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MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8

Do not look for wrong or evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.
—Alice Carey.

OUR ART WORKS AT EXPOSITION

NOT an inconsiderable part of the appropriation devoted to construction and embellishment of the State's building at San Francisco's exposition was expended upon art works. Pennsylvania artists and sculptors aided in making the setting and adornment of the State building commendable in many ways and eminently fitting the surroundings of the nation's most cherished relic, the Liberty Bell.

In a few months the exposition will be a thing of the past and it will not be long before the hands of the dismantling forces will be laid upon the State building. Pennsylvania holds title for the present to the plot of ground upon which her commissioners erected the building and the stipulations were made that the art works were to be the property of the Commonwealth. Not only was this stipulation made, but it was arranged that such art works as were desired should be sent to this State.

Some of the art works at the exposition are fine and some of the paintings in the State building have attracted comment. The State has erected a great official home on Capitol Hill and it is to be hoped that the best of the paintings will be brought here to grace the corridors or reception rooms of the State House. Paintings from a number of the exhibitions to which the State has been a generous contributor are deposited at the Capitol and those from San Francisco should be placed here, too. State authorities should not allow them to be diverted.

"PUTTING UP" THE STOVE

ABOUT this season of the year we who have reached the stage of life when we do not boast of our birthdays may cast a thought backward to the days when with the coming of the first "cold spell" father was called upon by mother to "put up the stove."

Those were the days before the "for rent" advertisements began to include hot air furnaces and steam heat plants among "modern conveniences." All summer the self-feeding heater had stood shrouded in old newspapers as far in the background of the household as it could be put, the home of stray mice and the hiding place of marbles and kindred treasures of small boys.

Nobody paid any attention to it. It was a mere barnacle on the life of the household. But when father, after numerous urgings and much sparring for delay, was finally prodded into taking off its shroud and had invited in several particularly busy neighbors to "help him lift it," that old stove took on possibilities for trouble of a magnitude far beyond even its gigantic size. It was at this period we learned with amazement that father, in times of stress and with a thumb wedged between an upper and lower section of the stove, was apt to use far worse language than that for which he had put pepper on little Johnny's tongue only the day before.

It was indeed a sad occasion. Mother wept when father fell a sooty stovepipe on the new rug carpet and father behaved like the snappy old lion at the circus when the keeper pokes him with an iron rod. But the results were worth it all. No steam heat plant ever invented could yield the comfort of that old self-feeding heater. How its elaborate nickel work slid glow on winter evenings and how we did toast our frozen feet and faces before its cheery glow after many a skating or coasting expedition. Maybe it is only the charm of retrospection, but when the wind begins to howl and the air begins to nip and the sleet to rattle against the window pane there arises a vision of comfort that includes that selfsame old heater and the warm glow of a big, old-fashioned coal oil lamp striving valiantly and odoriferously to yield sufficient light for reading purposes for the cozy little party

that surrounded the sitting room center table. Yes, "putting up the stove" had its trials, but it had its rewards commensurate with the sacrifice.

THE STATE'S OPPORTUNITY

JUST now when the mills and mines of Pennsylvania are pushed to fill their orders and the railroads and places of business throb with activity it is forcibly borne home upon observers of the trend of things in the Keystone State that it is going to be as dependent on outside food supplies within a generation as are England and Germany in normal times unless thought is given to the subject. The wearing out of the soil in some parts of this State is significant of what is bound to occur beneath the surface. Earth will yield its increase as long as man uses common sense.

The trouble is that there are now easier, surer and more profitable ways of making money than on the farm in many of the counties in this Commonwealth. Otherwise, the boys would stay on the farm. And so would the girls. The same study, care and energy has not been given to the development of our agricultural resources as have been given to the coal and the iron and the oil. By and by, when "Hard times come a knockin' at the door," we will turn to the farm and find that it has been allowed to run down or could not be given the amount of fertilizer or treatment that it should have because it did not pay. Pennsylvania had a soil as rich as any of the States in days gone by and in the garden county of America, our own mother county, by the way, the land has been so well cared for that Lancaster farms are a synonym for wealth.

