

DISABLED.

The bugle's call—the drum's low beat—Crowds surging through the flag swept street—

THE VERDICT.

I had always thought Jack Gisburn rather a cheap genius—though a good fellow enough—so it was no great surprise to me to hear that, in the height of his glory, he had dropped his painting, married a rich widow, and established himself in a villa on the Riviera.

"The height of his glory"—that was what the women called it. I can hear Mrs. Gideon Thwing—his last Chicago sifter—deploring his unaccountable abdication.

Well—even through the prism of Hermia's tears I felt able to face the fact with equanimity. Poor Jack Gisburn! The women had made him—it was fitting that they should mourn him.

It was not till three years later that, in the course of a few weeks' idling on the Riviera, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder why Gisburn had given up his painting.

Yes—I could just manage to see it—the first portrait of Jack's I had ever had to strain my eyes over. Usually they had the place of honor—say the central panel in a pale yellow or rose Dubarry drawing-room, or a monumental easel placed so that it took the light through curtains of old Venetian point.

Of course, if she had not dragged him down, she had equally, as Miss Croft contended, failed to "lift him up"—she had not led him back to the easel. To put the brush into his hand again—what a vocation for a wife! But Mrs. Gisburn appeared to have disdained it—and I felt it might be interesting to find out why.

The desultory life of the Riviera itself leads to such purely academic speculations; and having, on my way to Monte Carlo, caught a glimpse of Jack's halustrated terraces between the pines, I had myself borne thither the next day.

I found a couple at tea beneath their palm-trees; and Mrs. Gisburn's welcome was so genial that, in the ensuing weeks, I claimed it frequently. It was not that my hostess was "interesting"; on that point I could have given Miss Croft the fullest reassurance. It was just because she was not interesting—if I found her so. For Jack, all his life, had been surrounded by interesting women; they had fostered his art, it had been reared in the hot-house of their adulation.

"Money's only excuse, is to put beauty into circulation," was one of the axioms he laid down across the Sevres and silver of an exquisitely

appointed luncheon-table, when, on later day, I had again run over from Monte Carlo; and Mrs. Gisburn, beaming on him, added for my enlightenment. "Jack is so morbidly sensitive to every form of beauty."

Poor Jack! It had always been his fate to have women say such things of him: the fact should be set down in extenuation. What struck me now was that, for the first time, so often, basking under similar tributes—was it the conjugal note robbed them of their savour? No—for, oddly enough, it became apparent that he was fond of Mrs. Gisburn—fond enough not to see her absurdity. It was his own absurdity he seemed to be wincing under—his own attitude as an object for garlands and incense.

"My dear, since I've chucked painting people don't say that stuff about me—they say that about Victor Grindle," was his only protest, as he rose from the table and strolled out onto the sunlit terrace.

I glanced after him, struck by his last word. Victor Grindle was, in fact, becoming the man of the moment—as Jack himself, one might put it, had been the man of the hour. The younger artist was said to have formed himself at my friend's feet, and I wondered if a tinge of jealousy underlay the latter's mysterious abdication. But no, for it was not till after that event that the rose Dubarry drawing-rooms had begun to display their "Grindles."

I turned to Mrs. Gisburn, who had lingered to give a lump of sugar to her spaniel in the dining-room. "Why has he chucked painting?" I asked abruptly.

She raised her eyebrows with a hint of good-humoured surprise. "Oh, he doesn't have to now, you know; and I want him to enjoy himself," she said quite simply. "I looked about the spacious white-paneled room, with its famille-verte vases repeating the tones of the pale damask curtains, and its eighteenth-century pastels in delicate faded frames."

"Has he chucked his pictures too? I haven't seen a single one in the house." A slight shade of constraint crossed Mrs. Gisburn's open countenance. "It's his ridiculous modesty, you know. He says they're not fit to have about; he's sent them all away except one—my portrait—and that I have to keep upstairs."

