

OUR HERO DEAD, HAIL AND FAREWELL!

There shall be apples in harvest still, and springtime blossoms again, Summer returning and green on the hill with early autumn rain;

But never America's fallen sons to the things they used to know While the sun goes round, or the river runs, till Gabriel's trumpets blow.

Never at all, though April seeks where the early heath-flower starts, Or the flowering almond of August speaks to unforgetting hearts.

GOOD DOG

At officers' call the personnel adjutant had taken Peepsight—so his men always alluded to the captain commanding B Battery of the Nth United States Field Artillery—aside.

"You are minus two men in your battery, Peepsight," he said. "I find that Headquarters Company is surplus two men, and in order to bring your command up to the table of organization, I am going to transfer that surplus to you."

"Hall!" Peepsight commanded. "I want none of the sweepings and combings of Headquarters Company foisted on me. Permit me to do the selecting myself. What I need—what I have to have—are farmers' boys—men who can drive a lead team."

"Well, the commanding officer of Headquarters Company will not dispute your right to farmers' boys, Peepsight. What he needs—what he has to have—are smart city boys, who know something of telephony, telegraphy and wireless—men with fair educations, who can write and deliver messages correctly. Let's look through his service records."

Together they skimmed through the Headquarters service records and found two farmers—Robin Stewart and a d. Duncanson O'Neill. Peepsight sought no further.

"Hah," he cried. "Scotch ancestry. Good! Dour, solid fellows are naturally easy to discipline. A touch of uncunctious humor, too, in all probability. A reliable, hardy race, the Scotch, faithful and loyal. I'll like these two."

He got them that night at retreat and, because Peepsight was more interested in his battery than in any other consideration on earth, it followed that he had the first sergeant summon Stewart and O'Neill to the orderly tent immediately after retreat, in order that he might question them and in general see what the Lord had sent him.

Duncanson O'Neill shocked him inexpressibly, for Private O'Neill was pathetically bow-legged, short, squat, sandy and obviously unintelligent. Furthermore, he had a harelip—or rather he had one at birth, for it had been sewed up. Nevertheless, his speech was none too clear.

Peepsight dismissed him with a cursory examination, merely telling Private O'Neill he hoped the latter would be happy in B Battery and wishing him luck. "He'll never make a non-commissioned officer," he informed the first sergeant, sotto voce, as O'Neill clumped out of the orderly tent. "Next man! Private Stewart."

"Twenty-one, sir—twenty-one the tenth of last August." Peepsight picked up the boy's service record and read it leisurely. "Why he's even forgotten his army birthday, sergeant. It's down here as the twelfth of July. Well, well, well!"

"About sixteen, I should say, sir." "Good guess, although he might be seventeen. What year were you born, Private Stewart?"

Private Stewart's eyes popped with fright. He remained speechless. "Slow on mental arithmetic," Peepsight commented. He chuckled. "Well, that was a dirty poke to give the boy." He looked at the soldier again with that friendly, manly compelling smile, direct, fearless and kind—the look of a born leader.

"Sixteen last May, sir." The quaver had gone out of the childish voice now and Private Stewart was at ease. He even essayed a smile back at Peepsight with insouciant boyish innocence and friendliness. Peepsight was the sort of officer who conquered men by his personality, securing from them without apparent effort the maximum of discipline. Courts martial and battery punishments were rare in B Battery because Peepsight was a rare avy among army officers—a natural psychologist. He had lavished upon him what most battery commanders never know exists, to wit, affectionate and willing obedience.

When his hand fell, it fell heavily, but it never fell for a minor cause or a cause that could be eliminated by a judicious application of common sense or an appeal to reason and human decency. In a word Peepsight was a man. As an officer—well, he had but one religion and that was never to eat, drink or sleep until his men had first been taken care of.

He looked his new "man" over now with kindly interest. Private Robin Stewart was, quite obviously, out of place in the United States army. It is doubtful if he weighed more than a hundred and ten pounds; he was five feet five inches tall, slight, and very blue. His eyes were large, Celtic blue and dreamy, his mouth a trifle too fine and sensitive, his nose that of a thoroughbred, his hair a chestnut brown with a natural wave in it. A good-looking boy who might grow into a fine, handsome man.

