# Aemocratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 7, 1930.

my enlightenment.

beauty.

hour.

house."

her spaniel in the dining-room.

I have to keep upstairs."

#### DISABLED.

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

And straight, young figures marching by To music flung against the sky-

Yet on this day of peace I see Another, lonelier company

These are not they who fell-these still Are tortured on Golgotha's hill!

And one is here who not again Will feel the pulse of rapture when

The high, hard trail has yielded to His conquering steps-Another who

No longer now will joy to see The April dawn's swift ecstasy

Of blue and gold-And here one lies With pitifully staring eyes,

To whom the drum's low beat will bring Remembrances of osme hideous thing-

So, on this day of peace. I see Another, lonelier company:

These are not they who gladly died But they who still are crucified!

### 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 willo on the Biviera. (Though I him of good-humoured surprise. "Oh, he doesn't have to now, you know; and I want him to enjoy biocolf" she said quite simply. I r a good fellow enough—so it was no Rome on Electric would have been himself," she said quite simply. Rome or Florence.)

"The height of his glory"-that was what the women called it. I the pale damask curtains, and its can hear Mrs. Gideon Thwing-his last Chicago sitter-deploring his unaccountable abdication. "Of course it's going to send the value of my picture 'way up; but I don't think of that, Mr. Rickham—the loss to Arrt is all I think of." The word, on Mrs. Thwing's lips, multiplied it's rs as though they were reflected in an endless vista of mirrors. And it was not only the Mrs. Thwings who mourned. Mrs. Thwings who mourned. Had not the exquisite Hermia Croft, at the last Grafton Gallery show, stop-ped me before Gisburn's "Moon-dancers" to say, with tears in her the stalk. I said persuasively to my eyes: "We shall not look upon it's hostess: like again?"

