

(Continued from last week.)

## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER L—Introducing "So Big"
Tolk DeJong) in his infancy. And his
nother, Selina DeJong, daughter of
meon Peake, gambler and gentleman
of fortune. Her life, to young womanmeed in Chicago in 1888, has been unconventional, somewhat seamy, but
generally enjoyable. At school her
chum is Julie Hempel, daughter of
August Hempel, butcher. Simeon is
killed in a quarrel that is not his own,
and Selina, nineteen years old and
practically destitute, becomes a schoolteacher.

CHAPTER II—Selina secures a posi-tion as teacher at the High Prairie school, in the outskirts of Chicago, living at the home of a truck farmer, Klaas Pool. In Roelf, twelve years old, son of Klaas, Selina perceives a kindred spirit, a lover of beauty, like herself.

CHAPTER III.—The monotonous life of a country school-teacher at that time, is Selinas, brightened somewhat by the companionship of the sensitive, artistic boy Roelf.

chapter IV.—Selina hears gossip concerning the affection of the "Widow Paarlenberg," rich and good-looking, for Pervus DeJong, poor truck farmer, who is insensible to the widow's attractions. For a community "sociable" Selina prepares a lunch basket, dainty, but not of ample proportions, which is "auctioned," according to custom. The smallness of the lunch box excites derision, and in a sense of fun the bidding becomes spirited, DeJong finally securing it for \$10, a ridiculously high price. Over their lunch basket, which Selina and DeJong share together, the school-teacher arranges to instruct the goodnatured farmer, whose education has been neglected.

CHAPTER V.—Propinquity, in their positions of "teacher" and "pupil," and Selina's loneliness in her uncongenial surroundings, lead to mutual affection. Pervus DeJong wins Selina's consent to be his wife.

CHAPTER VI.—Selina becomes Mrs. DeJong, a "farmer's wife," with all the hardships unavoidable at that time. Dirk is born. Selina (of Vermont stock, businesslike and shrewd) has plans for building up the farm, which are ridiculed by her husband. Maartje Pool, Klaas' wife, dies, and after the requisite decent interval Klaas marries the "Widow Paarlenberg." The boy Roelf, sixteen years old now, leaves his home, to make his way to France and study, his ambition being to become a sculptor.

CHAPTER VII .- Dirk is eight year old when his father dies. Selina, faced with the necessity of making a living for her boy and herself, rises to the occasion, and, with Dirk, takes a truck-load of vegetables to the Chicago mar-tet. A woman selling in the market place is an innovation frowned upon.

CHAPTER VIII.—As a disposer of he vegetables from her truck Selina is the vegetables from her truck Selina is a flat failure, buyers being shy of dealing with her. To a commission dealer she sells part of her stock. On the way home she peddles from door to door, with indifferent success. A policeman demands her license. She has none, and during the ensuing altercation Selina's girlhood chum, Julie Hempel, now Julie Arnold, recognizes her.

CHAPTER IX .- August Hempel, rise that Ter ix.—August Hempel, risen to prominence and wealth in the business world, arranges to assist Selina in making the farm something more of a paying proposition. Selina gratefully accepts his help, for Dirk's sake.

CHAPTER X.—Selina achieves the success with the farm which she knew was possible, her financial troubles ending. At eighteen Dirk enters Midwest university.

CHAPTER XI.—Dirk goes to Cornell university, intending to make architecture his life work, and on graduation enters the office of a firm of Chicago architects. Paula Arnold, daughter of Julie, enters his life. He would marry her, but she has a craving for wealth and takes Theodore Storm, millionaire, for her husband. The World war begins.

CHAPTER XII.—Paula, despite her marriage and motherhood, continues interested in Dirk, their friendship beginning to cause gossip. She urges Dirk to give up the profession of architecture and enter business for the greater financial reward possible. Dirk hesitates, feeling his mother would not approve of the change.

She interrupted him with a little ery. "I know I did. I know I did." Suddenly she raised a warning finger. Her eyes were luminous, prophetic. "Dirk, you can't desert her like that!"

"Desert who?" He was startled. "Beauty! Self-expression. Whatever you want to call it. You wait! She'll turn on you some day. Some day you'll want her, and she won't be there."

