



LIEUT. KELLER'S TALK A FEATURE OF THE DAY.

Welcome Home and Community Picnic Enjoyed by Big Crowd.—Many Ex-Service Men Present.

Last Saturday, the day that Centre Hall and vicinity held its Community Picnic and very informally welcomed home its soldiers and sailors, was apparently made to order, so fitting was the weather for an outdoor gathering. With the exception of one or two boys who have not returned from France or who have left the community since their arrival home, all the overseas and other boys who were in the service were present. Only at one time did they come together in a group and that was when they appeared on the stage in the auditorium for the brief exercises just before noon. The West Milton band rendered several excellent selections and then the people who crowded the auditorium gave a listening ear to Lieut. W. Ned Keller, who gave an excellent talk on the war. It was easily the feature of the day and the Reporter gives his talk here in full:

LIEUT. KELLER'S TALK.

How much more this independence season of 1919 means to us all than any of those that have been experienced except possibly the very first one when American liberty was born. Possibly you may expect me to speak of the days of one hundred and forty-three years ago, of those heroes of our early national history, of Patrick Henry and the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and those who fought at Yorktown and suffered at Valley Forge. No theme could be more appropriate. Possibly you expect that I will speak about the soldiers of today or may I say of yesterday. To repeat the story you have heard so often and know so well, of their heroism, their enthusiasm, their unselfishness, their fearlessness in the face of danger, their determination to win, to win promptly and quickly, their physical powers of endurance, their clean manhood, their patience, their calmness in the face of danger itself, and no theme could be more appropriate.

Nothing that I might say would be more pleasing to your ears. But history has written and will continue to write as long as free men inhabit the earth, all these things on the imperishable tablets of time. Nothing that I might say about Chateaufort, Thierri, Soissons, Rheims, Ypres, Verdun, the Argonne forest, Belle woods, or elsewhere on land or sea, could add one iota to what is so familiar to you. And so, for just a little while in a plain homely way, I am going to speak about and recall the deeds of the mightiest army the world has seen or known—that mighty army of 96,000,000 men, women and children—the American people—less the 4,000,000 who sailed across the seas to yonder France or were preparing to sail when peace came, a part of which mighty host of 92,000,000 souls fired with the spirit of the early fathers who so well and surely laid the foundation of liberty, are here before me this morning.

You have been telling us soldiers all these months what we have, been doing for you and what you owe to us, until we have almost persuaded ourselves that we did do something worth while. But when the ultimate analysis has been made, events and achievements will have been viewed in their proper light and not through the spectrum of war, then the true heroes will be discovered; they will loom high above those who carried the rifle and bayonet; they will be the men, women and children at home who have toiled and denied themselves, who have suffered even physical want, not to mention heartaches and loneliness unspeakable, that some of us might sail across the seas, across to the east where duty called us.

Time would fail me to simply enumerate the things you have done, not to mention analyzing them, but some stand out so paramount that I must speak of them. First of all you gave 4,000,000 of America's best men. Would that some human genius might have invented some contrivance which could have reported on the dial the emotions of the soldier as he marched away, knowing full that he might or might not return. Then have the same instrument placed over the hearts of you who remained behind, and see recorded on the same dial what your mothers bore to see your boys march away; what your fathers suffered as you heard the name of the one who bore your name called; you wives endured as you saw the father of your children going to the front, what emotions surged thru the hearts of you maidens who kissed the red rose and watered it with your tears, as you gave it to the departing lover; then and then only could the world have known who were the true heroes.

You gave your prayers. Let no man fail to give due credit to this factor in the ultimate victory. I speak reverently when I say that if ever in the world's history the God of Nations was placed on trial before a human tribunal it has been in these four years of war. Those whose faith was strongest never doubted the outcome. It was only a question of

when the right should triumph. To us it was inconceivable how the enemy of all the highest and best could win. But if by the wildest flight of imagination you could have that the central powers could have won ultimately, tell me honestly, you, even whose belief is strongest, would not your faith in all that you have held most sacred be shaken to the very foundation?

Forget not, my friends, the heroes of faith and prayer, who bowed humbly before the throne altars, in camp and on the field of battle, when you come to search for the reason that victory finally perched on our standard. You gave us your love. Love is always kind and unselfish. It does without that others may have. It finds a hundred chances thru which it reaches those to whom it goes out. The people of our allies gave love to their men also, possibly all that was in their power, but to see how much more largely and unselfishly you gave to your army, one needed only to keep his eyes open only a day at the front. It means so many fold more than that which other people gave, so I must be more specific. I must speak of those organized channels thru which you sent your love to us, the American Red Cross, the welfare societies, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and its associate organization, the Jewish Welfare board, and the Salvation Army.

