

Bellefonte, Pa., June 8, 1928.

THE COST OF BEING OUR PRESIDENT.

Flurence Fisher Parry's Reaction to the Vision of Calvin Coolidge at a Theatre.

The lights had gone down for the rise of the curtain, and in the merciful dark hush, a little man slid into his single solitary seat in a box, and his attendants retired to a respectful distance.

The curtain rose, the footlights blazed, and in their near reflection a rather ashy, drawn and compact face turned conscientiously toward the stage, as if determined to scrupulously fill the moment's prescribed duty.

It was the President of the United States taking his evening's recreation.

The Tiller Girls, whipped into taut precision, like soldiers passing the reviewing stand, gave their best. Fred Stone concentrated his life's training on an exhibition of perfect acrobatics, and the company took on an earnest concentration, as if their very lives depended upon their maximum of effort.

The little ashy man shrank into his seat with a slight stoop. He sat quite still. At times his fixed, grim attention was broken by a small and shifting fidget; his hands, tightly clasped and rigid in repose, traveled nervously to his cheek, cupped his chin, his forehead, and then clasped again into a close grip, as if in obedience to a rigid inner command. His small eyes, focussed narrowly upon the stage, kept their strict, prescribed vigil, and his head jerked nervously, fussily, above his collar.

There was a drained, gray look about his face, a kind of stiff pallor, which fixes itself on the visages of those who are trying to stave off the claims of illness, and which presages a break more ominous than physical infirmity.

Alone, throughout the required number of facts, the President sat there, joyless and apart. Between the scenes a secret service man came close, asked a diplomatic question, and retired absqueusitely to the curtain of the box.

To a man, the audience watched the President. Watched his fixed, sharp face, his pale eyes, his taut and fidgety hands, his shrinking body, his small, self-conscious gestures. The single, concentrated eye of an epitomized world focussed relentlessly upon this hour of the President's leisure, making of it a ghastly ceremony, a stunt, a side-show.

Two more hours, and the curtain lowered. The President rose, climbed into his overcoat, clutched with a nervous flinch, his hat. His escorts stood at attention. The audience parted. Our President walked through the respectful aisle. A hollow, nervous hush fell upon the crowd. No flutter. No applause. A kind of shock. Here, they subtly felt, was a man showing signs of a deep, terrible strain. A depression followed... a funeral anxiety... At last the shivering figure reached the end of his solitary march. He disappeared within a car. Flanked by officers, secret service men, he rode home, to the stiff sanctuary of the White House. He stretched himself uneasily between the wide presidential sheets. He fell into cautious, fitful, solitary sleep... Then, after a lonely, feverish respite from the Presidential Plan, he rose again, next day... and began, again, the Parade of the Hours.

"I do not choose to run." That is all. "I do not choose to run." Do not smile. Do not bandy this terse phrase about. Here is a vital, a revealing sentence, summoned desperately from a man's great need for Rest—for Peace—for Privacy, without which no sensitive human being can live, at least for long.

Other men, perhaps. Men to whom prominence is a crown. Men like Roosevelt, with his violent sports, his incalculable recreations. Men like Wilson, with his sense of anointed consecration. Men like Cleveland, Taft, Harding, with their friends, fishing, solaces. But not, not Coolidge. Not that austere, frigid, shy man from the meager soil of Vermont, whose only change from work, whose only variety from self-discipline, whose one essential need on earth would be, it seems to me, PRIVACY.

"I do not choose to run." Can you conceive of the inarticulate strain, the unvoiced need, which lies back of that small, fretful phrase? "I do not choose to run." I dare say he could say, instead, if he were at all spectacular, "I do not choose to die."

For over six years this reserved and, I think, frail man, has yielded himself up as an effigy of presidential power. He has tried with all his honest if inexpensive soul to serve his country. Whatever pomp and ceremony, whatever public gesture has been demanded of him, he has submitted his awkward efforts to supply. Visitors, hand-shakings, pictures, eternal public appearances, all the empty acrobatics of state, he has subscribed to, albeit his innate reserve must have flinched before their exactions like a slave before a scourge.

