Democratic Hatchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 27, 1928

FELLOW-FEELING.

(A gift of \$195,000, has been made to the Johns Hopkins University for the study of the "origin, nature, and possible cure of the common cold."-Reuter.) I knew a man, a learned man, a man of

much renown. Who vowed that he would yet surprise

the native of his town; He tried to square the circle; and, I

much regret to say, Announced his purpose publicly. So him

they put away.

I knew a man, another man of mist inventive vein.

Who had perpetual motion rather badly on the brain; With little weights and wheels and things

he used to sit and play;

The neighbors got to hear of it. And him they put away.

I knew a man, another man of decent. steady stock, Who tried for weeks to add

tea to ten o'clock; His calculations stretched for miles and

made a fine array; He sent them to the House of Lords. So him they put away.

One morning as these pretty men were sitting in a row

Upon the wall that hedged them in they noticed down below

Another man, a worried man, who muttered as he went;

They asked him why his brow was sad and why his back was bent.

He said, "I've offered forty thousand pounds of honest gold

To him who finds a cure for what they call a common cold."

Upon the wall they looked at him. and as one man replied,

"We're very pleased to meet you, sir Hi! comrade, come inside!"

-Lucio in Manchester Guardian.

THE SWAN SONG.

Arthur Whittaker sat on a green park-bench and glowered at two quite innocent swans which sailed majesticfor a grudging acquiescence, threw down his hat and stick, and made his ally on the smooth surface of the They were as ompervious to his hostile gaze as though they were, by some ornithic prescience, aware that his indignation was not really heap higher the mountain of his injuries. But he ignored the adage: se, but merely as integral parts of a world which appeared to Mr. Whittaker, in his present mood, to be superlatively unjust and unappreciative

