

## Bellefonke, Pa., October 5, 1928.

A HAND ON YOUR SHOULDER.

When a man ain't got a cent, An he's feeling kind of blue And the clouds hang dark and heavy An' wont let the sunshine through It's a great thing, I my brethren, Fer a fellow just to lay His hand upon his shoulder In a friendly sort o' way.

It makes a man feel curious. It makes the tear drops start, An' you sort o' feel a flutter In the region of your heart! You can't look up and meet his eyes; You don't know what to say When his hand is on your shoulder In a friendly sort of way.

Oh, the world's curious compound, With its honey and its gall, With its cares and bitter crosses-But a good world after all. An' a good God must have made it-Leastways, that is what I say When a hand is on my shoulder In a friendly sort o' way.

- James Witcomb Riley.

### LADY WHO TURNED THIEF.

The Reverned Francis Leggatt, Vicar of Meddersley, was one of those with a well-balanced temperament, and he had seconded nature's beginnings, during his school-days at Eton and his undergraduate days at Cambridge, by a strict devotion to the study of mathematics; he was essentially a mathematical sort of person. precise, orderly, given to perfection of detail.

His taste was for the straight line -but he was certainly thrown off it when, one fine spring morning, he hurried across from the vestry door of his fine old parish church to the polished shoes.

er sen before. "Prepare yourself for a shock. There's been a theft from gested Mrs. Leggatt. "You've nevthe church. The Hislip chalice is er been to any of those places."

Mrs. Leggatt threw up her hands and sank into the nearest chair with a stifled moan. Her husband's curt announcement took her breath away. She could not have been more horrified if he had said that the local bank pecthad gone to smash, or government securities dropped to zero.

The Hislip chalice was famous, know was that it was one of the very I told her that I was uneasy about his few pre-Reformation chalices left in cough." England; that it dated from 1427 A. "I noticed that Mrs. Peacock is re--and had added insult by an equally calm suggestion that perhaps twenty swered icily that ten thousand would police?'

"Impossible, Francis!" she gasped. "It—it must be mislaid!"

"No!" said Leggatt, with a snap of "It's-gone. I had occasion hand corner. Well-that corner's emp-

"You have not misplaced it yourself?" suggested Mrs. Leggatt. sniff. "As you are aware," he added. he had little doubt that Higson had When did you last see it, Fran- not.

ber that Monday was a very wet day.
During the afternoon, Sir Charles sent a note across from the Hall saying that his cross from the Hall saying that his guests were kept indoors by the bad weather, and would I help of interest that had accumulated dur-

it all out of the safe and set it on the into the vestry, opened the safe and Naturally, I told them all abstracted the Hislip chalice. about the Hislip chalice—its history,

"And, of course, locked up the safe," said Mrs. Leggatt. hearth-rug, shifted his position uneas-

"Well," he answered, "I'm sorry to say I did not-just then, at any rate! I left the keys in the lock, though went out of the vestry then to example the church I record to the safe. No, we are often at their wits' end for ready ent with him. And that I do not of Mrs. Peacock's when she's at home amine the church. I regret to say- money, I believe. now—that the party didn't keep together. Some remained with me, listening to my description, some done? I don't want the Bishop to went off one way, some another-you

people were in the church."
"You think somebody slipped into the church while you were showing Sir Charles and his guests round?" suggested Mrs. Leggatt.

"No, I don't," replied Leggatt sar-donically. "Nobody could slip in! I locked the church door from the inside so that we shouldn't be disturbed. No—I think one of Sir Charles's guests stole the chalice."

Mrs. Leggatt let out an exclamation of horror. "Francis!" she said. "One of Sir Charles's guests! Impossible! Not to be thought of!"