His ridiculous modesty—Jack modest about his pictures? My curiosity was growing like the bean stalk. I said persuasively to my hostess: "I must really see your portrait, you know."

She glanced out almost timorously at the terrace where her husband, lounging in a hooded chair, had lit a cigar and drawn the Russian deerhound's head between his knees.

"Well, come while he's not looking," she said, with a laugh that tried to hide her nervousness; and I followed her between the marble Emperors of the hall, and up the wide stairs with terra-cotta nymphs poised among flowers at each landing.

In the dimmest corner of her boudoir, amid a profusion of delicate and distinguished objects, hung one of the familiar oval canvases, in the mere outline of the frame called up all Gisburn's past!

Mrs. Gisburn drew back the window curtains, moved aside a jardiniere full of pink azaleas, pushed an arm-chair away, and said: "If you stand here you can just manage to see it. I had it over the mantelpiece, but he wouldn't let it stay."

Yes—I could just manage to see it—the first portrait of Jack's I had ever had to strain my eyes over. Usually they had the place of honor—say the central panel in a pale yellow or rose Dubarry drawing-room, or a monumental easel placed so that it took the light through curtains of old Venetian point. The more modest place became the picture better; yet, as my eyes grew accustomed to the half light, all the characteristic qualities came out—all the hesitations disguised as audacities, the tricks of prestidigitator by which, with such consummate skill, he managed to divert attention from the real business of the picture to some pretty irrelevance of detail. Mrs. Gisburn, presenting a neutral surface to work on—forming, as it were, so inevitably the background of her own picture—had lent herself in an unusual degree to the display of this false virtuosity. The picture was one of Jack's "strongest," as his admirers would have put it—it represented, on his part, a swelling of muscles, a congealing of veins, a balancing, straddling and straining that reminded one of the circus-clown's ironic efforts to lift a feather. It met, in short, at every point the demand of lovely woman to be painted "strongly" because she was tired of being painted "sweetly"—and yet not to lose an atom of the sweetness.

"It's the last he painted, you know," Mrs. Gisburn said with pardonable pride. "The last but one," she corrected herself—"but the other doesn't count, because he destroyed it."

"Destroyed it?" I was about to follow up this clue when I heard a footstep and saw Jack himself on the threshold.

As he stood there, his hands in the pockets of his velvet coat, the thin brown waves of hair pushed back from his white forehead, his lean sunburnt cheeks furrowed by a smile that lifted the tips of a self-confident moustache, I felt to what a degree he had the same quality as his pictures—the quality of looking cleverer than he was.

His wife glanced at him deprecatingly, but his eyes travelled past her to the portrait.

"Mr. Rickham wanted to see it," she began, as if excusing herself. He shrugged his shoulders, still smiling.

"Oh, Rickham found me out long ago," he said lightly; then, passing his arm through mine: "Come and

see the rest of the house."

He showed it to me with a kind of native suburban pride: the bath-rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress-closets, the trouser-presses—all the complex simplifications of the millionaire's domestic to economy. And whenever my wonder paid the expected tribute he said, throwing out his chest a little: "Yes, I really don't see how people manage to live without that."

Well—it was just the end one might have foreseen for him. Only he was, through it all and in spite of his pictures—so handsome, so charming, so disarming, that one longed to cry out: "Be dissatisfied with your leisure!" as once one had prolonged to cry out: "Be dissatisfied with your work!"

But with the cry on my lips, my diagnosis suffered an unexpected check. "This is my own lair," he said, leading me into a dark plain room at the end of the floor vista. It was square and brown and leathery; no "effects"; no bric-a-brac, none of the air of posing for reproduction in a picture weekly—above all, no least sign of ever having been used as a studio.

The fact brought home to me the absolute finality of Jack's break with his old life.

"Don't you ever dabble with paint any more?" I asked, still looking about for a trace of such activity. "Never," he said briefly. "Or water-colour—or etching?"

His confident eyes grew dim, and his cheeks paled a little under their handsome sunburn.