luncheon hors-d'oeuvres produced in He was a thin, harassed-looking lithim a heavy and soggy condition of soul and body that augured ill for the family peace. Filled to repletion, tle man, with an intellectual breadth of brow rather over-emphasized by the strategic retreat which his rapidly he now desired only to sit and weep thinning hair was making from its over the wrongs of the world. smooth and shining surface. A pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses, set selected a new needle for the phonon a rather high-bridged nose, gave ograph, and put on the most melanto his kindly gray eyes a look of owl-ish wisdom which was, in fact, an im-portant part of his stock-in-trade; for Mr. Whittaker, was, under professor portant part of his stock-in-trade; for Mr. Whittaker was under-professor of economics at McBride University, ing notes. drank it in greedily, to the last hauntwhich fact sufficiently explains his Alice's voice broke in harshly on look of intellectual perspicacity. The his holy revery. "Oh, Arthur! I wish you wouldn't! I can't get the children look of harassment was the mark left on him by the daily struggle to effect a balance between the needs of a growing family and the utterly inadto sleep while you play! Herbert is so fretful! I'm sorry, butequate yearly stipend with which the He sprang up, glaring. But a gentleman must not utterly give way. He University recompensed his services. still managed to articulate with dig-For seven years Mr. Whittaker had nity, albeit through clenched teeth, been performing this balancing feat, and with stertorious breathing. which grew increasingly difficult as "Very well! If there is no place the parent-stem put forth three sucfor me in my own home-I-will-go -out." He picked up his hat, and cessive olive-branches and that parasitical growth known as high-cost-ofliving wound its horrid tentacles in made for the door. a strangle-hold about the whole. The But Alice's last words marred the figure is mixed, perhaps, but then, so dignity of his exit. "Oh, Arthur! I was Mr. Whittaker mixed. By such knew you'd eaten something that disgradations had he come, that he could agreed with you at that luncheon!" not yet quite see how he had arrived With the cool night air fanning his aching brow, he became once more able to think consecutively. It was this cursed domesticity that had been at this pass. At thirty, he had come to McBride's full of the energy and enthusiasm of youth. The salary was small, to be sure, but it would increase as his his ruination. Nothing worse could happen to a man of genius, he refame grew with the completion of the flected, than a wife and family. They intensive studies of certain vital econcrushed out initiative with the relentomic problems which he proposed making. Both he and Alice, who had less fatality of a Juggernaut. In the home, which it took all his resources to maintain, he had not even a corcome with him, an adored and adoring bride, had possessed the sublime ner to call his own to which he might retire. Why hadn't he had the wit faith of youth in his ultimate success. Now he was nearly forty, the magto remain single like old Gil, instead nu opus still untouched, and no prosof tying himself down to give individpect before him save a dreary con- ual proof of the theory of Malthus? tinuance of the balancing feat already Pausing at the intersection of two streets, his gloomy gaze encountered mentioned. The grim master, Life, had caught Mr. Whittaker and forced the brilliantly lighted entrance of a him into the treadmill from which the cinema palace. He had always chosen logical mind can vision no escape. to denounce the moving-picture hous-And Mr. Whittaker's mind was, nor- es as haunts of the intellectually bar-And Mr. Whittaker's mind was, normally, eminently logical. ren. He had never profaned his soul But his mood on this balmy after-noon of early June was far from nor-his mood to subject himself to this But his mood on this balmy aftermal. Otherwise, he would, at this profanation. Grimly, he pushed his way through the swinging doors into moment, have been sitting down to six-o'clock dinner in the stuffy dinthe Haunt of Ignorance. ing-room of the shabby apartment which he called "home," instead of Mr. Whittaker gave vent to his instead of mental and physical agony in a holidly loitering in the park. As he very low groan, as an affecting bit of reel well knew, it was Nora's night out, life faded from the screen, and the and a nice sense of domestic obligavampire vamped her tortuous way out tions should have dictated absolute of the life of the villain. He fled from promptness at the evening meal. But the hall without waiting for the custhis knowledge, which, by every can-on known to the order of considerate tard-pie comedy. The wires of his mental apparatus were, for the nonce husbands, should have caused him ex-quisite twinges of conscience, only succeeded in awakening a species of vicious joy, to which he gave immedihe had madly surrendered under the influence of youth and passion. ate expression by making a violent pass at the turf with his stick. The Nor did the yearning pass with the movement caused the brief-case which passing of the night. It burned, a had reposed on his knees to fall to the ground, scattering its precious contents—the notes of his last lecture to the hapless students in "Ecwhich had suddenly become to him as onomics A"-to the frolicking wind Dead Sea fruit. which watfed them, like flying blos-As he sat in the department office soms, among the trees and across the glassy surface of the lake. Mr. Whittaker made no attempt at Mr. Whittaker made no attempt at recovering them. He gloomily looked at the more curious of the swans ex-amine a sheet, apparently decide that it was not edible, and sail proudly off. "I don't blame you!" he exclaimed savagely. "You've better sense than I. A swan, at least, gives yoice to one savagely. "You've better sense than I. A swan, at least, gives voice to one song before it dies; but I'm dead, to all intents and purposes, without ev-er having uttered a note!" He stooped, ingit? Rosemary!" too, became imbued with the zest of think I'm taking out to dinner to-er having uttered a note!" He stooped, ingit? Rosemary!" too, became imbued with the zest of argument. "Bacon was quite up to our modern theorists," he announced, "when he wrote, a couple of hundred years ago,

He was, indeed, in a violent state of physical and mental revolt. Perhaps the former was responsible for the latter, for Mr. Whittaker had indubitably ranged recklessly and with hungry eye among the hors-d'oezvres at th faculty luncheon in honor of Gilliam assumed an expression of Claude Gilliam, and there are sages who say that even the fate of empires has hung in the balance because His Royal Remnants, or the Duke of Who-

picked up the leather case, and start-

himself, the plodding cart-horse.

Alice met him at the door, with

quickening of his sense of injury.

d moodily for home.

rancor.

of order.

sis, partook indiscreetly of forbidden don't even know that Rosemary has ecome famous!" "Famous?" gasped Mr. Whittaker. "Fact! Why, Rosemary is Jane Gold, the famous feminist lecturer But. Mr. Whittaker, being decidedly of a spiritual rather than a material-istic trend, found other causes for his and author. Pen-name, you know-guess Rosemary struck her as too dissatisfaction with the world. It was the sight of Claude Gilliam, brilliant and successful, receiving the ad-

frivolous. Why, you'll see her name in almost any magazine you pick up. She has a tremendous following. Cuts ulation not only of the semi-enlightened press, but of the small select all kinds of a figure. Why, she's even been in jail for distributing pam-phiets on—well, a very delicate subcircle of those who really knew, that had filled his usually kindly soul with Old "Gil" and he had been chums in

Mr. Whittaker blushed. "Is she-en their college days, and rivals for the same honors in their chosen field-

"The very same.

honors which he, Arthur Whittaker, had won by a length. Old "Gil," they had said in those days, was industri-ous and plodding; whereas, Whittak-er—ah, there was a man with an incipated for that. At any rate, come along and you shall see her in all her glory!