He could, he did, change the manner of his living; he cannot change the essence of his being. He can whip himself into austere dignities of state; he can not yield to their more amiable distractions. Attention confuses him. Ceremonies irk him. He can not seek sanctuary in the gracious amenities of social intercourse; even leisure is, to him, but an embarrassing, torturous necessity.

For six years and more he has disciplined himself to meet the public exactions of each presidential day. And now we are asking him to stretch the years to 10. Ten years as President. Look at him. Look at him closely. In six years he is a

pinched and shy man. He is sick. He is spent. Some natures might thrive on such an honor. Some men might flower under such limelight. It shrivels him. It congeals him. It could mean his death... "I do not choose to run." Who dares laugh? Who dares mock? Who dares speak of drafting him into service?

Stand aside. Let him pass. He is a human being. He does not choose to be denied, any longer, his inalienable right to live his own life.

Food Bearing Plants Needed.

Berry bearing trees and shrubs are to be grown and distributed free by the New York Development Association, Inc., from its own nursery for planting by sportsmen's clubs and others, to provide food for game birds on all large areas to be reforested in New York, according to an announcement just issued by George A. Lawyer, former Chief United States Game Warden of Watertown, N. Y., now managing director of the New York Development Association, Inc.

The association's program contemplates the planting of a billion trees within the next fifteen years and the planting of one hundred million trees annually thereafter until the four million acres of idle waste lands in the State are reforested, and includes the planting of a liberal supply of berry-bearing trees and shrubs and hardwood trees, such as beech and maple, to furnish summer and winter food for the birds.

"The reforestation of large areas with coniferous trees," Mr. Lawyer says, "would be nothing short of a crime unless provision is made for wild life. He points out that game birds, in addition to cover, must have food and sunlight and places to dust and obtain gravel, without which the birds would be compelled to abandon entirely a coniferous forest."

On any reforested area of more than one hundred acres provision should be made, it is said, to leave one or more small tracts in the wild state on which the food bearing trees and shrubs should be planted, and the birds may obtain the necessities of life.

The association also plans to furnish berry-bearing trees and shrubs free for planting where needed for other than reforested areas to provide food for game birds.

Game Commission Buys 9900 Acres.

Addition of 9900 acres to its holdings has been announced by the Board of Game Commissioners. The three tracts are in three different counties. Members of the board said they are of the type which will furnish good protection and cover for game and are surrounded by desirable hunting territory.

The commission has under contract for purchase approximately 75,000 additional acres of land. Examination of titles and necessary surveys for the various tracts are under way.

One block of 3088 acres purchased by the commission is in Monroe county, six miles from Pocono Manor. The tract is in the heart of the resort section and is drained by several famous trout streams.

The second tract purchased comprises 2867 acres and is located in Tioga county. It is eleven miles from Wellsboro and eight from Mansfield.

The third tract, 3945 acres, is near Monroe, Bradford county. Two good trout streams have their sources on the tract.

Purchase of the land was made possible by the increase in hunters' license fees, authorized by the last session of the General Assembly.

The three tracts will be open as public hunting grounds at present. Later, in accordance with the policy of the commission, game refuges may be established in the center of each, using less than one fifth of the total area for that purpose.

Real Estate Transfers.

Grace R. Williams to Chillis Laird, et ux, tract in Port Matilda; \$2,375. Maurice Miller et ux, to N. B. Spangler, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

N. B. Spangler, et ux, to Maurice Miller, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. Frederick P. Weaver, et ux, to Clara T. Bateson, tract in State College; \$1.

Clara T. Bateson, to Frederick P. Weaver, et ux, tract in State College; \$1.

Martha W. Way, et al, to Frederick P. Way, tract in State College; \$1. William B. Strunk, to George B. Vonada, et ux, tract in Walker Twp.; \$1.

Robert T. Hafer, et ux, to Albert E. Yougel, et ux, tract in State College; \$1.

Robert T. Hafer, et ux, to Albert E. Yougel, et ux, tract in State College; \$1. Thomas Anderson, et ux, to John Fetzek, et ux, tract in Rush Twp.; \$1,950.

John M. Hartswick, to Zora Klain, tract in State College; \$950. Lloyd R. Smith, et ux, to J. Forest Bible, tract in Potter Twp.; \$500.

Cigaret Output Declines in Year.