"Never think of it, my dear fellow—any more than if I'd never touched a brush."

And his tone told me in a flash that he never thought of anything else.

I moved away, instinctively embarrassed by my unexpected discovery; and as I turned my eye fell on a small picture above the mantelpiece—the only object breaking the plain oak panelling of the room.

"Oh, by Jove!" I said. It was a sketch of a donkey—an old tired donkey, standing in the rain under a wall.

"By Jove—a Stroud!" I cried. He was silent; but I felt him close behind me, breathing a little quickly.

"What a wonder! Made with a dozen lines—but on everlasting foundations. You lucky chap, where did you get it?" He answered slowly. "Mrs. Stroud gave it to me."

"Ah—I didn't know you even knew the Strouds. He was such an inflexible hermit."

"I didn't till after—She sent for me to paint him when he was dead."

"When he was dead? You?" I must have let a little too much amazement escape through my surprise, for he answered with a deprecating laugh. "Yes—she's an awful simpton, you know, Mrs. Stroud. Her only idea was to have him done by a fashionable painter—ah, poor Stroud! She thought it the surest way of proclaiming his greatness—of forcing it on a purblind public. And at the moment I was the fashionable painter."

"Ah, poor Stroud—as you say. Was that his history?" She believed in his gloried in him—or thought she did. But she couldn't bear not to have all the drawing-rooms with her. She couldn't bear the fact that on vanishing days, one could always get near enough to see his pictures. Poor woman! She's just a fragment groping for other fragments. Stroud is the only whole I ever knew."

"You ever knew? But you just said—Gisburn had a curious smile in his eyes."

"Oh I knew him, and he knew me—only it happened after he was dead."

I dropped my voice instinctively. "When she sent for you?"

"Yes—quite insensible to the irony. She wanted him vindicated—and by me!"

He laughed again, and threw back his head to look up at the sketch of the donkey. "There were days when I couldn't look at that thing—couldn't face it. But I forced myself to put it here; and now it's cured me—cured me. That's the reason I don't dabble any more, my dear Rickham; or rather Stroud himself is the reason."

For the first time my idle curiosity about my companion turned into a serious desire to understand him better.

"I wish you'd tell me how it happened."

He stood looking up at the sketch, and twirling between his fingers a cigarette he had forgotten to light. Suddenly he turned toward me.

"I rather like to tell you—because I've always suspected you of loathing my work."

I made a deprecating gesture, which he negated with a good-humoured shrug.

"Oh, I didn't care a straw when I believed in myself—and now it's an added tie between us!"

He showed it to me with a kind of native suburban pride: the bath-rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress-closets, the trouser-presses—all the complex simplifications of the millionaire's domestic to economy. And whenever my wonder paid the expected tribute he said, throwing out his chest a little: "Yes, I really don't see how people manage to live without that."

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"Oh, I didn't care a straw when I believed in myself—and now it's an added tie between us!"

He laughed slightly, without bitterness, and pushed one of the deep arm-chairs forward. "There: make yourself comfortable—and here are the cigars you like."

ARMISTICE DAY

WILL SOON BE HERE.

By Elmo Scott Watson.

Armistice day is a day for recalling the thrill of joy which swept the world on November 11, 1918, when the four-year crescendo of the guns was stilled and the costliest war in all history came to an end. For us it is also a day for remembering the Americans who crossed the Atlantic to play their part in that titanic struggle and who never came back—the 30,000 men who sleep beneath the white crosses in the Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel, Oise-Aisne, Aisne-Marne, Somme and Suresnes cemeteries in France, in Flanders field in Belgium and near Brookwood, England. But, most of all, it should be a time for remembering those who did come back, not the men who were returned unharmed to their rejoicing families, but the "human wreckage of war"—men with blinded eyes, with deafened ears, with gas-seared lungs, with several legs and arms, with shattered nerves, men whose precious years of youth and opportunity had been sacrificed for their country.