Now is the time, now when we have peace in our borders and we have the finest of the wheat, to think out a program of agricultural advancement, or rejuvenation of the soil, so that when there are many more mouths to feed, the fields may be covered over with corn and our imperial Commonwealth will not be dependent on the wheat of Saskatchewan, the corn of Illinois, the potatoes of Maine or the hams of Virginia.

NEED OF THE NATION

RUSSELL SMITH, professor of industry in the University of Pennsylvania, in a lecture before the economics class of the Harrisburg Wharton School Extension, declared that this country is facing industrial ruin at the end of the war because of the national government's free trade policy.

Professor Smith, one of the most eminent industrial economists in the country, explained to the students that he was speaking from an economic viewpoint only and not from a political one. He declared that after careful study of the situation he is convinced that the nation will suffer a period of industrial depression as great or perhaps greater than England suffered following the Napoleonic wars. England, he told the students, was a free trade country, and at the close of the war the other European nations dumped on England's shores their goods—held off the market during the fighting—at whatever price they could get. The professor then pointed out that the tariff laws of today place us in much the same position as was England after the great Napoleonic struggle. Germany and the other nations now at each other's throats will spill their goods in this country and take whatever they can get. It will be inevitable for the American manufacturer to sell his goods in competition with the European, and as a consequence there will be closed mills, factories and manufacturing plants, declares Dr. Smith.

Here in a nutshell the industrial expert has shown the folly of free trade. Free trade has been and always will be the Democratic cornerstone. Without a free trade policy there would be no reason for the existence of a Democratic party. And just so long as the Democratic party controls Congress will the nation groan under the injustice of that policy.

Dr. Smith says that the only way of averting the impending depression is to protect American industry by law. But it is certain the Democratic President and Congress will enact no such protecting legislation. They brand "protection" as unnecessary.

What, then, must the American businessman, the American artisan, the American laboring man, do to insure prosperity after the great war now raging? There is but one answer—the return of the Republican party in 1916 to full and complete control of the nation's destinies at Washington.

IT'S ALL A "DUMPING" LAW

THE Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post is reputed to have a key to the back door of the White House and to be able to run in and out of there as he pleases. Therefore, what he says "touchin' on and appertainin' to"—if we may use those famous words—the purposes of the Wilson administration should be deemed authentic. He telegraphs his paper that "the Wilson administration has no thought of a revision of the tariff at this time." He adds: "The only phase of the tariff thus far seriously discussed in high quarters has been the 'dumping clause' of the Underwood law, under which, should the war end suddenly, the nations of Europe might flood the American market with cheap goods of all descriptions."

The two statements correlate with difficulty. The entire Underwood tariff is a "dumping clause" and under it "the nations of Europe not only might, but they already have been

able to 'flood the American market with cheap goods of all descriptions.' The only thing that prevents the swamping of our manufacturers with cheap foreign goods is the European war—and even that has not been able to shut off the feverish competition of Europe in some lines. If the "dumping clause" of the Underwood law is to be revised at all, we suggest as the best means of so doing that the whole of the law, after the enacting clause, be stricken out.

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

—Criticism of the manner in which election officers made returns of the vote in many of the cities and boroughs of the State is being voiced in the courts and are adding to the general dissatisfaction with the existing nomination and ballot laws. In some counties the judges have scored the election officers for blundering and admonished others to read instructions. Answers have been made by election officers that the work required of them because of the big budget and complicated system is making the work of counting so onerous that men are almost worn out.

—One result of the election in many districts has been to move for the division of large precincts so that the task of the election boards will not be so great and the results may be made known more rapidly.