The American Red Cross! Who is there with flower of language sufficient to even make a faint beginning in sounding your praises? Whether it was to provide hospitals or ambulances, or hospital ship to lessen the pain of the sick and wounded in transportation, whether it was to make and send the surgical dressings to bind up broken, mangled bodies, for the nurse to soothe the fevered brow, whether it was to provide food or accommodations for the men and at a moderate rate to officers while on leave or to arrange schedules and tours, or to give to those delicate, delicious cups of hot coffee when tired and faint, nothing else could have been half so reviving. It seems to me if the Master were here now He would make some specific reference to this organization thru which you gave us your love.

The good book might then record some such paragraph as this: Blessed art thou, American Red Cross, for I was a soldier in yonder France, and ye came to me; I was cold and hungry and you fed and warmed me; I was lonesome and homesick and you cheered me; I was wounded and you bound up my wounds; I was sick and no possible care did you fail to provide; I was troubled about the loved ones at home and ye looked after me and wrote me that all was well with them; business and employment problems kept me awake at night, but you took them off my shoulders. So the chapter might go on and on in endless praise, while their activities were of necessity more limited in number, still the same praise could be sung about the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare board and the Salvation Army, three other channels thru which your loving interest was brought to us, those organizations which without regard to creed or color carried out your instructions primarily in respect to delicacies, food and entertainment.

You may notice that I have left the fifth of these organizations to last so that I could speak of it separately. The American Y. M. C. A., the Red Triangle. We all know that the finger of criticism has been pointed at it; that harsh words have been spoken about it. I am not here to defend it. It needs no defense. If it did it could abundantly take care of itself. I know there are men and women in this fair land who gave to this magnificent organization until they felt it. And after all, that is the only kind of giving worth while, isn't it? Whose hearts are troubled and worried lest that which they gave was wasted, was misspent, misdirected and failed of its mission?

Is it any such here this morning that I address these few remarks, begging the indulgence of those to whom they may not be of the same interest and moment. The chief complaints about this work which you have heard come, practically under one of the following heads, using almost the identical words of those who lodged them: "They charged us for things that we should have had for nothing." "They charged us more for cigars and cakes than the army commissary did." "They were not up at the front where they should have been."

"They furnished us some very poor entertainment," and I have personally and quietly heard that criticism. And lastly, almost too trivial to notice, comes a man (I hardly dare call him that), who because of some poor canteen worker, too tired from long hours at serving the line, or being handled to dance, as I have seen them by scores of soldiers in the course of the afternoon or evening, when one or two of them have tried to dance with a canteen full of soldiers—may have declined his invitation to dance again, and then he begins to cry wolf, snake, and vows to throw discredit on her work and even assail her character.

With those few words I pass that dastardly assault on American womanhood and discuss the other articles of indictment. About charging and over charging: Those of you who do not know it, the quartermaster department establishes commissaries where soldiers can buy many articles at a low price. The trouble is, these are operated only in the larger centers and even there when you try to buy anything they are usually "just out." But when you can secure it the price is low. The government pays the freight, stands for the loss in shortage, broken packages and spoiled articles. All that is necessary in the commissaries is for the officer in charge to ask for a survey, a board is appointed to investigate, report, and he is free of obligation. Then comes the Y. M. C. A., which gets things to sell to the men when the government fails, and to cover the freight, insurance, loss, shortage, adds a few centimes to the price and then some unscrupulous one starts to cry "thief, thief." I'm telling what I know; not what some Y. M. C. A. official might have told me.

About April first, last, an order came out from general headquarters at Chaumont directing each army organization to take over and run its own canteen and to sell everything without any profit, just as they were run in the States. In spite of an order from such high authority canteens were not established and for weeks after the Y. M. C. A. ceased to conduct their dry canteens as they called them; men couldn't buy anything because no one in the army organization was willing to assume the obligation for the deficit from shortage, for broken packages, spoiled articles which were bound to occur if every thing was sold without profit, that for which the Y. M. C. A. may have added just a few centimes.

Do you want to know how we finally got around it? I'll tell you. They allowed us to have a slush fund. For instance, if an article was 40 centimes and the man handed over a half franc or 50 centimes, he got no change; the other ten centimes went to make up the deficit. And yet, when the Y. M. C. A. may have added even less to the price, then it was a case of graft and robbery.

If I did not know how the American soldiers threw away and squandered money in France, I might have a little patience with this argument, but knowing what I do from observations I have none whatever.

