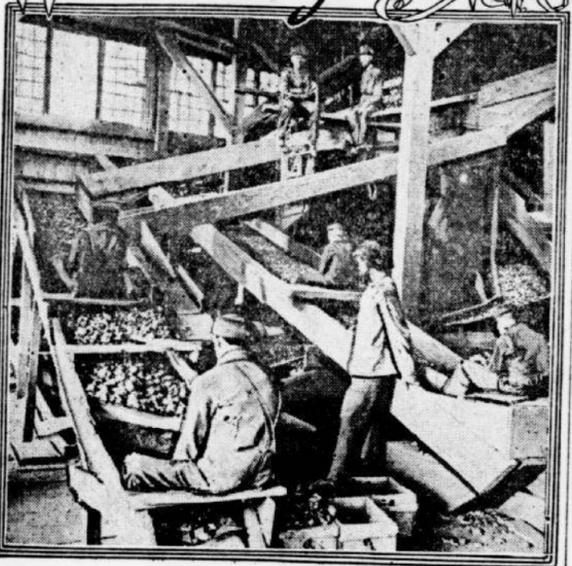


In An Anthracite Colliery



Slate Pickers at Work.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Coal is one of the vital factors in modern civilization that is taken for granted. It is only when the priceless black stream that flows to our cities and factories threatens to dry up that the average person gives thought to the importance, magnitude and complexity of the coal industry.

The first thing that impresses one who studies the coal situation in America is the well-nigh inconceivable proportions of the nation's demands for fuel. The highest point in coal production was reached in 1918, the last year of the World War, when slightly more than 600,000,000 tons were mined. But in the year immediately preceding and in 1920 the production was little short of that amount. So huge is this figure that it were almost as futile to use tons as units as to measure the distance around the earth in inches.

About the only way in which one can visualize this demand is to build a mental bin capable of holding enough to meet the national need. If this bin were made with each of its four sides measuring a thousand feet, it would have to be more than 27,000 feet high—almost twice as high as Pikes Peak. Or, if the fuel were put into a coal pile of normal slope, with a base of 20 feet, that pile would have to be nearly 80,000 miles long—more than three times around the earth.

A visit to a modern colliery in the anthracite region is an impressive experience. Depending on its size and the labor available, it will bring from one to two full trainloads of coal up out of the bowels of the earth every day, put the coal through the breaker, where the sheep of fuel are separated from the goats of slate and culm, and load it into the cars ready for market.

Colliery in Anthracite Region. We shall be safe even if we go down a thousand feet into the earth and roam about in an underground plantation whose area may be judged by the fact that there are 85 miles of railroad track in it.

There are some things on top of the ground that will be even more interesting to us when we go below—particularly the hoisting engine and the ventilating fan, for without the one we would not be able to ride back to daylight, and without the other we would stand a chance of being "gassed" in times of peace.

The giant fans fly around with a rim speed of a mile a minute, two of them, with a third in reserve for emergencies. If it were not for those fans the air in the mine would become so laden with gas and dust that it did not explode and transform the whole mine into a charnel house. It would develop choke-damp and suffocate us.

Every mine has two shafts—the hoisting shaft and the air shaft. In order to keep the air in the mine free enough from gas to permit miners to work in safety, enormous quantities of fresh air must be sent down the one shaft and corresponding quantities, gas-laden, drawn out of the other.

It may very well be imagined that a mine with enough tunneling to call for 85 miles of railroad track needs a great deal of air, and that this air, to reach every part, must cross its own path many times. Just as a man, covering all four sides of every block in a city, would have to cross his own path many times, so the air must cross its own path many times.

In the mines this is accomplished like a railroad crossing by means of a crossing bridge. When a crossing point is reached, there is a tunnel opened up through the solid rock above the roof of the mine, and through this the air rushes at right angles to its former direction.

To get the air properly distributed, it is necessary to make splits, so that the current can be divided and sent in to different sections of the mine. These air splits are doors which permit only half of the air coming their way to pass. The remainder must find some other way through.

We step on the "cage" or lift, the mine superintendent presses a button, and the hoisting engineer is notified that we are ready to go down. Suddenly the cage seems to drop; then it seems to stop, and the walls of the

shaft appear fairly to fly upward past us. Up, up, up they fly, disclosing this stratum of rock and then that.