Robin Stewart! Peepsight surrendered to an unmilitary impulse to call him, not Private Stewart, but Robbie. "Well, Robbie, I understand. You just naturally had to join the army and your parents wouldn't let you, so you ran away from home and lied about your age because you didn't have the written permission of your parents to enlist. Well, here you are. We've got you, so we'll make the best of it, and try to bring you back sound in wind and limb, to Mother. If we do that, you'll be all the better man for your boyish experience in the army. Do you know anything about horses, Robbie?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I've ridden horses since I was five years old. I can break horses to ride." "Ranch raised, eh? Can you ride 'em rough?" "Pretty rough, sir." "Can you drive four horses—or six?"

Robbie smiled. "Of course I can, sir. I've done it lots of times at home." "Make him lead driver on number one piece, sergeant," Peepsight ordered, "and send McCullough back to cannoneer. And now, Robbie, listen to me carefully. When you came in here you were badly frightened. It is very undignified for a soldier to be frightened and nervous in the presence of his captain because the captain is the daddy of the battery and the top his big brother."

"Headquarters company thinks the captain is hard-boiled," Robbie confessed naively. "And they say the top is terrible." "He is—to terrible soldiers—and so am I. Now, then, Robbie, the top will show you to your tent and instrument sergeant Ford will look after you and see that you get a square deal. If you're ever in trouble, you come and tell me about it. Be a good boy, now, and don't get into mischief. Your mother will probably be writing me about you from time to time and I don't want to have a bad report to make of you." Robbie departed and for several minutes Peepsight sat smoking pensively.

The top interrupted his cogitations. "Pretty much of a suckling babe, sir." Peepsight nodded. "They worry me to death, sergeant. I don't like the responsibility of little boys—their health, their morals, their lives and limbs. This child's a sort of cherub, too. Well-mannered, eager, curious, obedient—must have had a good mother and father. But he's such a boy. Why, he's still in the indolent, disorderly stage of boyhood. Upon my word, he hasn't washed his neck and ears since last Saturday morning inspection."

Two figures flashed down the battery before the orderly tent. One of them was Sergeant Ford, the other was Robbie Stewart—and the sergeant had Robbie by the collar and was dragging him protestingly toward the wash-house. "Ah," murmured Peepsight. "The responsibility of these little boys." The great tragedy of his existence Andy, in his doggy way, associated with the new smell that pervaded young master when Robin came back to the ranch on a ten-day furlough after an absence of several months. The fact that Robin was dressed differently had not impinged Andy's canine consciousness. What mattered was that he smelled differently—so differently, in fact, that at first Andy failed to recognize him.

Robin had chided him for this, but how was Andy to tell that underneath that aroma of moth balls, wood smoke, canvas and new leather that pervaded Robin now, the old natural scent of the boy had well-nigh disappeared? Where had Robin been all these months and what had he been doing to acquire that strange new odor? Andy, whose busy life was spent sniffing things, was an undoubted connoisseur on strange odors, but—as he would probably have confessed had he not been an English setter—this new smell to his beloved Robin certainly had his time beaten.

Of course it was the army smell. All quartermasters' depots and supply sergeants' tents and storerooms smell like that. Later, Andy was to learn to know that smell so well that he could differentiate between batteries and brigades, but for the present it made his delicate nose tingle, for he loved Robin so he could not forbear taking long affectionate sniffs of him—and then sneezing and snuffing to clean his nose out. A dainty aristocrat of dogdom, this Andy.

Yes, Robin was different now. Somehow, he seemed much more important around the farm than he had ever been prior to that mysterious disappearance. His father and mother and all the hired hands appeared to make much more of him too, and with a pang of jealousy Andy realized this. Robin had little time for him. Ever when Andy managed to crawl up into his lap after dinner, Robin's agile fingers did not rove over him, as of yore, in search of wood-ticks.

