Bellefonte, Pa., March 22, 1907.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again, No matter which way I turn, I always find in the book of life Some lesson I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain, I must work at my task with a resolute will

Over and over again. We cannot measure the need Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single hour; But the morning dews must fall, And the sun and the summer rain Must do their part, and perform it all

Over and over again The brook through the meadow flows And over and over again The ponderous mill-wheel goes.

Over and over again

Once doing will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain. And a blessing failing us once or twice May come if we try again. The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough to the feet, And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears must fall, And the heart to its depths be driven With storm and tempest, we need them all To render us meet for heaven. -JOSEPHINE POLLARD

## TO A LOST CHILD.

My little child, so long away, Hast thou forgotten me? And does some Mother Soul in heaven Play kissing games With thee?

Then does it seem, the playing done The hour is come for rest, And that as yellow as the moo Thy head lies on her breast.

I bid you hold him, Mother Soul, As if he were your own; I bid thee softly, softly lie, O child that I have known

-Harper's Bazar

## THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE YEARS.

John was expected on the five o'clock stage. Mrs. John had been there three days now, and John's father and mother were almost packed up-so Mrs. John said. The anction would be to-morrow at nine o'clock. and with John there to see that things "hustled"-which last was really unnecessary to mention, for John's very presence meant "hustle"-with John there, then, the whole thing ought to be over by one o'clock, and they off in season to catch the

afternoon express.

And what a time it had been—those three days! Mrs. John, resting in the big chair on the front porch, thought of those days with complacency-that they were over. Grandpa and Grandma Burton, hovering over old treasures in the attic, thought of them with terrified dismay-that they had

"I am coming up on Tuesday," Mrs. John had written. "We have been thinking for some time that you and father don't suppose—" he stopped with a helpought not to be left alone up there on the farm any longer. Now don't worry about the packing. I shall bring Marie, and you won't have to lift your finger. John will come Thursday night, and he there for the auction on Friday. By that time we shall have picked out what is worth saving, and everything will be ready for him to take matters in hand. I think he has already written to the auctioneer, so tell father to

give himself no uneasiness on that score. 'John says he thinks we can have you back here with us by Friday night, or Sat-urday at the latest. You know John's way, so you may be sure there will be no tiresome delay. Your rooms here will be all ready before I leave, so that part will

be all right. "This may seem a bit sudden to you. but you know we have always told you that the time was surely coming when you couldn't live alone any longer. thinks it has come now; and, as I said before, you know John, so, after all, you won't be surprised at his going right ahead with things. We shall do everything possible to make you comfortable, and I am sure you will be very happy here. Good-by, then, until Tuesday. With

EDITH."

That had been the beginning. To Grandpa and Grandma Burton it had come like a thunderclap on a clear day. They had known, to be sure, that son John frowned a little at their lonely life; but that there should come this sudden transplanting, this ruthless twisting and tearing of roots that for sixty years had been burrowing deeper and deeper-it was almost beyond one's comprehension.

And there was the auction ! 'We sha'n't need that, anyway, Grandma Burton bad said at once. "What few things we don't want to keep I shall give away. An auction, indeed! Pray, what have we to sell ?"

"Hm'm ! To be sure, to be sure," her husband had murmured; but his face was troubled, and later he had said, apologetically : "You see, Hannah, there's the farm things. We don't need them."

On Tuesday Mrs. John and the somewhat awesome Marie-to whom Grandpa and Grandma Burton never could learn not to courtesy-arrived; and almost at once Grandma Burton discovered that not only "farm things," but such precious treasures as the hair wreath and the parlor-set were auctionable. In fact, everything the house contained, except their clothing and a few crayon portraits, seemed to be in the same

category.
"But, mother dear," Mrs. John had returned, with a laugh, in response to Grand-ma Burton's borrified remonstrances, "just wait until you see your rooms, and how full they are of beautiful things, and then

you'll understand." "But they won't be-these," the old voice had quavered; and Mrs. John had laughed again, and had patted her mother-in-law's cheek, and had echoed—but with a different shade of meaning-"No, they

certainly won't be these !" In the attic now, on a worn black trunk sat the little old man, and down on the or before an antiquated cradle knelt his

'They was all rocked in it. Seth." she was saying, "John and the twins and my two little girls; and now there ain't any one left only John-and the cradle."