Planned Like a City. Arriving at the bottom, we soon find that a coal mine is planned like a city. There is one main street, or entry, and it has been laid out with the nicety of a grand boulevard. Parallel with this are the other entries, and across these entries run other streets, at right angles usually, which are called headings. Lining all these headings as houses line the streets are the chambers, or rooms, in which the miners work.

When we stop at the bottom we feel ourselves in a small-sized hurricane. It is the air rushing down the shaft and starting through the mine on its mission of purification. Setting out down the main entry, along a railroad track, we soon hear a clanging bell and a whistle, and presently there looms out of the darkness a yellow light. As it approaches, we see the outlines of what appears to be a long, round boiler creeping along the rails; but in reality it is a compressed-air engine—for compressed air, rather than electricity, is the haulage power in this mine.

When the miners go down to their work in the morning they are checked in by the "fire boss." He is a foreman who has charge of fire prevention and of the safety of the miners while at their several tasks. During the night every section of the mine has been inspected to see whether there is gas anywhere. If there should be an entry, a heading, or a room that is laden with gas, the fact is noted on a slate which is shown to the men as they file past.

The brass check of every miner who enters the workings is taken and hung up on a board, opposite the number of the room in which he is digging coal. If he has a helper, his check—some what different—goes up, too; and if there are two men working as partners, that the fact is shown also.

We walk and walk until we begin to feel as though we might be coming out over in China or France, and then we come to the rooms or chambers—for all the coal in the neighborhood of the hoisting shaft has gone up in heat and smoke long before now and this mine is far-fung.

Where the Miner Works. These rooms or chambers might be monks' cells in some catacombs for the living. Here the miner bores and blasts and digs away the coal and loads it into the mine cars. If he has a helper he does not need to do the loading himself. The car holds about 6,000 pounds of run-of-the-mine coal, and a miner is supposed to fill two of them a day.

When the car is loaded the miner puts his number on it, and presently with much ado, there comes up the heading and into the passageway leading to the chamber a string of mules walking tandem, or single file, and dragging an empty car behind. They pull out the loaded car, set the empty one where the miner wants it, and go back with the load of coal.

There are other strings of mules, also, and they distribute the empties and mobilize the loaded cars from and at given points. Then the compressed-air engine comes along and makes up a train of loaded cars after dropping one of empties ready for distribution. The coal trains are pulled down to the hoisting shaft, and one by one the cars go to the surface, an empty coming down as a loaded one goes up.

When we reach the top again, we note the layout of the breaker plant, where the coal is cleaned and sorted into the several commercial sizes. The first thing that impresses us is that the mine owners are almost as careful in saving coal as a miser is in hoarding his gold.

Going up to the top of the breaker, we see the coal as it comes from the mine with all its slate and culm, mechanically dumped, a carload at a time, upon the oscillating bars, which begin the process of separating the coal from the worthless material and the assorting of the former into groups according to size.

sounding shores; and before the birds found their tongues, or the crickets their little fiddles, or even the toad had blown his quavering conch, it had rained—and not until it had rained—the whole earth woke into song. Mother of music is the water, and, for me, the sweetest of her daughters is the rain, and never sweeter, not even on the shingles, nor down the rolled, fevered blades of the standing corn, than in the deep woods at night upon the low roof of your tent.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Harper's Magazine.

Cow and Calf Go on Wild Spree Together

Danville, Va.—How a cow and a calf which had drunk a mixture of water and moonshine liquor invaded the dining-room of Herbert Dillard, son of Judge Peter Dillard of Rocky Mount, is contained in advices reaching here from that point.

Law enforcement officers poured out into the street gutter 500 gallons of liquor seized in a raid. Liquor and water together ran down the street past a lawn where the cow and calf were grazing. Both animals drank and, according to onlookers, quickly showed the effects by unusual antics, especially the calf, which became playful.

The cow charged a tree with lowered horns, then, followed by the calf, entered the porch of the Dillard home, plunging through a screen door into the dining-room. Seeing itself reflected in a mirror the cow charged it, destroying a piece of furniture which contained crockery, nearly all of which was broken.

The cow and calf were driven out of the room and were later seen lying down under the shade of some trees not far away.

FAINTS AT MEETING "DEAD" HUSBAND

Dramatic Scene When Woman, Remarried, Meets Man Supposed Killed in War.