portrait, you know." Well!—even through the prism of Hermia's tears I felt able to face at the terace where her husband, the fact with equanimity. Poor lounging in a hooded chair, had lit Jack Gisburn! The women had a cigar and drawn the Russian deermade him-it was fitting that they hound's head between his knees. should mourn him. Among his own should mourn him. Among his own sex fewer regrets were heard, and in his own trade hardly a murmur. Pofessional jealousy? Perhaps. If it were, the honour of the craft was vindicated by little Claude Nutley, who, in all good faith, brought out in the Burlington a very handsome ing. "obituary" on Jack—one of those In the dimmest corner of her showy articles stocked with random boudoir, amid a profusion of delicate technicalities that I have heard (I and distinguished objects, hung one won't say by whom) compared to of the familiar oval canvases, in the Gisburn's painting. And so-his inevitable garlanded frame. The resolve being apparently irrevocable mere outline of the frame called up -the discussion died out, and, as all Gisburn's past! Mrs. Thwing had predicited, the Mrs. Gisburn drew back the winprice of "Gisburns" went up. dow curtains, moved aside a jardi-It was not till three years later niere full of pink azaleas, pushed that, in the course of a few weeks' an arm-chair away, and said: "If idling on the Riviera, it suddenly you stand here you can just man-occurred to me to wonder why Gis-age to see it. I had it over the occurred to me to wonder why Gisburn had given up his painting. On mantelpiece, but he wouldn't let it reflection, it really was a tempting stay." problem. To accuse his wife would Yes-I could just manage to see have been too easy-his fair sitters it-the first portrait of Jack's I had had been denied the solace of saying ever had to strain my eyes over! that Mrs. Gisburn had "dragged him down." For Mrs. Gisburn—as such our—say the central panel in a pale -had not existed till nearly a year yellow or rose Dubarry drawingafter Jack's resolve had been taken. room, or a monumental easel placed It might be that he had married her so that it took the light through -since he liked his ease-because curtains of old Venetian point. The he didn't want to go on painting; more modest place became the picbut it would be hard to prove that ture better; yet, as my eyes grew he had given up his painting because accustomed to the half light, all he had married her. the characteristic qualities came out Of course, if she had not dragged -all the hesitations disguised as him down, she had equally, as Miss audacities, the tricks of presidigita-Croft contended, failed to "lift him tion by which, with such consummate up"—she had not led him back to skill, he managed to divert attention the easel. To put the brush into from the real business of the pichis hand again-what a vocation for ture to some pretty irrelevance of a wife! But Mrs. Gisburn appeared detail. Mrs. Gisburn, presenting a to have disdained it—and I felt it neutral surface to work on—formmight be interesting to find out why. ing, as it were, so inevitably the The desultory life of the Riviera background of her own picture-had itself leads to such purely academic lent herself in an unusual degree to speculations; and having, on my way the display of this false virtuosity. to Monto Carlo, caught a glimpse of The picture was one of Jack's Jack's balustraded terraces between "strongest," as his admirers would the pines, I had myself borne thither have put it-it represented, on his the next day. part, a swelling of muscles, a con-I found the couple at tea beneath getting of veins, a balancing, stradtheir palm-trees; and Mrs. Gisburn's dling and straining, that reminded welcome was so genial that, in the one of the circus-clown's ironic efensuing weeks, I claimed it fre- forts to lift a feather. It met, in quently. It was not that my hostess shart, at every point the demand was "interesting:" on that point I of lovely woman to be painted could have given Miss Croft the "strongly" because she was tired of fullest reassurance. It was just be-cause she was not interesting—if I found her so. For Jack, all his life, had been surrounded by inter-esting women; they had fostered his art, it had been reared in the hot- donable pride, "The last but one," house of their adulation. And it she corrected herself-"but the othwas therefore instructive to note er doesn't count, because he destroy\_ what effect the "deadening atmos- ed it." "Destroyed it?" I was about to phere of mediocrity" (I quote Miss Croft) was having on him. follow up this clue when I heard I have mentioned that Mrs .Gis- a footstep and saw Jack himself on burn was rich; and it was immedi- the threshold. As he stood there, his hands in ately perceptible that her husband was extracting from this circum- the pockets of his velveteen coat, stance a delicate but substantial the thin brown waves of hair pushsatisfaction. It is, as a rule, the ed back from his white forehead, people who scorn money who get his lean sunburnt cheeks furrowed most out of it; and Jack's elegant by a smile that lifted the tips of a disdain of his wife's big balance self-confident moustache, I felt to enabled him, with an appearance of what a degree he had the same prefect good-breeding, to transmute quality as his pictures—the quality it into objects of art and luxury. of looking cleverer than he was. To the latter, I must add, he re- His wife glanced at him deprecatmained relatively indifferent; but he ingly, but his eyes travelled past was buying Renaissance bronzes and her to the portrait. "Mr. Rickhand wanted to see it." eighteenth-century pictures with a eighteenth-century pictures with a discrimination that bespoke the she began, as if excusing herself. amplest resources. He shrugged his shoulders, still He shrugged his shoulders, still smiling. "Oh, Rickham found me out long ago," he said lightly; then, passing "Well, I went off to the house in at Boalsburg. "Money's only excuse is to put smiling. beauty into circulation," was one of "Oh, I the axioms he laid down across the ago;" he said lightly; then, passing Sevres and silver of an exquisitely his arm through mine: "Come and my most egregious mood-rather

appointed luncheon-table, when, on see the rest of the house." He showed it to me with a kind of pathos of poor Stroud's career of a later day, I had again run over a later day, I had again run over the showed it to me with a match plant of provide by the glory from Monte Carlo; and Mrs. Gis- native suburban pride: the bath failure being crowned by the glory burn beaming on him, added for rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress- of my painting him! Of course I burn, beaming on him, added for rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress- of my painting him! "Jack is so morbidly sensitive to every form of 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 don't see how people manage to live

struck me now was that, for the without that." Well-it was just the end one 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 with your work!" under-his own attitude as an ob-But with the cry on my lips, my ject for garlands and incense.

"My dear, since I've chucked painting people don't say that stuff check. "This is my own lair," he said, superb. about me-they say it about Victor

onto the sunlit terrace. I glanced after him, struck by no "effects;" no bric\_a-brac, none of Then his strange life likeness began with several legs and arms, with summer to keep their expenses as his last word. Victor Grindle was, the air of posing for reproductin in to affect me queerly—as I blocked shattered nerves, men whose prein fact, becoming the man of the a picture weekly—above all, no the head in I felt as if he were clous years of youth and opportunity then in their early teens, had been moment—as Jack himself, one might least sign of ever having been used watching me, what would he say to had been sacrificed for their coun\_ on the stage since childhood but put it, had been the man of the as a studio.