"I think of it, anyway," retorted Leggatt. "And as to its being impossible, that's pure nonsense, Mar-Leddingham's guests? Absolutely acters, anyhow!" "But-but-people of that class,

Francis!" protested Mrs. Leggatt.
"Oh, fudge!" said Leggatt. He laughed contemptuously. "That's all nonsense, too! But let's go through them. We'll rule out Sir Charleshe's nothing worse—and nothing better, for that matter—than a horse-racing squire. Well, there's old Lord Pelford and, of course, Lady Pelford.

The but fire claim and the card. She was so outside, he pulled out a notebook and pencil. "Sent it to herself," he muttererd. "Clever. And—she's go-pelford and, of course, Lady Pelford." I don't suspect Pelford, of course he is er.' a retired judge—I don't think he'd steal the chalice. Nor could his

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Leggatt indignantly. "Dear peoplethey were both extremely nice to me when we dined there the other night." "Then there's Sir Robert Sindall,"

men whom it is not easy to excite or to disturb. Nature had blessed him about him except that his horse won the Derby last year." "And he's a very wealthy man, too," observed Mrs. Leggatt.
"That doesn't impress me," said Leggatt. "I've heard of millionaires

who were afflicted with kleptomania. Then there's Colonel Belchanter." "And Mrs. Belchanter," added Mrs. Leggatt. "They're nice people, too,

Francis!" "I dare say they are all nice peo-ple, Marian," answered Leggatt freezingly. "But one of them has approstudy of the vicarage, into which peaceful retreat he immediately summoned the wife of his bosom. Mrs. Captain Riversley—raffish sort, I Leggatt, hastening thither, found him should say. Horses—cards—that sort of thing. Mr. Hawksfoot—I don't thrust in the pickets of his trousers, his eyes bent to the toes of his welladventurer—the sort of man you see "Marian!" he said, looking up with at Monte Carlo, and at Deauville, and at Tattersall's on Monday morning. "How do you know, Francis?" sug-

"I've read a good deal about them, anyway," retorted Leggatt. "And I keep my ears open. Well—two more. self repeating a sentence which he Women. Miss Field-Maple "Such a very nice girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Leggatt. "You couldn't sus-

"And Mrs. Peacock-"Mrs. Peacock is a delightful woman!" said Mrs. Leggatt. "I took unique; its value was—Mrs. Leggatt quite a liking to her! She was so awdid not know what. What she did fully sympathetic about Bobby when

D., and that experts and archilogists regarded it with a reverence such as that which divided the product of th that which devotees accord to the bones of a saint. Dry-as-dust gentlemen came from for ord- and to the cynically. "And I should say, from the conversation, that sort of thing."

The came from for ord- and might be applied to the amateur wrong does a well as to the cynically. The conversation of thing. at it; now and then Leggatt, as cus- facts. First, the house-party across loined article quickly—that was all

-which?" "What shall you do, Francis?" askthousand might do when Leggatt an- ed Mrs. Leggatt in a whisper. "The

Mrs. Leggatt found words at last. "Not at present," answered Leggatt. "No—I'll think!" At that Mrs. Leggatt rose and departed, and her husband picked up

"No!" said Leggatt, with a snap of his pipe, and after carefully filling it with tobacco, felt for his match box. Leggatt thought hard, and deepto open the safe in the vestry just now ly, and long. Of one thing he felt al-, of course, I saw that the Hislip most certain—nobody had entered the chalice wasn't there. I've always kept | church from the time he left on Monit in one place ever since I came here day afternoon to the moment he had nine years ago-in the far right- gone into it that morning, Thurs-There was, of course, just a possibility that Higson, the parish clerk and sexton, might have visited "What is it, Sir?" asked the sacred edifice for some reason "I never misplace anything," re- during the intervening two days, but plied the vicar, with a characteristic that could be ascertained presently—

cis?" she asked feebly.