'I know, Hannah, but you ain't usin' that nowadays, so you don't really need it," comforted the old man. "But there's though her eyes did not swerve from its my big chair now—seems as though we jest face for five long minutes. What she did

goes by that I don't set in it !" "But John's wife says there's better ones

there, Seth," soothed the old woman in her turn, "as much as four or five of 'em right in our rooms." "So she did, so she did !" murmured the man. "I'm an ongrateful thing ; so I

There was a long pause. The old man drummed with his fingers on the trunk and watched a cloud sail across the skylight. The woman gently swung the cradle to and

"If only they wa'n't goin' ter be-sold!" she choked, after a time. "I can look at 'em, and feel of 'em, and—and remember It was a good beginning." things. Now there's them quilts with all my dress pieces in 'em-a piece of 'most every dress I've bad since I was a girl; and there's that hair wreath-seems as if I jest couldn't let that go, Seth. "Why, there's twins,' and-"

"There, there, dear; now I jest wouldn't things on the wall you'll like 'em even betier than the hair wreath. John's wife says she's taken lots of pains and fixed 'em up with pictures and curtains and everythin nice," went on Seth, talking very fast. "Why, Hannah, it's you that's being on-

grateful now, dear !"
"So 'tis, so 'tis, Seth, and it ain't right and I know it. I ain't a-goin' ter do so no more; now see !" And she bravely turned her back on the cradle and walked, head

erect, toward the attic stairs.

John came at five o'clock. He engulfed the little old man and the little old woman in a bearlike hug, and breezily demanded what they had been doing to themselves to make them look so forlorn. In the very next breath, however, he answered his own question, and declared that it was because they had been living all cooped up alone so long—so it was; and that it was high time it was stopped, and that he had come to do it! Whereupon the old man and the old woman smiled bravely and told each other what a good, good son they had, to be

Friday dawned clear, and not too warm -an ideal auction-day. Long before nine o'clock the yard was full of teams and the where the auctioneer's list is-if I saved it house of people. Among them all, however, there was no sign of the bent old man "Nev and the erect little old woman, the owners of the property to be sold. John and Mrs. John were not a little disturbed-they had

lost their father and mother.

Nine o'clock came, and with it began the strident call of the auctionner. Men laughed and joked over their bids, and women looked on and gossiped, adding a bid of their own now and then. Everywhere was the son of the house, and things went through with a rush. Up-stairs, in the darkest corner of the attic-which had been cleared of goods-sat, hand in hand on an old packing-box, a little old man and a little old weman who winced and shrank together every time the "Going, going, gone !" floated up to them from the yard

At half past one the last wagon rumbled out of the yard, and five minutes later Mrs. John gave a relieved cry.
"Ob, there you are! Why, mother, fath-

dust from his coat. The old woman turned and crept away, her erect little figure looking suddenly bent and old.
"Why, what-" began John, as his fath-

"Why, Edith, you less frown.

Perfectly natura natural," returned Mrs. Jonn, lightly. "We'll get them away immediately. It'll be all right when once they are started." Some hours later a very tired old man and a still more tired old woman crept into a pair of sumptuous canopy-topped twin

There was only one remark. "Why. Seth, mine ain't feathers a mite s vours ?"

There was no reply. Tired nature had riumphed-Seth was asleep. They made a brave fight, those two. They told themselves that the chairs were easier, the carpets softer, and the pictures prettier than those that had gone under the nammer that day as they sat band in hand in the attic. They assured each other that the unaccustomed richness of window and bed hangings and the profusion of strange vases and statuettes did not make them afraid to stir lest they soil or break something. They insisted to each other that they were not homesick, and that they were perfectly satisfied as they were. And

When no one was looking Grandpa Bur ton tried chair after chair, and wondered why there was only one particular chair in the whole world that just exactly "fitted;" and when the twilight hour came Grandma Burton wondered what she would give to be able just to sit by the old cradle and talk with the past.