Mr. Whittaker snatched avidly at the glittering bait. "All right, I'm with you, Gil," he said. "Just a mintellect keen and scintillating as a twoedged sword, bound to win a high ute while I telephone to Alice."

edged sword, bound to win a high place among the aristocracy of in-telligence. The memory, to-day, pro-duced in Mr. Whittaker a pang of acute agony, so absolutely were the positions of the two men reversed; "O-oh!" said Gilliam. "I'd all but forgotten that you were married. Perhaps Mrs. Whittaker would come?" "No, no!" responded Mr. Whittaker

hastily, reaching for the telephone. "She couldn't possibly leave the chil-Gil, the brilliant and sought-after; The wound still rankled as he went They're-er-teething, or dren. up three flights of stairs to his apartsomething.'

ment. Of course, the elevator was out It turned out a brilliant and highly successful evening. Rosemary's wit was as scintillating as Gilliam's eulogiums had promised. She had de-veloped amazingly since their college baby Herbert in her arms. She looked decidedly crumpled, and Herbert was dismally wailing. Mr. Whittaker noted these things with a subtle days, when, as a rough-haired, rather lanky girl, whose gray eyes burned with an insatiable hunger for knowledge, she had given the two friends a close run for honors. Her jet-black hair was smartly and becomingly coif-"Arthur," she exclaimed, when they had exchanged the usual perfunctory kiss, "you're so late that I couldn't keep Nora. I've saved your dinner in fured, now; her angles had softened into delightful curves, and her brow was as smooth, her delicately tinted complexion as unimpeachable as a girl's. Yet the charming frankness of her gaze, and the gay camaraderie of her manner had not altered with the years, and the three friends met with as little stiffness and embarrassment as though their last parting had taken place but yesterday, instead of

ten years before. Whittaker, as by some miracle, discovered himself again possessed of the gay insouciance of his youth. His "Never let a meal go down on your wrath"—unwisely, as it proved, for the mingling of the unpalatable mess brilliant quips were greeted with old zest. Life had once more taken on an edge; an edge so keen that it was not yet quite dulled when the alarm lic than yours, but it's a much less clock roused him from slumber in appreciative one. Old man, I'd give with the undigested remnants of the the gray dawn of the morning after. He sat down opposite Alice at the

> bert had not succeeded in dissipating. cover that the idol he had been re-Shortly he became aware, by some subtle process well known to those who have lived for years in close com-the regulation feet of clay-had, in

"Not-you don't mean Rosemary that the man who had a wife and runabout, bound for the cool river-Gilder?" children had given hostages to for-tune. It shackles a man; he daren't But he could not respond, in kind,

The Egeria of "The very same. our college days!" "Why," said Mr. Whittaker, "I've scarcely thought of her for— I'm bon't let Rosemary's argument on the woman's side blind you to that "Whittaker," "I've the romance and keep the zest in life. Don't let Rosemary's argument on the woman's side blind you to that to Rosemary's gay banter. He felt heavy, and a bit dull. Guilty, too; he had been unkind to Alice. It hurt him to remember how the unhappy fact, Whiffles." Whittaker was a bit bewildered unlilt had gone out of her voice at his

words. Perhaps she had suspectedwhith the sum of the s why, by Jove, of course, that was it! What a fool he had been not to realize it at once. Wives were always bitterly jealous; they had to be, from the very nature of their position; Rosefeeling that they would interpret his mary had often pointed that out. failure to do so as rank disloyalty to his order. But what could he say? He awoke, suddenly, from his rev-Marriage was a failure? Wasn't the erie, to become aware that she was fact that he was obviously growing addressing a question to him. He stale at forty, the proof?

gasped and stammered. "Why, Arthur," she said, patting his hand in her frank, friendly way, "whatever is the matter? You are positively distrait today! I merely Nevertheless, out of very decency, he had to essay an answer. "But," he said feebly, "it is the duty of man to reproduce his kind, else how could the world go on?" asked you when your wife was com-Rosemary was back at him on the ing back to town.