"Today is Thursday," replied Leggatt. "I last saw it on Monday. To his guests. After admitting that was not encouraging. "Oh, dear me, Mr. Leggatt," she said. "I from 1547, and various other matters

him by showing them over the church? They all came across—Sir He had left his keys in the lock of He had left his keys in the lock of "I showed them everything-they ed into the church to examine the were in the church with me well over architecture, the monuments, the in-an hour. An hour and twenty-five scriptions, the old brasses and paintminutes to be exact. Of course, I ings. And while one was here and showed them the church plate. I took another there, the thief had slipped

It was an article that could easily value. I put it back in the safe with all the rest of the plate." cel-gilt cup, standing about seven and a half inches high and measuring two and a half-inches in diameter across the upper rim and the circular base-

"And, of course, I'd told them all about it," he mused regretfully. "Told them, I remember, about the American collector who offered first "You're sure he'd come back with "Well, bedad, that's the queer thing entirely, Mr. Leggatt!" he said "You're sure he'd come back with "You're the coord continued that's ten and then twenty thousand dol--I think I had some idea about tak- lars for it. That was dangling temping one of the registers out before tation before the needy. And some Marsh," replied Leggatt. "But ne

know, and as for the Arch-deacon— duplicates.
whew! I can't very well go across to "There's only been three registered

church.

He stayed talking with Higson some little time; an hour had passed before he went back to the vicarage. Mrs. Leggatt met him in the hall.

anxiously. "That's all, Sir," affirmed Mrs. Marsh. "And I beg you'll not let down to Higson's. Of course, I "Make yourself quite and the said."" body must know, Marian. But Higian. What do we know of Sir Charles son has never been in the church since he locked up after even-song on Sunnothing—as regards their moral char- day. He's never lent his key to anyone, either, so---'

He paused at that, checked by the caller inquisitively.

ight of a card which lay on the old "I—I can't tell you," replied Legsight of a card which lay on the old oak side table in the hall. Mrs. Leg-

dicating the card. "She was so with left the office. Leggatt was staring at the card.

Suddenly be glanced sharply at his wife. "You didn't tell her anything about—eh?" he asked. Mrs. Leggatt flushed. "Francis!" she exclaimed indignantly. "As if I

"Sorry, Marian—sorry. Of course you wouldn't! I—it's so important, you see, that we should keep strict silence about it. If the archdeacon

knew-"As if I didn't know all that," said Mrs. Leggatt. She was still offended, and she turned and went off towards the nursery. "Of course I said nothing!" she flung over her should-

Leggatt remained in the hall. He began absent-mindedly to finger Mrs. Peacock's card. So Mrs. Peacock had been to the vicarage to inquire after Bobby, had she? Very kind of her, "A clue—well, I don't know. But priated the Hislip chalice—I'm as sure of course, but—supposing Mrs. Pea- I'm going. And—it's to be kept se-Supposing Mrs. Peacock had mind. come fishing-wanting to find outif—if . . .

It was at that moment that Leggatt had a brain-wave. He had not the slightest notion where the brainwave came from. But it swept him straight out of his front door and down the path of the village.

Leggatt, as a man with a good deal of spare time on his hands, was a great reader, almost an omnivorous one. Recently he had been reading had read only a day or two before in a technical work on theft.

ate or speedy arrest, he may not be was stepping into a taxicab. found to be in possession of it.

over the Atlantic had calmly offered ham's guests has appropriated that the Hislip chalice could get it out there about letters. the vicar ten thousand dollars for it chalice, with a view to selling it! But of reach smartly and surely. He proposed to find out at once if the means he was imagining had been employed. And within five minutes he had tunred into the post-office and, there being nobody else there, was closeted with the woman who presid-

ed over it, Mrs. Marsh.
"Mrs. Marsh," he began, leaning confidentially across the counter "I've called to see you on a very important matter-so important that I can't tell you its nature. I dare say I ought really to have gone to the postmaster at Chilminster to get his permission to come to you, but the matter is of such pressing moment that I daren't waste the time. So-