The newspapers said it was a most mar vellous escape for the whole family. They gave a detailed account of how the beautiful residence of the Honorabl. John Burton, with all its costly furnishings, had burned to the ground, and of how the entire family was saved, making special mention of the honorable gentleman's aged father and mother. No one was injured, fortunately, and the family had taken up a temporary residence in the nearest hotel. It their treasures.-was understood that Mr. Burton would Harper's Bazar.

begin rebuilding at once. The newspapers were right—Mr. Burton did begin rebuilding at once; in fact, the ashes of the Burton mansion were not cold before John Burton began to interview architects and contractor

"It'll be 'way ahead of the old one," he confided to his wife enthusiastically.

Mrs. John sighed.

"I know, dear," she began, plaintively;
"but, don't you see? it won't be the same
—it can't be. Why, some of those things we've had ever since we were married They seemed a part of me, John. I was used to them. I had grown up with some of them—those candlesticks of mamma's, for instance, that she had when I was a bit of a baby. Do you think money can buy another pair that—that were hers?" And

Mrs. John burst into tears. "Come, come, dear," protested her hus band, with a hasty caress and a nervous glance at the clock—he was due at the bank in ten minutes. "Don't fret about what can't be belped; besides''—and he laughed whimsically—''you must look out or you'll be getting as bad as mother over her bair wreath !" And with another basty

pat on her shoulder he was gone. Mrs. John suddenly stopped her crying. She lowered her bandkerchief and stared fixedly at an old print on the wall opposite. The hotel-though strictly modern in cuisine and management-was an old one, and prided itself on the quaintness of its oldtime furnishings. Just what the print represented Mrs. John could not have told,

oughter take that. Why, there ain't a day see was a silent, dismantled farmhouse, and a little old man and a little old woman

with drawn faces and dumb lips. Was it possible? Had she indeed been so blind?

Mrs. John rose to ber feet, bathed her eyes, straightened her neck-bow, and crossed the hall to Grandma Burton's room. "Well, mother, and how are you getting

tle old woman, eagerly. "Do you know, it seems kind of natural like; mebbe it's because of that chair there. Seth says it's this:

It was a good beginning, and Mrs. John made the most of it. Under her skillful guidance Grandma Burton, in less than five minutes, had gone from the chair to the old clock which her father used to wind, and from the clock to the bureau where she your hair, and John's, and some of the kept the dead twins' little white shoes and connets. She told, too, of the cherished parlor chairs and marble-topped table, and fret," cut in the old man, quickly. "Like of how she and father had saved and saved enough when you get used ter them other for years to buy them; and even now, as of how she and father had saved and saved she talked, her voice rang with pride of possession-though for only a moment; it

shook then with the remembrance of loss. There was no complaint, it is true. no audible longing for lost treasures. There was only the unwonted joy of pouring into sympathetic ears the story of things loved and lost-things the very mention of which brought sweet faint echoes of voices long since silent.

"There, there," broke off the little old oman at last, "how I am runnin' on ! But, somehow, somethin' set me to talkin' ter-day. Mebbe 'twas that chair that's

like yer father's," she hazarded. "Maybe it was," agreed Mrs. John, quietly, as she rose to her feet.

The new house came on apace. In a wonderfully short time John Burton began to urge his wife to see about rugs and hangings. It was then that Mrs. John called him to one side and said a few hurried but very earnest words-words that made the orable John open wide his eyes.

"But, Edith," he remonstrated, "are you crazy? It simply couldn't be done! The things . re scattered over half a dozen townships; besides, I haven't the least idea

"Never mind, dear; I may try, surely, begged Mrs. John; and her husband laughed and reached for his check-book. "Try? Of course you may try! And here's this by way of wishing you good luck," he finished, as he handed her an

oblong bit of paper that would go far toward smoothing the most difficult of ways. "You dear !" cried Mrs. John. "And now I'm going to work." It was at about this time that Mrs. John went away. The children were at college

and boarding-school; John was absorbed in business and house-building, and Grandpa and Grandma Burton were contented and well cared for. There really seemed to be no reason why Mrs. John should not go away, if she wished-and she apparently did wish. It was at about this time, too, that certain Vermont villages-one of which was

the Honorable John Burton's birthplacewere stirred to sudden interest and action. er, where have you been?"