Andy noted, too, that Robin was no longer interested in organizing a little hunting party out in the hills. Even when Andy dragged his young master's old hunting coat out of the closet and suggested a hunt, Robin only smiled and patted the dog. Andy sniffed and sniffed the lovely odor of stale blood and feathers—the birdy odor, mingled with the aroma of blackberry vines, nettles, yerba santa and good old dirt. He wondered why Robin couldn't smell it, too, and become enamored of the sound of his own voice. He was always talking eagerly and excitedly of men Andy had never heard of before, and the old folks listened to him as respectfully as if he were a wise old gentleman. Robin seemed happy enough, however, hence Andy was sadly puzzled when, just before he left them again, Robin climbed into his mother's lap and she drew him to her heart and commenced to weep so silently. Andy tried to come in on that part but nobody noticed his wistful little muzzle groping around for a friendly hand he might lick.

When Robin went away the first time and he was gone so long, Andy had suffered. An intolerable loneliness had filled his days and nights. There was the scent of Robin all over the house and particularly in his room, in the closet where his old clothing hung. Once Andy had seen Robin's mother arranging these clothes and when in the pocket of the corduroy trousers Robin used to wear she found a harmonica, a pocket-knife, some string, a slingshot and a soiled handkerchief, her distress was very great.

And once, out in the shed, Andy had seen Big Bill Stewart, Robin's father, stand for a long time, looking thoughtfully at Robin's saddle, bridle spurs and good old riding boots. And presently he saddle-soaped the saddle and bridle, greased the bit and spurs with vaseline, put the entire outfit in a grain sack and tied the sack to a rafter, high up in the roof.

"I can't bear to see the boy's things around, Henry," he explained to the riding boss. "I get so I expect to see him coming out of this shed whistling for Andy, his outfit on his arm. If he wasn't the only boy—"

"Sho, boss, he'll git through all right," Henry had explained. "I wouldn't worry none about him. The war'll be over before his division's trained and sent over." "I'm not repining, Henry," Big Bill had replied. "I'd be soldiering with my boy right now if the Philippine campaign hadn't fixed my clock when I was his age. I reckon I can stand it if he don't come back but his mother'll never smile again."

"Dang your photygraff!" Henry had retorted. "Why'll you let him go? He won't be seventeen until next brandin' time?" "How could I argue with him?" Big Bill had retorted, plaintively. "He knows I was totin a Krag-Jorgensen rifle when I was his age; his granddads on both sides were Civil War veterans—we go clear back to William the Conqueror on my side and Henry of Navarre on his mother's side, and I reckon blood will tell."

"Of course, I knew that the boy couldn't enlist without our consent and when he asked me for it I wouldn't give it. And then I saw a look in his eyes and I knew he'd go anyhow. I knew he'd keep on searching until he found a recruiting officer that was fool enough to believe his lie that he was twenty-one. So I said I'd give my consent, provided his mother would give hers. I reckon she'd know you can't keep a bird in the nest once he's ready to fly. But she wouldn't consent—so he went anyhow! By the way, he's written me his captain's mount has the fastest sort of running walk and the battery's trotting most of the time to keep up with him."

"That's a smart captain to ride a horse like that, Bill." "Robin says he can't help it. He's got to take the best they give him out of the remount corral, and Robin says there ain't a decent saddle animal there. The government, he says, owns practically all the spoiled horses in this country now. He says for me to send Peepsight a good horse to ride, and when the outfit goes over he'll express the horse back to us."

"Collect—both ways," Henry complained. "I never did see the like o that boy of yours, Bill. I'll bet he's asked for Cicero?" "He has."

"He would, drat him. The finest, wisest cuttin' horse this ranch ever had." And with a sigh Henry went down in the pasture to catch Cicero. Two days later, to the vast surprise of Peepsight, Cicero arrived in camp, express charges prepaid. Robbie helped himself to Peepsight's Samur saddle and bridle, went over to the railroad depot, unloaded Cicero and rode him back to Peepsight's tent. "Dad sent him down for the captain," Robbie reported happily. "I happened to write dad about that mount of yours and how his running walk was making it hard on the teams, so he's sent Cicero for the captain's use. When the outfit goes to France the captain can express him back collect."