Pennsylvania manufacturers turned out a total of 4,130,417,289 cigarettes in 1927, according to compilations made by the bureau of statistics in the Pennsylvania Department of Internal Affairs. The production showed a falling off from 1926 when 4,660,257,890 were made by the various cigarette plants in the Commonwealth.

The value of Pennsylvania-made cigarettes in 1927 was \$17,854,706, while in 1926 the value was \$20,027,400. The cigarette industry in 1927 gave employment to 799 workers or sixteen less than during the preceding year.

On the basis of price of apples and yields from an acre during the past five years, the best returns have come from Northern Spys, Greenings, Kings and Baldwins.

TEXAS LUNATICS TO TAKE UP GOLF

State Lays Out Course on Grounds of Asylum.

Austin, Texas.—Lively times are in prospect on the new golf course which the state board of control is laying out on the grounds of the state insane asylum at Austin. Inmates of the institution make it their principal topic of discussion, and they are already preparing to challenge some of the best golf players of the state for match games. It is the theory of R. B. Walthall, chairman of the board of control, that playing golf will result in much physical and mental benefit to insane patients. The board is preparing to establish golf courses at all of the other nine insane asylums, sanitariums, training schools and hospital of the state.

"Some of the institutions have more ground than others, but we shall see to it that all get golf courses," Mr. Walthall said. "It will be recommended to superintendents that they set certain hours of the day for certain groups in order that all may get a few rounds every day. If this can be arranged, the 2,000 inmates at the San Antonio asylum, 2,000 at the Terrell asylum and 2,000 at the Austin asylum will get in their 'daily dozen.' The Wichita Falls insane hospital has but 1,028 inmates.

"Many of these inmates already are doing outdoor work, such as gardening, but some kind of sport also is needed. Most of these institutions raise their own garden truck and have dairies that produce sufficient milk and butter. This largely reduces the state expenses and nearly all of the work is accomplished by patients. We had patients recently to put up a building at San Antonio and they thoroughly enjoyed the labor. It did them much good."

Marines' Good Behavior Makes Friends in China

Tientsin.—A foreigner's treatment of the Chinese coolies with whom he deals is taken by old-timers in China as a good test of that foreigner's character. Americans in Tientsin therefore have taken pride in the fact that not a single case has been reported of trouble between ricksha pullers and the 3,500 American troops here—3,000 marines and 500 of the Fifteenth infantry—since the marines arrived eight months ago.

Clashes between foreigners and ricksha coolies are not uncommon in the Orient. Some passengers are sticklers for the legal fare while many of the coolies are truculent. The marine and the ricksha boy, however, are good friends. The coming of the Third marine brigade has proved a blessing to the thousands of ricksha coolies who swarm Tientsin streets seeking a precarious living. Last winter hundreds of them spent days on the bitter cold streets without picking up a fare. Now there are hardly enough rickshas to meet the demand. And the American leatherneck or doughboy is not disposed to argue about a few cents after the Chinese fashion; hence new prosperity for the ricksha boy.

John V. A. MacMurray, American minister, expressed official praise over the behavior of the men in Tientsin, saying that it had "contributed toward that better understanding which we all hope to see grow and develop in China."

Millikan Finds Evidence of Continued Evolution

Pasadena, Calif.—Discovery of evidence that the process of creation is going on in the heavens, and the earth, instead of disintegrating, as long has been believed, is going through an endless cycle of evolution, was announced here recently by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, noted scientist.

Dr. Millikan's announcement, made at a meeting of the California Institute of Technology, said while his experiments had not been completed and should not be taken as final, "we may have some confidence in the conclusion."

The findings of Dr. Millikan indicated the atoms which form oxygen, silicon, magnesium and iron—the elements which make up about 95 per cent of the mass of meteorites and a similar proportion of the earth—are being constantly created in the heavens and shot with terrific speed into the body of this planet.

The cosmic rays are held to be energy which escapes in the process of formation of these atoms.

Hen Earns Twice as Much as Stenographer

Vancouver.—Maize, the world's champion hen, made twice as much money laying eggs for the University of Columbia last year as the average stenographer reaps annually for beating out letters on the typewriter.