The younger artist was said The fact brought home to me the to have formed himself at my friend's absolute finality of Jack's break nervous and uncertain. feet, and I wondered if a tinge of with his old life. "Once, When I looke

jealousy underlay the latter's mysterious abdication. But no-for it was not till after that event that about for a trace of such activity. 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 hansome sunburn.

Why has he chucked painting?' low—any more than if I'd never touched a brush."

And his tone told me in a flash

I looked about the spacious white barrassed by my unexpected discovery; and as I turned, my eye fell panelled room, with its familleon a small picture above the man-tel-piece—the only object breaking eighteenth-century pastels in delicate the plain oak panelling of the room. faded frames. "Oh, by Jove!" I said.

"Has he chucked his pictures too? It was a sketch of a donkey-an I haven't seen a single one in the old tired donkey, standing in the rain under a wall.

"By Jove—a Stroud!" I cried. He was silent; but I felt him close A slight shade of constraint crossed Mrs. Gisburn's open countenance. behind me, breathing a little quick-"It's his ridiculous modesty, you bel know. He says they're not fit to ly.

"What a wonder! Made with a have about; he's sent them all away dozen lines-but on everlasting founexcept one-my portrait-and that dations. You lucky chap, where went on groping and muddling; then did you get it?" I looked at the donkey again. I He answered slowly. "Mrs. Stroud saw that, when Stroud laid in the

gave it to me." "Ah—I didn't know you even knew

"I must really see your flexible hermit.

"When he was dead? You?"

amazement escape through my sur- stroke. The plain truth was, I prise, for he answered with a dep- didn't know where to put it-I had

closets, the trouser-presses- all the meant to do the picture for nothing pected tribute he said, throwing out off a prodigious phrase about the his chest a little: "Yes, I really honour being mine-oh, I was princely, my dear Rickham! I was posing

my way of working? My strokes try. since none could began to go a little wild— I felt How many of them are there? the dull season.

hanging on the wall near his bed. service; and that there are under His wife told me afterward it was the guardianship 25,727 veterans who last thing he had done-just a note are incompetent to take care of taken with a shaking hand, when he their own affairs. was down in Devonshire recovering from a previous heart attack. Just cost of the World war was a huge mission from some sections of northa note! But it tells his whole his- one in the beginning," says General tory. There are years of patient Hines. "It is still a major national scornful persistence in every line. A problem." man who had swum with the cur-

rent could never have learned that mighty up-stream stroke. "I turned back to my work, and

first stroke, he knew just what the end would be. He had possessed his the Strouds. He was such an in- subject, absorbed it, recreated it. When had I done that with any of "I didn't—till after—She sent for my things? They hadn't been born me to paint him when he was dead." of me—I had just adopted them. "When he was dead?

"Hang it Rickham, with that face I must have let a little too much watching me I couldn't do another

moved, Lord forgive me, at the ARMISTICE DAY

WILL SOON BE HERE. By Elmo Scott Watson.

complex simplifications of the mil- I told Mrs, Stroud so when she calling the thrill of joy which swept night's profits to secure a personal lionaire's domestic to economy. And began to stammer something about the world on November 11, 1918, appearance of Mary Pickford, her whenever my wonder paid the ex- her poverty. I remember getting when the four-year crescendo of the sister, Lottie, and Lillian and Doro-For us it is also a day for remem- a battalion of police to keep back to myself like one of my own sitters. bering the Americans who crossed the crowd. But there was a summer "Then I was taken up and left the Atlantic to play their part in not many years ago when this same might have foreseen for him. Only alone with him. I had sent all my that titanic struggle and who never now famous quartet literally whee-he was, through it all and in spite traps in advance, and I had only to came back—the 30,000 men who dled their way into Broadway play\_ of, his pictures—so handsome, so set up the easel and get to work. sleep beneath the white crosses in houses—and as often as not were charming, so disarming, that one He had been dead only twenty four the Meuse-Argonne, St. "Mihiel, Oise- turned down at the box office. longed to cry out: "Be dissatisfied hours, and he died suddenly, of Aisne, Aisne-Marne, Somme and A writer in the current Photoplay with your leisure!" as once one had heart disease, so that there had been Suresnes cemeteries in France, in Magazine discloses this interesting prolonged to cry out: "Bedissatisfied no preliminary work of destruction Flanders field in Belgium and near episode in telling how many of the -his face was clear and untouched. Brookwood, England. But, most of contemporary stars of the movies I had met him once or twice, years all, it should be a time for remem- fought poverty and adversity to win diagnosis suffered an unexpected before, and thought him insignificant bering those who did come back, their way to success.

