

BOY WANTED.

Wanted a boy that is manly, A boy that is kind and polite. A boy you can always depend on To do what he knows is right. A boy that is truthful and honest And faithful and willing to work; But we have not a place that we care to disgrace With a boy that is ready to shirk. Wanted—a boy you can tie to. A boy that is trusty and true, A boy that is good to old people And kind to the little ones, too. A boy that is nice to sister and brother, And pleasant to sister and brother, A boy who will try when things go awry To be helpful to father and mother. These are the boys we depend on— Our hope for the future, and then Grave problems of State and the world's work await Such boys when they grow to be men. —Exchange.

SUNRISE.

(Concluded from last week.)

Nothing could have been more surprising to David or to Shalmir than that they should meet on the road the next morning. He was on his way to the Club House with the check, and she and her Indian were walking, leading their horses, her feet firm in brown riding boots, she herself like a boy in tailored breeches, waistcoat, and cap.

"Come along, go with me," he said. "It's a lovely ride."

"All right," she nodded. "Arthur's gone till late to-night."

They sent back the Indian and went on together. David picked a branch of cedar and she sniffed it joyously, and pinned a bit on her vest. They stopped for a drink at Water Cross Spring, and he held her curls back while she reached down to the swift, cold water. The country mail man passed them—his jogging old horse.

"Howdy, folks," he called. Shalmir waved at him and carried him a drink in the broken spring cup. "Got a package for ya' in the back seat here," he said. David reached for it. "La Touche, Paris," he read.

"Oh!" Shalmir cried, a little flutter of joy. "That's my wedding dress!" David fastened the box to his saddle.

The day was cool and warm and sweet, a wild scent of purple flowers along the road, birds piping from fence caps, little rushing, overfed streams, log bridges.

Shalmir whipped off her cap and threw her head to the wind. "David," she said, "if you could be anywhere in the world this minute—where would you choose?"

He looked at that little girl riding beside him; looked beyond her at purple hills, purple trees. "I'd choose—Sky Valley!" Dave Dakin said, and smiled just a little.

Everything was gay at the Club House—colors flying—green boughs going up.

"To-day's the great party," David said. He sent their ponies around, took the box, Shalmir's wedding dress, and, arm in arm, they went up the steps, fifty steps to the cedar log villa—wide porches, open living-room, fireplace, dining-room. David turned Shalmir facing the valley and told her where they were, what was below them, all about the place—its log walls, big spaces, men's comfort.

It was lunch time. When they crossed the porch—Shalmir's arm in his, her fluff of shining hair, tailored riding clothes—every eye admired her openly. Fifer came forward to meet them. David delivered Dor's check, and Fifer was delighted. He insisted, then, that they stay for the evening.

"I won't hear of your leaving!" he said. "You shall have rooms. Send for your clothes. A maid for Miss Shalmir."

Someone started the piano. "In fact," he laughed, "we'll begin the evening right now!" He whirled Shalmir out on the floor, and David watched them dance. Everyone watched them dance—she so lovely.

Fifer told her he'd heard what a song bird she was. He lifted her on the piano and called out that she was going to sing. The crowd came around, and she sang, with cheers of applause—jesting songs, negro, "gospels," quaint, twanging Brazilian melodies, jazz tunes, little tear-drop things. At last, breathless, she stopped, swung down on the floor laughing.

"There's somebody here I want to be introduced to," she said, hesitating a moment. Then she smiled. "The you," she said, and walked directly to where that dark-haired girl with crimson lips stood leaning against the piano.

So Fifer introduced Sonia Banzhaf, and told Shalmir she was a dancer at Sky Valley Inn.

Mr. Fifer sent a boy for David's evening clothes—a message to the colonel not to expect him for dinner—and Shalmir said she thought her box from Paris would have a gown she could wear. In the late afternoon then, in the room Fifer had prepared for her, David opened the box. That was a quaint little room—bare, fresh scented pine wood, unfinished walls, scraps of pine cones blowing in on the floor. David unfolded the wedding dress—white satin, misty veil; put them in Shalmir's hands; watched her swift, eager fingers.

"The other dress is pink," he told her, "and pink slippers and stockings. It's made of pink pieces all put together."

The dress was rose, petals fastened with silver.

"I'll wear that to-night," she said. "I'm sorry Arthur went away."

In evening clothes David was handsome—very much at ease. Shalmir was late. The music had been playing an hour when David still was waiting for her. The place was a rainbow of color and light—banjos

and saxophones—a bit of life, there on the side of that mountain, like a comet tail out of the sky.

And while David waited—Arthur Kimby came, immaculate, debonair. Sonia wore a black spangled dress that caught the light like black fire—scarlet earrings, scarlet lips. Arthur didn't see David there. He saw only Sonia, and they were dancing, he and Sonia, his arms close around her, when Shalmir Dorf came across the balcony at the head of the stairs and stood there, silver, gold, pink, like a pale cloud, or a blown rose that seems just too fair for hands to touch.

