Democratic Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., April 15, 1932.

SOMEWHERE

Such a gallant wind that Sweeps my narrow street-But somewhere there is a Stronger gale to meet.

Such young wild-eyed flowers In my garden beds-Somewhere sweeter blossoms Lift their pedaled heads.

Such a dizzy gladness Waking with the sun-Somewhere hearts are lighter With a gaver fun.

thickly.

getting away.

The church ought not to mind

effort. A little white powder! And

that laughter-provoking moment of

Even the Schulters would never

suspect. To find an old woman dead

in her chair sometimes happened.

They had found old Mrs. Mendenhall

or five years ago. If she sat close to

the stove and threw the little box

She muffled over the details in her

Maggie O'Rilev's dead legs,

Somewhere just beyond-we Cannot make them out-Are the lovely things we Only dream about.

Down each stretching road and Up each pointed hill-Always just a little Further still.

TRUST THE IRISH FOR THAT

Old Maggie O'Riley sat in a wheel chair by her kitchen window. She stared out at the garden, the cow shed and the chicken house, desolatelooking in the clearing against the great wall of dark pines. It was late September in the north country, and there was nothing left in the garden but a few frostbitten tomatoes. For the rest there were dead beet tops, feeling, that bouyant sensation of

It ought to be cleared off and spaded for spring, old Maggie was subject. The church forbade it, but thinking. Last year at this time she had spaded it and worked the dirt over until it looked as square and flat as a huge stove top. And she would never do it again.

The cow shed out there by the pines wes apparently no different was to drink her coffee with a little from usual, but old Maggie knew cream and a little sugar-and a little that Daisy was not inside it. They white powder. She herself would not had taken Daisy away and sold her be harmed. She would go away free. because an old woman in a wheel Only those old dead legs would be chair cannot take care of a cow. The left behind. chicken house, too, was empty. The neighbor boys had loaded the boxes that. It seemed so fraught with ease. of Plymouth Rocks on their trucks so filled with relief for such small and taken them to the dealer over at the Corners because she could then a reward-that great moment. never again go out to feed them. "Never!" It is the most cruel word looking back and crowing over old

in any tongue. The chair in which old Maggie

O'Riley sat was new, of shining oak and rubber-tired. "A lovely chair," Mrs. Schulter, her nearest neighbor, had said when she helped unpack it. that way over at the Corners four The big chair had come all the way from Minneapolis by train and up truck after Mrs. Schulter had writ- into the fire just as soon as she ten the letter and sent the money drank her coffee. from the sale of Daisy.

had agreed grimly. But it held you ready. There was no one to care a with two iron hands. Its wood drew great deal. Mrs. Schulter would probrubber-tired wheels sucked at your and cry a little, for they had been good for nothin'." heavy old limbs and clutched them close friends for these two years. Mrs. Schulter wiped her eyes. But after all, she would be relieved "Don't you say that again. Maggie tightly in their grasp.

sobs, great wrenching noises that or a tryst with a lover. She would put it down again over and over. it," he assured her. "Remember, first PASSOVER TO BEGIN came from the depths of a racked think it over a long time to be sure His mother waited on him constant- you turn this and then this and then The dusk deepened. The old of her decision, but always it would ly. Of course she would wait on her this," woman saw the Schulters' light ap- lie there before her-the way of es- boy and get things to amuse him. pear like a star against the black cape.

pines. But she did not move. She In the afternoon it rained, a slow, knew it was time for her supper, cold fail drizzle, with the pines drip-that it was ready for her in the ping clammily. Maggie wheeled herthat it was ready for her in lower part of the cupboard within self to the kitchen door and called easy reaching distance, but she made to Collie to come into the sitting no move to wheel herself over to it. room. Collie, in his simple dog fash-Instead, she gave herself up to ion, was thoroughly amazed. Such a from the Corners. Maggie said over her lesson. then she took the plunge. She thinking of the thing that had come thing had never happened in all his into her mind a week ago. days.