How many of them are there? The best answer to that is a statement made by Gen. Frank T. Hines, director of the United States Veterans' bureau, that more than six hundred millions of dollars has been spent by the government in the rehabilitation of nearly 130,000 legless, armless, sightless and otherwise crippled or physically handicapped men to the point where they are capable of self-support; that more than 26,000 men and women who served with the military forces of the United States are now receiving treatment in government operated or supervised hospitals; that more than 18,000 ex-service men are undergoing treatment for disabilities due to their war service; and that there are under guardianship 25,727 veterans who are incompetent to take care of their own affairs.

"The problem of paying the human cost of the World war was a huge one in the beginning," says General Hines. "It is still a major national problem."

"Across 3,000 miles of ocean, in 1917 and 1918, we transported an army of 2,000,000 Americans, practically without loss of life from enemy guns, torpedoes or mines."

"Across the same expanse of water, a little later, 117,000 wounded and sick were brought back to the United States—some to live, some to die, many not to know for years the price they must pay for their participation in the war."

Beyond the sea, on foreign soil, 80,000 soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force were killed in action, or died of wounds, injuries or disease.

"In the single great offensive operation of the American First army, in the period between September 26 and November 1, 1918—the attack which brought about the enemy's appeal for the armistice—our losses were 117,000 in killed and wounded."

"These items, large as they are, do not constitute the total human cost of our brief participation in the World War. There were, in addition, scores of thousands of young men who either died in the training and concentration camps here in America or in those camps contracted diseases with lasting effects."

The total toll of war was such that death or disability claims have been filed for one-fifth of all the men who served in the armed forces of the United States during the World war. More than half a million claims have been allowed. And nearly ten years after the war—on July 1, 1928—250,000 veterans were receiving disability compensation. That army of disabled included men afflicted with anemia receiving from \$40 to \$100 a month, depending upon the seriousness of their condition. It included thousands of men with impaired hearts or arteries. We had and have scores of thousands of other cases involving every disease or abnormal physical or mental condition from bronchiectasis to dementia precox."

Another aspect of this problem is presented by General Hines in these words:

"As time goes on the obligation of the government changes. The average age of the former service men is now thirty-four years. That age is beyond the period of greatest susceptibility to tuberculosis. We shall have in Veterans' bureau hospitals, therefore, fewer and fewer cases of tuberculosis. In 1922 we had 12,000; now we have 6,500. "So, too the surgical and general mental cases, including, of course, shot and shell injuries sustained in the war, have been decreasing. We had 10,000 in 1922. Now there are only 6,700."

"But in another direction the government's obligation is increasing. There has been a steady upward trend in the number of veteran patients with mental and nervous afflictions. In 1919 there were less than 3,000 such patients, including those who bore the so-called 'invisible scars of war'; the shell-shocked veterans. Now there are 13,000. Our medical experts estimate that the peak of such cases will not be reached until 1947, when, with the veterans at an average age of fifty-three, there probably will be between 40,000 and 50,000 suffering from nervous and mental disorders. We may have to provide hospital facilities for 16,000 of these unfortunate veterans."

Another estimate of the increasing importance and scope of rehabilitation is given by the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, a national organization of disabled ex-service men established in 1921. This group has been named by Congress as an official representative of the disabled who present claims to the government. According to William E. Tate, national commander, during the next decade, more than 275,000 ex-service men will need help as a result of dis-

PICKFORD GIRLS

ROSE FROM POVERTY.

Any theatre manager on Broadway today would pay half of his night's profits to secure a personal appearance of Mary Pickford, her sister, Lottie, and Lillian and Dorothy Gish at his performance. There would be fanfare and flashlights and a battalion of police to keep back the crowd. But there was a summer not many years ago when this same now famous quartet literally wheeled their way into Broadway play-houses—and as often as not were turned down at the box office.