Peepsight stood by, pleased as Punch, while Robbie put Cicero through his paces. Fifteen and a half hands high he was and weighing at least eleven hundred, without an ounce of superfluous fat on him. A dark dappled bay horse, short-coupled, a weight carrier, with a fine low action, a beaming eye, and full of life.

"Beautiful as an army with banners," Peepsight murmured. "All of three-quarters thoroughbred." He smiled up at the boy. "I'm glad your father gave him to me, son. You see, it isn't permissible for an officer to accept a present from an enlisted man."

"I know that, sir. That's why I had dad send him. I don't want the battery to think I'm hand-shaking the captain."

"The battery wouldn't think it. They know the man who would try it would be out of luck. Robbie, that horse is magnificent and I accept him in the friendly, neighborly spirit in which he is sent. Let me have your father's address and I'll write my thanks."

A little later, when writing his letter of thanks, Peepsight paused with uplifted pen. "I'd better put in some little lie to cheer the boy's mother," he decided, and wrote: "Please inform Mrs. Stewart that I have a special interest in Robbie and will keep an eye on him. When we get to the front I will make him my orderly and keep him in a deep dugout with me where the chances of anything hitting him will be practically nil. I have a large family to look after but Robbie is the youngest, so he occupies a special niche in the skipper's heart."

It is probable that the Recording Angel, looking down upon Robbie's mother when that letter came to hand, dropped a furtive tear upon the Book of Life and erased the record of Peepsight's kindly lie. He had written exactly the same thing to not less than forty mothers and it was his firm intention to keep on writing it to every anxious mother who wrote him begging him to keep a watchful eye on her hopeful.

Robbie proved to be a good soldier. It was his ambition to go through his enlistment without missing a call, without having his name inscribed once on Sergeant's Grassy's delinquency book. As a leader driver he left nothing to be desired; and as a battery commander's mount Cicero was the envy of every captain in the brigade. And when at length overseas orders reached the division and Peepsight faced the ordeal of parting with the splendid animal, it was Robbie who solved the problem for him.

"Dad says you can ship him back to the ranch, sir," he explained, "although of course the horse is yours. Dad'll keep him until the war is over. Lots of feed going to waste on the Bar T, sir."

So Peepsight blamneyed the camp quartermaster into lending him a motor lory and two men; Cicero was loaded into it and sent back to Bar T while the battery entrained for camp Mills, the embarkation camp on Long Island. What a wild cheer went up as the men, leaning from the train windows, watched Peepsight, temporarily in command of the two batteries which made up the long troop-train, raise his hand, hold it aloft a moment and the drop it swiftly—the signal to the watching engineer to open his throttle. As Peepsight swung aboard the guard in the vestibule saluted him snappily. Peepsight glanced down into Robbie Stewart's beaming face.

"Well, sir, we're off at last, sir." "Yes son—at last," Peepsight answered soberly, for he had been to other wars and to him war was only a sorry business, never a joyous adventure. At that moment he wished he was a private again, a jolly, care-free, optimistic private with nothing to do save perform his appointed job and die—once; whereas Peepsight carried the burden of command. Before he should get his he would die many times watching his men get theirs. He made his way back rather sadly to his drawing-room in the last car.

Presently to him came the incomparable First Sergeant Grassy. "Private Stewart wants to know if he can send a telegram to his father, sir," he announced. "It seems his father will be down at the railroad shipping some cattle—and we pass that station about sunset. If his father knows the troop-train is coming, he'll wait and wave to his boy as we roll by—and Robbie is hoping that perhaps we may have to pull in on the side-track there to let a passenger train go by."

"To the line of guards who had descended from each car and were standing beside the steps. A hand-shake, a few hastily spoken words of appreciation for the gift of Cicero, and then Peepsight went back to his train. "Don't do anything that would make your ma or your pa ashamed of you, son!" said Big Bill. "Good-by, Laddie. I wish I could be with you!" And then he rode away with Robbie standing staring after him. "Come on, son. We're moving out, Peepsight called huskily, and Robbie stumbled back to the train, unmindful of the little white figure that trotted sorrowfully at his heels. Peepsight walked down to meet the boy.