—The alarm felt by the State Democratic bosses over the defeat of Democrats in many sections and the reputation of candidates set up by the State Republicans for blundering in which big cogs in the machine are getting busy. James I. Blaklee, assistant postmaster general, was in the State last week looking up the extent of the damage.

—Robert G. Bushong, appointed to the Berks bench by Governor Tener, lost the election by the smallest majority known between a Democrat and a Republican running for judge in that county.

—W. J. W. Jones, the last burgess and the first mayor of Coatesville, won his election by seven votes over a ministerial candidate.

—The Philadelphia Ledger of yesterday in analyzing the situation in the Pennsylvania delegation in congress dwells on the fact that there will be thirty Republicans and six Democrats. It also announces that the late lamented A. Mitchell Palmer will continue to be consulted by the president in distribution of patronage in Pennsylvania although there will be only two reorganization Democrats in the whole State delegation.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer has this to say about the United States senatorial contest: It developed last night, following a conference of Allegheny county politicians in Atlantic City, that former Secretary of State Philander C. Knox has formidable opposition for the United States Senate to succeed George T. Oliver, notwithstanding reports from Washington to the contrary. Part of the western continent went through this city last evening in the last few weeks from the seashore, and made it clear that E. V. Babcock, the Pittsburgh millionaire lumberman, must be considered as a factor in the senatorial contest as potential enemy men in the Republican organization in a number of western counties have been sounded in his interest and are ready to make a fight in his behalf. It is known that active Republicans from several interior counties are just being started west to bring back the Liberty Bell, called upon Senator Penrose in the interest of State Chairman William E. Crow for the Senatorship. Mr. Crow has within the last few weeks indicated a disposition to continue the leadership of the State Senate, but in the event of a contest between the forces of Knox and Babcock, some of his admirers predict that he will get into the fight.

—It is probable that the anniversary of Paxton Presbyterian church next Sunday when 175 years of service to the community will be marked by many former members of the church. This church was the mother church in this section and all Harrisburg Presbyterian churches will pay tribute to it.

—Political speculation over the cabinet of Mayor-elect Smith having virtually been tabooed by his statement before leaving Philadelphia for a two weeks' rest at Hot Springs that no consideration of the matter will be given by him until his return to the city, the forthcoming Spring primaries for the election of State committeemen and delegates to National Republican Conventions are an engaging interest. Although the primary will not be held until May 16 strategic maneuvers already are discerned by those who closely follow political matters.

AGE AND YOUTH

[From the Kansas City Star.] It is no new thing, nor one that has been a considerable commotion in the past, nor does it mean a suspension of vigor or, essentially, age can be, and oftentimes is, a golden accomplishment. But can Age be Youth?

The generals of the great war are men who have passed the meridian. The Gladstones and others are often, in a golden sense, splendid vigor here, truly! But not Youth!