Marsh. Leggatt leaned closer over the counter. "This, Mrs. Marsh," he re-

be precise, on Monday afternoon. We had better recall the circumstances, them to the church and locking the limit afraid I can't do that, Sir. We're vulge any post-office business to any-body. It would be as much as my

"Mrs. Marsh," interrupted Leggatt, "if I went to the postmaster at Chilminister and told him my reason, he'd come here with me himself and show the safe when he and the others pass- me your book. But that would mean -the police. And I don't want to have the police dragged in. I have reasons for that—and reasons for asking you to show me the book. All I want is to see the entries made in that book since Monday last. And, Mrs. Marsh-you know me. No one its unique character, its immense be hidden, reflected Leggatt—a parabout this!" But Mrs. Marsh still hesitated. "I

Leggatt, who still stood on the earth-rug, shifted his position uneas"And, of course, I'd told them all again. "Still, if you feel you can't, I

don't like it, Mr. Leggatt! Irregu-

"You're sure he'd come back with you, Sir?"

"I am quite sure he would, Mrs. want-for the sake of the village." Mrs. Marsh suddenly pushed an oblong book across the counter and, opening it. showed Leggatt a page of

of his pipe, Leggatt went down into weekly affair, from John Coates-he the village and saw Higson. He soon sends his widowed mother a pound Mr. H. discovered that the parish clerk had every Monday and he always regishere?" not been near the church since Sun- ters it. That's for a letter, in a regday evening. And Higson was the sitered envelop, from Sir Charles to only person in the parish besides him-his bankers in London. And the third self who could have entered the is for a small parcel that was regisis for a small parcel that was regis-

tered, on Tuesday morning, by one of those ladies staying at the Hall." "Just so," said Laggatt, keepng his swered. "At 231A, Half Moon Street. voice as steady as possible. "And-

"Make yourself quite easy, Mrs. other caller, and Leggatt, with a nod Marsh," said Laggett. "Not a soul and a smile, went out into the street. will ever know. And-I'm very much

obliged to you." Mrs. Marsh put away her book. hope you've found out what you want-ed to know, Sir," she said, eying her

gatt. "At least-not yet. Butgatt followed his glance.

"Mrs. Peacock called," she said, inanother word of thanks, and forth-

> Then he wrote down an address: Mrs. Guy Peacock, 23 Heatherfield Mansions,

longer, is she? And came to inquire

about Bobby's cough, eh? Um!"

Mayfair, W. The first thing that Leggatt did on returning to the vicarage was to pick up the card which Mrs. Peacock had left on the hall table and put it carefully away in his pocketbook; he had already thought out a plan of action in which that card was to be a highly useful factor. The second was to announce to Mrs. Leggatt, over the luncheon table, that he was going ap to town by the afternoon train. Mrs. Leggatt looked her astonishment. "Francis!" she exclaimed. Then

light burst in upon her. "You have some-idea?" she suggested. "A-a

cret-mentioned to-no one! I shall be back tomorrow afternoon.' At three o'clock, looking very determined, his wife thought, he went off to catch the local train to Chilminster; at five minutes to four he was on the platform at Chilminster, awaiting the London express. And as he stood there, he suddenly saw one of Sir Charles's guests-Hawksfoot, the man whom he had described to Mrs. Leggatt as looking like an adventurer.

Hawksfoot, who seemed to be in a hurry, did not see the vicar; Leggatt watched him hasten off towards the express, just then steaming in. Presently he saw him enter a first-class The thief's first instinct, on se- smoking compartment; Leggatt passcuring a stolen object, is to "plant" ed its door; he traveled third-class it, i. e., to dispose of it, as quickly as possible, in some safe place, foot when the train arrived at King's so that in the event of his immedi- Cross four hours later; Hawksfoot in the hall again, summoning the

Leggatt went off to a quiet, old That, no doubt, reflected Leggatt, of Bond Street, and after a belated applied to the procedure of the pro- dinner, over two or three pipes of toamateur wrongdoer as well as to the skilled expert. To get rid of the purloined article quickly—that was all men came from far and near to look Marian, you can't get away from two skilled expert. To get rid of the purlickly—that was all lucky. He knew Heatherfield Mantodian allowed it to be photograph- there at the Hall is of the turfy sort to get away to secrete. ed, standing guard over its sacredness while the man of the camera was

there at the Hall is of the turry sort to get away, to secrete.

