

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1926.

F. GRAY MEEN, Editor

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

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DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For United States Senator,

WILLIAM B. WILSON,

of Tioga County.

For Governor,

EUGENE C. BONNIWELL,

of Philadelphia.

For Lieutenant Governor,

W. CLAYTON HACKET,

of Westmoreland County.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,

JOHN MURPHY,

of Allegheny County.

Democratic District and County Ticket.

For Congress,

CLARENCE R. KRAMER,

of Clearfield.

For State Senator,

WILLIAM I. BETTS,

of Clearfield.

For Assemblyman,

ANDREW CURTIN THOMPSON,

of Phillipsburg.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

Home of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. North in Line of Fire for Two Days.

It has been several months since the Watchman has been privileged to publish a letter from either Mr. or Mrs. W. R. North, of Chungking, China. Mrs. North, prior to her marriage, was Miss Sarah Shuey, daughter of C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte. Since the arrival of William Jr. the time of both father and mother has been pretty well occupied, and their letters have been confined mostly to private affairs, but here is one written on May 24th, telling of a battle between opposing Chinese forces which is quite thrilling, and also ends all right because none of the Norths or their associates figured in the casualty list.

Chungking, China, May 24. Had any one prophesied ten years ago that the writer would experience being under fire the first time on the western edge of China, he would certainly have been a bit puzzled. Ten years ago the only firing line that any one thought of was in connection with the Great War, and China, especially near the Tibetan border, wasn't very prominent in that conflict. But we had the experience of entertaining the firing line in our door-yard.

Before I write more, I ought in all fairness to make it plain that warfare as practised in West China isn't of the ferociousness of warfare in Christian countries. The main idea of the armies of Szechwan and its neighbors seems to be to oust the enemy with the least possible loss of life—a military principle that is of course obnoxious in Christian warfare.

But as this is a story of the battle of Dsen Jia Ngai, the locality where we live, I must get down to brass tacks. On Sunday, May 16th, the soldiers of General Yuen Dsu Min, the ranking officer in the city of Chungking, were seen to be gathering lumber and boats at the foot of the cliff on which our campus is situated. Those who have lived in China long knew what that meant—a pontoon bridge for troop movements.

On Monday the bridge was built. The Chinese know how to build these bridges. They ought to, for they have no bridges over their large streams. By Monday night the bridge was done. About eleven o'clock that night the troops began to cross. Their line of march up over the hill on the opposite side of the river was visible through their lanterns and torches. (This the writer gathered from others. He was engaged in the land of dreams.)

Tuesday saw further troop movements across the bridge in the direction of the army of General Yang Sen, former military governor of the province, who was driven out last summer through the treachery of some of his officers. Going down to Hankow, General Yang gathered fresh resources through General Wu Pei Fu, one of the three most prominent military leaders in China today, and came back. He had made slow but steady progress up river until he was within a few miles of his objective, Chungking, the chief commercial center of Szechwan. To check him was the avowed purpose of General Yuen. The latter is a native of the province of Kweichow, to the south of Szechwan, and famous as one of the least productive and most poverty-stricken provinces in the Republic. He was naturally not anxious to return to his hard and forbidding land.

On Tuesday afternoon we went to the city to spend the night with friends. On Wednesday morning I started out about half-past five to walk back to the school. As I passed the Lin Kiang Men, one of the city gates, I found it closed. When I reached the Tong Yuen Men, I found it also closed, but I got out after

writing my name on the back of a blank check for the guard at the gate. The Chinese farmers had not been so fortunate, for outside I found a large number of them with their loads of vegetables of all sorts, waiting for a chance to enter. Probably I could have made some good bargains that morning, had I had any money with me, or the ambition to carry a load of vegetables for two miles.

Just as I reached the school, I began to hear the guns over the hills across the river. The firing kept up all day. That afternoon I thought I had better go back to the city to let Sarah know how things were at home. As I reached Tong Yuen Men, the city gate nearest the country, the only important land gate in the city, I called through the closed iron gates to the guard, and slipped him my visiting card, with the request that I be permitted to enter. After due consultation with the officer of the guard, the men on duty let me in. As I approached Dai Jia Hang, the street on which the members of the Methodist Episcopal mission live, I found the streets in wild excitement. Men were running toward the wall for a sight. I glanced out across the Kialing river to see soldiers running up the opposite shore in great numbers. I hurried to the mission compounds, which open out upon the city wall, and found all the brethren and sisters watching the movies. Boatloads of soldiers were making from the Kiang-beh shore, the opposite side, to Chungking. Others not so fortunate as to find boats, ran upstream toward the pontoon bridge, which was about two miles away.