"Better say good-by to the dog, too," he suggested. He looks sort of neglected."

Robbie lowered one hand and Andy licked it; when Robbie dropped on one knee to take the silky head in both hands, Andy uttered a short rapturous bark and broke away from him. Robbie and Robbie the boy fled; he was transported with delight in the realization that the lost master had noticed him—at last!

"All aboard!" Peepsight's stentorian command rang out. "Good-by, Andy," Robbie crooned in a strangled voice. He stumbled aboard the train. Andy made a flying leap after him, but the guard thrust him off the steps, so the dog trotted along parallel with the train his wistful brown eyes on the windows, in which presently appeared the head and shoulders he knew so well.

"Go home, Andy!" Robbie shouted. "Go home!" But Andy was not in an obedient mood. Robbie was going away for good this time and unless he acted quickly—

He did. He gathered all his speed and ran straight at the train. Five feet from it he leaped straight for that window; and because Robbie couldn't bear to see him roll under the wheels so rapidly gathering headway, he leaped outward and downward to meet that flying body with outstretched arms. Into that welcome haven Andy leaped, with a joyous whimper that said as plain as anything, "Oh, Lord, Robbie, how glad I am." Andy joined the army.

First Sergeant Grassy saw him enlist and turned to Peepsight standing on the steps beside him. "Strict orders against having dogs on troop-trains or transports, sir," he reminded the captain in a deprecating voice.

"I can't help it, Grassy. Somehow the boy seems so at home with his dog, I think, however, sergeant, that you and I are suffering from an optical delusion. Are you certain that we saw a dog fly in the window?"

"On second thought, sir," the admirable Grassy replied, "I believe it was a piece of paper."

At sunset a motor-cycle dispatch rider came roaring up the long street of the French village, heard him come, First Sergeant Grassy stepped out of what was formerly an estaminet but which now served as headquarters for Battery B Nth Field Artillery. Mechanically his left hand reached out for the envelope the dispatch rider thrust toward him; with brisk stride he walked up the street to Peepsight's billet and silently handed him the envelope.

"At last!" Peepsight commented. "We're going up at last. We're to pull out immediately. All-night at the cross-roads just beyond La Fere. Heard rumors of a concentration of artillery.—Going to pull off a big show, I guess."

And that was all of his warning; order; at least it was sufficient. Within two minutes messengers were scurrying through the village routing the lieutenants out of billets; a bugle blew assembly; presently down the long, winding, narrow street the chiefs of sections came at the double click of their drivers and cannoneers and quietly fell in. Rolls were called. "Fall in here again in fifteen minutes, with full equipment," Grassy ordered. "Dismissed!"

TAXICABS ARE LOW IN CRASH TOTALS

Taxicabs were involved in only two fatal accidents in the first three months of 1932, according to reports received by the bureau of highway patrol and safety of the department of revenue, in addition to this they were in ninety-nine non-fatal accidents, eighteen in which only property damage resulted. Buses were reported in four fatal accidents, seventy-nine non-fatal and thirty-six involving only property damage.

Motorcycles were charged with fourteen fatal, ninety-two non-fatal and ten property damage accidents and trucks with fifty-nine fatal, 892 non-fatal and 855 property damage. Passenger cars were in 393 fatal accidents, 7231 non-fatal, and 5511 in which only property damage was reported.

Most of the accidents in the first quarter of the year occurred in clear weather. These accidents totaled 6598 and included 302 fatal and 3952 non-fatal ones, the balance being accidents in which only the vehicles were damaged. It was raining when 61 fatal and 1026 non-fatal accidents happened and snowing when 12 fatal and 333 non-fatal accidents took place. Eleven fatal accidents were reported as having occurred during fog and 161 non-fatal ones under similar weather conditions.