Grindle," was his only protest, as he leading me into a dark plain room "I was glad at first, with a mere-onto the sunlit terrace. I glanced after him struck by a struck by "a brown and leathery: have my hand on such a 'subject.' ened ears, with gas-seared lungs, shared a tiny New York flat for the

The best answer to that is a state-

"Once, When I looked up, I seem- ment made by Gen. Frank T. Hines, mer, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary "Don't you ever dabble with paint ed to see a smile behind his close director of the United States Veter- and Lottie managed to see every any more?" I asked, still looking grayish beard—as if he had the ans' bureau, that more than six worth while play in New York at secret, and were amusing himself by hundred millions of dollars has been one time or another, due chiefly to "Never," he said briefly "Or water-colour—or etching?" holding it back from me. That ex- spent by the government in the re- Mary's efficiency and aggressive-asperated me still more. The se- habilitation of nearly 130,000 leg- ness," says the Photoplay writer. His confident eyes grew dim, and cret? Why, I had a secret worth less, armless, sightless and other- "They would go to the box office his cheeks paled a little under their twenty of his! I dashed at the can- wise crippled or physically handicap-of the theater, all of them blonde vas furiously, and tried some of my ped men to the point where they and one a trifle taller than the oth-"Never think of it, my dear fel-tricks. But they failed me, they are capable of self-support; that ers, and Mary, presenting her card, w—any more than if I'd never buched a brush." And his tone told me in a flash his attention; he just kept his eyes of the United States are now re- read "Gladys Smith—Little Red that he never thought of anything on the hard passage between. Those ceiving treatment in government Schoolhouse Company." else. "Needless to say, I moved away, instinctively em- And how he saw through my lies! today more than 18,000 ex-service "I looked up again, and caught men are undergoing treatment the box office told them to come sight of that sketch of the donkey for disabilities due to their war around another time."

1917 and 1918, we transported an season. army of 2,000,000 Americans, pracenemy guns, torpedoes or mines. "Across the same expanse of water, a little later, 117,000 wounded and sick were brought back to the feeding which the Game Commission United States—some to live, some discate to die, many not to know for years the price they must pay for their

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

"In the single great offensive

PICKFORD GIRLS ROSE FROM POVERTY.

Any theatre manager on Broad-Armistice day is a day for re- way today would pay half of his guns was stilled and the costliest thy Gish at his performance. There war in all history came to an end. would be fanfare and flashlights and

low as possible. All of the girls, since none could get work during

"But poor as they were that sum-

"Needless to say, if the house happened to be crowded, the man in

CHESTNUTS COMING BACK TO PENNA. WOODS

Reports made to the Game Comeastern Pennsylvania indicate that chestnuts may again become the chief article of diet for the wild "Across 3,000 miles of ocean, in animals and birds during the winter

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

> Arlington B. Moyer, a deputy game protector at Long Pond, in a report to the Commission wrote in part as follows:

"Game in Pennnsylvania, 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 operation of the American First army, in the period between Sep-tember 26 and November 1, 1918— the attack which brought about the army army in the period between Sep-tember 26 and November 1, 1918— the attack which brought about the appreciated nuts appreciated nuts. Tourists were busy recently in sections of the Pocono mountains and gathered as many as five quarts in a short time. was the fashionable painter." how, in talking a foreign language, "These items, large as they are, For the sake of our game and also "Ah, poor Stroud—as you say. even fluently, one says half the do not constitute the total human ourselves we hope the chestnut tree

and dingy. Now I saw that he was not the men who were returned un-superb. It was when Mary Pickford was harmed to their rejoicing families, still Gladys Smith—her real name—

"The problem of paying the human

tically without loss of life from a

disease.

greatness—of forcing it on a pur\_straight to the tottering founda- our losses blind public. And at the moment tions underneath. Don't you know wounded. I was the fashionable painter."