At that time she had put it aside "Come on, Collie," said old Maggie. as wicked, but from much brooding "You might's well come on in here over it during the monotonous days, with me now." she had begun to ask herself why it

But Collie whined and thumped was so bad. She went over it again his tail on the kitchen floor and board and took out the little white in her mind, while the dusk settled would not come in. A long time Maggie. "You might's well come on in looking and so powerful. She told This was it: Up on the highest as though pleased at the invitation herself she was cowardly. Why did

shelf was a little box of white pow- but too wory to commit himself, so she put it off? If she had any backder. If she should put a little of that that she gave up trying to get him bone she would set the very mornpowder into her coffee some morn- in.

ing, and drink the coffee as though For two or three days following, nothing were different, she would go old Maggie existed in a apathetic morning when Mrs. Schulter, with to sleep in her chair. Very soon she way. And then the unforseen thing, her washing and her waiting on would rise up and slip away from that she had half predicted, happen- Emil, did not get over until hours her body-leave her body sitting there in the hated new rubber-tired ed. Trouble came to the Schulters. It was an early October day with gie lay helpless. It was after ten chair. She imagined herself looking pine needles ankle-deep in the woods, when Mrs. Schulter came, tired and down on it, looking back at old pare branches on the pin cherries hot and apologetic. Maggie O'Riley sitting there asleep. and birches, mallards at the lake She believed it would make her edge, the sun pale in the clearing- The dishes and the washin' with the laugh to look down and see old Mag- and old Maggie tied to a chair. Just clothes boilin' over and me havin' to gie sitting there so helpless in the before noontime it was that she saw stop in the very midst of it all and chair, while the soul of her swept the men go past her house and made get somethin' for Emil. I never saw up and away from Maggie-away out from her window that they were a mornin' so rushed." from those dead old legs. Her im- carrying Emil Schulter into his It hurt Maggie anew. She was put agination stopped at that picture. house. Emil, who had been on a va- off until ten. She quivered with the She could not quite conceive what cation from his work as a forest pain of it. Well, tomorrow it would incidents would follow. She only ranger, swinging along that very not matter. Mrs. Schulter could come

Maggie at the window an hour lat-For a long time she toyed with the er saw the doctor come from his her again! long drive through the woods. He it did not seem wrong. It was not really like killing one's self, she arwas in the house for several hours. It was late evening before Mrs. gued. People killed themselves with Schulter could get in to Maggie. Mrs. was to happen. Coffee with a little guns and ropes and in other terrible Schulter told her more about it. cream and a little sugar, and a little ways. But this-this was just a little Emil had been over to the Corners white powder-and then that high white powder. All there was to it in the truck. Something had gone bouyant sensation of getting away wrong with the steering gear and he from her loathsome self, away from had run into a tree.

> said. She threw her apron over her October sun hung over the lonely head and broke out crying. "To see little house. him there hopeless wantin' me right by him all the time, always so big and strong and full of life." Then a woman. 'Tain't half so hard for

> ter sitting there swaying 'ack and frightened, wheeled her chair out forth in her misery and crying for toward them. her boy. Even before this happened.

ask. I ain't worth it. It's me that I had to quit my washin'. 'Maggie and danced the faster. you and absorbed you into itself. Its ably throw her apron over her head ought to 'a' died instead hangin' on must have one, too,' he tells us the

> "Don't you say that again, maggie. I'll manage. I'm strong yet." Ernie bringin' him the parts from When Maggie was in bed she told another old one a summer tourist borself that the little white powder left at the Corners. And me bringin' ey called to old Maggie O'Riley, "you wid ver dead legal. Is it the wings she would not take it just yet. It brace every minute of my time, till like the lark I have? Or maybe 'tis would only add to Mrs. Schulter's I thought I'd never get a thing done, the thistledown I om!" burdens. It ought rather to be when let alone takin' care of you. Emil was over the first danger. And it would be so simple-just her usu- Emil, he's that set on finishin' it close and kissed her, so that she al coffee with a little cream and a quick. It made me torn betwixt the little sugar and a little white pow- thought of my neglectin' and the der. Then sleep, and that wonderful anxiousnes of you havin' the singin' moment of rising up and floating and speakin' too. It seemed for all away from the cumbersome body; the world like I was harmin' my that great moment of looking back own mother, Maggie, leavin' you go and laughing to see old Maggie that way-me losin' her when I was O'Riley sitting heavily there in a little makes you seem like my own." The men-folks were setting the In a few days they lifted Emil, contraptions together. They bored a Minneapolis. too, in a big chair by the window. little hole at the edge of the window From across the clearing he waved and pulled a wire through. his hand to Maggie. It seemed queer to look out and see the bulky out- chimney to the old cow shed. Collie line of Emil Schulter sitting idly ran excitedly before them. there. Even at that distance Maggie could sense his restlessness, the constant turning of his head from side