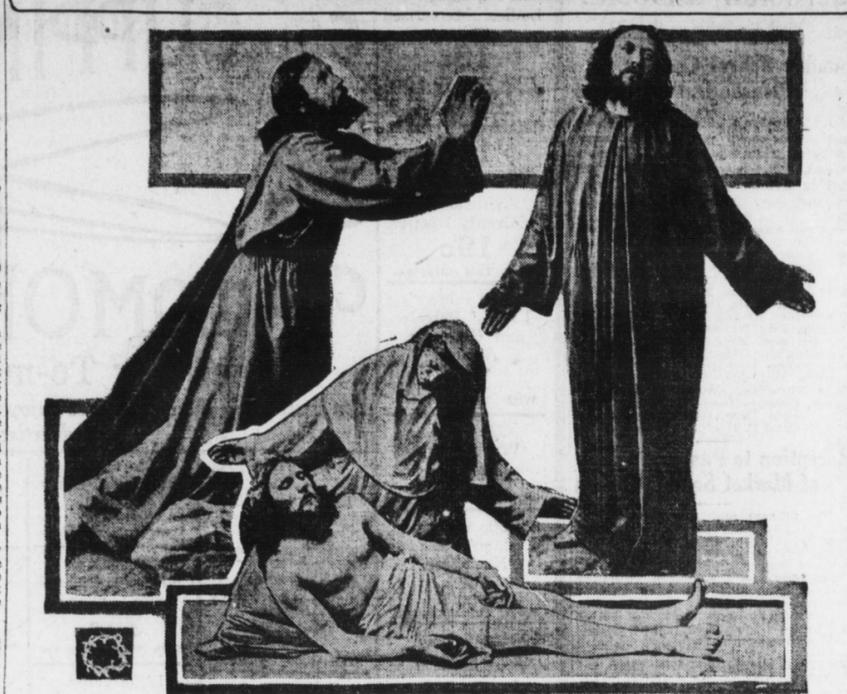
Mme. Bernhardt turned 70 recently. Yet her "Camille" is young, hot, passionate, and devilishly clever. Youth, Mrs. Leslie Carter is no longer young, and yet her "Zaza" is swift, they're tickles, professorially melancholy, greatly excited. It is Youth, too. These swift changes are Youth. Age is too old. When they are come upon the stage, one ponders momentarily as to how old they may be, but on the momentary. Then there is no reason left for questioning. These actresses have a genius that puts rasping and rattling bones clear out of the stage, out of sight, out of belief.

Let great men be possessed of great vigor, yet we know they are aging and love easy chairs and snore stentoriously. It is not the vigor that is wanted, but the age out of mind. These are they who have captured and held fast to Youth until they are old. When they are from flashing before us, we cannot even surmise as to how they take their ease.

HIS LAST MOMENTS

[From the New York Times.] The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers. Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the main deck. On the way he ran into the cabin of the vessel. When he was "What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?" "Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official. "Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life-preservers?" "The captain," explained the other, "has quavered the despairing passenger."

CHIEF ACTOR AT OBERAMMERGAU KILLED IN CHAMPAGNE



ANTON LANG IN VARIOUS POSES AS CHRIST IN THE PASSION PLAY. Anton Lang, chosen from thousands to take the part of Christ in the Oberammergau Passion Play because of his great likeness to the Saviour, has been killed in the Champagne while fighting with the German army, according to letters received at Manitowoc, Wis., by his cousin, Alois Lang, who himself played a minor role in two of the passion plays.

Lang always tried to follow the virtues of the Saviour. Once questioned as to how he could fight against his fellow men and still try to be Christ-like, he replied that the teachings of Christ Himself were that all men should obey the laws of the land. Lang was a member of the volunteer ski corps. He leaves a widow and three children who live in this country.

TELEGRAPH'S PERISCOPE

—The frosty weather appears to be having no serious effect on the society buds.

—Judging from the regularity of reports from there on the sporting page, the race track at Juarez appears to be strictly neutral.

—If Colonel Bryan fought as hard with a gun as he does with his tongue the kaiser wouldn't be in it with him.

—The European idea of diplomacy is to tell a lie which the other fellow knows must be a lie in such manner that he will accept it as the truth.

—We haven't noticed any resentment among our German-American friends over the attitude of the government toward England.

—Dispatches from Athens indicate that there is some truth in the old adage that forecasts a tug-of-war when Greek meets Greek.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

If the Republicans want an active candidate for the Presidency in 1916, what is the matter with Governor Spry of Utah?—Los Angeles Times.

The loan may be good finance, but any time we lend anybody \$8 on his promise to subscribe for the paper there'll be a trick in it.—Columbia State.

There are good reasons for believing that the Yanks and the rebs clinched so hard in the recent unpleasantness that they've stuck together ever since. Washington Post.