Everyone felt her there. Everyone turned to watch her. Arthur Kimby stopped short on the dance floor—drew back against the wall, and stood motionless as David went to Shalmir, brought her down, and into the dance.

Between dances they walked on the veranda—speckled stars, wind crooning in the pines, broken rhythm of a waterfall. Arthur Kimby avoided them, though once on the dance floor they passed so close that Shalmir's dress brushed his shoulder. Everyone wanted her; but David kept her to himself. Then, finally, Fifer insisted. David drew him aside with the pretense of a cigar.

"Shalmir Dorf is to marry Arthur Kimby," David said shortly. "Kimby!" Fifer exclaimed. "Why, Kimby's here with that dancer!"

"Shalmir doesn't know it," Dave said, "and I want to spare her. She doesn't know Kimby is here at all, so—you understand me?"

"I understand what you mean—certainly," Fifer replied; "but she ought to know! Why don't you tell her!"

"Because—she loves him," David said.

Fifer looked out into the starry night, then back at Shalmir, waiting there, that pale little cloud. He nodded slowly.

"Yes," he said. "I see!" David saw Arthur and Sonia on the steps looking into the Valley. He went down to them.

"Kimby," he said, "how long are you going on with this?"

Deliberately Kimby inhaled and exhaled the puff of a cigarette.

"I wonder if you are inquiring," he said, "as a curious observer—or as a rival?" He threw his cigarette over into the grass. "Shall we dance? He asked the girl beside him."

David and Shalmir rode home in the moon and the darkness, saying little—her pony nosing his—his hand guiding hers. A car passed them, Arthur Kimby in the back seat. When they got home Arthur was waiting for them alone in the library.

Shalmir tumbled joyously into his arms—then, with a puzzled little expression, felt across his shoulders; tucked shirt, satin vest—

"Why, you're—you're wearing evening clothes," she said.

"Yes," he told her. "I was thinking of coming after you."

David put down the box of her wedding dress.

"Good night, Shalmir," he said. She went to the door with him—put her hand into his fingers that David suddenly felt were trembling—that he suddenly caught against his lips.

Sonia Banzhaf went away from the Inn, went East, Fifer said. Arthur was very careful of Shalmir, very thoughtful of her, constantly with her. The traction project went on. Dorf was as good as his word; he made Arthur Kimby superintendent. Three weeks later, with the wedding of Shalmir and Arthur only ten days away, David heard from Dorf that Arthur had gone hunting with some men from the East. Arthur hadn't known just where they were going, but a lumberjack had met them on the trail to Car Cabin, Dorf said.

Car Cabin stood alone along the Rattle-snake Range in Silver Gully. Old Car had lived there and died there, and now hunters helped themselves to its bunks and old shelter—followed a narrow trail through silver birch trees to the sagging log walls, broken window frames, stone fire hole. The hunters would go there with food, matches, and blankets.

Midnight, twenty-four hours after that lumberjack had told where Arthur Kimby was, someone beat on the door of the colonel's home, calling David.

"The forest is burning! They want the ditch rider! The rangers are out and we've got to dam the head gates, or back-fire!"

David dressed while his father saddled the cayuse and called the servants. Against the dark side of the Rattlesnake dull red and gray showed, like a cloud against black sky—haze of red everywhere, smell of resin, smoke of leaves and wood. Over the stillness of the night, as over still water, came the sound of people shouting. Lights were up and down the mountainside!

It is the forest rangers and ditch riders who call men out to fight fires! "She's been burnin' so slow all day nobody knewed there was any danger," the man shouted to David as they rode. Bits of gray ash filled the air—came against their faces. "But now she's comin' like Hell turned loose, straight down the Rattlesnake! We won't stand no more chance'n Judgment Day if we don't git her turned back soon!"

Against the darkness red was crawling down over the gray—flames breaking through like the spit of guns! When they came to where the forest rangers were waiting for Dave, a hundred men had already gathered in the fitful light by the side of the road—smoke-filled air, falling ashes, fire coming mile by mile!

"There's only one thing to do, Dave," the ranger said. "Drive it straight back up the mountain! Nothing will save us being swept clear out, unless we back-fire and turn the course. Straight back through Silver Gully! Right, Dave?"

"Yes," Dave answered. "Through Silver Gully. Back-fire and drive it up!"

The line of men went silently by like an army of ants—that red glow on their faces; the air hot, dense, smoke-filled. And Silver Gully was—Car Cabin. David didn't think of Arthur Kimby being there because of Arthur Kimby—but he thought of it

because of Shalmir's face when he had given her that bridal veil—her groping, joyous hands—

"Fred," he said to the ranger who was turning, with his ax, after the men already gone, "the superintendent of the new Traction Company is in Car Cabin!"