Now about the class of entertainment for criticism, of which I am also guilty. I have only this to say, while some were very poor, much of it was of the highest order. Because you and I may have been stung on certain performances in yonder theatre is no reason why we should or do set up a howl against the management. True there were times when we wished these enterprises could have gotten nearer the front, but their failure to do so was thru no lack of bravery, nor unwillingness. It was simply, solely, and entirely because of lack of transportation. The next time anyone comes to you in the spirit of criticism and complaint, just ask them about the Y. M. C. A. and their lights and warmth and touch of home they have enjoyed, about all the things they received gratis, of the entertainments and shows provided, of baseball equipments, and other athletic goods in almost endless amounts and all else the Y. M. C. A. provided, not to mention care taken of men on leave; then ask him how he would have liked to see every red triangle taken down, every hut closed as should have been done if the Y. M. C. A. was a failure as he claims. If he doesn't hang his head in shame and say, Oh, I never saw it in that light before; I was only talking from what the other fellows said, he isn't an honest American soldier.

Men and women, you have given generously, nobly. The Y. M. C. A. has always been well governed. The names of John R. Mote, Robert Wendensall, Robert E. Speer and others, proved that. Those same giants of organization were and are still at the helm and do not let some little misdirected, thoughtless remark trouble you lest that all that you gave was not well spent.

And your love gave itself in a hundred other ways, not only to us, your army, but to all mankind who had such need of it. You placed yourselves under food control even when there was abundance here in order that others might have, something the central powers said a democracy could never do.

There is one other division of this great army of 96,000,000 who did not bear arms, which must be mentioned. They are the boys in blue and the equally brave and loyal boys in gray, whom age and infirmity alone prevented from repeating their valorous deeds of the '60's. The boys in blue and those in gray who found their inspiration in the sword of Bunker Hill, so the boys in khaki at Chateaufort Thierri inherited the spirit of those boys. My friends, can you realize what it means to a soldier to inherit such a military legacy as did our army in the great world war just ended, a glory that never tasted defeat, that pray God may never surrender, for our cause shall always be just. But one word in a hasty

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THE DEATH RECORD.

TATE.—Death came suddenly upon Frank Donthesus Tate, at his home at the Red Mill, in Potter township, on Sunday morning at 1.00 o'clock. In his usual good health on Saturday afternoon he assisted Maynard Barger in hauling rye. Suddenly he felt a dizzy spell overtaking him and he was removed to his home, where it was discovered that his left side was paralyzed. A few hours later he rallied and appeared quite well, retiring in apparently good health at 9.00 o'clock. In a short time, however, he sank into a state of coma and never regained consciousness.

Deceased was born at Pleasant Gap, April 9, 1870, and a few years ago moved to Potter township. He was a member of the Reformed church. His wife, who survives, was formerly Elizabeth A. Runkle. Three children, all at home, remain: Merritt F., Mary E. and Richard I. Seven sisters and two brothers survive; namely, Mrs. Carrie Gibson, Lyfe Tate, of Lewistown; Miss Margaret and Elizabeth Tate, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Samuel Markle, of Axemann; Mrs. Fremont Hile, Mrs. Bruce Baney, John Tate, of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. John Love, of Bellefonte.

Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 9.30, and burial made at Tusseyville.

BRADFORD.—Mrs. Albert Bradford, of Milroy, died last Saturday morning at her home from a complication of ailments dating from last winter when she suffered a severe attack of the influenza. Ever since that time she had been in ill health.

The deceased is survived by her husband and six children, three sons and three daughters. The daughters are married and make their homes in Milroy. Mrs. Bradford was aged forty-two years, seven months and twenty-seven days. She was a daughter of the late John Auman, of Centre Hall.

The body was taken to Boalsburg for burial on Tuesday afternoon, funeral services having been held in the Reformed church at 2.00 o'clock.

Two Township Teachers Give Up Schools.

The big increase in wages for public school teachers does not appear to make their jobs more attractive, for within the past week two teachers elected by the Potter township school board for the coming term, have resigned their schools. They are, Miss Lillian Emery, of Centre Hall, who was elected to teach the Pine Stump school, and a Miss Meyers, of Julian, who was given the Manor Hill school. Their successors have not yet been elected.

Millheim Plans to Build More Houses.

On Monday evening a few enterprising citizens of Millheim met in the Woodmen club room and formed a company to be known as the Millheim Real Estate company. S. W. Gramley was chosen president of the new company and J. R. Miller secretary, says the Journal. The object of the company is to buy, build and sell houses in Millheim, the primary object being to relieve the shortage of homes in the town. Plans were completed Tuesday evening for a house to be built by the company on the lot on South Penn street recently purchased by D. J. Nieman, and the likelihood is that another will be built this fall.

