

THE STRONGER CALL

Oh, the geese have all flown northward, And the willows are in bud, There's a tickling at my heartstrings, There's a tingling in my blood, For the woods and fields are calling, And the mountains bid me start, Yes, the fever is upon me, And is pulling at my heart.

WHEN WAR GODS CALL

Outside the solitary pollard the willow tree in front of the Chinese magistrate's palace creaked and groaned under white hummocks of snow.

Snow was everywhere. It thudded down in soft, flaky crystals. It swept fitfully across the sunset that was trying to show its proud heart of color through the gray, drifting, melancholy cloud banks. It dangled with frosted, gauzy silver the peacock-blue and mandarin-yellow of uplifted pagoda roofs and the harsh raw crimson of Buddhist wayside shrines.

It veiled the towering, arrogant height of the temple of Lao-yeh, the god of war. It etched tiny diamond points on the coarse, voluminous fur coats of the people—not only native born Manchus, but also aliens of half a dozen races—who were ambling along on their various errands, their legs encased in clumsy, knee-high felt boots, their heads crowned by great woolen caps, their noses wrinkled like rabbit's against the bitter wind that came booming out of the frozen hills and steppes of northern Manchuria.

Cold it was outside. Bleak, biting, arctic cold. But inside the palace was warm. Pleasantly warm. Pleasantly odorous with fumes of alcohol and opium—the vice of the West mingling with the vice of the East. And of the West, by every sign of lean body, steel-blue eyes and fair, graying hair, was the tan American who lay stretched out on the divan; while of the East—rather exaggeratedly so, in fact was the other, the Chinese magistrate, silky, urbane, smooth, bland, who had squeezed his fantastic bulk into a stiff chair of tulipwood and marble mosaic.

They were friends, these two, Seabury Clark and Tzu Po. They had been friends for years. The link between them was strong. It had been tempered by misery and tested by shame. For it was based upon a strange and tragic reciprocity—the reciprocity of understanding and condoning, each other's besetting sin: the American's craving for whiskey and, in the case of the Chinese, his craving for opium. Besides, there was a parallel in the fateful pendulum of their careers: the promising beginnings and prophecies of high honors to be achieved; and the drab, fat, pathetic endings—here, in this little Manchurian town of Liang-kiao.

A few years earlier, Seabury Clark had been a brilliant young lawyer and politician in his native San Francisco, with the State Senate his immediate ambition, and the White House itself shining like a Holy Grail in the autumnal distance of his full, ripe life.

Of course, politics is like any other game. One has to train; to start on a scratch team. Thus it had been with Seabury Clark: the scratch team at first—afterward politics. Addressing patriotic gatherings and local political clubs. Causing the Eagle to scream on the glorious Fourth. Thundering, in and out of season, against the Yellow Peril—Asiatic immigration.

Also duties less stern, though quite as important. For instance, slapping people on the back. Gossiping with the woman. Kissing grubby babies, as long as they were the grubby babies of legally registered voters. Playing pinochle and stud poker with the boys. And—naturally, since a politician cannot be a snub-drinking with these same boys.

Oh, yes. Dropping in, almost every evening, at some saloon on Market street, and having a sociable little nip or two—or three—or, maybe, half a dozen—and the nips increasing in number and potency while, proportionately, his energy, his ambition, his efficiency had decreased.

Drunk more than once; roaring drunk—until one day the boss had told him: "You've got to cut it out, old man."

"I know." He had tried to cut it out; had failed. Still, he had not lost hold on his favorite ward. No rhab this fertile eloquence suffered, not even when he was in his cups. And so on a certain evening after a presidential election—when he, and he alone, had been able to swing a crucial block of doubtful votes into the ballot boxes of his party, which came out victorious—the boss had said to a friend, a rich business man slated for Washington and a Cabinet portfolio: "I wasn't referring to a political something for him."

"T'll write him a check."

"No good. He'd drink it up. What

he needs is a steady job—a steady income." "Can't be done. Why, the way he hits a bottle, he'd disgrace us even in Patagonia." "I wasn't referring to a political job."

"What else?" "A business job. Some place where his boozing can't do any harm—except to himself. You own a controlling interest in the Far Eastern Development Company—"

"Well?" "Send Seabury to Japan or China—anywhere at all."

The business man—they were in his office had thought; had finally walked over to the large map of Asia fastened on the wall. "Here we are," he said, pointing. "The very spot for him—Liang-kiao."