Staunton, Mass.—Mrs. Mary Etta Cleary Leonard-Chartier, thirty-six and pretty, supposed war widow, bride of two months, was strolling along the street on the arm of Victor F. Chartier of Jewett, Conn., her new husband, when she suddenly stood rigid in her tracks. Then with a glad cry of "my husband," she broke from Chartier's arm, rushed up on Edgar Nelson Leonard, discharged soldier, showered him with kisses, then fell in a faint at his feet.

This dramatic denouement of a wartime marital mixup will have its sequel here when Mrs. Leonard-Chartier will appear in First District court on the arm of husband No. 1 to answer to a charge of bigamy brought by husband No. 2.

Mrs. Leonard-Chartier, deliriously happy at being reunited with the husband she supposed resting beneath a



Showered Him With Kisses.

white cross in the American cemetery at Romagne, France, readily admits that she has two husbands, but hopes the court can find some way out of her difficulty.

Since the moment she came upon her first husband, with whom she lived happily for 12 years before she tearfully saw him off for France, she has refused to see Victor Chartier and has taken up her residence in the home of Leonard's mother. Chartier says his supposed wife told him frankly that she loved Leonard best and would live with him. He visited the District court clerk and swore to a warrant, which was served on Mrs. Leonard-Chartier.

FOUND LOST RING IN ASHES

Old Prospector Used Knowledge He Gained While Seeking Gold in South Dakota.

Wenatchee, Wash.—For fifteen years Jack Dow panned gold in South Dakota. He prospered. Last February Mrs. Dow lost her \$500 diamond ring and all search for it was of no avail. Then Jack decided the ring had been lost while Mrs. Jack was emptying the ashes. He got his old panning outfit and sifted the ashes as he would for gold. Sure enough, the ring was there.

Baby Safely Plays With Deadly Adder.

Waterloo, N. Y.—Albert Hayes, two years old, spent nearly an hour playing with a grown spotted adder, a death-dealing serpent, before his father saw the reptile and killed it. The snake was 20 inches long.

Child Hurt While Opening Bullet.

Middletown, N. Y.—Using a stone and a hammer to open a bullet he found on the street, Michael Paterno, five years old, was seriously wounded when the bullet exploded and the lead entered the lad's lung.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(Copyright, 1922, by Western Newspaper Union.)

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; he believes for himself, not for another.—Carlyle.

WAYS WITH VEGETABLES

The summer squash is such a delicious vegetable, but is so often poorly seasoned. Try this method: Use only the very tender squash, remove the stems and lay them in a kettle with just water enough to keep them from burning.



When tender drain and boil down the water to a thick syrup, add butter, salt and pepper and pour over the squash cut in portions for serving. Prepared in this way the delicate flavor of the squash is retained.

Another delicious squash dish is prepared as above, adding cream of milk to the sauce, thickening with a little flour and adding one-half cupful of grated or finely minced cheese; when melted pour over the squash.

Cucumber Sauce.—Pare two cucumbers, cut in quarters lengthwise, remove the seeds if large, chop fine, then squeeze dry. Season with salt, paprika and vinegar and stir in one-half cupful of thick cream whipped until stiff. Serve with boiled fish. A small grated onion may be added if the flavor is liked.

Fried Green Tomatoes.—Cut off both ends of large green tomatoes, cut in thin slices, roll in flour and cook in hot butter in a frying pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar and cook until brown. Fry a sliced onion with them if you like the flavor and serve with fish balls.

Wilted Cucumbers.—For those who find the juice of the cucumber disagreeable the following method will be enjoyed: Large seeded cucumbers may be used for this dish. Pare the cucumbers, then cut them in half-inch slices and pare each slice as thinly as possible from the outside to the seed part, making a long, thin, curling strip. Cover with cold water and add two teaspoonfuls of salt for each cucumber. Let them soak for two hours, drain and squeeze them in a soft cloth until dry. Toss in a salad bowl and dress with cayenne, oil and vinegar and serve very cold.

The health and morals of a people depend mainly upon the food they eat, and the homes they live in.—Ellen Richards.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—Emerson.

SIMPLE DESSERTS

A dinner is not complete without some form of dessert, which may be as simple as one's time and means allow.

Two or three stuffed dates, stuffed with fondant or nuts, then rolled in sugar, will make a most acceptable finish for a meal, and one which may be prepared and kept on hand for any emergency.