A persistent, smiling-faced woman had dropped into their midst—a woman who ed back a cough and bent to flick a bit of drove from house to house, and who, in persistent, smiling-faced woman had every case, left behind her a sworn ally and friend, pledged to serve her cause. Little by little, in an unused room in the

village hotel there began to accumulate a motley collection-a clock, a marble-topped table, a cradle, a patchwork quilt, a bureau, a bair wreath, a chair worn with age and and fame, only that family which could not add to it counted itself abused and unfortunate, so great was the spell that the persistent, smiling-faced woman had cast

about her. Just before the Burton house was finished Mrs. John came back to town. She had to hurry a little about the last of the decorations and furnishings to make up for lost time; but there came a day when the place was pronounced ready for occupancy. It was then that Mrs. John hurried into Grandpa and Grandma Burton's rooms at

"Come, dears," she said, gayly. "The house is all ready, and we're going home.' "Done? So soon?" faltered Grandma Burton, who had not been told very much concerning the new home's

Why, how quick they have built it !" There was a note of regret in the tremulous old voice, but Mrs. John did not seem to notice. The old man, too, rose from his chair with a long sigh-and again Mrs. John did not seem to notice.

"Yes, dearie, yes, it's all very nice and fine," said Grandma Burton, wearily, half an hour later as she trudged through the sumptious parlors and halls of the new "but, if you don't mind, I guess

I'll go to my room, daughter. I'm tired -terrible tired." \*Up the stairs and along the ball trailed the little procession-Mrs. John, John, the hent old man, and the little old woman. At the end of the hall Mrs. John paused a moment, then flung a door wide open.

There was a gasp and a quick step forward; then came the sudden illumination of two wrinkled old faces. "John! Edith?"-it was a cry of mingled

joy and wonder. There was no reply. Mrs. John had closed the door and left them there with their treasures .- By Eleanor P. Porter, in

--- An upcountry business man was once introduced to Abbot Lawrence. "Mr. Smith," said Mr. Lawrence, with musing air. "I don't think I know you,

"Well, you ought to," was the reply. "I've traded with you for twenty years." "Always paid your bills, perhaps?"
"Of course."

"That accounts for it," said Mr. Lawence. "I know the others."

-An American and a Scotchman were on a high bill in Scotland and the Scotchman was bragging of the extent of view. "I suppose you can see America from here on a fine day?" said the American, chaffingly.

"O aye, further than that," was the reply. "Further than that?" "Aye! on a fine nicht we can see the

--- "He's positively the worst actor I ever saw," said the first manager; "a regular ham, in fact." "Oh," suggested the other; "perhaps he'll get over his faults in time."

"No: he's a ham that can't be cured."

-"Money has wings and flies away, "I've heard," said the man with a scar; "But I've put lots of dough in a flying Yet it never has flown very far."

Fun With Figures.

SOME CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE FIGURE NINE.

except eight, thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9 along?" she asked, cheerily.

"Jest as nice as can be, daughter—and ain't this room pretty?" returned the litof course, give us eighteen. Then multiply your row of figures by

> 12345679 98765432 12345679

> > 22222222

The answer, you see, is all twos. if you had chosen three the answer then would have been all threes- and so on. Another curious fact is that if you write down any number in three figures and then reverse those figures and subtract the lesser amount, you will find that the middle figure of the amount of the answer is al-

ways nine: Try it thus, write ...... Now reverse them......367

Now reverse again, but this time add

to the amount ......693 Your answers will always be the same, ally reaching as much as twenty feet. 1,089-except in one instance, if the first two figures you write are alike and the

last figure next in regular order as 778, 887, 776, 998. In that case you will get 99 for your an swer, but by again adding this, and then adding this sum reversed you come back to your 1,089.