"Sounds like a new variety of chop suey." "It's a one-horse town in northern Manchuria. We keep a small office there for the sole purpose of greasing the crooked fingers of a couple of local mandarins. And we had to fire our former agent for spitting with them—after raising the ante. Which reminds me—is Seabury straight?"

"In money matters? Absolutely." "That's good. It takes an honest man to hang out the graft—without becoming contaminated. By the way, Liang-kiao is a lonely dump. Hardly any white people there. I'd advise Seabury to leave his wife in San Francisco."

"He isn't married. There used to be a girl in the office—sweet kid—but—"

"Couldn't compete with the bottle?" "Right. Well, perhaps he'll reform in Liang Kiao."

"And perhaps he'll drink himself to death."

"Poor beggar! He had a real mind once—a future."

"And now he has his future behind him, eh?" "Yes. And yet he's a fine type of American. He's of Puritan stock; is still, deep down in his heart, the idealist, the Christian, who believes in peace and good will upon earth. He hates the very thought of war, of bloodshed."

"Pacifist, eh?" "The sort of pacifist who'll fight and kill and die—for the sake of peace."

"Then Manchuria is his meat. For you mark my words, Mac—sooner or later merry hell is going to pop out there between the Japs and the Chinks. All right. Give your friend a ring. Tell him he's got a job."

So, before the end of the week, Seabury had bidden farewell to the Golden Gate, to Market Street and the Barbary Coast; and several weeks later, he had taken his first good look at Liang Kiao.

He had shuddered: had whispered: "Dear Lord!" Nothing wrong with the surrounding scenery. Indeed, Manchuria at its most glorious. The Nonni River rolling blue and majestic. The sky a mother-of-pearl slab piling up over a shoulder of a slow, genteel hill. In the farther distance, vermilion and ochre and emerald mountains toward a rainbow twilight.

But—the town itself! Squallid. Moldy. Dense. Mazed. Packed with people of a dozen races—bickering, querulous, mean. And the smells—seventy-seven different smells and all bad.

And the dust—since water had not yet come with its clean snow blanket. Dust rising in spirals. Dust black and choking. Dust that dried a man's gullet and made him thirsty.

On the other hand—a point in Liang-kiao's favor—plenty of places to quench one's thirst and an abundant choice of alcohol. Oh, yes, plenty of places and plenty of strong liquor, with the result that, on the afternoon of his arrival, Seabury Clark had gone from native inn to native inn, had finally become roaring drunk—and there had been a quarrel; a dagger flashing in the hand of a Tartar cattle drover; and, almost, black tragedy.

But a man had hurried to the rescue. This man, a Chinese, had huddled across chairs and tables with great speed in spite of his huge size. He had knocked the Tartar down; had addressed him with clipped, singsong monosyllables: "Ngo iu ni yat, chin gan po tan!"

Magic words, evidently, for the Tartar had picked himself up. Three times, obsequiously, he had kowtowed, while the other had turned to the suddenly sober American, speaking in excellent English: "Permit me to introduce myself. I am Tzu Po—the hien, the magistrate."

Seabury had stammered his thanks. "All my fault," he added apologetically. "I had a drop too much, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"Why should you be? Failings are as human as virtues. What did Confucius say? 'The Great Way is very noble; but all love the bypaths.' And these bypaths—they are very pleasant, don't you think? Ah," sighing, "I, too, have a bypath."

Thus they had met. They had dined together, that evening, and had taken an immediate liking to each other, exchanging confidences, laughing—rather morosely—at the parallel swing of their fates.

For Tzu Po's career had been similar to that of Seabury Clark. The scion of an excellent Canton family, he had gone to Peking. There, at the Palace of August and Happy Education, he had passed his entrance examination and had received his initial degree, called, with flowery Chinese euphemism, the "Degree of Budding Talent."

Two years later he had achieved with distinction, the classic degree of "Honorable Promoted-Man." Finally, he had become a chen shih, a "Doctor of Eminent and Exquisite Law," and had returned to his native Canton.

Then he had been sent to America. He had passed a no less brilliant

examination at Harvard; had been attached as secretary to several Chinese legations and embassies; and during the World War—when work had piled up enormously, when for many months he had toiled from early morning to past midnight—he had tried to stimulate his flagging brain with opium until, at last, he had surrendered, body and soul, and ambition, to the curling black smoke.