About this time said brethren and sisters decided that the stray shots whistling around weren't altogether healthful, and were for seeking retirement in their parlors. I said hello and good-bye, and left. I knew if I didn't get out of the gate before the retreating soldiers arrived, I was likely to be shut in the city indefinitely, and as my job called for me at seven o'clock that evening, I decided that speed was important. On the way to the gate I met an acquaintance who lives at Dsen Jia Ngai, near the school. As it was difficult for a Chinese to get through the gate just then, he asked to accompany me. When I presented my card, the guard passed both of us. We went down the steps toward the river at no inconsiderable speed, and up over the road along the river, from where we could see the fleeing soldiers. I was making all speed, for I feared that if the pursued crossed the pontoon bridge and came down on the Chungking side of the river, I might meet them on the road. This would be a bit annoying, as the road is only two or three feet wide. It would be even more annoying if the pursuers were following close behind, firing promiscuously, as they were likely to do. The Chinese aren't used to fast walking, as a rule. I felt a bit compassionate for my friend, Mr. Dsen, and tried to slow up a little. But when he left me just before I reached the school, I'm afraid he rued the time when he asked to accompany me.

As we passed along, we found the populace on all the points of vantage, taking in the greatest excitement of the year. We found billeted soldiers at the entrances to compounds and temples where they had been stationed under full equipment, and ready to evacuate. I got back to the school without meeting any retreating soldiers, or stopping any bullets, although the latter were popping all around.

I found the bridge full of retreating soldiers, machine guns, stretchers, a few wounded, and some horses. Soldiers had lined up on the campus along the cliff, hiding behind the shrubbery and firing across the river. Just above the pontoon bridge a squad of soldiers were guarding the retreating army. On both sides of Mr. Rape's compound walls was a firing line. It was not unnatural, therefore, that bullets whistled frequently, and that the firing was rather startling at times. All night long the firing kept up. The sharp pop of rifles, the tattoo of machine guns, and the occasional sullen boom of a cannon, formed great music to soothe one to slumber. But as our house is a bit removed from the rest of the buildings on the campus, I didn't lie awake thinking about what might not happen.

When I went down to the school early next morning, I took the back path. The main road lies along the edge of the cliff overlooking the river. It wasn't as popular as usual. I found the pontoon bridge still intact, with the firing as incessant as ever. No casualties in the neighborhood had yet been reported, however! Soon after I reached the Rape compound, the retreating Kweichow troops cut the bridge. Part of it floated off down the river, but the end attached to this side remained in place. Then soldiers began to pile into boats to cross. Mr. Rape and I, looking on from the porch of his house, remarked upon the unusual bravery displayed by these troops. They rowed out into mid-stream, and then seemed to float down, without attempting to come nearer. It seemed a foolhardy thing to do. We could see the bullets splashing the water on all sides. Of course we couldn't easily tell how many struck the boats. Soon these boats had floated out of sight. Later we learned that these were Kweichow men, caught on the other side by the cutting of the bridge, and seeking to escape the advancing Szechwan army. The men on this shore had been firing on their own men, and did not know it. It was said that in some of the boats almost all the men were killed. One or two were said to have capsized in mid-stream, all the occupants being drowned. One of the boats, said to have started out with several dozen men, finally landed on this side with only three men alive. People in the city, two miles down, tell of having seen a boatload of soldiers floating down, with several men frantically waving and screaming for mercy from their own comrades. You see even a human war such as is waged in West China, can almost at times approach Christian war for blood and slaughter.

Firing kept up all day, but the Szechwanese did not attempt to cross at this point at that time. Kweichow men held all the cliff on this side, and crossing would not have been pleasant. During the afternoon, while we were sitting and talking in the Rape house, a bullet struck the edge of the brick just outside the window. Had the bullet been an inch or two farther to one side, Mrs. Rape would probably have been killed. Such is the excitement of a "miss" of a missionary. It is needless to say that I didn't go into the city to see Sarah that day.