Prune Dumplings.—Take a cupful of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; mix with good rich milk to make a drop batter. Grease small cups, drop in a spoonful of the batter, then add a spoonful of stewed prunes with some of the juice; finish with another spoonful of batter, leaving room for rising and set the cups into a pan of boiling water; cover closely and boil 15 minutes. Serve with prune juice and cream.

Coconut Pie.—Line a deep pie plate with rich pastry and let stand in the ice chest for an hour. Beat four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, the rind of a lemon and add two cupfuls of milk. Three eggs are sufficient, but four make a richer pie. Sprinkle two cupfuls of coconut over the top and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Bread Pudding.—Pour a quart of scalded milk over two cupfuls of bread crumbs; cover and let stand 15 minutes, then add four egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, some grated nutmeg, two cupfuls of apples cut in eighths and one-half cupful of sugar. Fold in the beaten whites with three tablespoonfuls of sugar added and bake in a buttered pudding dish for an hour.

There is no dessert that the children like better, except ice cream, than a layer cake filled and covered with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. If for a nice occasion a few crushed berries may be added for a garnish.

A green pepper parboiled, finely minced and added to creamed eggs, makes an unusual and appetizing dish to serve with toast for luncheon or tea.

Golden Loaf Cake.—Cream two-thirds of a cupful of butter, add one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar, beat the whites of eight eggs until creamy, add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Sift two and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour with one-half teaspoonful of soda three times, then add the beaten yolks, two-thirds of a cupful of milk and the flour. Flavor with vanilla, beat well and bake in a tube pan.

Mirth. A pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth, whether the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself.—George Herbert.

Advanced Through Centuries. Seven centuries ago Britain could not clothe herself; today she clothes more than half the world with the produce of her cotton spindles and her wool looms.



COULDN'T MILK BICYCLE

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the hardware clerk, as he wrapped up the mails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

—Fruit Dispatch.

A Martyr.

"What's become of Rantington Roarer, the eminent tragedian?"

"He's playing small parts in the movies."

"He used to say he'd starve before he'd prostitute his talents on the screen."

"Maybe he did. He was considerably underweight when he signed up."

A GOOD AUTHORITY

"Jack may escape after all. The young widow says he is clever but impossible."

"If the young widow has found him impossible he must be clever."

A Modern Romance.

They went to school together. They grew up side by side. But he never knew he loved her Till her rich uncle died.

Once He Was.

Mrs. Peck—To think that I once considered you a hero! Bah! Henry (her husband)—I suppose the thought struck you on the evening I performed the death-defying and foolhardy feat of proposing marriage to you.

Wow!

Borleigh (at 11:40 p. m.)—I love that dreamy look in your eyes. I have never seen it in any other girl's.

Miss Bright (stifling a yawn)—Perhaps you don't stay as late with them as you do here.—Irish Independent.

No Relief.

"What is the matter with your car?"

"I dunno. Engine trouble."

"What have you done?"

"I took it to a drug store. But they didn't seem to be able to diagnose the case."

Wind and String.

"Peck is a great fellow for blowing his own horn in public."

"Well, poor man, I suppose it's a change for him from playing second fiddle at home."

A Possible Patriot.

"What's the matter with this man?"

"Well, what's the matter?"

"He reduced the price of something because he heard the government wanted it."

HELPLESS

Her Mother: I saw you and Jack Huggins kissing last evening and I didn't hear you call for help, either. Miss Philippe: It wasn't necessary, mother. He didn't resist a particle.

An Optimist.

How doth the little busy bee Improve the passing hours In gathering up the sweets of life And dodging all the sour.

Rest for an Anarchist.

Doctor—You must take a complete rest. By the way, what's your occupation?

Patient—I'm an anarchist. Doctor—Well, don't throw any more bombs for a month at least.—London Tit-Bits.

Waiting.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

"But you were not born great nor will you work to achieve greatness?"

"Well, I've still got one chance in three, haven't I?"

And Consultations Are Frequent.

Marks—My wife always consults me about every article of attire she buys —hats, shoes, gloves, everything.

Parks—My wife does, too; that is, she asks me for the money.

An Unsociable Lot.

"This welfare worker says a man's education is not complete until he rides in a patrol wagon."

"Maybe so, but judging from the gum looks of the people you see in a patrol wagon it's a poor place to start a conversation."