Example Reversed 677 Substracted 99 Added Reversed 891 Added

1089

Of the many curious results reached by the various combinations of the number 9, the following is not the least remarkable Take any number you please (provided the number does not read the same back ward as forward) and, baving written it down, write it backward, that is, make the last figure of the first the first figure of the second, and so on, so that the first figure of the first shall be the last of the second subtract the lesser from the greater, and multiply the remainder, or difference, by any number you please. From the product thus obtained rub out any one figure (provided the figure is not 9) and add together the remaining figures, as if they were all units. If the sum contains more than one figure, repeat the operation, than is, add together the figures of the sum as if they were all units, and continue to thus repeat until the sum is expressed by a single figure rubbed out will always be what it is required to make 9 when added to this

final figure. For instance, suppose the sum of the figures of the product when added together, after rubbing out one figure, be 157; this, being expressed by more than one figure, is again added-1 and 5 and 7 make 13; this, again, being likewise more than one figure, is again added-1 and 3 make Therefore the figure rubbed out was 5 that being the number required to make

So, if the final figure be 6, the figure rubbed out was 3; if the final figure rubbed out was 7; if the final figure be 9, the figure rubbed out was 0.

This result will never fail. An amusing game can be built up on this. One of a party, without knowing what were the numbers used, or the fig nres rubbed out, by the others, can instanty declare the latter, in each case, upon be ng told what is the final figure of the cal culation .- Saint Nicholas.

The Stars on Coins.

Numismatists probably will be interested in an explanation made by Acting Director of the Mint R. E. Preston of the reason the stars on the coins of the United States have six points; while those on the flag have but five.

The question was raised by Elizabeth S. Dickinson, of Lexington, Mass., in a letter to Captain Ross of the revenue cutter service, who in turn referred it to Mr. Preston. In his explanation the acting director said: "In English heraldry six or more points denote a star. The earliest examples of colonial coins all have the six-pointed star, which is correct, according to English beraldry. It is presumed that when the time came to adopt designs for the coins of the united States, English heraldry was consulted, and the colonial coins were followed in matters of detail like the stars. The flag of the United States, as you are aware, is made up very largely from the coat-ofarms of Washington. Where both the stripes and stars are found, the stars bave

but five points. Washington was a member of the c mittee for designing the flag, and probably had these stars in mind when the design was under construction, and no doubt his opinion would control the other members of the committee.

On the five franc piece of the French Republic stars with six points will be found. There are other examples besides the flag and the coins where the stars differ in the number of points. The stars on the great seal and the President of the United States are five pointed, while on the seal of the House of Representatives they are

six-pointed. The thirteen stars on the obverse of the present half and quarter-dollar are six-pointed, while on the reverse they are five-In explanation of this difference pointed. I would state that the reverse of the pres ent half and quarter dollar is a copy of the great seal, except that the clouds are omit-ted. It is evident that heraldry has not taken a very strong hold in these matters in the United States: therefore it is not in the power of anyone to say without a doubt the difference in the stars on the flag and the coins.

So far as we know, with the exception of the reverse of the present half and quarterdollar, the stars on our coins are copied from the colonial coins, which were, doubt, made after the manner of English heraldry, while the flag was made up after the design of Washington's coat-of-arms, containing three five-pointed stars .-[Washington Post.]

"I think," said the reporter, the public would like to know how you manage to such a great age."
"By perseverance," replied the centenarian. "I jest kept on livin'." That Leviathan.

As to the depth to which whales can descend, opinions have changed considerably of late years. It was once supposed that they went down to great depths; but the Write down in a row all the numerals effects of pressure would manifestly render this quite impossible; and in the opinion of the great authority, Frank Bullen, a depth of one hundred yards is probably their ex-treme limit. This conclusion receives support from the fact that the food of most pecies consists of animals living on or near the surface; and likewise by the practical experience of whalers in connection with the amount of line taken out by harpooned whales. The sperm-whale, which feeds on large cuttlefishes, seems, however, in some degree, to be an exception; there being circumstantial evidence that these monsters, in certain instances, touch the ocean bottom, although at what depth is still unknown.