Inwardly he had been resentful of this bedside conversation with his mother. She made little of him, he thought, while outsiders appreciated his success. He had said, "So big." measuring a tiny space between thumb and forefinger in answer to her halfplayful question, but he had not honestly meant it. He thought her ridiculously old-fashioned now in her viewpoint, and certainly unreasonable. But he would not quarrel with her.

"You wait, too, Mother," he said now, smiling. "Some day your wayward son will be a real success. Wait till the millions roll in. Then we'll see."

She lay down, turned her back deliberately upon him, pulled the covers up about her. "Shall I turn out your light, Mother,

and open the windows?"

"Meena'll do it. She always does. Just call her. . . . Good-night." He knew that he had come to be a rather big man in his world. Influence had helped. He knew that, too. But he shut his mind to much of Paula's maneuvering and wire-pulling -refused to acknowledge that her lean, dark, eager fingers had manipu-

lated the mechanism that ordered his career. Paula herself was wise enough to know that to hold him she must not let him feel indebted to her. She knew that the debtor hates his creditor. She lay awake at night planning for him. scheming for his advancement, then suggested these schemes to him so geftly as to make him think he himself had devised them. She had even realized of late that their growing intimacy might handicap him if openly commented on. But now she must see him daily, or speak to him. Her telephone was a private wire leading only to her own bedroom. She called him the first thing in the morning; the last thing at night.

Her voice, when she spoke to him, was an organ transformed; low, vibrant, with a timbre in its tone that would have made it unrecognizable to an outsider. Her words were commonplace enough, but pregnant and

meaningful for her. "What did you do today? Did you | conducted canteens. They missed the have a good day? . . . Why didn't excitement, the satisfaction of achieveyou call me? . . . Did you follow up that suggestion you made about Kennedy? I think it's a wonderful idea, don't you? You're a wonderful man, Dirk; did you know that? . . . I miss you. . . . Do you? . . . When? . . . Why not lunch? . . . Oh, not if you have a business appointment. . . . How about five o'clock? . . No, not there. . . Oh, I don't know. It's so public. . . Yes. . . Good-by. . . . Good-night. . . . "

They began to meet rather furtively, in out-of-the-way places. They would lunch in department store restaurants name. My people-my father's peowhere none of their friends ever came. They spent off afternoon hours in the dim, close atmosphere of the motionpicture palaces, sitting in the back row, seeing nothing of the film, talking in eager whispers that failed to annoy the scattered devotees in the middle of the house. When they drove

it was on obscure streets. Paula had grown very beautiful, her tion that surrounds the woman in

love. Frequently she irritated Dirk. At such times he grew quieter than ever; more reserved. As he involuntarily withdrew she advanced. Sometimes he thought he hated her-her hot, eager hands, her glowing, asking eyes, her thin, red mouth, her sallow, heartshaped, exquisite face, her perfumed clothing, her air of ownership. That was it! Her possessiveness. Sometimes Dirk wondered what Theodore Storm thought and knew behind that

impassive flabby white mask of his. Dirk met plenty of other girls. Paula was clever enough to see to box at the opera. She had them at her dinners. She affected great indifference to their effect on him. She suffered when he talked to one of them. "Dirk, why don't you take out that

nice Farnham girl?" "Is she nice?"

"Well, isn't she? You were talking to her long enough at the Kirks' dance. What were you talking about?" "Books."

"Oh. Books. She's awfully nice and intelligent, isn't she? A lovely girl!" She was suddenly happy. Books.

The Farnham girl was a nice girl. She was the kind of girl one should fall in love with and doesn't. The Farnham girl was one of many wellbred Chicago girls of her day and class. Fine, honest, clear-headed, frank, capable, good-looking in an indefinite and unarresting sort of way. Hair-colored hair, good teeth, good enough eyes, clear skin, sensible medium hands and feet; skated well, danced well, talked well. Read the books you had read. A companionable girl. Loads of money but never spoke of it. Traveled. Her hand met yours firmly-and it was just a hand. At the contact no current darted through you, sending its shaft with a little zing to your heart.

But when Paula showed you a book her arm, as she stood next you, would somehow fit into the curve of yours and you were conscious of the feel of ner soft slim side against you.