And then Ernie went away. And Maggie told herself that it was fool- Maggie sat in front of the little ish to care, to think they had for-gotten her. But she could not help She would not have felt more helpbut recall the days when Mrs. Schul- less in front of the steering apparatter had brought little things over to us of an ocean liner.

her; a dish of custard, a glass of "This and then this and then this,' And then she took the plunge. She turn-

She had brought nothing these ed this. There was a long whistle-like sound. She was agitated, but she days, told her no gossip. She was always hurried breathless, almost imkept her head. And then she turned patient. Maggie brooded over it in this. There was a few faint notes of her helplessness, nursed her sorrow. Once she wheeled herself to the cupsinging. Then they died away. Almost immediately a man was saying something about signing off.

box. So small it was, so harmless-Maggie sat in front of the mysterious black box and waited. Nothing happened. The man had said he was signing something and she figured that he would come back after he had signed it. But there was nothing but a sound of squeaks and rushing

> After a time Maggie decided upon another Columbus-like venture. Cautiously she turned the little black wheels. And right in the room a man started to sing:

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing! Oh, the ring of the piper's tune! Oh, for one of those hours of gladness---

Old Maggie had not had one hour of gladness for months, but suddenly her heart was leaping to the piper's tune.

"When the boys began to gather In the glen of a summer night,"

Old Maggie could see them as plain as day-Michael and Patrick and Terry. Ah, well! It was because there had been only one Terry in the world that Maggie had never married.

"And the Kerry piper's tuning

It was all there before her. The work was done. The peat was gathered. The moon shining through the trees. All the young folks had come into the glen. And Terry was coming toward her.

up the middle and down again."

Terry touched her nanos, She ing at the Schulters. They were slipped her own into them. And then Then coming out of the house and over a scrange thing nappened. Old Magshe thought of Maggie and added this way—all of them—Schulter and over a strange thing nappened. Old Mag-apologetically: "Tain't so hard for Ernie and Mrs. Schulter. Emil, too, you, Maggie. You're old and you're sat leaning out of the open window, unong of young people cancing on turong of young people uancing on the green. She was red-cheeked and lithe and spry. With Terry she was dancing. All the magic of youth she old and she was a woman. But it They came in the back door. They had in her feet. And she looked back was hard. She looked at Mrs. Schul- filled the tiny kitchen. Maggie, at the old Maggie O'Riley sitting there so helpless with the immovable limbs. Threw back her head, she did. "Maggie, it's for you!" Mrs. Schul- and laughed at old Maggie, so old, Mrs. Schulter had worked all day ter's voice was high and excited. so helpless, with two dead logs for long, and now with this added bur- Emil made you one, too, from a legs. She made sport of her-old

"Ah, the merry-hearted laughter

she called

NIGHT OF APRIL 20. FEAST EXPLAINED

By Rabbi Goodman A. Rose

Beginning Wednesday evening and until the night of Thursday, April 28, the Jews throughout the whole world will observe the week of Pass-over, or the Festival of Unleavened Bread, commemorating the Redem-tion of the Children of Israel from slavery in Egypt, and the birth of the Hebrew Nation as a free and independent people. The evening before the festival, Jewish fathers, candle in hand, make a thorough search of the home, to collect and remove every particle of bread, which during the coming week must neither be found nor seen in any Jewish home. In its place are substituted. the brittle matzoh cakes.

In ancient times, Jewish families. made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the celebration of Passover, and there a paschal lamb was consecrated by each father of a household; its blood was sprinkled on the temple altar; and then it was roasted whole over an open fire, to furnish the food for a festival banquet. The matzoh cakes were eaten together with bitter herbs, as reminders of the unhappy lot of the ancestors who lived in bondage and of their hasty departure from the land of oppression. Drinking of wine, singing of songs and recounting of the wonderous tales of the Jewish past, helped. to make the festive evening gay and joyous. That the children might. be provoked to curiosity and be led ask questions of "whys and to wherefores," every effort was made to introduce novel and unusual activities during the course of the evening's ceremonies.