He gurgled. "What-I-er-I don't know!" She suspected, then-feared instant. "A horribly abused theory! Aren't you working on the problem to lose his companionship. For she interpreted that look. He meant more of Unemployment? Don't you know married?" he stammered. "Heavens, no. She's far too eman-pated for that. At any rate, come spade, Rosemary went on to demonto her than he had supposed. It was a thrilling, and, to tell the truth, a strate that his family was not only rather terrifying thought. the crime against himself, as he had It was an all but perfect day, and, amid its glamour, Whittaker found recently come to recognize it, but an courage to frame a high resolve. He

offense against society as well. It was a bewildering, but, on the whole, stimulating evening. He followed it up by a succession of others,

increasingly more so. But, somehow, the intensive studies on unemployment failed to progress. There were mornings when Mr. Whittaker sought the University library in a fever of energy, but a few hours of dilatory labor served to dissipate his interest

If Alice, the practical, had been turned again on to the city boule-vards, he hadn't yet found the proper called upon to diagnose his case, she would have traced his symptoms to words, however. Rosemary suddenly broke a long silence. "I can't keep my dinner engageidigestible delicacies, consumed at late hours. Mr. Whittaker unhesitatingly attributed them to overwork, and the

frightfully busy. I'm packing." "Packing?" "Yes. I'm starting for Chicago to-Gilliam, leaving a few weeks later to deliver a series of lectures in Chicago, was frankly concerned about his friend. "See here, Whiffles," he said morrow.' as they walked home, arm in arm, all day. You see, it's really you that put it into my head. That is, it's see-ing how perfectly devoted you are to from Rosemary's apartment on their last evening together, "of course, Rosemary' deuced clever, and all that, but you don't want to take her ideas Alice, how you've pined since she's been away. Why, you've no idea how you've changed since that first night. too seriously. I hate to admit it, but guess I'm man enough to tell you, that, sometimes, when Rosemary and I get to harping to you against wed-ded love, I suspect it's-well, largely contagiously happy then; and since she's been away—why, you're positive-ly dumpish! Don't misunderstand me; truly, I admire you for it. You've because we have to convince ourselves that, since we haven't had it, it's not made me believe that there is something besides the prosaic in marriage; that it doesn't kill the higher emoand that's why I feel that I really owe this confession to you. Maybe my tions. name is known today to a wider pub-

sea of utter bewilderment. He had never, in his wildest moments, imagthe world to change places with you." ined that it would come to this. That Mr. Whittaker's surprise and disbreakfast table; still basking in a sense of well-being which even the matutinal wailing of the teething Her-ity from Gil! It was a blow to dis-able: she would leave the city on his account!

"To Chicago!" "Of course. That's where Gil is." MEMORIAL.

In loving remembrance of my sister, Annie Powers, who died January 24, 1928.

I can see your face in the radiant flowers, I can see your eyes in the azure skies. I can hear your sweet voice calling from

heavenly bowers. A dear, kind, loving sister was taken from earth away,

We are left sad and lonely

And don't know what to say.

One sad in the east One sad in the west

God, alone, knows what's best.

I shall miss you, dear sister, As you have missed me

But God does all things for the Best. You will watch, wait and pray for me 'Till life's sun shall set in the Golden West.

And I shall come to thee. KATHRYN POWERS MASSEY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 16, 1928.

Must Give Warning.

Another clause in this section, provides that "the driver of an overtak-ing motor vehicle, not within a business or residence district shall give audible warning before passing or attempting to pass a vehicle proceed-ing in the same direction." A business district is defined in the code as would not give up Rosemary and his new-found freedom. Alice would have to understand that. If, with unrea-"the territory contiguous to a high-way when fifty per cent or more of the frontage thereon for a distance of three hundred feet or more is occupied by buildings in use for business.' A residence district is defined as "the territory contiguous to a highway, not comprising a business district, when the frontage on such highway for a distance of three hundred feet or more is closely built up with dwellings, or by buildings in use for residences.

> The proviso which prevents the driver from the requirement of sounding a horn or other warning device when passing or attempting to pass a vehicle proceeding in the same direction in a business or residence district makes clear the necessity of equipping vehicles with a mirror to enable the operator to obtain a view of the highway to the rear from looking backward from the operator's position for a distance of at least 200 feet to the rear of such vehicle. It also serves to emphasize the importance of keeping the rear window free of any sign, poster or other nontransparent material. In view of the exemption from the requirement of sounding a horn or other warning device in a business or residence district. operators of motor vehicles within such districts should exercise care and caution in driving, taking care to give proper signals when turning to the left or suddenly stopping either in traffic or on the right side of the road.

Lee Statue Unveiled on Anniversary of Surrender.