CONDENSED GEOLOGICAL TALKS

TOP OF TUSCARORA MOUNTAIN—Oriskany sandstone—when washed, as white as snow—one variety known as glass sand, another variety as Ganister rock; and still another as quartzite, the latter differing somewhat from the Azotic quartzite. State's annual product in glass sand, \$3,500,000; Ganister, \$450,000; quartz or quartzite, \$125,000. The millions of tons of Oriskany sandstone of this mountain are undeveloped. Three and one-half miles southward, in a heavily wooded cove, birth-place of James Buchanan. Going down the mountain northwardly there is an exposure of the Lower Helderberg limestone of the Clinton shales, but a good view of the Medina and Oneida sandstones.

On this mountain range the Medina rock for building purposes is very superior, much of the stone being hard, white, and occasionally dotted with beautiful pink spots, adding to the attractiveness. Its constituents are such that it will outlast marble—undeveloped. The lower great curve of the highway is on Hudson river slate, and then to Trenton limestone for a mile to McConnellsburg.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A REAL MUSICAL TREAT

To the Editor of the Telegraph: Dear Sir: I see by the daily press that we are to have two music masters in Harrisburg within the next few days—Mitscha Elman, the Russian master of the violin, and Walter Damrosch, the dean of American conductors, leader of the famous New York Symphony Orchestra.

I wonder if all the music lovers of the State Capital realize what a rare treat is in store for them. The greatest of modern violinists and one of the most renowned orchestras extant and a truly great conductor.

I have it on very high authority that Mitscha Elman receives over \$100,000 per year from one of the great talking machine companies as a royalty on his violin records and the world knows that Harry Harkness Flagler has endowed the New York Symphony Orchestra with enough money so that its income to Mr. Damrosch and his musicians amount to \$100,000 annually.

While mere money does not spell art, yet every one knows that an advance of pull could attract a tenth of a million and yet either on the part of Mr. Elman or Mr. Damrosch—there must be real, sterling merit back of both. The educational value of the visit of Mr. Elman and the New York Symphony to this community cannot be computed in dollars and cents, but the influence of this concert will be far-reaching and everlasting. I hope every one interested in the musical future of our city will attend this wonderful musical treat.

Yours truly, E. J. DECEVEE. November 5, 1915.

Evening Chat

A good many interesting things have been witnessed on Capitol Hill and naturally it is the place where incidents and events in politics government and other activities occur and where joy and sorrow are not unknown. But it is probably the place in the realm of the eminently practical that one would expect to find star-gazing. And yet the other evening there was witnessed from upper offices of the great granite building one of the prettiest displays of Northern Lights in many years and it is often that the night worker sees a meteor scurrying across the sky. The display of the aurora was on Friday evening and was almost continuous for an hour and a half. Not many people were expecting the "lights" at this time of the year and consequently they were not recognized by people who saw them glow in the north. At the acute political observers at the Capitol saw them flashing away off in the distance. If one only knew it, the upper stories of the roof of the Capitol afford the finest place to see the constellations in the evening, as the height of the building roof, which is over 170 feet above the street, enables one to get above the glare of the electric lights just as on Oak Knob one can obtain a splendid idea of autumnal skies at night. The roof of the Capitol also offers a rare opportunity just now when the air is clear to see the city and its environs outlined in electric lights. Steelton is covered by its pall of red from the busy furnaces and converters, while Enola's hundreds of lights are dotted with the headlights of locomotives. On all sides the towns about shine out in their own light, the upper stories of the buildings are lit up, and the searchlights of the electric cars from as far out as the brilliantly lighted Rutherford yards to the faint glow which shows where Mechanicsburg and Middletown lie.