In 5691 accidents, the road surface was dry. Of that number 299 were fatal and 3612 non-fatal. The rest involved only property damage. Other accidents and the condition of the road surface, 67 fatal, 1343 non-fatal; mud, three fatal, 15 non-fatal; snow, 12 fatal, 294 non-fatal; ice, 15 fatal, 314 non-fatal. In 1359 of the accidents the damage to motor vehicles was \$50 or less; in 3391 accidents it was from \$50 to \$150; in 1399 it was from \$150 to \$250 and in 702 from \$250 to \$500. In 544 accidents, the damage to motor vehicles was more than \$500.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

W. H. Noll Jr., et ux, to Ray C. Noll, Tr., tract in Pleasant Gap; \$1. D. D. Royer, et ux, to Arthur Cummings, tract in Miles Twp.; \$10,000. Benson R. Confer, et ux, to Harry P. Krape, et ux, tract in Howard; \$950. Samuel J. Wagner to Walter E. Korman, et ux, tract in Harris Twp.; \$225.

First National Bank of Bellefonte, trustee, to Ottavio Berardis, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$1,500. Margaret Sharer to John Blackburn, tract in Taylor township; \$138.99. Samuel D. Blackburn, et al, to Edith E. Wellar, tract in Halfmoon Twp.; \$700. Orlando W. Houtz, et ux, to Ruby I. Osman, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$750.

Paul Cutchall, et ux, to T. E. Huston, tract in College Twp.; \$1. John L. Holmes, et al, to Maurice Baum, tract in State College; \$25,000. John C. Mulfinger to John C. Tressler, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; \$1. William A. Jordan, et ux, to P. H. Storch, tract in Potter Twp.; \$1,150. Ida M. Jordan, et bar, to P. H. Storch, tract in Potter Twp.; \$1. Joseph M. Lucas, et ux, to George L. Meyers, et ux, tract in Boggs and Union Twp.s; \$300.

Elda Brungart Musser to Celia V. Brungart, tract in Miles Twp.; \$500. Andy Cwick to William Robert Scheck, tract in Rush Twp.; \$1. C. W. Kreamer, Exec., to J. B. Ard, tract in Haines Twp.; \$75. C. W. Kreamer, Exec., to J. B. Ard, tract in Haines Twp.; \$34. C. W. Kreamer, Exec., to J. B. Ard, tract in Haines Twp.; \$47.50. Olive H. Cliffe, et bar, to Katherine Hughes, tract in Bellefonte; \$3,000. John M. Schiele, et ux, to Elsie R. Charles, tract in Phillipsburg; \$2,501.

Mary E. Moore to Clark S. Mills, tract in Howard Twp.; \$1. John M. Boob, sheriff, to Howard E. Holzworth, tract in Unionville; \$150. John M. Boob, sheriff, to Charles F. Cook, tract in Bellefonte; \$1600. John M. Boob, sheriff, to John E. Bressler, tract in Ferguson Twp.; \$7,100. John M. Boob, sheriff, to Union Joint Stock Land Bank, tract in Worth Twp.; \$178.

Harry W. Dinges to John M. Ream, et ux, tract in Potter Twp.; \$1. They bivouacked just before daylight in another village, and all day long enemy airplanes hummed overhead and once, swooping low, one of them tried to machine-gun the battery as at dusk it rode the horses down to water at a little river. An anti-aircraft battery hidden on the opposite bank riddled the Hun after his first burst, but three horses were killed and so was Tod Enderly, who drove the swing team on No. 1. Robbie had a bullet hole through his blouse and another through his canteen; when the airplanes came down with a rending crash in the meadow a hundred yards away the gasoline tank exploded with a great gust of flame. Robbie was unable to join in the rush of souvenir hunters. He had fainted with fright!

Peepsight and First Sergeant Grassy were on the scene a few minutes after Robbie had undergone his first baptism of fire. Private Enderly, in falling, had pitched against Robbie's shoulder and smeared him liberally with blood; for a little while Peepsight, seeing the unconscious boy, thought the lad was dead.

(Concluded next week)