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First National Bank
at Patton

Poor Miss Reeve

By BERT STOVER
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WNU Service.

AFTER that day when Mrs. Gaines brought back the rice pudding she had taken over to Miss Reeve's house, because she found her sitting up in bed and eating a roast chicken and ice cream (Miss Reeve had been recovering from a broken wrist), nobody had quite dared to pity the latter openly.

Yet she seemed so lonely, so "queer." When one saw her tripping down Main street, as likely as not carrying a pail containing a few blackberries picked from the hedgerows, she seemed like an old child. Not that she was insane. Miss Reeve had taught school, and as far as anyone knew, there was no reason why she should play the part of village recluse. But there it was. Miss Reeve stayed alone and never visited. When she went to church she contrived to slip out before the rest of the congregation had left the pews. "Poor Miss Reeve!" they said, and shook their heads. Then, one day Miss Reeve failed to put in an appearance to buy her Sunday pork chops.

Sunday, after church, Miss Boyle and Miss Gaines (of the rice pudding) determined to seek her "whether or no," as they put it. Consumed with the curiosity that is camouflaged as kindness, they tapped on her door. No answer. Another and louder knock. Still no answer. All the years' accumulation of ghastly incidents from their extensive Sunday newspaper reading ran through their rustic minds.

"Something," said Mrs. Gaines, solemnly, "has happened." Miss Boyle thrilled. "Oh, poor Miss Reeve!" she said. "They pecked in at the window. No. The room was peacefully steeped in the sunshine of a warm July Sunday, but the very quiet aggravated their fears, and they just gave way to panic and ran home, little Miss Boyle with remarkable agility, and fat Mrs. Gaines after the manner of an alarmed elephant. "You haven't seen anything, you say?" said Tim Haynes, the town marshal.

"No. We didn't dare go in," shuddered the exhausted runners. "H'm! Well, I'll take a look in after I've had my dinner. Things like that set better on a full stomach . . . if there's anything there, which I doubt," said the phlegmatic Tim.

But there was nothing to see in the severely plain little Reeve homestead. Nothing but an electric refrigerator, which certainly seemed an inexcusable piece of extravagance in one who had apparently the smallest means.

Still, failing acute tragedy, the refrigerator made something to talk about.

Besides, as Mrs. Gaines remarked, it explained the ice cream. Then, one evening young Carrol Barnes, a commutator from the city, brought back some news.

"Guess who I saw at the station this morning. No, not here, in the city," he said to his pretty, athletic wife.

"Can't guess. Tell," she said. "Poor Miss Reeve. I couldn't believe until she touched me on the sleeve.

"I hope nobody's been anxious," she said in that fluttering way of hers. "But, you see, I'm married."

"What?" almost screamed Esther Barnes, "Oh, she couldn't be!"

"I'm telling you, she is. And she looked positively pretty and smart, too. One of those uneven skirts—don't know what you call 'em—and spike heels. All in blue, with flesh stockings and blue shoes. She had her husband with her, and who d'you think it was? You remember old Hassell, who got in some mess years ago and went to the Klondyke? Well, it seems he is a rich man, breeds reindeer and what not, and they were engaged back in those old days, and now he's come back and married his early love. She looks absurdly happy—like a young kid."

"But what's he like? An awful old thing? Oh, it's dreadful! If all those women had been kind to her and not hated her for being a better cook than they were and for ordering an electric refrigerator, she wouldn't have married him."

"Look out for the crossing!" called Carrol. "He isn't a bad guy—all. I found the bank thinks he's absolutely all right, and that scrape was simply a political frame-up. Don't you be as bad as the rest. I've asked them to come for a weekend, and you'll see all those old birds will fall all over themselves to get asked to the city. I know them!"

"Poor Miss Reeve," murmured his unconvinced wife.

"I wish we had her car," said Carrol, lighting his pipe.

Early Use of Gunpowder

The early Chinese used gunpowder—but for joyful purposes, for the filling of fireworks so dear to their carnival mind and for the warding off of evil spirits. The secret was known to Callinus of Damascus, but he wisely kept it a secret. There were no mercenary merchants of death in those days. So 500 years passed before gunpowder and all its dread components and amalgams spread through "civilized" Europe and brought modern warfare to a fine and atrocious art.

AWARD OF \$7,224 IN A PATTON DEATH IS UPHELD BY ULLMAN

Ruling that the driver of a truck, even though engaged in interstate commerce, comes under the provisions of the State Workmen's Compensation Act Fund, David L. Ullman, the chairman of the Workmen's Board, has sustained an opinion of Referee W. Lloyd Hibbs awarding \$7,224 to Mrs. James F. Garrity of Patton, whose husband died on March 8 of carbon monoxide poisoning.

Garrity was employed by the Dale Transportation Line, Inc., of Pittsburgh and the contention was made that his death occurred in the course of his employment but that he was engaged in interstate commerce and consequently his widow could not claim compensation.

Chairman Ullman in sustaining Mrs. Garrity's counsel, Attorney Fred Fees and H. Lee Ratner of Pittsburgh, asserted "that we find no act of Congress to cover the whole field of compensation or relief for injury received by or for death of employees while engaged in interstate commerce.