Well, in this case his brain-wave them, from old Pelford downward.

West End church. Accordingly he had shown him how the purloiner of was acquainted with what was done

There were some thirty apartments, of various sizes, in Heatherfield Mansions; if any tenant happened to go away and lock up his or her apartment, all letters and parcels for that particular person were deposited with the hall porter at his office in the main entrance until the addressee returned. And it was doubtless in the hall porter's nest or piegonholes that the registered parcel, sent off by Mrs. Peacock from Meddersley, was then reposing. In that parcel Leggatt firmly believed the Hislip chalice and summoned his wife. firmly believed the Hislip chalice would be found. And—he was determined to get it.

At ten o'clock next morning Leggatt walked into the entrance of Heatherfield Mansions, and to his great joy recognized in the hall porter the same man who had acted in that capacity when he himself was a tenplied, his tone suggesting mystery as ant- an ex-army man named Murphy. Murphy remembered the former curate well enough, and gretted him almost affectionately; Laggatt let him talk awhile before entering on his own business. At last he drew out Mrs. Peacock's card—and prepared to Marian. You will, perhaps, rememdoor from the inside, he had first takunder strict instructions not to ditell the lies which he just had to tell. listen!"

"I don't know whether you're aware of it, Murphy," he began. "I have been Vicar of Meddersley, away in the North, for some years, since leaving here. There is one of your tenants, Mrs. Guy Peacock, staying at Meddersley Hall just now as guest of Sir Charles Leddingham. Mrs. Peacock is going to remain there rather longer than she intended, and knowing that I was coming to town last night and returning home this afternoon, she gave me her card, asked me to hand the other day and now wants-she

said you'd have it." end of his last hurried sentence that there was something wrong; that his went red, white, red again-and "The circumstances are exception- carefully contrived scheme wasn't gocarefully contrived scheme wasn't going to be successful; that something angry. She gave me a very queer Sportsm had happened. Murphy was looking

> You're the second gentleman that's called for that same parcel this -sure, he was round here for that parcel at nine o'clock. And of course gave it to him."

Leggatt thanked his stars that he know what people do in such circumstances. Eventually they all left. Then I locked up the safe—without reopening it—and came home. Marian—there's no doubt about it. The Hislin chalice was stolen while those

tone suggested that he knew some-card!"
thing of Hawksfoot's whereabouts; in —From Hearst's International Cosreality he knew nothing. But Mur- mopolitan.

phy swallowed the bait. "Oh, he does, Mr. Leggatt," he an- SOLDIER GRAVES ARE UNKEMPT I often carry notes for him there from Mrs. Peacock-mighty thick is them two, Sir-and rale sports, both

of them. Then he turned to attend to an-He was conscious of only one thing -Hawksfoot, without doubt, had got the Hislip chalice.

And now Leggatt stood wondering what to do next. Should he go to his solicitor? Or should be go to the police? to Scotland Yard? That, perhaps, was what he ought to do. There was no doubt in Leggatt's mind now that these two people, whom ex-Sergeant Murphy had aptly described as being mighty thick, were in a conspiracy about the theft of the Hislip chalice. And there was no doubt that it was now in Hawkfoot's possession. Leggatt suddenly came to a deci-

sion. He would go round to Half Moon Street, call on Hawksfoot at his rooms and tell him his business in plain words. If Hawksfoot blustered, equivocated, protested, he would not only threaten him with the police, but would immediately summon their assistance. That was surely the thing ged piece of American flag bunting to do-and, as Half Moon Street was close by, in five minutes more Leggatt was at Hawksfoot's door.