The late P. A. B. Widener, who died in Philadelphia Saturday, one of the richest men in the country, was a prominent figure here during the sessions of the Legislature between 1858 and 1870. Mr. Widener was active in the Philadelphia and early became interested in the business of his father. His shrewdness made him a valuable man to have about to watch the progress of legislation and see that the interests of the business world were one could call a lobbyist, and he was an observer of the trend of affairs, and later a leader in the moves outside of the legislature with which, through the growth of the business world, the interests of miners, railroadmen, social reformers, manufacturers and others, we have become so familiar in the last half-dozen years. He was early recognized as a very able and wonderful student of men. General Simon Cameron, and was the friend of one of the prominent Pennsylvanians long before he became a member of the legislature. While here Mr. Widener made his headquarters at what we now know as the Lochiel and at the Jones, now the crest of a gently rolling hill. Old Harrisburgers recall him as a familiar figure at the sessions during the Civil War and immediately after.

Chester P. Ray, executive officer of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Commission from Pennsylvania, who went to the Golden Gate last week with the Philadelphia councilman committee, is on his sixth trip to the exposition. He had to make the preliminary trip to look after the business of the State commission and the official trips, too. He expects to make one more and says that by that time the prairie dogs and other denizens of the plains will know him by his first name.

Old friends of District Attorney Michael E. Stroup, who have been following his career as official prosecutor with interest, have sent him their congratulations upon his victory. Mr. Stroup was quite an athlete and general favorite at Franklin and Marshall, which his opponent, Paul A. Kunkel, who expects to be a factor in the election of the greatest end that ever played on the Lancaster college teams.

The fine weather is causing a rush of automobile parties at the school almost as numerous as during the early days of summer when everyone could sit above a tire takes to the roads. The weather conditions have been ideal for trips or golf or tennis and outdoor life has been booming. Nature seems to be trying to make up for some of the harsh weather of the winter by the mildness of Spring and rare June days although, as one boy lamented, "All the nice days are Sundays when we don't go out in the automobile."

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—C. E. Spatz, former member of the House from Berks, who was left a fortune, is besieged with letters from people who want to marry him.

—H. J. Gideon, Philadelphia school man, says that the war is keeping many youngsters out of school because of industrial activity.

—R. H. Wilbur, head of the Lehigh coal interests, is on a northern hunting trip.

—Congressman T. S. Butler, of West Chester, will start his tenth term next month.

—O. E. Heston, governor of the Philadelphia Reserve Bank, will build a summer home in the Adirondacks.

DO YOU KNOW

That freight shipments from Harrisburg are jumping? The HISTORIC HARRISBURG Front street houses used to be used as warehouses.

EXPLICIT

"Are you of the opinion, James," asked a slim-looking man of his companion, "that Dr. Smith's medicine does any good?" "Not unless you follow the directions."

"What are the directions?" "Keep the bottle tightly corked."—Tit-Bits.

"The Paper Says"

How naturally the phrase comes to the lips. The newspaper says a thing and it becomes accepted as fact, for the newspaper is a most intimate part of every day life.

It holds its commission direct from the people themselves and grows great as it serves them. That is what makes it such a wonderful advertising medium.

People look on the printed messages of business as part of the news of the day, a most helpful and interesting part. The newspaper advertised article gains a prestige obtainable in no other way.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By Frederic J. Haskin

Inside is a tunnel stood on end. Its base is 25 feet square and it goes the way up. In the center is an elevator shaft surrounded by a circular stairway which mounts for 520 feet. Of all the people who visit the monument, one in four prefers to climb the stairway rather than to use the elevator. There are 900 steps to be negotiated and the climber is apt to pay for the feat with sore muscles. The combined perpendicular distance that thousands of pedestrians have covered is about 100,000 miles.

Exterior is Attractive The primary charm of the monument is its exterior. The United States, which as a young nation was strikingly wise or surprisingly foolish in its most important structures. The best authorities of the world have found no fault with the Capitol, the White House or the Washington Monument.