When I reached home for dinner that day, I found that the Kweichow men had torn down my fence, and had established their firing line in the door-yard along the river cliff. I gathered a few empty shells for souvenirs. They did not find the spot advantageous, and moved a little to one side, hiding among the sheafs of wheat standing in the field. I could also hear them shooting just below our compound nearer the river.

Shooting kept up all evening, and was still to be heard, although with lessening intensity, toward bedtime. The only thing that made me at all uneasy was the firing of shells some distance away. I feared the folks in the city might be in the line of fire, as the mission property is directly on the river front.

Next morning my servants informed me that the soldiers had all "dso lo" (gone). I felt a bit lonesome without soldiers running into the dooryard for water to drink. As I went down to school, I could see the Szechwan soldiers piling into boats to cross the river. Many had already crossed, and were searching the countryside for Kweichow stragglers. Firing could still be heard in the distance, but everything was quiet in this neighborhood, except for an occasional spurt, probably when a straggler was encountered.

That afternoon, Friday, I went to the city. I asked acquaintances I met on the road as to whether I could get through the gate. One would say "Yes, you can get in, but you can't get out." The next would say, "No, you can get out, but you can't get in." Another would say, "No, you can't go in or out." I went. I got in. I got Sarah and Billy. I got out. Everything was lovely.

We learned that the Szechwanese had entered the city Thursday afternoon, long before they landed on this side at the school. After nine o'clock Friday we resumed our school work, and had nothing to show for the fighting except, a few lost bullets, and "stridgers," some empty shells, and a pool of blood, where some poor fellow "got his."

Today is the first day I have not been able to hear firing. After leaving Chungking, Yuen's men crossed the Yangtze river, and made the mint their last stronghold, apparently. Today I am told that the river is now "crossable." That probably means that the mint has been taken, or that the Kweichow troops have been driven back from the surrounding territory, and are massed there or retreating behind it.

Next Sunday is May 30, the anniversary of the memorable shooting in Shanghai last year. We are all glad that Generals Wang Fang Dseo and Yang Sen are in charge of the city again, as both men are friendly to foreigners, and not afraid to keep the lid on. General Wang was in the city last spring and summer, and was responsible, more than any other one man for the order and discipline that generally obtained in the city throughout the worst of the agitation against foreigners.

We haven't quite recovered from the excitement of the past week, but we feel that we have grown up another notch. We have experienced the realities of warfare—even though the "heather" variety isn't as terrible as the Christian.

W. R. NORTH.

Motor Party Has Miraculous Escape.

Tuesday afternoon between five and six o'clock a party of four Lock Haven people was motoring down Nittany valley. They had been on a long trip and on leaving Bellefonte the gentleman who had been at the wheel turned it over to a lady who was rather inexperienced at driving to complete the journey home.

When just below the home of William Zimmerman, below Hecla, a car behind them gave the signal of its intention to pass. It startled the lady driver so that she pulled so quick and hard on the wheel that in a flash the Chevrolet sedan was in the ditch, up the other side, against the fence which threw it back on its side on the road embankment.

There were two ladies and two gentlemen in it and none were hurt a particle, except an elderly lady who had her fore arm slightly skinned and suffered a strain of her knee.

After they were lifted from the car passing motorists lifted it onto its wheels and it was towed onto the road, and was able to proceed under its own power, with no more serious damage than broken windows, two bent fenders and slightly strained steering gear.

Miss Betty Lockington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lockington, of east High street, has been elected teacher of French and English in the Mauch Chunk High school. Miss Lockington is a graduate of the Bellefonte High school and the Pennsylvania State College, class of 1922. Last year she did post-graduate work at State looking to her master's degree and expects to study in France later.

The George Hazel family and the Paul Fortney family, including Miss Verna Smith, are in camp for two weeks, at the Hogel bungalow on the Dan Houser farm, near Rock Forge.