Was that his history?"

"That was his history. the fact that on varnishing days, you understand, poor Stroud—he diseases with lasting effects. one could always get near enough just lay there quietly watching, and "The total toll of war was

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

He laughed again, and threw back -couldn't face it. But I forced didn't tell her that— It would have mentia precox." | costs totaling \$43. Before the pa-myself to put it here; and now it's been Greek to her. I simply said Another aspect of this problem is trol is finished with him his smile myself to put it here; and now it's cured me\_cured me. That's the I couldn't paint him, that I was too presented by General Hines in these may have entirely disappeared, of-reason I don't dabble any more, my moved. She rather liked the idea words: 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-be-cause I've always suspected you of loathing my work."

I made a deprecating gesture, which he negatived with a goodhumoured shrug.

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

arm-chairs forward. "There: make thought that day." yourself comfortable-and here are the cigars you like."

continued to wander up and down one thing that brings me anywhere the peak of such cases will not be the room, stopping now an then beneath the picture.

"How it happened? I can tell take much longer to happen-I can Streud's note. Of course, deep down, I had always felt there was no one like him-only I had gone with the stream, echoed the usual zine. platitudes about him, till I half got to think he was a failure, one of COUNTY GRANGE TO MEET the kind that are left behind. By AT BOALSBURG TOMORPH Jove, and he was left behind-because he had come to stay! The rest of us had to let ourselves be

enemy's appeal for the armisticeour losses were 117,00 in killed and

time not what one wants to but cost of our brief participation in the will soon be restored in all parts of She be- what one can? Well—that was the World war. There were, in addition, Pennnsylvania." lieved in him, gloried in him—or way I painted; and as he lay there scores of thousands of young men thought she did. But she couldn't and watched me, the thing they who either died in the training and bear not to have all the drawing- called my 'technique' collapsed like concentration camps here in Amer-A BUS DRIVER FINED rooms with her. She couldn't bear a house of cards. He didn't sneer, ica or in those camps contracted

"The total toll of war was such to see his pictures. Poor woman! on his lips, through the gray beard, that death or disability claims have arrest is now held by the driver of She's just a fragment groping for I seemed to hear the question: 'Are been filed for one-fifth of all the a trans-State bus who was taken inother fragments. Stroud is the you sure you know where you're men who served in the armed forces to custody three times in five hours only whole I ever knew." of the United States during the for speeding on the Lincoln highcoming out?' 'If I could have painted that face. World war. More than half a mil-with that question on it, I should lion claims have been allowed. And moned to Harrisburg for a hearing have done a great thing. The next nearly ten years after the war-on and the State Highway Patrol will "Oh I knew him, and he knew greatest thing was to see that I July 1, 1928-250,000 veterans, were endeaver to convince the officiating me—only it happened after he was couldn't—and that grace was given receiving disability compensation. inspector that his driving privilege dead." I dropped my voice institution instruction in the model of the mod i dropped my voice instictively. ham, was there anything on earth afflicted with anemia receiving from Arrested first at Malvern, second "When she sent for you?" I wouldn't have given to have \$40 to \$100 a month, depending up- at Lancaster, and third at Gettys-"Yes—quite insensible to the irony. Stroud alive before me, and to hear on the seriousness of their condition. burg, traveling each time at a speed

"It was too late-it would have and have scores of thousands of ed up the third time, and said he his head to look up at the sketch been, even if he'd been alive. I other cases involving every disease seemed to be keeping the entire pa-of the donkey. "There were days packed up my traps, and went down or abnormal physical or mental con- trol busy. He was not so hilarious, when I couldn't look at that thing and told Mrs. Stroud. Of course I dition from bronchiectasis to de- however, when he paid fines and