Still, to him, as to Seabury Clark, was due a certain measure of gratitude on the part of those in power. For at the time when Young China had arisen in the yellow, stinking slums of Canton and had brushed away the gray Bourbon cobwebs of Manchu tyrants, Tzu Po had been among the leaders, and one of the most fearless, the most constructive.

And so—again as in the case of Seabury Clark—the people in power had said: "We must do something for him."

"What can we do? You know"—quoting a Chinese proverb—"rotten wood. Let it rot away by itself." "Nor need one try to carve rotten wood. Let it rot away by itself."

"Where?" "What about Liang-kiao?" a young mandarin had suggested. "Tzu Po will not be able to do harm there. Nothing there except dirt and fetid odors. And the people—Budda! Budda!—Most regrettable descendants of added duck eggs; and the opium there is cheap."

So Liang-kiao it had been for Tzu Po. That dronish, laggard town which, presently, was destined to leap sensationally into the focus of world newspaper headlines, world fear and, perhaps, world strife.

There, night after night, the two friends met at Tzu Po's house. There they were on this bleak, cold winter's night, the American filling and refilling his glass, and the Chinese, sitting on the broad divan by his friend's side, reaching out a hand toward a taret that was laden with the opium smoker's paraphernalia: yen-shih and yen-hox, boxes of horn and porcelain, and a small lamp flame of which was veiled by butterflies in green enamel.

Delicately, with nervous, agile fingers, he kneaded the brown poppy cube against the tiny bowl of his pipe; then dropped it into the open furnace of the lamp and watched the flame change it gradually to amber gold.

The opium boiled, sizzled, dissolved, evaporated. The fragrant, opalescent smoke rolled in sluggish clouds across the room; and Tzu Po, having emptied the pipe at one breath, leaned back against the square, stiff leather pillows.

The outer world seemed very far away. There was just a memory of sounds drifting in through the tightly closed windows. Just a memory of the thudding, whirling snow and the bitter wind of the steppes booming in from the north and clanging at the moon with hard, cruel fingers. Just a memory of the people of such unimportant things as love and hate, life and death; or, belike, were the speakers of Japanese: spies or native born traitors, of such negligible matters as Manchurian railways and the destinies of great empires and the red coming of war.

War. Railways. Traitors. Japan. Why, Tzu Po had heard of it; vaguely remembered dispatches from the national government at Nanking which had been brought, a few hours earlier, by a confidential messenger and which, with Seabury Clark's help, he had decoded.

But that had been after his third pipe and after the American had had a few drinks. So they had not bothered much. Still, he recalled something of these dispatches.

Something about a Japanese brigade cutting its steady, ruthless, efficient way from Mukden north toward the Nonni River—and beyond the western border, the Chepstan, dampa Hutukhtu or "Venerable Best Saint," the ruler of Mongolia who was in sympathy with Japan, sending troops into Manchuria—and the two invading forces trying to effect a junction—and, to prevent this, led by Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang, advancing rapidly through Hei-lung-kiang. And—oh, yes!—something about the local mandarins having been bribed.

And—something else! "What was it?" "Something terribly urgent." "That's what the dispatches had said: 'Terribly urgent.'"

And it had to do with—wait!—yes, a railway bridge. But what, precisely? He puzzled; wondered. Then he gave up. It did not matter. Nothing mattered except the kindly poppy—and he smoked again.

A slow smile over-spread his placid, butter-yellow features. He stared at the rolling opium clouds. They seemed filled with odors of his past dreams—his dreams of high honors and splendid endeavors, changing into his future dreams, such alluring dreams.

He turned and looked at Seabury Clark. The latter, too, was dreaming; whisky dreams, pleasant dreams. Doubtless, considered Tzu Po, the American was happy. Ah, the Buddha be praised!—they were both happy.

And why not? "Was it not Confucius who had said that happiness is the true and only aim of the wise?" "Happiness!" "Yes. Happiness for him in the poppy."

That evening he had smoked twenty-seven times. Now he prepared a pipe which he called his "Pipe of Delightful Vice." It was a precious thing of rose crystal with seven long black tassels and a white-jade mouthpiece carved exquisitely with all the many divinities of the Taoist heaven: from Loa-tze himself to the

Spiritual Exalted one; from the Pearly Emperor to the Ancient Original; and from the Western Royal Mother to the god of the Tashan, the Eastern Peak, who guards the frontiers of China against the invasion of the outer barbarians!