In modern times the festival banquet is still held, and constitutes the most interesting and exhilirating Made us long with wild delight." "function" of all the Passover observances. It is called the "Seder" service. On the Seder table, three cakes of matzoh are placed, one over the other. Over it are laid bitter herbs, a sheep's shank-bone or a fowl's wing roasted over an open Lags and lasses, to your places, scorched in the flames, and a dish prepared by mixing ground nuts, scraped apples, cinnamon and wine, which forms a paste symbolizing the mortar used by the slaves who built the ancient Egyptian cities and monuments. The youngest child is required to ask at least four questions, and in answer to these, the story of the birth of Jewish freedom is recounted, embellished with tales of marvels and miracles. Four cups of wine are to be drained by each person. The matzoh and bitter herbs usher in the Seder dinner. Children's songs close the evening's entertainment, of which the oldest and most popular is one of an "only kid who was eaten by a cat, who was bitten by a dog, who was struck by a stick, which was burnt in a fire, that was quenched by water, etc."

In the synagogues, the religious messages preached during the Pass-Ringing through the happy over festival usually deal with free-

air later than usual. All morning Mag-

ing

knew that it would be worth the morning with his young powerful over at seven or eleven or not at all. doing—to have that fine exhilarating strides, had been brought home in- When she came over in the evening she would find Maggie asleep in her chair by the stove. Never to bother

> All day long from her chair Maggie cleaned the house. She put everything in shape. Tuesday morning it

those dead limbs. "It'll be weeks before he's out All afternoon she sat by the win-again, months maybe," his mother dow. The slanting rays of the pale

Suddenly something was happenwatching. The men-folks were carry-Maggie said nothing. Yes, she was wire—a great coil of wire.

n of taking care of Emil. secondhand one with some parts Maggie tied to a chair. "Is it grind-"You can't come over to take care missin'. The week and more he's put stones ye're havin' for feet?" she Yes, it was a nice chair, Maggie mind. She would have everything of me anymore. "Tis too much to every minute on it. "Twas for this mocked. "Watch me!" minute we had put his up. 'Settin'

there like she is all day. 'Twill put new life into her,' he says. And

and went away. Ernie stood in front

Maggie looked down at those two She would not have to come over any limbs that a few weeks ago had so more and get old Maggie into the unexpectedly failed her, had so sud- chair or help her back to bed. Ernie denly turned traitor to her. They had and Emil Schulter would not have taken her back and rorth between to take their time to do her chores. the house and the garden, the chick- She ate no supper at all. When en yard and the cow shed, the woods Mrs. Schulter came over to help her and the lake shore-back and forth to bed she was still planning craftfor years. They had made her no ily. For a long time she lay thinking trouble, given her no complaint. They of the various catastrophes that

cocting a joke behind her back, they ridden. her, no longer her own self. They quite calm about her decision. were alien things, heavy, cumber-some, like knotted white birch logs. Schulter came over Maggie was

their outlines under the gray calico helped her dress and get into the dress. Dead timber-Useless! Maggie chair. At first, weeks before, when had always made use of everything the thing had happened, Mrs. Schularound the little house in the woods ter had brought over all of Maggie's where she lived alone. With a neat- meals and cared for the fittle threefew neighbors, she had kept up the of her chair Maggie had insisted that place in the clearing. And if there such work cease. "No," she had said, was no use for a thing she either "If it's got to be, it's got to be-and buried it or burned it. But this time it's me that's goin' to do my own it was different. There was no use work." in the world for two dead legs, and yet she could neither bury them nor Schulter had come in with his plane burn them.

For all the rest of the afternoon Maggie sat looking out toward the between the rooms and planed them cow shed, the chicken house and the smooth, so that the chair would slip garden with the dark wall of pines easily from the kitchen to sitting in the distance. She might have sew- room to bedroom. Emil and Ernie ed. She might have read. But old took turns filling the wood box and Maggie O'Riley's hands, gnarled and bringing the water. "Anything else, rough from much spading and cow- Maggie?" they would call loudly, tending, were clumsy with the nee-thinking that because she was old dle. And as for reading-that was a and helpless she was also deaf. secret of Maggie's.

close to her for two years now, were from her chair. It took her a long unaware of it. A few times when she time, but Time was something Maghad been cornered she had clipped out of it cunningly, had laid it to her glasses that were broken or mis-great deal. And her shoulders were laid. And ever the Schulters had not still strong and active. It was only guessed that old Maggie O'Riley those old laden limbs that would not could not read.

grieved than ever about her condi- Maggie?" Maggie was ready for her. tion. There were people in the world, "Yes," she said. "'tis the medicines ask of life would be to be about Would you be kind enough to clean and work hard again. How she off the top shelf and get 'em down would work! Up and down the little close to me?" "What if I'd turn wrong, Ernie?" to forget them. With a few turns of the singin' from Minneapolis all "What if I'd turn wrong, Ernie?" place she would go tirelessly. Never would she stop except for sleep, if they would only come to life again that she must make, swept every-Old Maggie listened incredu -those dead legs.