He knew many girls. There was a distinct type known as the North Shore girl. Slim, tall, exquisite; a little fine nose, a high, sweet, slightly nasal voice, ear rings, a cigarette, luncheon at Huyler's All these girls looked amazingly alike, Dirk thought; talked very much alike. They all spoke French with a pretty good accent: danced intricate symbolic dances; read the new books; had the same patter. They prefaced, interlarded, concluded their remarks to each other with, "My deah!" It expressed, for them, surprise, sympathy, amusement, ridicule, horror, resigna-

tion. "My deah! You should have seen her! My deeah!"-horror: Their slang was almost identical with that used by the girls working in his office. 'She's a good kid," they said, speaking in admiration of another girl. They made a fetish of frankness. In a day when everyone talked in screaming headlines they knew it was necessary to red-ink their remarks in order to get them noticed at all. The word rot was replaced by garbage and garbage gave way to the ultimate swill. One no longer said "How shocking!" but, "How perfectly obscene!" The words, spoken in their sweet clear voices, fell nonchalantly from their pretty lips. All very fearless and un-inhibited and free. That, they told you, was the main thing. Sometimes Dirk wished they wouldn't work so hard at their play. They were forever getting up pageants and plays and large festivals for charity; Venetian fetes, Oriental bazaars, charity balls. In the programme performance of these many of them sang better. acted better, danced better than most professional performers, but the whole thing always lacked the flavor, somehow, of professional performance. On these affairs they lavished thousands in costumes and decorations, receiving in return other thousands which they soberly turned over to the cause. They found nothing ludicrous in this. Spasmodically they went into business or semi-professional ventures, defying the conventions. Paula did the too. She or one of her friends were forever opening blouse shops: starting Gifte Shoppes: burgeoning into tea rooms decorated in crude green and vermilion and orange and black; announcing their affiliation with an advertising agency. These adventures blossomed, withered, died. They were the result of post-war restlessness. Many of these girls had worked indefatigably during the 1917-1918 period; had driven service cars, managed ambulances, nursed, scrubbed.

ment. They found Dirk fair game, resented Paula's proprietorship. Susans and Junes and Kates and Bettys and Sallys-plain old-fashioned names for modern, erotic misses-they talked to Dirk, danced with him, rode with him, flirted with him. His very unattainableness gave him piquancy. That Paula Storm had him fast. He didn't

care a hoot about girls. "Oh, Mr. DeJong," they said, "your name's Dirk, isn't it? What a slick name! What does it mean?" "Nothing, I suppose. It's a Dutch

ple-were Dutch, you know." "A dirk's a sort of sword, isn't it, or poniard? Anyway, it sounds very keen and cruel and fatal-Dirk."

He would flush a little (one of his assets) and smile, and look at them, and say nothing. He found that to be all that was necessary.

He got on enormously. Between the girls he met in society world thought. There was about her and the girls that worked in his ofthe aura, the glow, the roseate exhala- fice there existed a similarity that struck and amused Dirk. He said, "Take a letter, Miss Roach," to a slim young creature as exquisite as the girl with whom he had danced the day before; or ridden or played tennis or bridge. Their very clothes were faultless imitations. They even used the same perfume. He wondered, idly, how they did it. They were eighteen. nineteen, twenty, and their faces and bodies and desires and natural equipment made their presence in a business office a paradox, an absurdity. Yet they were capable, too, in a mechanical sort of way. Theirs were mechanical jobs. They were lovely creatures with the minds of fourteen-year-old chilthat. She asked them to share her dren. Their hair was shining, perfectly undulated, as fine and glossy and tenderly curling as a young child's. Their breasts were flat, their figures singularly sexless like that of a very young boy. They were wise with the wisdom of the serpent. Their legs were slim and sturdy. Their mouths were pouting, soft, pink, the lower lip a little curled back, petal-wise, like the moist mouth of a baby that has just finished nursing. Their eyes were wide apart, empty, knowledgeous. They managed their private affairs like generals. They were cool, remote, disdainful. They reduced their boys to desperation. They were brigands, desperadoes, pirates, taking all, giving little. They came, for the most part, from sordid homes, yet they knew, in some miraculous way, all the fine arts that Paula knew and practiced. They were corsetless, pliant, bewilder-

ing, lovely, dangerous. Among them Dirk worked immune, aloof, untouched. He would have been surprised to learn that he was known among them as Frosty. They admired and resented him. Not one that did not secretly dream of the day when he would call her into his office, shut the door, and say, "Loretta" (their names were burbankian monstrosities. born of grafting the original appellation onto their own idea of beauty in nomenclature - hence Loretta, Imogene, Nadine, Natalie, Ardella), "Loretta, I have watched you for a long, long time and you must have noticed