The outer barbarians! The words implied a thought, a memory, a threat. Oh, yes, the outer barbarians—the enemies. They were moving into Manchuria from the south and the west, from Mukden and Mongolia; were endeavoring to effect a junction near the Nonni River—and Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang's soldiers were marching swiftly to prevent this junction.

And then there was a bridge. Something terribly urgent about a bridge—What was it? He tried to think, to release the catch in his brain; did not succeed. Should he ask his friend? "Seabury!" he called, nudging him. "Lemme alone, you heathen Chink!" the latter grunted impatiently. "Having dreams. Such swell dreams. White House; inaugural ceremonies; driving down Massachusetts Avenue, and people cheering."

He hiccuped loudly, then dropped into a heavy slumber; and Tzu Po smiled.

Let the bridge look after itself, he decided. Ah, let all China look after itself. The bridge did not matter. Nothing mattered except happiness—and he smoked again; smoked three pipes in rapid succession—the room was filling with scented fog, and his brain seemed endowed with a new and intense vitality. Hidden things became clear to him. The soul within his soul came to the surface. This inner soul was reaching out toward his former longings, his former ambitions.

Ah, another pipe or two and he would be walking hand in hand with the lesser gods. He smoked again—and found dreams; found by the same token, his real life. Found himself—as years earlier, when he had become a chien shih, "Doctor of Eminent and Exquisite Law," in Peking, in the Palace of August and Happy Education. Found himself, as he did every night, on the threshold of the audience hall, kowtowing seven times and seeing, on the wall, four long streamers of cherry-red silk.

Three were embroidered with quotations from the Kuang-Yuan Chang. The first read: "Happiness is a virtuous thing!" The second: "I wish to be happy being virtuous!" The third: "Lo and behold—I have achieved happiness!"

The fourth streamer bore no inscription. Yet Tzu Po knew that, sooner or later, the Master of the House would write on it. He wondered now what this writing would be; wondered now as the Master of the House came in: a tall man—though never had Tzu Po been able to make out his features distinctly—who bowed, as he did every night, and said: "Please deign to enter first!"

Then Tzu Po crossing the threshold—and being bidden to "deign to choose a seat," on the left side of the room, as a special mark of honor. And a soft footed servant with a turquoise button on his cap bringing two jade cups filled with hot wine; cups not of the garish, grass-green jade which foreigners like, but of the white and transparent jade that the rites reserve for princes, viceroys, Manchu dukes, ministers, poets and distinguished scholars.

Ah, Tzu Po considered proudly, he, too, was a distinguished scholar. Had he not passed high in all examinations? Oh, yes! He was distinguished. He was successful—and so he sat there, sipping his wine, staring at the four silken streamers, finally asking, as he asked every night: "When will you write on the fourth streamer, O wise and older brother?"

"Usually the answer would be: 'Perhaps never!'" But tonight the reply was different. The Master of the House rose. He said: "I shall write on it now!" He walked up to the wall. With bold mandarin hieroglyphics, he scrawled on the cherry-red silk: "There are three things more virtuous than happiness. They are loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage."

Silence. Then the Master of the House turned toward Tzu Po—and, all at once, the latter saw the man's features distinctly. Fe saw the noble, aquiline nose, the broad forehead, the snow-white beard. He saw, and recognized, and dropped on his knees—and whispered: "Confucius!"

And Confucius touched him on the shoulder. He repeated: Loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage—"With a voice like thunder he spoke the words. Thunder that coiled echoed and reverberated in Tzu Po's brain; that startled him sharply, cruelly, out in his opium dream; that, queerly, even after the dream was over, continued; that came crashing in from the outside; that peaked to an immense climax of sound waves like a giant beating a huge drum; that was followed the next moment—as Tzu Po rushed to the window and looked out—by an enormous sheet of dazzling, whitish-blue light leaping up to the zenith, then dropping with a million racing flames.

Tzu Po knew what it was. He had heard it before, in Europe, during the World War. It was an artillery salvo—far out—a number of miles away.

He turned to call Seabury. But the American was already awake. Red-eyed he was, gray-faced—and sober. He, too, knew. "Artillery, eh?" "Over in the west." "The Mongolians, I guess." "Hurrying to unite with the Japanese. Remember the dispatches?" "Yes." "War!" "War!" echoed Seabury. He shuddered. He cursed. He hated war.

