers who want to grow garden truck and sugar cane. This has boomed southern Florida wonderfully, for with such soil and a winter climate unexcelled the possibilities are limited only by one's will to develop the riches that are possible. In consequence many of the smaller places along the east coast now are destined to become cities of importance ere long. I have talked to many tourists. All of them—and they are here from every section of the United States and Canada—seem to be perfectly delighted with the climate. In fact I haven't met a "grouch" yet. There is a Tourists club here that meets every Thursday in a hall furnished by the city so that opportunity is afforded to get in touch with others whose object in being here is about the same as our own.

We are all well, enjoying ourselves immensely and wish you could be with us. The "Watchman" comes regularly. You do not know how we look forward to its arrival and how much pleasure we get out of it.

Yours

W. S. GLENN.

## Rockview Prisoner Who Escaped in 1917 Captured in Missouri.

Rockview penitentiary authorities have been informed that C. A. Wilson, who escaped from the Benner township institution on May 2nd, 1917, is being held at the state prison in Missouri for transfer to Pennsylvania to answer to the charge of breaking and escaping. Wilson, who was sent to the penitentiary from Allegheny county, made his escape shortly after being transferred to Rockview from Pittsburgh. In the seven years and nine months since he escaped authorities have been constantly on his trail, sometimes pretty close, but he always managed to get away. The trail led through a number of States in the middle and southwest and finally apparently dropped out of sight in Missouri. It now develops that he was serving a term in the state prison for murder and it was just prior to the time for his discharge that he confessed he was wanted in Centre county for escaping from the Rockview penitentiary. He will be brought back for trial and sentence.

## Former Centre Countian Shot by a Bandit in Texas.

Word has been received in Centre county that David Stover, who was born and spent his early life in Boalsburg, is lying in a critical condition in a hospital in San Antonio, Texas, the result of being shot by a bandit. Complete particulars have not been received but according to the meagre reports Mr. Stover was shot in his car, pulled out and robbed, then dragged some distance. He was later found lying in the street and was taken to a hospital. The unfortunate man's father, Mr. Oscar Stover, lives at State College, and advices received by him state that his son is in a critical condition with slight chance of recovery.

—The old town clock in the court house has been in partial eclipse every night this week, not because the moon is covering up its face but probably because of insufficient light inside to make it show up bright and clear.

—Mrs. Oscar M. Zimmerman, of Bush's Addition, who has not been well for the past two years, was thought to be critically ill within the week, her condition, however, is now slightly improved.

MURRAY.—Mrs. Lucy A. Murray, widow of the late W. Abner Murray, died at her home in Boalsburg last Thursday afternoon, following an illness of several months as the result of general debility.

She was a daughter of Francis and Lettie McElroy Alexander and was born near Centre Hall on December 29th, 1844, making her age 80 years, 1 month and 7 days. When a child her parents moved to the well known Alexander farm, in Potter township, where she lived until her marriage to Mr. Murray on December 27th, 1866. They began housekeeping in Boalsburg and in 1869 built the residence where practically all of their married life was spent. Mr. Murray was one of the old time residents of Harris township and a life-long Democrat. In 1880 he was elected to the Legislature from Centre county and made a good representative. As a young man he subscribed for the first issue of the Democratic Watchman and it has been a constant visitor to the Murray home ever since. In fact Mrs. Murray was also a faithful reader of this paper and every week looked forward to the date of its arrival in her home. She was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church and as long as her health permitted a regular attendant.

Mr. Murray died a number of years ago but surviving her are two daughters, Misses Flora and Augusta E., both at home. Two children died in infancy and another daughter, Marian A., in 1906.

Rev. J. Max Kirkpatrick had charge of the funeral services which were held on Sunday afternoon, burial being made in the Boalsburg cemetery. Among those in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Abner Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Royer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neff, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Odenkirk and J. H. Weber, of Centre Hall; A. S. Allen and wife, of Centre Hill; H. S. Allman and Miss Belle Murray, of Lemont.

McKEE.—A brief item in last week's Watchman announced the death, last Thursday, at his home in Wilkingsburg, of H. A. McKee, a former resident of Bellefonte.

Mr. McKee was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. James McKee, and was born in Stormstown, Centre county, seventy years ago. His boyhood life was spent in that place but when he grew to manhood he came to Bellefonte and read law in the offices of Stitzer & Magee. He was admitted to practice at the Centre county bar. He practiced only a short time when he gave up the law to embark in business, purchasing the hardware store of Harry Hicks. This was in the latter eighties. His store was located where the F. W. West furniture store is now situated and he was in business there until 1899 when he sold out and on November 22nd, of that year, left Bellefonte for Pittsburgh where he has since been engaged in legal work, principally as a title man.

While in Bellefonte he married Miss Myra Schaeffer and their home was the property later purchased as the site of the present Centre county hospital. He is survived by his wife and four children, Jean, Harry L., James B. and Mary, all married and living in the western part of the State. He also leaves one brother and a sister, James McKee, of Wilkingsburg, and Mrs. Mary Love, of Tyrone. Burial was made at Wilkingsburg.

FLEMING.—Mrs. Sarah Jane Fleming, widow of the late Samuel Fleming, died on Friday evening at the home of her son, Samuel C. Fleming, in Pine Grove Mills, as the result of diseases incident to her advanced age.