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conclusion. What is the sum and substance of it all? Simply this. If we do not come out of this war a stronger, better, nobler, less selfish and more magnanimous nation, with higher ideals and a clearer perception of the brotherhood of man, then these, our comrades, will have died in vain. Your sacrifices of other things than life will have been useless, and your love has been mispent, your prayers are still unanswered.

SINGLES TRIM THE MARRIED.

The single fellows outplayed the married men in the baseball game in the afternoon, the final score being 14 to 2. There were only a few really bright spots in the game, and chief among them was the catch by Floyd Jordan, for the single men, Windon Gramley laced one but to left center, labeled for three bases, but Floyd, after a hard and fast run, speared the drive and took the joy out of life for the married fellows. The little center fielder also had a home run to his credit.

MEETING OF COMMITTEE.

The general committee held a meeting Monday evening to settle up the financial affairs. After paying all bills, except one which was placed in the hands of an adjusting committee, it was found there remained a handsome cash balance, which was ordered invested in War Savings Stamps. A detailed report of the finances will be published as all business is closed.

Before adjourning sine die, the secretary was instructed that May 15th all Sunday schools and lodges in the district be notified to appoint a committee to meet and organize to arrange for the gathering in 1920.

Auto Accidents.

On Friday evening a bad wreck occurred at the Chas. Stoner farm at Tusseyville, when John Horner, of Linden Hall accompanied by George Taylor, in the former's new Ford car, ran into a buggy in which were seated Edgar Miller, the owner of the vehicle, Paul Marts and Boyd Jordan. The car was speeding up one side of a hill and the driver failed to see the buggy over the crest until too late to avoid a collision. The buggy was badly wrecked, both wheels on the left side being demolished. The shafts were broken and the frightened horse tore loose and ran home without being injured. Of the young men, Paul Marts was injured most severely, the flesh on his hands and side of his body being bruised and lacerated. Boyd Jordan was slightly injured, while Edgar Miller escaped unhurt. The car was only slightly damaged.

F. V. Goodhart, the local undertaker, figured in his first auto accident on last Thursday night, which resulted in damaging his new Ford coupe. Mr. Goodhart was on his way home from Milroy and was passing through that town when he was met by another Ford car, coming off a cross road. The two cars smashed into each other, but fortunately each had discovered at the last second that a hit was inevitable, and by shutting off the power on both cars, the collision was reduced to a minimum. Mr. Goodhart's car suffered a bent front axle bent fender and damage to the radiator, while the other Ford was similarly damaged, besides having the windshield broken, the flying glass from which struck a woman in the rear seat of the car and cut her slightly. Mr. Goodhart returned home the same night after his car underwent repairs at a Milroy garage.

S. Ward Gramley, of Millheim, driving his new Nash car, figured in an accident on Thursday noon on the pike below Pean Hall, near the barn of W. P. Hoosterman. Mr. Gramley had with him in the car Mrs. Gramley and their daughter, also Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Walters. They were west-bound, when a Reo car containing two salesmen from Milton, appeared coming in their direction, and it appears that both cars turned into one another, Mr. Gramley's car having a rear wheel smashed, while the Reo was slightly damaged. Flying glass cut Mrs. Campbell, but not seriously. A new wheel had to be placed on Mr. Gramley's car before he could proceed. The trip to Bellefonte was abandoned, the party returning to Millheim.

Neff—Bitner.

At the Lutheran parsonage in Centre Hall, on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, John Neff and Miss Elizabeth Bitner, both of Tusseyville, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. D. S. Kurtz. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bitner, and an exceptionally fine young woman, possessing the qualities essential toward making a happy home. The groom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Neff, and is an industrious young farmer. Their many friends join in wishing them much joy and prosperity.

A. P. Krape Buys Property.

A. P. Krape made a real estate purchase, last week, from C. D. Bartholomew and now owns the second house and lot and adjoining vacant lot on Allen street which street leads along the South side of the Logan house. Mr. Krape will put the dwelling house into first class condition and invite to it some energetic young man to assist him in performing farming operations. The price paid was \$750, which Mr. Krape thinks decidedly reasonable.

G. W. Potter Buys Property.

George W. Potter, of Centre Hall, purchased the Mrs. Walters property on Hoffer street, last week. The price paid was \$1050. Mr. Potter expects to occupy the place next spring.

School Opens September 15th.