He thought that—just as, over a

decade earlier, the World War had been caused by a local quarrel between Austria and Serbia—so it would be this time. Conflict between China and Japan was one thing. Perhaps it could not be avoided and, after a short campaign, might end in reasonable compromise. But if the Mongolians took part in the fray, the Russians would follow suit, figuring that the break-up of China was near, that fertile provinces could be annexed. Then, promptly, France, England, Italy, Germany would clamor for their share in the loot and would take sides.

Belgium would join in the chorus. So would Portugal. So would Poland. Finally America would be drawn in.

Yes, war everywhere! War—east, north, south, west! War of white man and brown and red and black and yellow! War on land and sea! War in the air!

World War, because of a few thousand Mongolian raiders trying to unite with the Japanese. Ah, thought Seabury Clarke, if only Marshall Chang Hsueh-liang would hurry; would hurl the Mongolians back across the frontier before the Japanese arrived from Mukden! If only the conflict could be localized between China and Japan! Why, it would save the world from another avalanche of blood!

But how could it be done? For the artillery fire crept nearer and nearer. Shells dropped. From a low hogback hill west of Liang Kiao a curled, inky plume of smoke stabbed at the sky that was flushing with the gold and rose-pink of early morning.

A clear morning it was, with a stiff wind that swept the streets free of snow. A hectic, panicky morning—with people pouring from the houses asking excited questions. And the artillery fire creeping nearer and ever nearer. And Seabury Clarke thinking: "What's to be done? Dear God, what's to be done?"

He stared at Tzu Po, who stared back at him. Then, the next moment, the same idea came to both men.

"The d-dispatches," stammered the American, "from Nanking." "The bridge; you remember?" "Yes, yes!"

They hurried over to the table. They unrolled the sheets of creamy rice paper. They read the messages; chiefly one, sent by the head of the Military Intelligence Department, Major Chu Yu, an engineer officer trained in America.

The major's message dealt with the railway bridge that spanned the Nonni at a distance below Liang-kiao. The Mongolians would have to cross it so as to join the Japanese who were advancing from the other side. But they were still aver fifty miles away; would not be able to interfere with the Mongolians.

Here was a danger which, months earlier, Major Chu Yu had foreseen—and had tried to prevent.

For—the dispatch went on—adjoining the bridge was a stone-built armory. It housed vast quantities of material bought cheap after the World War and kept there to outfit local levies in the event of trouble. All sorts of rifles it contained, modern and old-fashioned; bombs and H. E. shells—and one more thing.

A small thing it was. A box, the invention of Major Chu Yu, in which a thermoelectric couple played a part, as well as some pellets of sal ammoniac and a certain other secret activity of electrochemistry; a box, furthermore, which, in time of direct need, a man could use single-handed.

He would have to be a courageous man. For a sharp twist of the black knob—and the box would explode—and then there would be an end to the armory that housed T. N. T. and the Mill's bombs; an end, too, to the bridge; an end, finally, to the man himself.

It was a task, most decidedly, for a patriot. "A task"—Tzu Po's words were slow and heavy—"for a man who, by dying, might wipe out the score of his wasted life, who, after death, might indeed walk hand in hand with the lesser gods."

"A task," rejoined the other, "for a gentleman." Tzu Po smiled. He turned toward the door. "I must hurry," he said. "So must I. I'm going with you."

"Why should you?" "I'm your friend." "Even so—"

"Oh, don't be a damned fool!" Seabury Clarke exclaimed impatiently. "It's ten miles to the bridge. I've got my flivver outside. Come!"

A minute later they were racing out in the open country toward their goal—the Nonni; the bridge. They saw it, tall and arrogant, spanning the river; saw close to it, on the fretted crest of a hill, the armory; saw neither bridge nor armory very distinctly. For from the Nonni a heavy mist had risen, clothing everything in a sudden gray blanket. Blind seemed the world here; deaf; soundless.

Soundless no longer as, suddenly, slashing through, they heard banging! banging!—the muffled, sardonic drone of drums. The American stepped on the gas, called out to Tzu Po: "The Mongolians! Not much time to lose!"

He sped madly for a minute or two; then pulled up at the foot of the hill that was topped by the armory. He jumped out. He spoke feverishly: "You've got to drive the rest of the way yourself! Go on! Beat it! The Mongolians—they'll be here soon!"

"I know. But you, what are you going to do?" "I'll wait for them—parley with them—to give you time. Hurry!" And so, the next moment, Tzu Po drove up the hill, while Seabury Clarke put his hand in his pocket and touched the blue steel of the automatic. Oh, yes, he said to him-

self, he would have to give Tzu Po time to get to the armory, to open the gate, to find the box, to twist the knob. But it would be no use trying to parley. Doubtless the Mongolians knew about the explosives—and he gave a little smile as he heard nearer and nearer, the thunder of the drums; as he heard, presently, the echo of hoofs, the crackle of weapons and savage, guttural war cries.