The ranger looked up—swore under his breath, drew his hand across his eyes.

"Seems like murder, Dave," he said; "but—is there anything else to do?"

"Nothing else," David answered. "But the old prospect hole of King Kelly Mine goes twelve hundred feet through from Crow's Foot to Silver Gully, and if I can be spared—I'll try to go through for him. He's with Easterners who don't know that old shaft. It is murder!"

"But the fire's almost down to Crow's Foot now," the ranger said, staring at David; "and maybe Kelly's Hole isn't open. Nobody's been there in five years!"

"With your permission, I'll take the chance," David said.

"All right, Dave," the ranger answered, and that was all.

David turned his pony straight up the mountain, and rode harder than he had ever ridden in his life before—toward that smell, thicker, closer—toward that sickening heat—toward that crackle of burning timber—toward where he could see flames crawling, and low curling smoke—till Crow's Foot was less than fifty feet away. Then he swung to the ground, turned that cayuse back down the road to safety, and cut straight into the forest!

It was blinding, stinging through those trees—heat—smoke—hot ashes. But at last he felt the air of the opening into ground that was Kelly's shaft, saw the smoke sucking back, and felt gratefully into the dark. Damp shored timbers, mud, rock, darkness for a thousand stumbling feet—then air, sky, Car Cabin!

A cook fire was smoldering on the stones, someone lying on the ground in a blanket. David went there, looked down at who it was. Sonia Banzhaf.

Sheriff's Election Proclamation

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH. I, E. R. Taylor, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid that an election will be held in the said County of Centre on the FIRST TUESDAY IN NOVEMBER, 1926, being the 2ND DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1926, for the purpose of electing the several persons hereinafter named, to-wit:

One person to be United States Senator. One person to be Governor. One person to be Lieutenant Governor. One person to be Secretary of Internal Affairs. One person to be Representative in Congress. One person to be Senator in the General Assembly.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the elections in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the County of Centre is as follows:

For the North Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Logan Hose Co. house on East Howard street.

For the South Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the Undine Fire Co. building.

For the West Ward of the borough of Bellefonte, in the carriage shop of S. A. McQuiston.

For the borough of Centre Hall, in a room at Runkle's Hotel.

For the borough of Howard, in the public school building in said borough.

For the borough of Millheim, in the new Municipal building.

For the borough of Milesburg, in the borough building on Market street.

For the First Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the corner of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presquele street.

For the Second Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at the Public Building at the corner of North Centre and Presquele street.

For the Third Ward of the borough of Philipsburg, at Bratton's Garage, northeast corner of Seventh and Pine streets.

For the borough of Port Matilda, in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, in said borough.

For the borough of South Philipsburg, at the City Hall in South Philipsburg.

For the borough of Snow Shoe, in the Borough Building.

For the borough of State College, East Precinct, on College Avenue at the Odd Fellows Hall.

For the borough of State College, West Precinct, on Frazier street at the Firemen's hall.

For the borough of Unionville, in Grange Hall, in said borough.

For the township of Benner, North Precinct, at the Knox school house.

For the township of Bonner, South Precinct, at the new brick school house at Rockview.

For the township of Boggs, North Precinct, at Walker's school house.

For the township of Boggs, East Precinct, at the hall of Knights of Labor, in the village of Curtin.

For the township of Boggs, West Precinct, at the Grange Hall, Central City.

For the township of Burns, in the building owned by William Hipple, in the village of Pine Glenn.

For the township of College, at the school house in the village of Lemont.

For the township of Curtin, North Precinct, at the school house in the village of Orviston.

For the township of Curtin, South Precinct, at the school house, near Robert Mann's.

For the township of Ferguson, East Precinct, at the public house of R. R. Randolph, in Pine Grove Mills.

For the township of Ferguson, West Precinct, at the school house, in the village of Balleystown.

For the township of Ferguson, North Precinct, at Marengo school house.

For the township of Gregg, North Precinct, at Murray school house.

For the township of Gregg, East Precinct, at the house occupied by William A. Sinkabine, at Penn Hall.

For the township of Gregg, West Precinct, in Grange Hall at Spring Mills.

For the township of Haines, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Woodward.

For the township of Haines, West Precinct, at the residence of E. A. Bower in Aaronburg.

For the township of Half Moon, in the I. O. O. F. hall in the village of Stormstown.

For the township of Harris, East Precinct, in the building owned by Harry McCollan, in the village of Linden Hall.

For the township of Harris, West Precinct, in Malta Hall, Boalsburg.

For the township of Howard, in the township public building.

For the township of Huston, in the township building in Julian.

For the township of Liberty, East Precinct, at the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Liberty, West Precinct, in the school house at Monument.