This monster shaft, reaching 555 feet in the air, tapering with infinite grace, its sides absolutely plain and unornamented, possesses a solemn impressiveness that is produced by few structures in existence. The conditions under which it is seen are just as they should be. It stands on the crest of a gently rolling hill. Around it there is a field of 100 acres, mostly a sloping lawn, broken here and there by a clump of shrubbery or a weeping willow. The view of this

The Washington Monument, with its pressure of nine tons to the square inch, sits on a bed of sand. It reaches into the clouds and is struck by lightning more often than any other object in the world. It is the greatest and costliest monument ever built in the United States. It is visited by more people than any other memorial on the western hemisphere. Its picture is the most familiar image in America. Yet in this generation it would be hard to find a man who had ever read a description of it. The periodical index of the Library of Congress reveals the fact that not a single magazine article has been written about it in twenty years. Hence this piece.

Last year 182,000 people made the journey to its top, more to be able to tell of it than to enjoy its enchanting view. These were but followers of similar hordes that had gone before. Every day since its doors were opened in 1888, constant streams of people have made their way up and down its gloomy shaft. In all, 4,400,000 have visited it.

The giant pillar rises as if it were one pillar of stone, hewn unbroken from the rock. There appears to be no joint in its smooth skin except the tiny windows at the top, which look like the breathing nostrils of a living thing. From this altitude one will always see a stream of tiny man creatures going in like bees entering a hive.

[Continued on Page 5.]

The State From Day to Day

Students of Carnegie Tech., out in Pittsburgh, are certainly on the job. Saturday their football team played in Cleveland, and the unfortunates who couldn't get away for the game arranged to receive the scores by wireless. The next thing we will hear will be that the games are being seen by wireless photography hundreds of miles from the scene of action.

A saucy little Saxon car went on a rampage out in Sharon the other day and started on a joyride down the long hill in the center of town. It observed the traffic rules, however, and kept to the right, and its trip came to an end only because it was polite and considerate enough to dodge a pedestrian and in so doing smashed against a building. The owner was very much pleased with the heroism which his car displayed.

At Okome the first snow of the year, last week, was particularly heavy, and made fine tracking for hunters while it lasted.

The boys in New Castle must be awful bad, for the News gives editorial space every evening to a recital of their badness.

The number of exhibits at the third annual corn and fruit show to be held in Altoona November 17-20 promises to be larger by far than that of last year, and the quality of the fruit is splendid.

"Overcoats to burn now," says a headline in a State paper. Well, why not burn them, then? replies the imaginative wag.

Doylestown is waging a war on the scorching speed maniacs that are increasingly burning up the road through that borough. Forty of them have been given hearings in the last week.

A full double page in the Hershey Press is devoted to setting forth the pedigree of the famous young bull recently added to the Hershey herds.

Business depression is given as the cause of the falling off in the production of coal in the district about Johnstown since January first. It is estimated that millions of tons less have been mined and it is expected that prices will sail swiftly upward about the beginning of winter. On the other hand, the glass business is booming, and factories are choked with orders, to such an extent that workmen have resumed work at an advance of three and one-half per cent in wages.

The proprietor of the New Providence Hotel is the proud owner of a valuable young crow, domesticated and trained, which is acquainted with the village inhabitants. Although "Jim" is occasionally giving to burglary, the thefts are trivial, and "Jim's" moral standing in the community has not depreciated.

You, cruel wretches, who growl when

Our Daily Laugh

THAT'S ALL. Mr. Wratt: I hear you're calling on my cousin. Mr. Katt: Merely "cat calls."

A MOVIE ACTOR. Mr. Pupp: I hear you are posing for the movies. Mr. Hogg: I was—but in the restaurant scenes I made such a hog of myself they told me I was too expensive.

AIN'T IT AWFUL? By Wing Disaster. Talk about the Springtime when the onion lifts its head. And its perfume 'round about on all sides; does shed. It's not in it with the odors that attack one's nose.

In the Fall, when everyone dons moth-balled scented clothes. Winter clothes that in the chest were packed all summer long. Were brought forth last week of camphor smelling very strong. Hung 'em in the backyard, but despite the breezy breeze. Odor still sticks to 'em, and meanwhile I almost freeze.