STRAUB.—The sudden and unexpected death of James Alexander Straub, son of Elmer C. Straub, of Bellefonte, in a hospital at Niagara Falls on Sunday morning was quite a shock to his friends in this place. When a boy five years old Jimmy fell off of a wagon and badly injured his hip, which later affected the bone and most of his life since he had been troubled with recurrent periods of infection. During the past two or three years, however, he had been free from any attacks and was encouraged to believe he had outgrown the trouble. But on Sunday, July 12th, a pain in his leg became manifest and it grew worse so rapidly that early in the week he was taken to the Niagara Memorial hospital for treatment. It soon became evident, however, that an operation was the only hope and this was performed on Thursday. On Friday his father was notified that his son's condition was regarded as critical and he and his daughter, Miss Anne Straub, went to Niagara Falls Friday night, in time to see the son and brother before he passed away on Sunday morning.

Deceased was a son of Elmer C. and Alice Alexander Straub and was born on the old Alexander homestead, above Sunnyside on February 24th, 1896, hence was 30 years 4 months and 22 days old. As a boy he attended the Bellefonte High school, prepared for college at the Bellefonte Academy then entered State College, graduating there on January 27th, 1919, in the course in chemistry. He at once accepted a position with the General Electric company, at Erie, but later left there to become chemist for the Glidden Varnish company, at Cleveland, Ohio. He had not been with that firm many months till he was transferred to their plant at Toronto, Canada, but it was only a temporary change and he was later sent back to Cleveland. Last April he resigned his position with the Glidden company to go with the Niagara Electro-Chemical company, and was in charge of the construction of that company's big acid separating plant at Niagara.

On January 26th, 1921, he was married at Buffalo, N. Y., to Miss Dorothy E. Kumpf, the ceremony taking place in the German Evangelical church. She survives with one daughter, Mary Alice Straub, three months old. He also leaves his father and sister, Elmer C. and Miss Anne Straub, of Bellefonte. Funeral services were held at his late home at LaSalle, N. Y., on Tuesday afternoon, after which the remains were taken to Buffalo for burial in the Forest Lawn cemetery.

HILL.—Mrs. Margaret B. Hill, wife of Lewis A. Hill, of Bellefonte, passed away quite suddenly at seven o'clock on Monday morning. She had been a sufferer with heart trouble the past year or two but on Sunday was out for a motor run with her husband. About nine o'clock that evening she suffered a severe attack and passed away the next morning.

Mrs. Hill was a daughter of Joseph and Sarah Eckenroth Miller and was born at Pleasant Gap forty years ago. Her girlhood life was spent at that place but since her marriage to Mr. Hill twenty-three years ago she had made her home in Bellefonte. She was a member of the Methodist church since girlhood. In addition to her husband she leaves three children, Mrs. Edward Miller, of Bellefonte; Russell and Eleanor, at home. She also leaves one brother and a sister, Frank A. Miller, of State College, and Mrs. Fred Herman, of Bellefonte.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist church at 2:30 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Homer C. Knox, burial being made in the Union cemetery.

STUMP.—Alvin Stump, for many years a farmer over near Tusseyville, died at his home in Altoona last Friday, following a few weeks illness. He was born in Snyder county sixty-seven years ago. As a young man he came to Centre county and located in Potter township, where he followed farming until three years ago when he sold out and moved to Altoona. He was a member of the Reformed church, the P. O. S. of A. and K. G. E. of Centre Hall. He married Miss Mary Wingart who survives with the following children: John Stump, of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. C. Herman, of Phillipsburg; Elmer, of Mount Union; Mrs. Albert Barger and Bruce, both of Altoona. He also leaves one brother and a sister, Edwin Stump, of Belleville, and Mrs. Mary Goss, of Lewistown. The remains were taken to Tusseyville where burial was made on Monday afternoon.

ROBB.—Mrs. Belle Robb, widow of William Robb, for many years residents of Romola, Centre county, died on Sunday at her home in Avis following a two week's illness with a complication of diseases.

She was a daughter of Michael and Mary Heaton and was born at Romola seventy-six years ago. Her husband died twenty-four years ago but surviving her are the following children: Edward Robb, of Avis; Miss Edith, at home; Relda and David, of Harrisburg; Toner, of Romola; John, of Howard, and Charles, of Lock Haven. Burial was made at Romola on Wednesday afternoon.

UNDERCOFFER.—Jean, nine years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Undercoffer, of Ambridge, Pa., died on Wednesday following an operation on Sunday for appendicitis. The re-

mains will be brought to Bellefonte tonight and taken to the home of the girl's grandfather, J. W. Undercoffer, where private funeral services will be held tomorrow, and burial made in the Union cemetery.