Earnings of the famous White Leghorn pullet totaled \$2,225 for 1927, according to Prof. E. A. Lloyd of the university. Of this total, the proceeds from hatching eggs represented \$925, while the sale of breeding stock, which were progeny of the hen, brought \$1,300. Maize broke all records in 1926 by laying 351 eggs in a 365-day test.

Death in Boiling Oil Old English Penalty

The last person legally boiled to death in England was so executed in 1542.

Save as a metaphor for the vulgar, the boiling of human beings has ceased to be a factor in our civilization. We do sometimes say our pet aversion ought to be boiled in oil. It is a jest, merely. Nobody boils in England nowadays; except perhaps with indignation, and even in tropic climes, thanks to missionary effort, the practice of allowing one's fellow-men to simmer gently till tender is rapidly passing into the realm of legend.

Our ancestors were less squeamish; and in 1542 a servant girl, Margaret Dany by name, suffered this penalty for poisoning three households by whom she had been employed.

Boiling as a punishment was legalized by Henry VIII and abolished by his son, Edward VI. During the 16 years it existed as part of the English penal system—being reserved only for poisoners—quite a number of people met their end in this way. As neither medicine nor sanitation was very far advanced in those days we are led to wonder how many deserved their fate and how many merely suffered for an unlucky outbreak of ptomaine or appendicitis.—From the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail.

Magpie Combines Both Good and Bad Traits

The farmers of the West are divided in their opinion of the magpie. Some regard the bird as a serious nuisance and others defend it.

Magpies have been known to steal eggs from chicken yards to carry to their young. They sometimes kill chicks. They also show great partiality to cherry orchards. Perhaps their worst offense is harrying weak or wounded animals, and even, occasionally, sound and healthy creatures. The magpie attack is torturosome.

A magpie has been known to keep pecking and enlarging a wound of an animal, finally resulting in its death after days of suffering.

On the other hand, the magpie is often beneficial. Its diet includes a great number of injurious insects, in particular grasshoppers and caterpillars in the spring and grasshoppers later in the summer and autumn. The grain the magpie eats is largely waste in the fields, for the bird prefers insects both at planting time and during the harvest time.

Boston's Eveless Adameses

Modesty, lack of self-confidence, was (and is) a fault of Boston in character—just as undue self-consciousness is in manners. The Cabot type—"a semicivilized tribe inhabiting the confines of Boston with customs, but no manners," as the great lexicographer defined them—had at least no manners, and that is all right. "How fortunate," said the French ambassador of some Eve of Boston's Adameses, "that that young lady has no manners! Because, if she had manners they would be bad." Only indeed, that Boston's Adameses have no Eve. Eve is not a Boston type, any more than Astarte.—F. J. Stimson in Scribner's Magazine.

Gives View of Sea Bed

Very often, when the water is clear, it is unnecessary to send a diver down simply to find an object, for the bed of the sea can be seen quite well with the aid of a submarine telescope. It is called the "Catoptric tube."

In appearance this tube is similar to an ordinary large telescope, but it has legs attached to it, to which ropes can be attached for keeping it vertical in the water. Sometimes, instead of the ordinary telescope eyepiece, binoculars are fitted. This "Catoptric tube" is very often used in recovering small articles of value that have been lost by dropping them in the sea from a pier or small boat.

Common Sense or Brains

The judge of the Probate court was trying to determine the intelligence of Mamie Lee, a thirteen-year-old colored girl, who had been considered "not quite bright." Pointing to the woman who had brought Mamie into court, the judge said:

"Mamie, if Mrs. Garrick weighs 165 pounds, standing on both feet, how much does she weigh standing on one foot?"

Mamie eyed the judge suspiciously, and replied: "Does you want me to use my common sense, or does you want to see if I can divide by two?"—True Story Magazine.

The Arts and Religion

Drama seems to have come from religious ritual and festival processions; even to the days of the skeptical Euripides it remained a sacred thing at Athens; and modern drama, the most secular of contemporary arts, began in the Mass and in the pious parades which pictured for the medieval mind the life and death of Christ. Sculpture found a new splendor in the adornment of the cathedrals; and painting reached its zenith under the inspiration of Christianity.—Will Durant, in Cosmopolitan.

Another Beatitude!

"Blessed be the man who really loves flowers—loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give."—Henry Ward Beecher.

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