The adoration of the nation was lavished on Monday before the great. stone carving at Stone Mountain, Ga., immortalizing the Confederate chief-"Yes. That's just what I've been tain, General Robert E. Lee, and those On the sixty-third anniversary of Mayor James J. Walker, of New. York city, accepted the memorial for the nation. Then five-year-old Robert. E. Lee, IV, great-grandson of the commander, released a cage of doves and delightedly watched them flutter free. Symbolizing the States that contributed to the memorial, the doves whirred up as a signal for the dropping of the veils. Slowly the curtains, a flag of the Confederacy on one, and the standard of the United States on the other, fell away, leaving in white relief on the cliff the nearly completed bust of Lee and the outline of his equestrian. figure. A cheer rang out while the army band played softly.

pangs of soul growth.

the warming-oven. I hope you won't mind fixing things yourself. I must give the children their baths and put them to bed. Linda seems a bit fever-ish, and Herbert's cutting a new tooth so it's been dreadfully trying." He muttered something that passed way to the kitchen. There the sight

munion with another, that Alice had fact, beeen profaning, by his very something of importance to communicate to him. He laid aside the morning paper with whose head-lines he had been coquetting during the grapefruit.

"Well?" he inquired, genially. She flourished a letter before his eyes. "Mother writes that she's going to her cottage at Gloucester this week and she wants me to come and bring the children for the summer. They really need the change, and if you can get along with Nora for the two weeks until the University closes, we may as well go to-morrow. That's what she wants. I hate to leave you, but you can come on as soon as school is over".

Mr. Whittaker's eyes brightened. "If you really want to spend the summer there, I've got an idea, Alice," he said. "We don't want to keep this beastly apartment another year, anyhow. Let's give it up now, and store the furniture. I can get a comfortable room cheap at the Faculty club. That'll be the change I need this summer. I want to stay in the city, and do some real work. I had a talk last night with Gilliam over some ideas domestic. If she had possessed only I've been meaning to work out for ever so long. He thinks I can make a on Unemployment-fame and money, too-if I can only get at them. This will give me a splendid chance to work without interruption. I've been getting moss-grown, Alice. I've got to polish up a bit, or else be thrown into the discard."

And so it was settled. Two days later, Alice and the children departed must be. for Gloucester, Alice slightly apprehensive—and tryingly prodigal of suggestions concerning the wearing of rubbers on wet days, and the necessity 'of careful diet for one of his dys-peptic tendencies. But these things he mercifully forgot in the regained joy of his bachelor freedom. He found himself, with utter lack of dignity, whistling a gay little tune—and he is of you sweltering alone in this beastdisapproved, on pricinple, of popular ly city. I left the children wth mothmusic That night he celebrated the "cast-

and Rosemary were his guests. If righteous indignation burned in his Gil was, at first, inclined to chaff him soul. What right had she to comemore than a little on his widowed yes, snooping into town like that? state, Rosemary's sympathetic inter- Of course, he could break his engageest more than made up for it. He even fancied that Gil's flings were tomed to allow herself as great a latipartly due to a jealous sense that "Whiffles" was drawing more than his just share of that lady's attention. Use the sense that been a quite unemancipated coquette. But not all the Alices in He was wrong in that, though. Gil-liam knew quite well that Rosemary that. was insatiably bent on working up material for her forthcoming book, "Marriage, a Failure." He even im-have come, Alice, without letting me agined she was being a bit brutal in know. It's ridiculous for you to have her unmerciful baiting of poor old Whiffles. And, anyhow, he didn't al-weather. And I can't possibly go

presence, the intellectual temple of the high-priestess, Rosemary. He was positively sickened. He muttered some half-audible reply—he really had to be decent to old Gil—but he

He enjoyed his evenings with Rosemary a great deal more, at any rate, now that Gilliam was gone. He must always have been a disturbing pres-ence; they simply hadn't realized it before. Whittaker wasn't, perhaps, exactly in love with Rosemary, but he certainly was in love with a good

many of her theories. As for the future, he didn't permit himself to think of that. Of course, September must, in the course of things, arrive, and with it, Alice and the children; but he didn't intend to hasten the morrow by taking thought for its coming. He wrote perfunc-tory letters to Alice, whose glittering generalities were designed to hide rather than to reveal his thoughts. Her replies dealt chiefly, as wives' letters will, with Herbert's teeth, and a moiety of the savoir-vivre that was Rosemary's!

