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An Evening Thought

It is not our criminal actions that require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

OUT OF THE PAST

Happenings of days gone by as chronicled in
The Star and Sentinel and The Gettysburg
Times the files reveal.

TEN YEARS AGO

New Secretary of Y.W.C.A. Assumes Duties Here
Monday: Miss Florence May Stewart, who succeeds
Miss Anna Macfarlane as secretary of the Gettysburg
Y.W.C.A., arrived Monday from Selinsgrove to assume
her new duties.

Church School Re-Opens Here: St. Francis Xavier
parochial school reopened on Tuesday morning with
233 pupils in attendance.

Sister Ursula is again in charge of the school.
Thirty-nine beginners entered the school.

Local Man Weds: Paul J. Tate, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Michael Tate, Gettysburg, and Miss Nellie S.
Elser, Chambersburg, were married Saturday by the
Rev. David S. Kammerer, Littlestown. Mr. Tate is
an inspector for the state highway department.

County School Institute Is Meeting Here: With W.
Raymond Shank, Adams county superintendent of
schools presiding, the seventy-sixth annual county
teachers' institute was opened on Tuesday morning
at 9:15 o'clock at the Gettysburg high school.

This is the first year institute is being held before
the opening of the Adams county public schools.

Return from Cuba: Dr. and Mrs. Ira Henderson
returned to their home in Fairfield Tuesday from a
ten-day trip to Havana, Cuba, the voyage being made
from New York city on the maiden trip of the liner,
Morro Castle.

Lower Leaves Fairfield Bank: Announcement has
been made of the resignation of Paul J. Lower as
cashier of the Fairfield national bank and the election
of Robert B. Martin, general bookkeeper at the First
National bank here, to the position.

Mr. Martin plans to move into Mr. Lower's home
in the near future.

Local Couple Wed in Capital Sunday: George A.
Bender, of Gettysburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin A.
Bender, Hanover, and Miss Thelma Marie Ross,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ross, Bristol, Virginia,
and Tennessee, were married in Harrisburg Sunday at
the Memorial Lutheran church by the pastor, the
Rev. Lewis C. Menges.

They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Claude
Schuyler, Harrisburg. After a wedding trip to New
York, they will be at home at 259 Baltimore street.

He is the soda dispenser at the Newsstand drug
store and president of the Gettysburg fire company,
and the bride has been bookkeeper at the First
National bank for a number of years.

Fairfield Girl Wed to Carlisle Man: Miss Guyda
R. Stine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar L. Stine,
a Fairfield farmer, and Robert A. Hummel, of Carlisle,
were married by the bride's pastor, the Rev.
Charles M. Coffelt in the Zion Lutheran church at
Fairfield on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Two Graduates Get Licenses: Two graduates of
Gettysburg college were among the 440 persons who
passed the recent examinations of the state board
of medical education and licensure. They are Robert
M. Wolff and Richard J. Wise, both of Hanover.

Coste Reaches New York: First to Make West
Flight: Valley Stream, N. Y., Sept. 3 (AP)—The first
westward plane flight across the north Atlantic from
Europe to New York, was completed Tuesday, completed
by countrymen of the first to attempt such a
venture.

Diedundine Coste and Maurice Bellonte landed at
Curtiss field at 6:12 o'clock, E.S.T., Tuesday afternoon,
their scarlet sesquiplane streaking out of the
gathering dusk just 37 hours, 18 minutes and 30 seconds,
after it took off from Paris, Monday.

Personal: Miss Margaret Stauffer, Baltimore street,
has returned from the Pocono mountains where she
spent the summer.

Professor and Mrs. George Larkin have returned
from Ithaca, New York, where they spent part of
the summer. They have moved into a house on North
Straton street.

Dr. and Mrs. R. D. Wickerham and son, Donald,
Broadway, have returned from a motor trip to
Canada.

Mrs. Henry T. Bream entertained a few friends
at her home on Baltimore street Tuesday evening in
honor of Miss Thelma Ross, whose marriage to George
Bender will be solemnized Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Thomas, York street, left Monday for
Bristol, where she has accepted a position as teacher
of English in the Bristol junior high school.