SHAFFER.—Orr Heilman Shaffer, M. D., of Miami Beach, Florida, died at Rochester, Minn., Tuesday evening, July 20, after an operation for which he had gone to the Mayo hospital in that city.

Dr. Shaffer, up to his retirement from practice seven years ago, was the prominent practitioner of Altoona where he was dean of the general hospital staff and surgeon for the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. He was a graduate of the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania.

In October, 1903, he was married to Dr. Mary Irvin Thompson, of Lemont, who survives with their one son, John Thompson Shaffer, two sisters and one brother.

Funeral services will be held in the Presbyterian church at Lemont this afternoon at 2:30 and interment will be made in "the Branch" cemetery.

American Lime Company Picnic a Huge Success.

The first annual picnic of the American Lime & Stone company employees was held at Hecla park, Saturday afternoon and evening, with an estimated attendance of between 600 and 700 people.

Plant operations were suspended for the day at the Bellefonte and Southern Division plants. Cars began to move about 10:30 and 1:00 o'clock found most everybody at the park waiting for the events of the afternoon and evening.

At 1:30 the races for the children were scheduled and these offered a bit of excitement. The prizes were worth the effort and many good laughs resulted from the various races. After the races, ice cream cones and peanuts were furnished to the youngsters; needless to say, this pleased them very much.

The base ball game—Union Furnace "Screenings" vs. Bellefonte "Pebbles"—offered much fun for the diamond enthusiasts, the final score being 11 to 4 in favor of Bellefonte.

Dancing in the evening to the American Croation orchestra, composed of employees of the company, climaxed the picnic which proved to be a huge success, and with everyone looking forward to the time next year when the second picnic will be held.

Much credit is due the committee in charge for the splendid arrangement of transportation, amusements, etc.

NEIL—Gibson.—James Neil, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Neil, of Tyrone, and Miss Catherine Gibson, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, of Sandy Ridge, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Bellefonte, last Saturday evening, by the pastor, Rev. Clarence E. Arnold. The bride for some time past has been a stenographer in the offices of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, while the bridegroom is associated with his father in the retail grocery and meat business in Tyrone, in which place they will make their home.

CNETRE HALL.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetzel and Mr. Stong were in town on Saturday.

Mrs. C. N. Hockman is in the Geisinger hospital, at Danville, for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lingle and two children spent Saturday at the Lingle home.

William Sweetwood, of Norristown, is visiting his former friends in Centre Hall.

Mrs. Wm. Garis is entertaining her sister and brother-in-law, from Greensburg.

Mrs. Wooster, who lives in the home of Wm. Tate, is entertaining her son from Tyrone.

Mrs. Byron Auman and two daughters, of Millheim, spent Sunday at her parent's home.

The Bartholomew car made a trip to Watsonstown, Dewart and Dewitt's camp on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neff returned from a trip to the Sesqui-Centennial, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Beulah Bingham spent several weeks with former school chums in and about Centre Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. "Tommy" Hosterman are spending their vacation touring the eastern part of the State.

Mrs. W. A. Odenkirk and daughters, Dorothy and Helen, made an auto trip to Cleveland, Ohio, recently.

Miss Edith Boozer, after spending two weeks at the home of her father, D. A. Boozer, went on to Youngstown, Ohio, for a short visit.

Mrs. E. L. Bartholomew and daughter, Mary Helen, of Altoona, and Miss Mary Kennedy, of Tyrone, spent a few days at their farm home this week.

The Stork has been busy during the past week. Among the homes visited were those of Milton Bradford and the Lingles, who live in the Alvan Stump home.

The delegates to Spruce Creek Camp, Leonora Foust, Alma Lutz, Fay Bradford, Grace Wible, Emelyn Brungart, Wilbur McClellan and Bruce Knarr, returned to their respective homes this week.

On Tuesday Mrs. Anna Bartholomew Kittelberger entertained at her home in Curwensville the following auto party: Mrs. Rebecca Romig, of Liverpool, and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Bartholomew and two daughters, Elizabeth and Jean; Edith and Doris Moltz and Helen Bartholomew, of Centre Hall. Mrs. Kittelberger is now the secretary of their school board.