He managed to trick his heretofore Puritan conscience into believing that he was quite justified in forgetting his domestic responsibilities, if he could during these days of primrose dalli-ance. He would have his swan song, at least, and if, afterward, he was doomed to go back to the living death of domesticity-well, what must be,

One morning in late July, he was carefully dressing preparatory to a day's junketing in the country with Rosemary when the telephone bell jangled harshly. Alice's voice came singing across the wires. "Oh, Arthur! Isn't this a surprise?

er, and came to make you 'comfy.' That night he celebrated the "cast-ing-off of burdens" with a little din-ner at the "Gray Goose." Gilliam thinking while she talked. An un-

'Gil?" he gasped. telling you. I'm going to marry him! who followed the "lost cause." Of course, you know my principleseveryone does. But I've always said the April day in 1865, when Lee sur-

soning jealousy, she chose to force an issue—if, in short, he had to choose

between them, well, he'd show Alice, that was all! He must find means

now, today, to relieve Rosemary's anxiety, to let her know that he would

not give her up. When, with the falling of dusk, they

ment with you tonight, Arthur. I'm

"Yes. I've been meaning to tell you

You were so gay and care-free, so

Mr. Whittaker was floundering in a

He had no words to answer

He could only repeat, miser-

"Chicago?"

come tumbling about his ears with a for all time. vengeance. So it was all twaddle, this prating of freedom? Only the jealous cry of the unchosen, the bar-ren? Suddenly, his heart leaped with a savage longing for Alice-yes, and the children.

Somehow-he never quite knew just how he managed it-he gave voice to the conventional phrases. Then, as though by an afterthought: "You can drop me at the Grandon. I've an appointment there."

He fairly flew to the elevator, and thence down the corridor to Alice's room. At his first eager knock, the door flew open, and Alice was in his arms, laughing and crying at once. "Oh, Arthur! I knew you would come!"

"Of course, I would," he said, kissing her again and again. "And, oh! my dear," she said when

she could get her breath again, "I've found the duckiest apartment! Overlooking the lake, too. And you can the annual industrial conference and have a study all to yourself where the the engineering extension convention children won't annoy you. And oh! Arthur! Your Dr. Stiller came up on the train with me. And he told me voted to methods by which the college -in strict confidence-that you're to have a full professorship next year, their service to the industrial proswith all the emoluments thereof. He perity of the State. says that your faithful work and

staunch conservatism are a wonderful inspiration in these days. Oh! Isn't life good? I never reailzed it so fully before."

To hide his guilty face, he stooped to pick up his magazine which she had dropped face down at his knock. He stood staring absently at the page where it lay open. Noticing, she laughed.

"I was just glancing through a fem-inist article by that Jane Gold. Don't you think she writes the silliest stuff? guess she needs a good man to

teach her sense!" Whittaker could not stifle a little sigh. "Oh! well," he said, cryptically, "I've an idea this was her swan song, too."-Dorothy Hull, in McCall's.

Post Card Rate Cut.

The house passed the postal rate The house passed the postal rate revision bill recently, reducing the New York, includes 27 couples, three rate on private post cards from 2 cents back to 1 cent.

It also permits business houses to enclose unstamped self-addressed return envelopes in advertising matter and these could be mailed back with-out postage. An extra charge of 2 May, head of a chain of drug stores out postage. An extra charge of 2 cents per letter or card would be col-in Pittsburgh, is paying the round lected. Business houses said prospec-tive customers would be more inclined to answer advertising literature if \$100 with which to meet incidental they did not have to stamp their re-

plies. Shenk: "Eugene, why did you say that Caesar was killed by a woman?" Expenses of the voyage. The presence of the party at the anniversary cele-bration is costing May \$75,000, it is estimated. Fifty-six of the guests are to return on the Berengaria on

Industrial Executives to Gather at State College Next Month.

More than 200 industrial executives of the State are expected to attend voted to methods by which the college engineering divisions can increase

At the industrial conference representatives of the largest public utilities and industries will meet and will discuss the training of technical stu-dents, and will probably recommend points to be stressed by the college in training its students. In the extension convention representatives of the hundreds of industries where employees receive night class and home study instruction will take up problems in-cident to this work, which is rapidly increasing in scope each year.

May Guests Sail.

Sixty-three friends and neighbors of Walter A. May and his wife, of 5807 Solway street are aboard the Cunarder Aquitania, en route to Paris to attend the silver wedding anniversary celebration of the couple on April 27.

bachelors and six unmarried women. May and his wife left 80 invitations for the trip when they departed last January for a foreign tour. Seventeen of those invited were unable to

expenses of the voyage. The presence