Suddenly a wave of rebellion swept Maggie eyed her as she handled no be. She told herself that she labels. Maggie watched surreptihated chair and step on the floor. With a magnificent strength of

The dead, immovable weight held ran the idea of the release after sleep-

But after all, she would be relieved. were part of her. They were herself. might overtake her in her present And then, as though they had been wretched state. She might get so

concealing something from her, con- much worse that she would be bed-The Schulters might move had suddenly failed her. It had away. Mrs. Schulter might get sick. proved a cruel, malignant joke. For Some other unforeseen thing might now they were no longer a part of happen. Yes, it was best. She was

ready for her. She assumed a forced Maggie looked sullenly down at cheerfulness as Mrs. Schulter had ness that was proverbial with the roomed house. But with the arrival

They had all been good to her. and hammer and chisel, and had pried off the old-fashioned threshold boards

Emil had sawed off a broom han-Even the Schulters, who had lived dle for her and she learned to sweep

let her go. So this morning when This afternoon, Maggie was more Mrs. Schulter said, "Anything else,

she was thinking. who did not like on the top shelf I'm wantin' down to work, lazy folks who shirked the lower. There's a toothache one and burden of labor. And all she would the peppermint I might be needin', ask of life would be to be about Would you be kind enough to clean

thing into a lower shelf.

her. It seemed that it must not be the boxes and bottles. But Mrs. true that she was this way. It could Schulter paid no attention to the would rise above it. She would not tiously-peppermint and caster oil, let it be so. She would get out of the the toothache medicine, liniment, hated chair and step on the floor. sassafras, the little white powder.

All morning at her slow, laborious with a magnineent strength of will she threw herself forward. But only the trunk of her body moved. The dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through her thoughts The dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of The dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a strength of the dead, immovable weight held a sliver thread through a sliver thread through a strength of the dead thread through a strength of the dead through a sliver thread through the thread thread through the thread thread through the thread thread

to side. Late in the afternoon of the sec-Maggie for a spell yet." Maggie could scarcely adjust herond day that Emil sat by the win-dow, Maggie saw all the other self to all this commotion after the ed. "Did you like it?" Schulters come out of the house to- quiet of the past days. And she worgether; Schulter and Mrs. Schulter ried about the wire running through and Ernie, who worked in the ga- that little hole at the side of the rage at the Corners. Ernie and Schul- window, having a distrust of wires in ter fixed a wire up on their chim- general, ney. Then they got down off the house and ran it across to a pine Mrs. Schulter had thought of the tree. A clothesline! Why were they bread in her oven, and was running putting it up that high for? The back home. Schulter took his tools

Schulters were daffy. Mrs. Schulter did not come over of the black box and the horn that until time to put Maggie to bed. craned its neck like a goose, and Then she was excited and in a great turned the little wheels. A band be- him reverently. hurry. It's the radio they've been puttin' up for Emil," she told Mag-

can get to hear the music from Min- ey heard the fife and the drums. neapolis." back. She was anxious to get

thought it over in bed. There was to do the best you can with it by eagerly did she drink it in. some quirk to it. The Schulters were yourself till Ma gets back over. See not so bright. It wasn't sensible that song that the Schulters could hear and your short ones here." up in the pine country.

Most of the next afternoon peating the Iliad in the original. through her window Maggie could see Emil sitting quietly enough. In about it now for tonight, except just All evening she had forgotten her- lighting switch and turned it caued in the living room.

right. It was grand. You'd 'a' thought What would happen ?" Maggie was to rise up and away from old Mag- ard time." fearful.

Old Maggie listened incredulously. It wasn't sensible-such talk.

did not come over except in the bed turn this around. There ain't a and a little sugar. And that was all. early mornings and to put Maggie chance in a dozen there'll be light-Margie could see how anxious she ground." was to get back to her injured boy.