how deeply I admire you." It wasn't impossible. Those things happen. The movies had taught them that. Dirk, all unconscious of their pitiless all-absorbing scrutiny, would have been still further appalled to learn how fully aware they were of his personal and private affairs. They knew about Paula, for example. They admired and resented her, too. They despised her for the way in which she openly displayed her feeling for him (how they knew this was a miracle and a mystery, for she almost never came into the office and disguised all her telephone talks with him). They thought he was grand to his mother. Selina had been in his office twice, per-

haps. On one of these occasions she had spent five minutes chatting sociably with Ethelinda Quinn, who had the face of a Da Vinci cherub and the

soul of a man-eating shark. Selina always talked to everyone. She enjoyed listening to street car conductors, washwomen, janitors, landladies, clerks, doormen, chauffeurs, policemen. Something about her made them talk. They opened to her as flowers to the sun. They sensed her interest, her liking. As they talked Selina would exclaim, "You don't say! Well, that terrible!" Her eyes would be bright with sympathy.

Selina had said, on entering Dirk's office, "My land! I don't see how you can work among those pretty creatures and not be a sultan. I'm going to ask some of them down to the farm over Sunday."

"Don't, Mother! They wouldn't understand. I scarcely see them. They're

just part of the office equipment." Afterward, Ethelinda Quinn had passed expert opinion. "Say, she's got ten times the guts that Frosty's got. I like her fine. Did you see her terrible hat! But say, it didn't look funny on her, did it? Anybody else in that getup would look comical, but she's the kind that could walk off with anything. I don't know. She's got what I call an air. It beats style. Nice, too. She said I was a pretty little thing. Can you beat it! At that de's wight I cer'nly yam."

All unconscious, "Take a letter, Miss Quinn," said Dirk half an hour later In the midst of this fiery furnace o. femininity Dirk walked unscorched Paula, the North shore girls, well-bree and professional business women by occasionally met in the course of business, the enticing little nymphs by encountered in his own office, all practiced on him their warm and perfumed wiles. He moved among them cool and serene. Perhaps his sudden success had had something to do with this and his quiet ambition for further success. For he really was accounted successful now, even in the spectacular whirl of Chicago's meteoric finan cial constellation. North-side mammas regarded his income, his career, and his future with eyes of respect and wily speculation. There was always a neat little pile of invitations in the mail that lay on the correct little console in the correct little apartment ministered by the correct little Jap on the correct North-side street near (but not too near) the lake, and overlooking it.

The apartment had been furnished with Paula's aid. Together she and Dirk had gone to interior decorators. "But you've got to use your own taste, too." Paula had said, "to give it the individual touch." The apartment was furnished in a good deal o Italian furniture, the finish a dark cak or walnut, the whole massive an yet somehow unconvincing. The effect was somber without being impressive. There were long carved tables on which an ash tray seemed a desecration; great chairs roomy enough for lolling, yet in which you did not relax; dull silver candlesticks; vestments; Dante's saturnine features sneering down upon you from a correct cabinet. There were not many books. Tiny foyer, large living-room. bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, and a

cubby-hole for the Jap. Dirk did not spend much of his time in the place. His upward climb was a treadmill, really. His office, the apartment, a dinner, a dance. His contacts were monotonous, and too few.

His office was a great splendid office in a great splendid office building in LaSalle street. He drove back and forth in a motor car along the boulevards. His social engagements lay north. LaSalle street bounded him on the west, Lake Michigan on the east, Jackson boulevard on the south, Lake Forest on the north. He might have lived a thousand miles away for all he knew of the rest of Chicago-the mighty, roaring, sweltering, pushing, screaming, magnificent hideous steel giant that was Chicago.

Selina had had no hand in the furnishing of his apartment. When it was finished Dirk had brought her in triumph to see it. "Well," he had said, "what do you think of it, Mother?"

She had stood in the center of the room, a small plain figure in the midst of these massive somber carved tables. chairs, chests. A little smile had quirked the corner of her mouth. "I think it's as cosy as a cathedral."