Modern observation has thrown much new light on the "spouting." or breathing, of whales In this connection it is perhaps almost superfluous to mention that the water, or spray, included in the "spout" is merely adventitions, and due either to the condensed moisture of the breath, or to the creature beginning to "blow" before reaching the surface. Recent photographs of spouting whales have demonstrated not only that there is great difference in the form of the spont, but also that the height to which it ascends is much less than formerly supposed; even that of the "sulphur bottom," or Sibbald's whale-the hugest member of the whole group-averaging not 1089 more than fourteen feet, although occasion-

Whether the reference in Psalm 104 to "that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein," really relates to the gambols of torquals or humpbacks in the Red Sea or not, certain it ist! at cetaceans of every kind are among the most playful and sportive of all animals. The greatest adept at these sportive performances is undoubtedly the humpbacked whale, which delights to throw its huge carcase clear out of the water, to lie on its side with one of the long white flippers standing vertically out of the water like a gigantic sword, or to "dance" upright, with its head taised above the surface. The sparm-whale is, however, not far behind in this respect, and when "breaching" shoots its sixty feet of leagth to a beight above the surface sufficient to cender itself visible from the masthead at a distance of half a dozen miles.

18 DEAD IN FLAMES AND FLOOD Terrified By Factory Fire, Scores Leap

Into the Water. Wheeling, W. Va., March 18. Eighteen persons are known to have lost their lives in the early morning fire that occurred at the plant of the Warwick Pottery company, which is

located in the flooded district. Because of the water surrounding the burning district it was impossible for the fire apparatus to reach the scene. The firemen pressed into service all the boats that could be secured and carried the lines of hose to the burning building by this means. They did heroic work and not only fought the fire but assisted in rescuing

many persons. Had the drowned persons remained in their homes none of them would have met death. The buildings occupied by the unfortunate victims were not touched by the flames. The explosion that started the fire is what terrified the people living in the vi-

cinity. No sooner had the report of the explosion occurred than people commenced leaping from the windows into the water. Not all of those who met death were drowned by jumping into the water. Five of them were drowned by the upsetting of a boat that was carrying them to a place of safety.

WORKING FOR TAFT

Friends Say He Will Get Ohio Nomination For Presidency. Washington, March 19.-That William Howard Taft, of Ohio, will go before the next Republican national convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination, with many, if not

state of Ohio behind him, is regarded here as a pretty safe political wager. Senator Foraker, it is declared, will not be a candidate for first honors next year, and it is said that his support will be thrown to Mr. Taft. With Ohio solidly behind him, the administration favorable to his candidacy and approved by conservatives who look askance upon some of the Roosevelt policies, the friends of Mr. Taft believe that he looms up head and shoulders above all others whose names have been mentioned as likely candidates.

KILLED BY CANNED PEACHES

Two Boys Dead and Mother Dying From Ptomaine Poisoning. Richmond, Va., March 18 .- As a re eating canned peaches, Melvin Ives, 13 years old, and Leonard Lee Ives, 7 their mother is believed to be dying.

President's Summer Plans.

last Wednesday.

Washington, March 19.-Tentative Oyster Bay have been disoussed at posed to take and clear off. the White House. As now contemplated he will leave Washington for that place somewhere between the for this great improvement streets of 20th and 25th of June. If he can conviently get away earlier he will do so. A trip to Indianapolis and Lansing, Mich., and two trips to the Jamestown exposition are on the program before the president's vacation begins.

Archie Roosevelt Sits Up. Washington, March 18. - Archie Roosevelt's condition is still improving, and Surgeon General Rixey announced that the quarantine restrictions imposed on account of the boy's illness will be raised in a few days. Archie sat up in bed. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., arrived from Harvard and will remain at the White House until after Easter.