For the township of Marion, in the Grange Hall in the village of Jacksonville.

For the township of Miles, East Precinct, at the dwelling house of G. H. Showers at Wolfe's Store.

For the township of Miles, Middle Precinct, in Bank building at Rebersburg.

For the township of Miles, West Precinct, at the store room of Elias Miller in Madisonburg.

For the township of Patton, in the shop of John Hoy at Waddle.

For the township of Penn, in a building formerly owned by Luther Gusewite at Coburn.

For the township of Potter, North Precinct, at the Old Fort Hotel.

For the township of Potter, South Precinct, at the Hotel in the village of Pottery Mills.

For the township of Potter, West Precinct, at the store of George Meiss, at Colyer.

For the township of Rush, North Precinct, at the township Poor House.

For the township of Rush, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Casanova.

For the township of Rush, South Precinct, at the school house in the village of Powelton.

For the township of Rush, West Precinct, at the new school house along the State Highway leading from Osceola Mills to Sandy Ridge.

For the township of Snow Shoe, East Precinct, at the school house in the village of Clarence.

For the township of Snow Shoe, West Precinct, at the house of Alonzo D. Groe in the village of Moshannon.

For the township of Spring, North Precinct, at the township building erected near Mallory's blacksmith shop.

For the township of Spring, South Precinct, at the public house formerly owned by John C. Mulfinger in Pleasant Gap.

For the township of Spring, West Precinct, in the township building in Coleville.

For the township of Taylor, in the house erected for the purpose at Leonard Merryman's.

For the township of Union, in the township public building.

For the township of Walker, East Precinct, in a building owned by Solomon Peck, in the village of Huston.

For the township of Walker, Middle Precinct, in the Grange Hall, in the village of Hublersburg.

For the township of Walker, West Precinct, at the dwelling house of John Royer, in the village of Zion.

For the township of Worth, in the Laurel Run school house in said township.

LIST OF NOMINATIONS.

The official list of nominations made by the several parties, and as their names will appear upon the ticket to be voted for on the second day of November, 1926, at the different voting places in Centre county, as certified to respectively by the Secretary of the Commonwealth are given in the accompanying form of ballot.

Notice is hereby given that every person, excepting Justice of the Peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the Government of the United States or this State, or of any City or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of the State or the United States or any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the Select or Common Council of any city, of Commissioners of any incorporated district, is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of judge, inspector or clerk of any district of this Commonwealth, and that no inspector, judge or other officer of any such elections shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for except that of an election officer.

Under the law of the Commonwealth for holding elections, the polls shall be open at 7 o'clock A. M. and closed at 7 o'clock P. M.

GIVEN under my hand and seal at my office in Bellefonte this 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six and in the one hundred and fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

E. R. TAYLOR, (Seal) Sheriff of Centre County.

SPECIMEN BALLOT

To vote a straight party ticket, mark a cross (X) in the square in the FIRST COLUMN, opposite the name of the party of your choice. A cross mark in the square opposite the name of any candidate indicates a vote for that candidate. To vote for a person whose name is not on the ballot, write or paste his or her name in the blank space provided for that purpose. This shall count as a vote, either with or without the cross mark. To vote for an individual candidate of another party after making a mark in the party square, mark a cross (X) opposite his or her name. For an office where more than one candidate is to be elected, the voter after marking in the party square, may divide his or her vote by marking a cross (X) to the right of each candidate for whom he or she desires to vote.

First Column

To Vote a Straight Party Ticket Mark a Cross (X) in this Column.

- Republican
Democratic
Socialist
Labor
Prohibition
Commonwealth Land
Workers

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes William S. Vare (Republican), William B. Wilson (Democrat), George W. Snyder (Socialist), Ellshia Kent Kane (Prohibition), Robert C. Macauley (Commonwealth Land), A. J. Carey (Workers).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes James Fleming Woodward (Republican), John Murphy (Democrat), William J. Van Essen (Socialist), Elizabeth Moyle Sherman (Prohibition), Sarah W. Dix (Commonwealth Land), Max Jenkins (Workers).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes John S. Fisher (Republican), Eugene C. Bonniwell (Democrat), John W. Slayton (Socialist), George L. Pennock (Prohibition), Julian P. Hickok (Commonwealth Land), H. M. Wicks (Workers).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes J. Mitchell Chase (Republican), Clarence R. Kreamer (Democrat).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes Arthur H. James (Republican), W. Clayton Hackett (Democrat), Henry Ernest Close (Socialist), Minnie B. McGrew (Prohibition), Lewis Ryan (Commonwealth Land), Parthenia Hills (Workers).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes Harry E. Scott (Republican), William I. Betts (Democrat).

Table with 2 columns: Name and Party. Includes John L. Holmes (Republican), A. C. Thompson (Democrat), C. S. Schoonover (Socialist).

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