Sometimes Selina remonstrated with him, though of late she had taken on a strange reticence. She no longer asked him about the furnishings of the houses he visited, or the exotic food he ate at splendid dinners. The farm flourished. The great steel mills and factories to the south were closing in upon her but had not yet set iron foot on her rich green acres. She was rather famous now for the quality of her farm products and her pens. You saw "DeJong asparagus" on the menu at the Blackstone and the Drake hotels. Sometimes Dirk's friends twitted him about this and he did not always acknowledge that the similarity of names

was not a coincidence. "Dirk, you seem to see no one but just these people," Selina told him in one of her infrequent rebukes. "You don't get the full flavor of life. You've got to have a vulgar curiosity about people and things. All kinds of people. All kinds of things. You revolve in the same little circle, over and over and over."

the time.

"You can't afford not to." Sometimes Selina came into town for a week or ten days at a stretch, and indulged in what she called an orgy. At such times Julie Arnold the various industries, and, in fact, all would invite her to occupy one of the occupations. Success in each is deguest rooms at the Arnold house, or pendent chiefly upon originality or in-Dirk would offer her his bedroom and ! Itiative.

tell her that he would be comfortable on the big couch in the living room, or that he would take a room at the Uniinto the city's foreign quarters— themselv torture. Italian, Greek, Chinese, Jewish.

plate glass barrier.

niation shifted and moved and ited in Massachusetts. stretched its great limbs ominously.

social worker, perhaps; one of the uplifters. She bought and read the Independent, the negro newspaper in sists of a flexible sapling bent downwhich herb doctors advertised magic ward and held in that position by an Eve roots, Master of the Woods, struggles to free itself unloose the ar-Dragon's Blood, High John the Con- rangement that holds the sapling queror, Jezebel Roots, Grains of Paradise.

protest, "you can't wander around like death. Bears are caught by the paw that. It isn't safe. This isn't High Prairie, you know. If you want to go round I'll get Saki to drive you."

"That would be nice," she said, mild"That would be nice," she said, mild"The savage teeth of the tree." ly. But she never availed herself of away. The savage teeth of the trap hold the paw. Meantime the trapper this offer.

street, changed now, and swollen to ry at leisure. such proportions that it threatened to burst its confines. She liked to stroll



She Liked to Stroll Along the Crowder Sidewalks.

along the crowded sidewalks, lined with crates and boxes and barrels of been she now saw lean muscular lads Dumb Animals. in old army shirts and khaki pants and scuffed puttees wheeling trucks, loading boxes, charging down the street in huge rumbling auto vans. Their faces were hard, their talk terse. Any one of these, she reflected, was more vital, more native, functioned more usefully and honestly than her successful son, Bullock, tract in Liberty township; Dirk DeJong.

"Where 'r' beans?" "In th' ol' beanery." "Tough." "Best you can get."

"Keep 'em." (Continued next week.)

## Failures Caused by Lack of Initiative

One of the greatest improvements of the automobile is the self-starter, now found on all but the cheapest kinds of cars, which need to be cranked by hand.

The device suggests the reflection that a very large proportion of the human family require something of like

nature. They lack initiative, voluntary effort; they need cranking in the form of orders or directions before doing anything worth while.

The men and women who succeed best in life and get the most out of it are of the self-starter type. They don't wait to be told or advised what to undertake, but proceed of their own accord to do things.

The great inventors, such as Edison, "Haven't time. Can't afford to take are all of this sort, says the Sacramento Bee. They are originators, not mere followers or imitators, and they rank among the chief benefactors of

the world. So it is in business, literature, art,

## TRAPPING ANIMALS.

Much has been said about trapping, versity club. She always declined. She much has been done in regard to betwould take a room in a hotel, some ter trapping laws, but still a lot more times north, sometimes south. Her remains to be done. What we should holiday before her, she would go off have is a humane way of trapping. roaming gaily as a small boy on a When an animal is caught in a trap it saturday morning, with the day stretching gorgeously and adventure somely ahead of him, sallies down the day alead of him, sallies down the somely ahead of him, sallies down the case, it must of necessity pull out its own sinews. Just imagine the agony street without plan or appointment, that will impel an animal to endure knowing that richness in one form of such pain! An animal caught in a another lies before him for the choos trap in extremely cold weather is likeing. A sociable woman, Selina, savor ly to freeze to death before the traping life, she liked the lights, the color, per ends its agony. The trapper, the rush, the noise. Her years of without sympathy sets out traps that grinding work, with her face pressed in some sections require three or four down to the very soil itself, had failed to kill her zest for living. She prowied to the city's foreign quarters the city's foreign quarters.

salian, Greek, Chinese, Jewish.