-she's so romantic! It was that "As time goes on the obligation that made her give me the donkey. of the government changes. The But she was terribly upset at not average age of the former service getting the portrait—she did so men is now thirty-four years. That Kato Coal Company to Common-want him 'done' by some one showy! age is beyond the period of greatest wealth of Pennsylvania, tract in At first I was afraid she wouldn't susceptibility to tuperculosis. let me off-and at my wits' end I shall have in Veterans' bureau hos- ty Twps., and Beech Creek Twp., suggested Grindle. Yes, it was I pitals, therefore, fewer and fewer Clinton county; \$23,105.85. who started Grindle. I told Mrs. cases of tuberculosis. In 1922 we Stroud he was the 'coming' man, had 12,000; now we have 6,500. and she told somebody else, and so "So, too the surgical and general it got to be true.—And he painted mental cases, including, of course, Stroud without wincing; and she shot and shell injuries sustained in hung the picture among her hus- the war, have been decreasing. We Styers, tract in Miles Twp.; \$10. Ceorge W Day et uy to Thoma had 10,000 in 1922. Now there are

veterans at an average age of fifty-

Another estimate of the increas-

He flung himself down in the only 6,700. C. Co rm-cair near mine, laid back his "But in another direction the gov. \$310. arm-cair near mine, laid back his head, and claspng his arms be- ernment's obligation is increasing. neath it, looked up at the picture There has been a steady, upward kins, tract in Philipsburg; \$1. trend in the number of veteran pa-

above the chimney-piece. "I like to fancy that Stroud him- tients with mental and nervous af-He laughed slightly, without bit- self would have given it to me, if flictions. In 1919 there were less terness, and pushed one of the deep he'd been able to say what he than 3,000 such patients, including those who bore the so-called "invis-

And, in answer to a question I ible scars of war"; the shell-shocked put half mechanically-"Begin veterans. Now there are 13,000. He placed them at my elbow and again?" he flashed out. "When the Our medical experts estimate that lege; \$1. leave off?"

He stood up and laid his hand on three, there probably will be beyou in five minutes—and it didn't my shoulder with a laugh. "Only take much longer to happen—I can the irony of it is that I am still tween 40,000 and 50,000 suffering from nervous and mental disorders. We may have to provide hospital painting-since Grindle's doing it remember now how surprised and painting—since Grindle's doing it pleased I was when I got Mrs. for me! The Strouds stand alone, facilities for 16,000 of these unfortunate veterans." and happen once-but there's no exterminating our kind of art."--By Edith Wharton, in Scribner's Maga-

Centre county Pomona Grange, No. 13, will meet in regular session

## THREE TIMES ON ONE TRIP.

The State record for frequency of

She wanted him vindicated—and by him say: It's not too late—I'll It included thousands of men with in excess of fifty miles an hour the me!" show you how?' impaired hearts or arteries. We had busman laughed heartily when pick-Before the pa-

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

We Snow Shoe, Burnisde, Curtin, Liber-

L. Edgar Hess, et ux, to Thomas Sleigh, Jr., tract in South Philips-

J. E. Walker, et ux, to John R. George W. Day, et ux, to Thomas C. Confer, tract in Miles Twp.;

John W. Walters to Martha Hop-

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 Col-

Charles F. Schad, et al, to Gerald A. Robinson, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. G. A. Robison, et ux, to Merle C. Gordon, et ux, tract in Belllefonte; \$7,000.

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

Polly Williamson, et bar, to Thomas ing importance and scope of rehabil- Sleigh, Jr., tract in South Philipsitation is given by the Disabled burg; \$1. American Veterans of the World

War, a national organization of dis\_ abled ex-service men established in abilities incurred during the war. AT BOALSBURG TOMORROW. 1921. This group has been named So when Armistice day comes by Congress as an official represen around each year, it behooves all tative of the disabled who present Americans in the midst of their claims to the government. Accord- solemn celebration of the day to on Saturday, November 8th, at 10 ing to William E. Tate, national give a thought not only to those a. m., in the hall of Victor Grange commander, during the next decade, "who gladly died" but also to that at Boalsburg. V. A. AUMAN, Secretary. will feed help as a result of dis- still are crucified."

band's things.