"We, therefore, find that since Congress has not acted concerning the relative rights and duty of employers and employees engaged in interstate commerce by motor truck that the defendant and his employee, the decedent, were subject to the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1915 as amended."

The truck which Garrity was driving, carried a cargo of silk valued at \$18,000. He left Patton on the evening of March 7, 1937, after obtaining a load in Pittsburgh. Near Tyrone on Route 220, two rear tires of the truck developed punctures.

He notified his employer who informed him that money for new tires would be wired to Altoona. He returned to the cab of his truck with the windows and doors closed and was found dead the next day. The ignition switch of the truck was found turned on and physicians pronounced cause of his death due to carbon monoxide poisoning.

Besides Mrs. Garrity the driver was survived by two daughters, Mary Lee Garrity and Betty Virginia Garrity, both of whom also will share in the award.

WINS HUGE FORTUNE BY QUICK THINKING

Youth Saves Man From Auto; Heir to Two Million.

NEW YORK.—Picking his way through the thick traffic of Broadway near Forty-third street four years ago, Sidney Swart, then 18 years old and a clerk in an emergency relief bureau, saw an automobile make a quick turn and bear down on an elderly man with a cane. In two seconds the agile Swart reached the unwitting pedestrian and shoved him from the car's path.

Extremely grateful, the older man asked Swart's name and address. He said he desired to express his appreciation in some manner. Two days later Swart received a letter asking him to call at the Waldorf-Astoria. It appeared that the name of the elderly man was Carl Anderson.

Swart lived in two furnished rooms with his sister, Jean, in Brooklyn. He told Anderson about Jean and the latter said he would like to meet her. Anderson also lived with his sister, Miss Gertrude Anderson, 62 years old. Their home was in Sweden. He was a cheese manufacturer, here on business.

Anderson took an immediate fancy to Jean and eventually presented her with a \$20,000 check to travel in Europe.

Some time later, after inducing Swart to change his name to Stewart, he took him to Sweden where Swart, now Stewart, remained two years, receiving a musical education, a small fishing yacht, and an allowance of \$1,000 a month, he says.

Anderson died in August, 1936, leaving his protegee a \$50,000 legacy, and Stewart returned to this country. Then on last October 4 Miss Anderson died and today he received notice that her estate, amounting to approximately \$2,000,000, had been left to him.

Now 22 years old, he plans to engage in radio work and invest some of the fortune in motion picture and night club ventures.

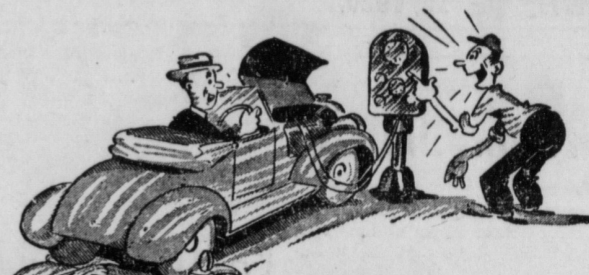
TWO PATTON YOUTHS IN ST FRANCIS' GRADUATING CLASS OF 1939

Two Patton youths are numbered in the graduating class of St. Francis' College Loretto, when it holds its 93rd annual commencement exercises on Monday, May 29th. They are Richard Paul James, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nord James of 414 Magee avenue, who is listed among the seniors and Clarence John Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alphonsus Baker.

Mr. James, who graduated from the Patton high school in 1935, entered St. Francis College in September of the same year. From that time he has been exceptionally outstanding in any field in which he entered.

He entered campus politics in the beginning of the present year and became an immediate success by being elected to a position on the college's Student Council. He was a member of the German Club during his freshman and sophomore years; he was admitted to the Beta Kappa Phi, the honorary Science fraternity of this year, and was immediately elected to the trusted position of treasurer.

In his sophomore year, Mr. James



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was a member of the championship St. Francis college debating team which swept through eight debates without a defeat to mar their record.

Mr. James was also a member of the LORETTO staff, being a news reporter, and later a feature writer for the official college publication.

The Patton youth is receiving his degree in the field of education; majoring in chemistry. The young man will become a Bachelor of Science in Education.

Clarence John Baker, during his four years at St. Francis college outstandingly distinguished himself in a number of fields of extra curricular activities, most important of which was also his membership on the college Student Council, a unique student governing body of the local institution.

Mr. Baker held a post in this august governing body during his junior and senior years.

In addition to his activities on the student council, Mr. Baker also was connected with the various clubs and fraternities of the college. He was a member of the French club during the year of 1935 and 1936, holding down the trusted position as treasurer of the organization.

In his sophomore year he was admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity and was elected marshal; in his junior year he was elected treasurer of the fraternity; and this year he is the vice-president of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Baker graduated from Patton High School in 1935 and enrolled at St. Francis College in the fall of 1935. He is enrolled in the course leading to a Bachelor of Science degree, majoring in Biology. Baker plans on going to a medical school following his graduation from St. Francis College.

GALLITZIN STORE IS DAMAGED BY FLAMES

Fire, believed to have been caused by a short circuit in the wiring last Friday caused considerable damage to the store of James Troxell in Gallitzin. Only prompt action on the part of the Gallitzin firemen averted a serious conflagration, as the Troxell store is situated between several other frame buildings on Main Street.



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