A youthful valet answered his knock, and on hearing what he want- be replaced by ones from the Carrara ed, shook his head.

"Mr. Hawksfoot's just gone out, Sir," he replied. "Ten minutes since, Sir. I couldn't say when he'll be back-might be some time, Sir. I know he's lunching at his club, Sir." "Oh!" said Legatt. "Which club

"Saddle and Stirrup Club, Sir-Piccadilly. Not five minutes' walk, Sir." "But you're not sure he'll be there now?" suggested Leggatt. "Just so -might be out the town, eh? Um! think I'll step in and leave Mr. Hawksfoot a note, if I may?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the valet, standing politely aside. "This way, sir." He ushered Leggatt into a cozy great desire to aid him. sitting-room and pointed to an old bureau that stood in a recess. "Notepaper and envelops there, Sir."

"Thank you," replied Leggatt. He drew a chair up to the bureau and then, as the valet withdrew, clos-ing the door behind him, Laggatt let should find it. out a sharp, sibilant breath of sur-prise and relief. For there, right before him, in an open compartment of the bureau, stood the Hislip chalice! Leggatt acted and moved with a determination and speed that surprised himself. The Hislip chalice went ment; within the next, he was out

valet. "On second thoughts," said Leggatt calmly, "I won't write a note.
I'll call round at Mr. Hawksfoot's club instead. But," he ad

stairs and going swiftly away. At the corner of Charges Street he chanced on a taxicab and plunged in-

Accordingly he what was done "King's Cross!" self into his vicarage. No one wit- corps ever became pilots, nearly 93 was up-stairs in the nursery; servants were in the back regions. He able to qualify physically. went straight to his study, took a bunch of keys from a certain hiding-place and stole out again into the ad. "The man who wants to use a plane as he would an automobile—to go somewhere quickly and comfortably in the church and in the vestry-and when he had done what he wanted there, he slammed the door of the be able to see and hear and judge dis-

> back in the safe! And if ever I run tion if the man is not less handicapany risk about it again, may I be-

Mrs. Leggatt was clasping her hands in a paroxysm of delight and of admiration at her husband's clever-

"Francis!" she exclaimed. "Butwhere did you find it? And how?" thing to inspire awe, as do their el"I found it," replied Leggatt, with
a glance at the door, "on Mr. Hawksfoot's desk, in his flat in Half Moon biles.

Street Whet d'are the following the arrhane as a
thing to inspire awe, as do their elders. They learn to fly as naturally as
their fathers learned to drive automobiles. Street. What d'you think of that, Marian? But—that's not all! Have to 16 who got the hang of flying with-

the whole horrible story, she threw the same knowledge.' up her hands.

claimed. "That, of course, accounts for it!" "Accounts for-what?" asked Leg-

gatt.

Bobby's cough, of course. While she times in others States. it to you, and to ask you for a small was here, a footman came across registered parcel which she sent here from the Hall with a telegram which had just arrived there for her-Sir Charles thought it might be of im-He knew before he had come to the portance. She opened it—and I saw cover a single case. Co-operation of at once that it gave her a shock. She the hunters will assure continuance of

look—very queer.
"Then she jumped up and said she must be off—she'd had news that necessitated her returning to town at once. She hurried away-and not long afterwards I saw one of Sir minster-I suppose she was in it, and washing in an antiseptic solution was going to catch the express. Of course, that telegram would be from Hawksfoot. He, no doubt, Francis, had liver and spleen with yellowish and found your card on his desk. Fran-whitish flecks was said to be the most cis—don't you wish we'd been there to see his face when he found it!" certain symptom of presence of the disease.

got the parcel . . . By-the-by, doesn't the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Peacock Mr. Hawksfoot live somewhere round open her telegram. I hadn't. But open her telegram. I hadn't. But it gave me a wicked, absolutely fiend-That was a chance cast-Leggatt's ish feeling to leave Hawksfoot my

# IN BONY CEMETERY.

Paris, France.—"The most disap-pointing sight I have found in Europe is the American Soldiers Cemetery at Bony," reports Lieutenant-Colonel Matthew Carey, of the famous 27th division of New York State, who is here revisiting ground he was famil-

iar with ten years ago.
"I visited at least 50 of the 250 beautiful burial grounds belonging to the British Allies and found every one of them in perfect condition. There are permanent markers over every grave and flowers on every one.