## GROUNDS FOR THE CAPITOL

Bill For the Enlargement Well on Its Way to Final Passage.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 18. - The change in public sentiment among members of the senate and the house of representatives in favor of the enlargement of Capitol Park noted two weeks ago, is much more pronounced

at present than it was then. The Fox bill has passed the senate by a vote of 33 to 7. When it comes up in the house, which it probably will this week or next, it is believed that whatever opposition there was will have disappeared because the members have come to better realize the necessity of making the improvement now and because they have learned that the sentiment of the people of the state generally is favorable.

Several of the leading daily papers in Philadelphia have taken the trouble to inform themselves of the exact situation with the result that they are all heartily in favor of the Fox bill.

In a recent editorial article the Philadelphia Inquirer, the one out-and-out Republican organ among the dailies of Philadelphia, most heartily approved the measure.

The Republican Philadelphia Press on Sunday, March 10, in a leading editorial said, "The present legislature has a unique opportunity to carry out a great public improvement in Harrisburg through the passage of the bill introduced by Senator Fox appropriating an adequate sum to develop a park east of the state capitol. There should be no hesitancy on the part of the legislature to secure now what should have been secured two years ago. None of those who are back of the park project either connived at or stood for the enormous expenditure on the capitol: but they have in season and out of season insisted that the legislature meet the situation created by the new capitol in a progressive manner. And the legislators should realize that such a park as is contemplated is not only a benefit to Harrisburg but to the state

at large." In an editorial published Monday, March 11, the Democratic Philadelphia Record said regarding the capitol extension bill: "There is hardly a doubt that the house will concur in the action of the senate. The state is rich and can afford to be liberal, especially if there is money of the taxpayers already on hand to cover more exigent needs '

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, independent in politics, said in an editorial article published on Tuesday, March 12: "The extension of Capitol Park, as provided in the bill, which has already passed the senate, is so far from extravagance that it is really a measure of economy. is sheer waste to erect a capitol building and have it encompassed by squalor and desolation. The land between the capitol and the railroad can still be secured at a very moderate cost, and its addition to the public grounds ought not to be deferred until its occupation by the growing industry of Harrisburg shall make its acquisition still more urgent and much more expensive. Philadelphia has had many examples of large public improvements of this kind too long deferred, as in the failure to reserve sufficient space around the city hall. The legislature will be greatly at fault if it refuses the present opportunity to make a really great city of that neglected capital of Pennsylvania. \* \* \* Harrisburg in its situation and surroundings all, of the 46 delegates from his own has the making of a most attractive city. The state has done little or nothing for it, treating it generally as a mere railway station. The present project is not for the benefit of the residents alone, though it will be a direct help and encouragement to them in their own civic enterprise. It is rather a duty to Pennsylvania. The present legislature probably cannot recover the money spent on the new capitol, but it can do much to compensate for the excessive expenditure by providing such surroundings for the building as will make it in the time to come a delight and pride to the

whole state." Not a few doubting legislators were convinced of the propriety of voting for Senator Fox's bill by an illustrated lecture given by J. Horace McFarland sult of ptomaine poisoning, caused by in the hall of the house of representa-

tives last Wednesday night. By means of more than 100 lantern years old, sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. slides Mr. McFarland showed how the Ives, of Hampton, Va., are dead, and capitol at Washington and the capitols of various states in the Union are sur-The mother and boys were stricken rounded by beautiful grounds, affording fine views of those great structures. He also showed the squalid and unattractive condition of the section lying immediately back of Pennsylvaplans for the president's summer at nia's new state capitol which it is pro-

Mr. McFarland further showed how the city of Harrisburg proposes to give the city amounting to more than nine acres of land, or more than one-third of all that it is proposed to utilize for the enlargement of the park.

He also showed how within the last five years Harrisburg and its citizens have spent many million dollars to improve the city, in building a modern sewer system, providing pure water, many hundreds of acres of fine parks and 40 miles of well-paved, clean streets, of which the legislators, state officials and employes who spend the whole or a portion of the year here have the same use as the citizens of Harrisburg, the same use as though the state had helped to pay for these great improvements, which it has not