A writer in the current Photoplay Magazine discloses this interesting episode in telling how many of the contemporary stars of the movies fought poverty and adversity to win their way to success. It was when Mary Pickford was still Gladys Smith—her real name—that she, her sister, her mother, two Gish girls and their mother shared a tiny New York flat for the summer to keep their expenses as low as possible. All of the girls, then in their early teens, had been on the stage since childhood but since none could get work during the dull season,

"But poor as they were that summer, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary and Lottie managed to see every word of the play in New York at one time or another, due chiefly to Mary's efficiency and aggressiveness," says the Photoplay writer. "They would go to the box office of the theatre, all of them blonde and one a trifle taller than the others, and Mary, presenting her card, would ask if the management recognized professionals. The card read 'Gladys Smith—Little Red Schoolhouse Company.' "Needless to say, if the house happened to be crowded, the man in the box office told them to come around another time."

CHESTNUTS COMING

BACK TO PENNA. WOODS

Reports made to the Game Commission from some sections of north-eastern Pennsylvania indicate that chestnuts may again become the chief article of diet for the wild animals and birds during the winter season.

The blight which for more than a decade has deprived the woods dwellers of their one-time most dependable crop is largely responsible for the annual program of winter feeding which the Game Commission directs.

Arlington B. Moyer, a deputy game protector at Long Pond, in a report to the Commission written in part as follows: "Game in Pennsylvania, especially squirrels, will find a new source of food supply this year which their great grandparents enjoyed just a little over a decade ago, namely chestnut trees have sprung up as much as eighteen feet and have this year given a good crop of the much appreciated nuts. Tourists were busy recently in sections of the Pocono mountains and gathered as many as five quarts in a short time. For the sake of our game and also ourselves we hope the chestnut tree will soon be restored in all parts of Pennsylvania."

A BUS DRIVER FINED

THREE TIMES ON ONE TRIP.

The State record for frequency of arrest is now held by the driver of a trans-State bus who was taken into custody three times in five hours for speeding on the Lincoln highway. This driver has been summoned to Harrisburg for a hearing and the State Highway Patrol will endeavor to convince the officiating inspector that his driving privilege should be revoked.

Arrested first at Malvern, second at Lancaster, and third at Gettysburg, traveling each time at a speed in excess of fifty miles an hour, the busman laughed heartily when picked up the third time, and said he seemed to be keeping the entire patrol busy. He was not so hilarious, however, when he paid fines and costs totaling \$43. Before the patrol is finished with him his smile may have entirely disappeared, officials said.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Kato Coal Company to Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, tract in Snow Shoe, Burnside, Curtin, Liberty Twp., and Beech Creek Twp., Clinton county; \$23,105.85.

L. Edgar Hess, et ux, to Thomas Sleigh, Jr., tract in South Phillipsburg; \$1.

J. E. Walker, et ux, to John R. Styers, tract in Miles Twp.; \$10.

George W. Day, et ux, to Thomas C. Confer, tract in Miles Twp.; \$310.

John W. Walters to Martha Hopkins, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.

Harriet Ward, et al, to Warren S. Ward, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$1.

John S. Lightcap Jr., to James A. Barkley, tract in State College; \$1.

Helen E. Barkley, et bar, to John S. Lightcap Jr., tract in State College; \$1.

Charles F. Schad, et al, to Gerald A. Robinson, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

G. A. Robinson, et ux, to Merle C. Gordon, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$7,000.

A. H. Krumrine, et ux, to Agnes H. Musser, tract in State College; \$1,200.

Polly Williamson, et bar, to Thomas Sleigh, Jr., tract in South Phillipsburg; \$1.

abilities incurred during the war. So when Armistice day comes around each year, it behooves all Americans in the midst of their solemn celebration of the day to those "who gladly died" but also to that "lonelier company" of those "who still are crucified."

COUNTY GRANGE TO MEET

AT BOALSBURG TOMORROW.

Centre county Pomona Grange, No. 13, will meet in regular session on Saturday, November 8th, at 10 a. m., in the hall of Victor Grange at Boalsburg.

V. A. AUMAN, Secretary.