"An English rose-vine trails over the little grave of every English soldier; purple and white heather blooms over every one of the brave Scotchmen who lost their lives in the Ypres salient and the New Zealanders lie in a little corner of their homeland. Every flower, bush and shrub to be found in the Canadian section was brought over from the Domin-

Colonel Carney was extremely surprised when he came to the wooden staff which serves as a monument for the dead of his own division. A ragwaves from the top and rain and snow have almost entirely washed off the inscription it bears.

The little wooden crosses will soon quarries.

"But why the Italian marble?" asks Colonel Carney. Why not some of our good stuff from the State of Vermont and thus make it a little corner of America?"

The only flowers in the whole cemetery of several thousands of graves were those Colonel Carney had brought with him to put on the grave of a friend. The caretaker, an American citizen, showed him where it was and left him at once, manifesting little interest in the matter. At all of the British Allied cemeteries, on the

The war has been over for ten years, Ypres is entirely rebuilt and the American Cemetery which holds the bodies of some of the finest soldiers America sent over is still far from the condition in which visitors

# Anyone Can Fly Says Chamberlain.

Anyone who can drive an automobile can learn to fly!"
Thus Clarence D. Chamberlain dis-

straight into his pocket in one mo- ful air pilot must have superior physipells the popular idea that a successcal and mental equipment along with steel nerves.

Chamberlain, the hero of the New York-to-Germany flight, now consultant on aviation to the city of New York, expresses the belief, in an artierican Review, that thousands of Americans would be flying their own planes today except for lack of confi

dence in their own qualifications. The rigid demands of military flyers during the World War have given the ordinary man a feeling of inferiority when he considers flying. Chamberlain says. But he points out At seven o'clock that evening Leg- that while less than 12 per cent of the gatt, tired but triumphant, let him- war time candidates for the flying nessed his entrance; Mrs. Leggatt per cent of the applicants who apply the for a federal flying license today are

jacent churchayrd. Presently he was needs no more special physical qualifications than he would need to drive an automobile," he says. "He ought to tances, but so should the man behind d summoned his wife. a steering wheel. In these days of "Marian," he said, "I've got it. It's congested street traffic, it is a quesped off in the air than on the ground. Boys in their teens today have the making of better flyers than adults. Chamberlain has discovered, because they have grown up in an age when flying is more or less commonplace and so do not regard the airplane as a

"I have taken up youngsters of 12 we ten minutes before dinner? Then in a very few minutes," he says. "It often takes hours of perspiring and Mrs. Leggatt listened open-mouth- despairing effort on the part of the d. When her husband had told her instructor before an adult acquires

#### "Then that accounts for it," she ex- HUNTERS CAN AID IN DISEASE FIGHT.

The Board of Game Commissioners are asking the co-operation of all "For this!" replied his wife. "This hunters in an effort to keep Pennsylafternoon, about three o'clock, Mrs. vania free from tularemia or rabbit Peacock called here-to inquire about fever which has been prevalent at

Despite many rumors concerning affected rabbits in Pennsylvania during the past several hunting seasons, intensive examinations failed to disthis condition, officers of the Commis-

Sportsmen who find dead rabbits were asked to send them to the offices of the Commission at Harrisburg, for examination. If presence of rabbit fever is suspected it was urged that sportsmen use precaution in handling the body to prevent person-Charle's cars setting off towards Chil- al infection. Use of rubber gloves or

> suggested In wild rabbits a spotting of the