No Inducement.

"Rejected you, did she? Did you tell her you could support her in the style she was accustomed to?"

"Yes, but she said she was looking for something better than that."

TEETH WIGGLED; COULDN'T TALK

Woman Tells Jury Why She Refused to Pay Her Dentist's Bill.

SHE TOOK THEM BACK

Carried the Pesky Plate in Her Handbag Rather Than in Her Mouth—Jury Hears Her Story and Decides in Her Favor.

Denver, Colo.—A set of false teeth was the bone of contention in a lawsuit in Magistrate Rice's court, in which Dr. N. Wolfson, dentist, sought to collect \$30 from Mrs. Dave Handler, patient.

Dr. Wolfson told the court he made the teeth for Mrs. Handler and that Mrs. Handler had refused to pay the



"You See Those Teeth!"

sum agreed upon before the work was undertaken. Part of the money had been paid, but he said he didn't understand why the rest still was unpaid.

"Why," exploded Mrs. Handler, "do I not pay the doctor the \$30? I'll tell you why," she told the jury.

"You see," began Mrs. Handler, fishing a set of false teeth out of her handbag. "You see those false teeth. Why should I carry them in my handbag instead of in my mouth? I'll tell you. Just as soon as I put the teeth in my mouth, I can't talk a word. When I start to talk the teeth begin to wiggle."

"I go to Dr. Wolfson and I say: 'Doctor, I can't wear these teeth. When I begin to talk the teeth begin to wiggle.' The doctor said: 'So? You should hold them down with your tongue so they won't wiggle.' But how can a person hold the teeth down with the tongue and talk at the same time? I ask you, gentlemen, how can it be done?"

You Bet She Took Them Back. Attorney Nathaniel Halpern asked Mrs. Handler if she had taken the teeth back to the doctor for adjustment.

"Did I take them back?" echoed Mrs. Handler. "I should say I took them back. Three or four times a week for a year I went to Dr. Wolfson's office. First it was pyorrhea and my teeth should come out. All right. Sixteen teeth the doctor pulls out. Then he said I should have sixteen false teeth put in. All right. I go down again in a week for the impression."

"He stuffed my mouth with some sticky white stuff. It pretty near made me sick. When I am near choking with my mouth full of this stuff, the doctor says, 'Bite!'"

"Now, how could I bite with my mouth full of the white stuff? I ask you gentlemen how could I bite?"

"Well, the doctor keep me coming down to his office for many times, each time to fill my mouth up with the white stuff. It made me sick every time. Then he say bite and I couldn't bite, so it was a long time before he got the bite."

Sent Bite Out to Have Plate Made. "After he got the bite, he sent the bite out to have a plate made, but I tell you gentlemen from the very day he put the plate in my mouth it wiggles when I try to talk and for the life of me I couldn't talk. I couldn't wear those teeth. They are crooked. On one side they bite, on the other side they miss. And I tell you they wiggle. How can a person use teeth that wiggle?"

"I will give the teeth back to the doctor, if he give me the \$100 I spent, but I won't pay him \$30. I rather I shall live till I die without teeth than wear teeth that wiggle."

The jury decided a set of teeth that deprived a woman of the privilege of talking should not be paid for and gave a verdict against Dr. Wolfson.

Mobbed for Whipping Stepchild.

Muskogee, Okla.—Newton Legrande, Tablequah farmer, being brought here for arraignment in a Tablequah court on a charge of brutally whipping his six-year-old stepdaughter, was seized by a mob at Hubert and severely whipped.

Abused for Shining Wife's Shoes.

Los Angeles.—Because his wife called him a "simp" when he shined her shoes, Francis H. Darter of Los Angeles, Cal., is suing for a divorce. Mrs. Darter gave her husband her wedding ring "for a souvenir," he charges.

Son Is Born as Father Is Buried.

South Bend, Ind.—Just a few hours before the body of Arthur B. Hunter was carried to the grave, a son was born to Mrs. Hunter in a hospital at South Bend, Ind.

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Rain Music

The rain in the woods always awakens me. And in my grave, I think, if I lie sleeping under a roof of forest leaves, I shall wake and listen when it rains. Before the stars sang together the primordial waters made music to the rising land; before the winds came murmuring through the trees the waves were fingering the sweet-tuned sands strung down the