They had whirled to the trees at "I felt terribly neglectful, but the edge of the glen. Terry held her

half swooned at the sweetness of it. "And the sound of the dear old

music. Soft and sweet as in days of

yore." The song died away on its last

lovely melting note. A man's voice was saying briskly that this was

Old Maggie sat back heavily. Saint John the Kind! It was so. Thev strung a long wire from Maggie's From away down in Minneapolis a man had sung to her up in the pine country-sung the gayest and dear-

"Jenkins said the old automobile est old tune of them all. battery was wore out," Ernie was And now Ernie Sol And now Ernie Schulter was telling his father: "told me to help hurrying over again. All dressed up myself to it, but it'll hold juice for he was, to go after his girl at the

"How you comin', Maggie? he call-

gie. And then she was wantin' to and also gives the number of slaves know: "Who did it, Ernie? Who got and free blacks in the United States it up-was smart enough to know at that time. 30 years before the how to fix the little black boxes to Civil War. All at once they had finished. And catch the music?"

covered that sound could be trans- ber 300,000 were free blacks, the mitted? Oh, I guess you'll have to map shows. give a man by the name of Marconi the credit for that, Maggie."

Maggie repeated the name after

After it was over she could not about money? The absence of money here! You'll get on to it pretty soon. get to sleep for excitement. She was brings freedom from care and disanyone in Minneapolis should sing a You get your long wave lengths here not forgotten. The Schulters had not tress. If we had half a million, we'd neglected her. Emil had made her look at it every morning and call it the magic box. Ernie and Schulter names, Ernie might as well have been reeating the Iliad in the original. had put it up. Mrs. Schulter had "There ain't much I can tell you said she was like a mother to her.

gie O'Riley sitting there so heavily Ernie laughed. "Oh, 'tain't goin' in the chair.

to blow you up. You just wouldn't The next few days Mrs. Schulter get anything. And before you go to her coffee. She put in a little cream On Tuesday morning she poured When she had finished her breakfast But at the moment she saw Ernie to bed. Every morning she asked nin' this late, nor a chance in a mil- she wheeled over to the cupboard. Schulter drive into the clearing. She cheerfully and hurriedly if there was lion it would strike if there was, but From it she took a little white box. wheeled herself hurriedly to the anything more she wanted. But if it did, it would run down into the Then she wheeled herself over to the window and raised it. stove and put it in the fire.

The dead, immovable weight held her fast. Och! Mother of Christ! It was something to look for-was true. Old Maggie broke into did to, like a meeting with a friend thing. He picked up some object and "You'll get onto" and the und not permit herself even to he was true. Would not permit herself even to he was true. Would not permit herself even to he was true. Old Maggie broke into did to, like a meeting with a friend thing. He picked up some object and "You'll get onto" and the cosmopolitan. "You're all right. You'll get onto She wheeled herself over to the the Cosmopolitan.

SNOW STORM COST STATE MORE THAN \$200,000

The State Highway Department recently announced that the cost of snow removal in Pennsylvania in the March 6 blizzard amounted to \$235,-

The department engaged 3,000 men and 750 trucks and tractors in thiswork.

The department also gave assistance in many cases where people were snowbound, and former township roads recently taken over the State were opened up to allow by access for medical assistance and to give access to cemeteries.

1833 MAP IS OWNED

BY LOCK HAVEN MAN

Charles E. Orner, of Flemington, is the owner of a map which was published in 1833, the year Lock "Twas heaven itself," said Mag-Haven was founded, which shows distances, turnpikes, canal routes

atch the music?" Of the 12,000,000 population 2,000,-Ernie laughed. "You mean, dis-000 were Negroes, and of that num-

PITY THE RICH

gan playing on the inside of the And then Ernie was gone and showing \$15,000,000 worth of bank black horn. It did not seem sensible. Mrs. Schulter was back with a fresh stocks. Inheritance and other taxes gie. "It's goin' to be wonderful. We But with her own ears Maggie O'Ril- loaf of bread. And together they came to \$2,000,000. The price of the "Here, Maggie, I've only a minute is and a talk on tree culture. Play- der \$2,000,000, so the estate took to ack. It made Maggie feel sensitive. She "Listen, while I explain. You'll have was all the same to Maggie, so heir's remaining assets.

There you are. So why worry

the evening all the Schulters gather-ed in the living room. to turn the dials and get what you self, forgotten the old legs that were tiously. With fine bravado she turn-ed the wheels of the box. A man's ed the wheels of the box. A man's

> Signing off! You couldn't fool old Maggie a second time. Signing off meant quitting. She chuckled at her own smartness. Then she turned the wheels and heard a violin playing.

> "Ernie," she shrilled, "sure, and I