A trapper accidentally caught in one of his own traps if in the big and State street shop windows in wilds, but fortunate enough to be reswhich haughty waxed ladies in glitter- cued before death arrives, knows the ing evening gowns postured, ringers fierce agony of being held by the reelegantly crooked as they held a fan, a rose, a program, meanwhile smiling condescendingly out upon an envious world flattening its nose against the half giass barrier. invented, so that it can never pull out She penetrated the Black belt, where the part held between the double jaws Unicago's vast and growing negro pop- of the trap, but said traps are prohib-

Many animals have been caught by reaching out and out in protest and the only foot they possessed, the other overflowing the bounds that irked it three feet having been lost in former Her serene face and her quiet manner traps. Beaver, caught in traps sunk in shallow water in the runways that her bland interest and friendly look lead to their houses, frequently lose protected her. They thought her a all their paws in their battle for life. The spring-pole method of capturing roots. She even sent the twenty-five easily unloosened contrivance, and the cents required for a box of these, trap is fastened to the sapling by a charmed by their names-Adam and chain. When the animal is caught its down, whereupon the trap and animal caught therein are jerked upward. "Look here, Mother." Dirk would el position for several days before She would go over to South Water has an opportunity to shoot his quar-

But it must be emphasized that the practice of trapping, however limited the indulgence, has a deteriorating effect on the moral character of all who engage in such a cruel pursuit or pas-

The liberty allowed either a youth, or an adult, is an absolute power which always corrupts unmistakably. Boys develop either a love or a hate for animals, according to the direction their teaching takes. The boy who has been taught to respect and care for an animal will develop a sense of responsibility and a degree of moral exaltation that are humanizing to a high degree. Animals will regard him in turn as their benefactor. The list of pet animals we may have is a long one. If a Shetland pony, a donkey or a goat, be too large, then the cat, the fax, the woodchuck, hens, ducks, opossums, the raccoon, the rabbit, the squirrel, pigeons, pheasants,

parrots and partridge. The trappers deal in torture for cash, the manufacturer sells luxurious, torture-tainted articles for cash. the dealer connects the trade and its horrors with his customers for cash, the woman buys these dreadful articles for cash, to gratify her vanity. Thus thirty millions of tortured animals are yearly sacrificed for the sake

of selfishness, greed and vanity. Furs, if we must have them, should be taken by discarding the processes of torture. Any one of a humane dis position must be filled with infinite sadness to walk along any of the principal avenues of our cities in winter and see the thousands of furs worn, knowing with what terrible cruelty such furs are obtained.

Under State law in Massachusetts, fruits, vegetables, poultry. Swarthy all traps must be removed at the close foreign faces predominated now. of the open season on fur-bearing ani-Where the red-faced overalled men had mals.—By James A. Peck, in Our

## Real Estate Transfers.

William L. Foster, et al, to Beryl F. Riddles, tract in State College; \$800. Mary A. Crider, et bar, to Ray F.

\$5,000. W. S. Furst, et al, Exr., to James C. Furst, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

W. S. Furst, et ux, to J. T. Storch, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. J. T. Storch, et ux, to James C.

Furst, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. Harry Reese, et ux, to Emma C. Dann, tract in Spring township; \$600. Paul R. Emerick, et ux, to Mary A. Martin, tract in Walker township;

\$825. Irving G. Foster, et ux, to Newton C. Neidigh, tract in Ferguson township;

Irvin R. Walker, et ux, to Esther A. Neidigh, tract in Ferguson township; Howard W. Stover, et ux, to C. L.

Eyster, tract in Penn township; \$1700. James I. McClure to Thersia Mc-Clure, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

F. B. Bower, et ux, to John A. Bower, tract in Haines township; \$350. W. Bright Bitner to John F. Mye.s. tract in Gregg township; \$200.

Trustees of the Presbyterian church of Pine Grove Mills, to William H. tract in Ferguson township;

Donald Snyder, et ux, to Marion J. McCulley, tract in Spring township;

J. Howard Musser, et ux, to Fred J. Holber, tract in State College; \$1,500. Russell Miller, et ux, to Samuel Coble, et ux, tract in Spring township; \$200.

Anna T. H. Henszey, et bar, to Alumni Association of Upsilon Chapter of Alpha Sigma Phi Fraternity, tract in State College; \$2,400.