Milesburg Substation Ready for Operation.

With the threatening weather on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons the local management of the Keystone Power Corporation had their Milesburg station brought up to full steam in readiness to pick up the entire electric load of their lines on short notice. The Keystone Power Corporation has been experiencing considerable interruptions due to severe electric storms which have visited the territory this season, and had the above plant put in operation as a special precaution.

Such preparedness as this in the event of a severe storm in this section would greatly assist the Keystone Power Corporation in maintaining its usual continuity of service.

PLEASANT GAP.

Miss Margaret Irvin spent a few days last week in Tyrone.

Miss Emeline Ramsey, of Harrisburg, is visiting at W. H. Noll's.

Harold Kerstetter and wife, of Pittsburgh, are visitors here last week.

The erection of our new school buildings will be started in a few days. Misses Mary and Vera Hile were week-end visitors among friends in Clearfield.

Ward Hile and wife left in their car, Sunday, for a trip through the State of Indiana.

Harry Confer has improved the appearance of his house by adding a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Twitmyer, of Wilmerding, are visiting with the former's mother.

Pauline Kramer, of Altoona, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Swartz.

Miss Emeline Noll, of Philadelphia, is spending her vacation here with her father, W. H. Noll Jr.

Our Whitelock Lime and Stone corporation is hustling to keep pace with the numerous incoming orders.

The Lutheran congregation will celebrate the Holy Communion on next Sunday morning, at 10:30.

The stork visited the homes of Jared Evey and Floyd Horner and presented each with a nice big boy.

Mrs. Miller and two daughters, of Pittsburg, are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mong.

Miss Jean Noll has accepted a position in the Polyclinic hospital, in Philadelphia, as supervisor of private floors.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Griffith and daughter Mayme spent Sunday at Holidaysburg with the Harry Evey family.

Quite a number of our towns people attended the band concert held at Harry John's park, near Woodward, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Swartz, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shuey and Mr. and Mrs. Reeder Jodon spent Sunday at Lakemont park, Altoona.

Mrs. John Herman has added an addition to the rear of her residence, which will add materially to the comforts of her up-to-date home.

The P. O. of A. lodge in our town, camp 229, held an initiatory service at their rooms on Monday evening. Degrees were conferred on two new members.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Noll and grandsons, Dean and Jack Miller, of Woodlawn, attended the funeral of the boy's grand-father, Charles Wolfe, of Aaronsburg, on Monday.

George Wise and family, of Tyrone, are spending a few days with Mrs. Wise's parents. Mr. Wise had the misfortune to break his arm while cranking his car last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Herman, accompanied by Mrs. Herman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKee, motored to Elmira, N. Y., on Tuesday, to visit with Mrs. McKee's brother.

The cherry season is about over. The crop was an average one, our pickers are now about starting in to annihilate the huckleberry crop, which is abundant and far superior to last year's product. The plum crop follows and will be a prolific one. Even if the weather was quite unseasonable we have an abundance of vegetation. The gardens are beginning to show a marked improvement.

Last townsman, Levi A. Miller, spent last week in Pittsburgh, and reports having enjoyed the time of his life, but alleges the time was too short for a satisfactory visit, he being unable to see one-half of his old time associates in the brief space of time. Of course many old friends have passed away. However, it is the same in our community. For instance, there are only four survivors of the actual business men of Bellefonte who were engaged in business 50 years ago—then again the Logan Fire company was organized in 1868, and only two of the charter members are living. Eighteen years ago Pleasant Gap could muster eighteen veterans on Decoration day; today the number is reduced to only two. Yes, we are passing away.

The Pleasant Gap Volunteer Fire Co., will hold their annual festival on Saturday evening, July 24th. Every citizen of the town and township should turn out to help this worthy cause. The funds are needed to complete the building for this fire truck. We had quite a number of fires the past year but owing to the prompt action of our firemen the loss was very light. As a rule when fire companies are organized a number of undesirable avails themselves of being in the front rank. Not so at the Gap, our company is made up of leading citizens, good ambitious men and men of exceptionally good character. Let the multitude turn out, and let us show our deserving fire ladders that we appreciate the services of the men who are willing to risk their lives in the interest of our property owners, in the way of protecting our homes and firesides. Let us unloose our purse strings and help.