Miss Vera Kadel, West Middle street, has gone to
Bloomsburg where she has accepted a position as
teacher of languages in the high school.

Miss Mary Leas, East Middle street, left Monday for
Shippensburg where she will enter the freshman
class at the Shippensburg State Teachers' college.

Harold H. Heiges, Butler avenue, returned home
from Camp Lincoln, New Jersey, where he was camp
bugler.

Miss Anna Mumper, Springs avenue, has returned
from a stay of several weeks in Maine and the New
England states.

Mrs. E. W. Cheney entertained at tea Friday after-

Today's Talk

By George Matthew Adams

COME AUTUMN

CREEPING on us is the most golden sea-
son of the year—glorious Autumn. The
matured year slowing up, getting its final
breath—putting on its finest garments—for
the long journey.

The season of seasons—Autumn! Harvest
time. Thanksgiving time—the prelude to
Christmas, which should be the happiest day
in all the year—the day of giving and thinking
of others—and of "peace and good will to
men."

Let us hope and pray that by this Christ-
mas time there will be real peace in the world,
with good will established upon a newer and
sounder standard than ever before—and with
Freedom and Equal Opportunity to all
upon its banner.

And there is the coloring of Autumn. No
artist has ever been able to adequately put it
to canvas, nor any poet to worthily picture it
in words. All efforts fail to duplicate Nature.
It is all a miraculous festival—this
Autumn time. Things die in beauty—only
to live again in greater abundance and per-
manence.

Is there not in Autumn a promise of the
life that is to be for us all in some future,
happy state? The leaves, in all their perfect
blues, golds, browns, magenta—beaconed
by the wind to the lap of the earth, and
there to be absorbed into the veins and arti-
eries of the ground, awaiting the Springtime
to rise again as nourishment for the leaves
and perfume of another year.

September, October—November! Autumn's
trinity of glory. The kiddies go back to
school. Colleges open. The farmer rests

from his long and anxious months of doubt
and hope. Crispness is in the air. Thoughts
of the crystallized snow cluster in the minds
of those in the northern climes. All in all,
Autumn is a season of variety and change
such as no other part of the year is able to
offer.

All poets, artists, and writers, should be
born in the Autumn!

JUST FOLKS

by
EDGAR A. GUEST

THE SEASONS

I sometimes wonder in the spring
If there can be a lovelier thing
Than hyacinth or tulip bloom
Or the green grass beyond my room.

Yet done with blossoming shrub and tree
And all the bright new greenery
I think sometimes and so repeat:
God's best work is a field of wheat.

But when the blazing days have past
And ripe are fruit and grain at last,
Year after year the golden fall
To me seems loveliest of all.

Then with the winter moon aglow
Upon a counterpane of snow
I think: they miss a lot who stay
White skies above are never gray.

The Literary Guidepost

By John Selby

Fiction for the September Vacationist —

A NYBOLDY who ever has seen much of life in an
American army post will have a better spring-
board from which to leap into Parr Cooper's "Not
at Home" than the run of mill reader. This is a
novel of British army life set in India, and of course
much of the color is different. But the same two
things set the pace—boredom and routine. The
basic situation is simple. Mary is a bride of six
months, and her husband (who bears the useful name
of John) is an old-timer. The second girl is Veronica,
who quite obviously has known John very well indeed,
in the past. Mary feels she should resent Veronica,
but it is difficult because Veronica is more fun than
anybody else in the post. And so to the end. (Mor-
row; \$2.50.)

Clarence Budington Kelland has produced a Western.
That is to say, his "Vale of the Sun" has all
the elements of the standard western, although these
have been handled somewhat differently, with all
Kelland's sleek skill. The book is about the struggle
between a young man and a young woman, perhaps
the best of the standard situations. The young man
is new to the Arizona Indian country, and he is a wor-
shipper of land. He also has the idea that love may
be had by clever trading, much as one bargains for
land. You will know at once that when he meets
Christine he has met a girl who will not be bar-
gained for even by a man cursed with the name
Gamaliel Ware. There is your struggle, and on page
29 is your clinch. (Harpers; \$2.50.)