He stood very still. He counted the seconds, the minutes. Two minutes, three. Tzu Po must have reached the armory. And just then, out of the coiling mist, the raiders galloped free.

Yellow faces, wolfish, grim. Crimson banners. A flash of lance points and swords.

The American did not move. Tzu Po, he thought, would need another three minutes—four—to find the box, to twist the knob, to blow up the armory, the bridge; to keep the Mongolians from joining the Japanese; to save the world from dying in a sea of hatred and lost blood. His lips worked. He felt nausea contracting his throat, but he controlled himself. He drew his revolver and fired.

The bullet struck a Mongolian captain. The man fell sideways on the ground. He lay there on the ground.

Again the nausea in Seabury's throat. Again he fired. Again he hit his mark—and, momentarily, the troopers reined their small, shaggy ponies while, once more, the American pulled the trigger.

Five minutes, he thought; six! Surely by this time Tzu Po must have found the box. And he tossed the empty revolver away. He ran up toward the raiders. He gave a queer high-pitched little laugh, as right then, from the hill came the gigantic ominous roar of exploding shells and T. N. T., even as he went down beneath the crimson swish of Mongolian swords.—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan by Achmed Abdullah.

COMFORT IN AUTOMOBILES

Greater comfort in automobiles is now the chief objective of engineers, according to John A. C. Wagner, general manager of the Society of Automotive Engineers which held its summer meeting at White Sulphur Springs, Va., recently.

Putting out that practically all cars have been developed to a relatively high point of mechanical efficiency and may be depended upon to get you there and bring you back," Mr. Wagner declared that the public is now demanding bigger and roomier automobile bodies, thicker and more comfortable cushions, finer springs and richer upholstery.

Paul D. Paddock, secretary of the Mohair Institute, told how tests have proven that pile fabric upholstery, the usual mohair velvets, grip the passenger's or driver's clothing, helping to hold the rider in a more comfortable and safer position, also how the fabric, because of its special acoustical value, subdues, or absorbs noise, lessening the nervous strain on the driver.

The fact that mohair velvets do not shine the clothing was an added point of interest considered by the engineering gathering.

The question of riding comfort and fatigue has been reduced to a simple term by the invention of a "wobblemeter" by Dr. F. A. Moss, of George Washington University. With this instrument he is able to prove how tired people are after automobile rides.

The subject stands on the "wobblemeter" which is simply a platform adjusted on sensitive springs. If the platform tips in any direction, because of the unsteadiness of the subject, counters record the movements so that by clocking the number of times the platform tips, the person's degree of fatigue is measured, for when a person is tired, he cannot stand so steadily on the platform.

His tests also show that the squeaks and rattles produced in an automobile contribute to the fatigue of the occupants. Sounds like these are dulled by the use of mohair velvet or velmo upholstery, other tests have proved.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Ben Kasmark to Mrs. Kate Petrosky, tract in Rush Twp.; \$300. R. N. Harnish, et ux, to James Smeger, tract in Walker Twp.; \$1,625.

John M. Boob, sheriff, to Howard E. Holtzworth, tract in Unionville boro.; \$150. John M. Boob, sheriff, to F. C. Dinges, et ux, tract in Penn Twp.; \$4,270.

Maude E. Auman, et al, to Mildred Boob, tract in Haines Twp.; \$1. Thomas A. Meyer, et ux, to Warren T. Korman, tract in Penn township; \$150.

Catherine Armor to Nellie Cole, tract in Belleville; \$1. LeRoy J. Baer, et ux, to Willard E. Baer, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$5. J. Frank Gates, et ux, et al, to Luther Strouse, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$400.

J. W. Henszey, et ux, to Bella S. Schlow, tract in State College; \$1. Floyd H. Snyder, et ux, to Clara T. Bateson, tract in State College; \$1.

Clara T. Bateson to Floyd H. Snyder, et ux, tract in State College; \$1. J. Clayton Corl, et ux, to Helen M. Schaeffer, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$1. Helen M. Schaeffer to J. Clayton Corl, et ux, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$1. Howard A. Orndorf, et ux, to Edwin S. Bierly, et ux, tract in Miles Twp.; \$2,000.