She was a daughter of Henry and Lydia Miller and was born at York, Pa., on October 31st, 1844, hence was 80 years, 4 months and 6 days old. Her father was a native of Germany but being of a pacifist nature and opposed to universal military service fled the country and came to America in 1789. In December, 1875, she married Mr. Fleming and they located at Belleville, Mifflin county, where they lived until the summer of 1922 when they moved to Pine Grove Mills. She was a member of the Presbyterian church from girlhood.

Her husband died in January, 1924, but surviving her are the following children: Joseph T. Fleming, of Pennsylvania Furnace; Samuel C., of Pine Grove Mills, and Dr. E. R., of Boston. Funeral services were held at ten o'clock on Monday morning by Rev. J. S. Butts, after which burial was made in the Pine Grove Mills cemetery.

JOHNSTON.—William H. Johnston, one of the oldest residents of Spruce Creek valley, died at his home near Graysville on Wednesday evening of last week, following a lingering illness. He was born at the Seven Stars on February 23rd, 1848, hence was almost seventy-seven years old. For many years he served as tax collector in his home township, was later a member of the school board and served one term as county commissioner in Huntingdon county. He is survived by his wife, two sons and seven daughters. Burial was made at Graysville on Saturday morning.

DUNKLE.—Mrs. John Dunkle died at her home at Spring Mills on Thursday morning of last week following three week's illness as the result of a stroke of paralysis. She was a native of Franklin county and was 65 years old. She had been a resident of Spring Mills the past twenty years. In addition to her husband she is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Carl Rossman, of Altoona. Burial was made in the Spring Mills cemetery on Monday.

—Tomorrow will be Valentine day.

## About the Y's Cracks and Other Y's—Bellefonte Y. M. C. A.

A little bowling now and then, is just the thing for fleshy men. You can foster that get-together spirit best by becoming one of the Y's men.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of directors was held Monday, at 7:30 o'clock. It was an enthusiastic and optimistic gathering with almost a full attendance. Although no definite action was taken on the matter of a general secretary, the following temporary arrangement was approved:

Miss Edith Ash, of Harrisburg, an instructor in the public schools of Bellefonte, will take charge of the girls' athletics and training. Harry J. Kutz, of the Academy, in charge of the boys' athletics and training. Roland M. McCann, of Paoli, Pa., connected with the State Highway Department, in charge of the office during the evening and J. A. Fitzpatrick, of Milesburg, on day turn.

Join the Y and signify, that you are a regular booster guy.

A few nice rooms to rent yet; come and look 'em over.

A boost leaves a better taste in the mouth than a knock.

The American Lime and Stone bowling team walloped the business men Monday night. Wasn't it mean of them? But watch out, you limies! Have you noticed how our business boys are beginning to bowl again? They'll soon be able to bend in the middle with their old-time fairy-like grace. It's springing how bowling reduces a 44 belt in such a short time. The Y men leave home, but they go to the Y with wifery's consent, so it's all right. \* \* \*

## L. D. Quick, Prohibition Enforcement Officer, Again in Trouble.

L. D. Quick, of Milesburg and Lock Haven, a prohibition enforcement officer, is again in trouble. He was arrested at the Brant house at an early hour on Sunday morning where he was spending the night with a woman not his lawful wife. When chief of police Harry Dukeman entered the room occupied by Quick and the woman to make the arrest he found both of them with very little clothing on. Quick was taken to the Centre county jail and the woman, who was from Clinton county, was permitted to return to her home on Sunday morning.

Quick was released from jail later in the day by Judge Arthur C. Dale after putting up a one thousand dollar bail bond for his appearance at court. On Monday a warrant for his arrest was sworn out by the overseers of the poor of Milesburg charging him with non-support of his children. Sheriff Taylor went to Lock Haven and brought him back here on Monday evening but he again gave bail in the sum of \$500 for his appearance at court.

Early in January Quick was arrested in Lock Haven for failure to pay a Bellefonte woman a \$45 board bill. He settled the case by making payment and since that time took part in a big raid pulled off in Lock Haven in his capacity as a prohibition enforcement officer.

## Work for the County Sunday School.

The Young People's workers, of the State Sabbath school association have given the young peoples workers of our county a big task. They can only do it with the help of every Sunday school in the county, so will you please co-operate so that the State workers can send help directly to your Y. P. classes in your own school. This is what they have to do: The State office wants a record of all classes in every Sunday school, between the ages of 12 and 24. It is organizing a team of workers in the county, including our campers, to see that every Sunday school gets the proper cards to be filled out.

It has set the 21st of February as the day for these cards to be filled out in your own school and sent the following morning to the person having charge of the Y. P. work in your district, who in turn will send them to Margaret Ferree, Oak Hall, county superintendent of Young People's work, so a county record can be made.

Please remember your class is not considered organized unless you have a charter from your own denominational headquarters. Don't forget February 21st is the day.

## Society Within the Week.

Mrs. William Katz entertained with cards Wednesday night, both five hundred and bridge were in play.

Miss Anne Fox was hostess last night for the card club of which she is a member, adding an extra table to that of the regular club.

Mrs. Charles F. Beatty entertained with a card luncheon and dinner this week, the former being given yesterday at one o'clock, while Mrs. Beatty's bridge dinner will be given tonight at six.

Mrs. Fred Robinson was hostess at cards yesterday afternoon, at her home at State College, a number of Bellefonte persons being among the guests.

## Real Estate Transfers.

Ralph U. Illingworth to Henry S. Illingworth, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$1.

William M. Meckley to John M. Gross, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$225.

J. D. Keller, et ux, to Clair J. Stitzer, tract in State College; \$800.