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Memory of the Moon

By Jeanne Bowman

YESTERDAY: Constance meets
Carl Pedersen, the dairy man, in
San Francisco, and feels confident of his ability. Pedersen
welcomes her back to El Cabrillo
Ranch but something seems
wrong.

Chapter 20

Rebellion

Juliano stood in the little en-
trance court, and behind him, white
of face, hostile of eye, dressed in
shabby clothes, stood the personnel
of El Cabrillo Ranch.

"So this is the welcome you give
me," said Constance.

Juliano straightened. "Si, sen-
orita," he agreed, and the heads
behind him nodded emphatically.

"Juliano, what is wrong? Why
are you acting in this way? You
were so kind when I went away,
are you sorry I've returned?"

"You weesh to know," stated
Juliana. "Butno, I tell you.

"For more than a hundred
years, our people have herd the cat-
tle of the Cabrillos. For them we
have work weeth the heart and
the hand. Then Pedro say to us
that you will sell to him and
they will turn thes place to cows
... cows weeth milk," he spat.

"Then you come and we think:
these Senorita Conchita Cabrillo,
she is our saviour. She will save us
our place in the sun. She will keep
our horses that we may herd the
cattle on the golden hills of El Ca-
brillo, and we are made happy."

"We would have worked weeth
the beret, knitted by Meg. A scarlet
poncho and billed cap from Peter
Senior, and from Pedro, a long jew-
eler's box.

Constance opened it slowly and
frowned a little. It contained an old-fashioned gold chain with a
golden heart for a locket.

"Open it," prompted Meg.
Constance touched the snap and
two faces were revealed, a bearded
man and a prim, rosy-cheeked woman.
The man looked like someone
she knew.

"Michael Mahoney and his bride,
Sary," explained old Peter. "Son
found it in San Francisco some time
back, bought it thinking someone in
the family might like it."

Constance closed her eyes to hide
the tears. She was the only one in
the family who would have looked
at it a second time, and she loved it.
She sensed then, what she later
learned, that it had been pawned by
a Cabrillo who had set no value on
it.

"If you don't mind," she mur-
mured. "I'd like to cry . . . just a
little bit?"

"You do and I'll sing," threatened
Peter Senior, and burst into When
Irish Eyes are Smiling.

He led Constance to the piano,
piled music before her, then sat down,
his injured leg out before him,
to rumble his old, favorite songs.

An hour before the huge fireplace
followed, Constance and Peter Taylor
talking of the ranch. Pedro sitting
back in the shadows, silent.

"Michael Mahoney and his bride,
Sary," explained old Peter. "Son
found it in San Francisco some time
back, bought it thinking someone in
the family might like it."

"Pedro is driving me down to San
Francisco next week. I intend getting
top prices on the cattle before we
send them out. That should offset
the incoming herds to a good de-
gree."

He went on talking and Constance
was puzzled. The man seemed as
interested in the replacement and
the future of the ranch, as he would
have been had she sold to him.

"Mr. Taylor," she asked suddenly,
"why didn't you tell us of the pro-
posed railroad right-of-way through
the ranch?"

"You pretend a loyalty to the Ca-
brillos. Do you want them to suffer
for your stubbornness? Are you
so crystallized in your fanatic wor-
ship of the past that you would
starve, see El Cabrillo denuded of
its last blades of grass, watch the
cattle die, merely to save your face?"

Peter Taylor rumbled under his
breath, then looked at his son and
sighed. "Well, Michael, it was this
way. They bargained with me. They
wanted to bring in from Fuller's
Junction. That wouldn't have touched
the ranch proper and we couldn't
have used the Beachport depot. So
I promised, if they'd come in from
the north instead, I'd give them the
right of way; providing, of course,
they swung the line as far south as
the proposed dairy unit, and allowed
us the use of the line