At a regular meeting of the Centre Hall school board, on Monday evening, the time for opening the fall term of school was set for Monday, September 15th. School, therefore, does not begin until the close of the Grange picnic.

What is a Billion?

The American people have become so used to speaking in big terms that the use of the word billion no longer excites any amazement. One billion dollars is our country's interest on the war debt. What is a billion dollars? Dr. Green, the Chautauqua lecturer, last week, said that since the birth of Christ, barely one billion minutes of time have elapsed. A dollar for every minute since Christ was born equals the yearly interest on our war debt. Can you grasp the meaning of a billion any better now? A few minutes of your time and you can figure that in 1918 years just 1,008,100,800 minutes have elapsed.

Senator Borah's threat to quit the Republican party if the League of Nations covenant is ratified is another reason why many Republicans favor ratification.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS

Frank M. Fisher has purchased a new Chevrolet car, but thinks of trading it on a Buick roadster.

Saturday, August 23rd, at 1.30 o'clock, at the Rhone home in Centre Hall, lot of household goods, will be sold.

Mrs. Rev. E. Roy Corman of Cressona has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Fisher, the past week.

Bruce Stahl, Carl Auman and Thomas Foss, all employed at Altoona, spent Saturday with relatives and friends in Centre Hall.

Although you may have heard Lieut. Keller's address at the community picnic it will bear reading. It appears in full in this issue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tate publishes letters of administration on the estate of her husband, the late Frank Tate, of Potter township, in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Meyer, of Boalsburg, were in attendance at the Welcome Home and Community Picnic at Centre Hall, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stewart, son Herbert, and Mr. and Mrs. John Dickle, all of New Bloomfield, Perry county, were guests of Mrs. Lucy Henney, on Saturday.

Miss Rebecca Kreamer and friend, Miss Florence Berlew, both of Lewistown, spent several days the past week with the former's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kreamer.

The advertisement appearing in this issue of the coming Grange Encampment and Fair makes reference to an admission fee to the park this year. The admission applies to all over eighteen years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harshbarger have returned from their wedding trip from Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Niagara Falls and will be at home to their many friends at 2427-5th Avenue, Altoona, after August 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meyer, of Altoona, spent from Friday until Monday in Centre Hall, guests of the former's mother, Mrs. P. H. Meyer. "Bob" is a fireman on the Pittsburgh Division, a position he has held for several years.

On Monday morning, Mrs. C. D. Bartholomew, daughter Elizabeth, Gertrude Rable, with Miss Helen Bartholomew at the wheel of their Mitchell car, left for Philadelphia, for a short stay. At Spring Mills Miss Orpha Gramley joined the party.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Dunlap, of Louisville, Kentucky, were arrivals at the Rhone home in Centre Hall, beginning of the week. Mrs. Dunlap will remain until after the Encampment and Fair, in the meantime preparing for holding public sale of household goods at the Rhone home, the date for which has been set at August 23rd.

Henry Mitterling, who a little over a week ago arrived from overseas, made his appearance in Centre Hall on the Welcome Home day, just as the boys were seating themselves on the stage in the auditorium on Grange Park, preparatory to Lieut. Keller's speech. Henry got a hand from the audience and acknowledged it in the form of a smart salute.

John L. Rowe, of Atlantic City, New Jersey, was at his home in Centre Hall for a few days the past week. John is an ex-service man, having spent many months at Kelly Field, Texas, where he was the officers' mess sergeant, a position carrying with it much responsibility and the need for systematizing one's work so that the greatest economy might result. John admits making errors at the start, but the errors served to set him right, and soon he was winning the praise of the officers, who, as a token of appreciation presented him at the close of the war with a fine leather wallet with a five dollar bill enclosed.

Girl Attacked Along Roadway at Uniontown.

Attacked and left unconscious along the road, near Uniontown, Thursday night, Goldie Grover, aged 17, daughter of a well known farmer of Walnut Hill, is in a serious condition. A man who gave his name as Paul Shotar has been arrested on suspicion.

All Got Good Appropriations.

Institutions in Centre county and nearby counties fared well in appropriations granted by the recent Legislature and approved late last week by Governor Sprout. State College received \$1,781,463. The Western Penitentiary received \$1,103,955. Of this amount about \$500,000 will be applied to maintenance of the Pittsburgh institution and the balance devoted to maintenance and extensions at the Rockview penitentiary. The Bellefonte hospital was awarded \$20,000, which is an increase of \$5,000 over the amount allowed two years ago. The Cottage State Hospital at Philipsburg received \$54,000. The Lock Haven hospital received \$40,000, while the Clearfield hospital was allowed \$23,000.