Belletonte, Pa., July 14, 1916.

A TRIBUTE TO CENTRE COUN-TY, PA.

BY A NATIVE SON. Hail, Hail! Renowned is Centre county, Star of the Keystone Constellation! Adorned with honor, and far famed art thou!

Afar thy name is heralded in story. Vast mineral wealth thy terra firma yields, With forests thou art lavishly adorned; Thy emerald vales are gems of nature, all; Thou'rt grand and beautiful in every part. How limpid are thy brooks and beauteous

streams, Pure, deep and grand thy numerous fountains are; Great are thy caves, yea, truly wonderful!

In nature's handiwork thou art sublime. But nobler far, and long enduring

The many deeds thy sturdy sons have wrought: In war, none ever fought more truly valiant,

Yet no less able are thy Sons of Peace. Thy heritage is rich in noted states Among the foremost of the land are they! No less thy pride are all thy charming daughters! Angelic souls, blest guardians of

Thy Counsellors, Historians and Poets,-Likewise thy famed Musicians and Com-

And Artists Artisans and Teachers .-All, all are 'mongst the foremost in the Thy schools are of the finest to be found,

Academies of thine are thy just pride: "Twere vain a College to denote more famed Than thine, since none exist within the

In types of yeomanry "Old Centre" leads Her sister counties, one and all; They're first in poise and greater sturdi-

True patriots, who their country well de-Hail! Dear Old Centre county, Hail!

Thy fame among thy sisters is secure. A gem art thou in Penn's sylvania, Thou standest peerless 'mongst thy sisters, all. Make felt thy power for progress and for

truth! No deed too high and noble for thy aim; From off thy throne thou canst not be de-A beacon light art thou throughout thy

State. Proud mother of four famous Governors, What endless honors, well deserved, are

thine, No other sister of Penn's Commonwealth

A million beauty bowers deck thy domain; Thy glory all the ages will endure, Hail Queen! We lay fresh laurels at thy

We offer thee sincere, heart-felt devotion, Our hearts unite to laud and honor thee; For lofty is thy greater, nobler station, Resplendent and enriched is thy domain.

Thy people are in truth highly renowned Great scholars thy full history adorn, Thy patriots have proved themselves in valor.

And each one bears a proud and honored

Hail, Centre county! Noblest gem art thou Of Penn's sylvanian, beautiful domain; A Princess fair, art thou, of richest splen-

Exalted thus, mayest thou for aye endure.

Doctor of Music.

Chicago, Illinois, June 24th, 1916.

THE GOOD LOSER.

Bam!—pop—Ping! . . . Bam!—pop—Ping!" Over and over again the tennis ball, brown and frayed with usage, thudded against the side of the barn, rebounded to the ground and rose to meet the meshes of the boy's racquet fairly in the centre. The racquet looked far too large and heavy for his slender brown wrist: his fingers stretched barely half way around the thick handle, but the strokes were free, full, precisely tim-

Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, hundred!—hundred'n one hundred' n' two—"

The boy had not heard the automobile pull up at the gate nor was he aware of a stranger who stood watching him a few yards behind. "Hundred'n' three, hundred'n' four hundred'n' five!"

The ball hit some little protuberance in the barn wall and bounded over the boy's head. He jumped, swinging the racquet desperately but missed the shot. Turning he saw the man catch the ball deftly in

Swiftly the boy appraised the stranger. He was a long, lean man, neither young nor old, in a Norfolk suit and motor cap, with goggles pushed up over the visor. There was rather a grim set about his mouth and jaw, but the keen gray eyes were smiling. The way the newcom-er had caught that ball proved him one of the elect, with whom a fellow can discuss the important issues of life sympathetically.

"Whew!" said the boy, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "I broke the record, anyway—hundred'n' two—now it's a hundred'n'

"Fine business. Who taught you to swing a racquet like that?"
"Nobody much. Daddy was goin' to teach me—but he didn't." "How old are you?" pursued the

stranger.

"Almost 'leven."
"Your father plays tennis?"

factory. Never played tennis or nothin'—jus' worked all the time. An' las' winter he used to tell Mother he was goin' to pull through somehow. But I guess it's gettin' worse'n ever now, 'cause jus' before we lef' Boston an' come up here I heard him say this summer would decladed.

heard him say this summer would prob'ly see him bankruptured." ob'ly see him bankrupture.
"Too bad," said the stranger.
"This boy simply. "This "Yes," said the boy simply. "This is Dad's old racquet," he added irrel-

evantly.

"Used to," grunted the stranger.
"Good old bat, this. But too big and heavy for you. Ought to have a

light one with a small handle." "I know it," said the boy. "But we can't afford it, Mother says. It's all we can do, now Dad has the creditors, to make meat at both ends, she says. That's why we come to this old place, 'stead of a

big hotel like we used to. Gee! It's tough, ain't it?"

"Let's see you bat 'em some more," suggested the stranger. The boy noticed his new friend limped as

walked. "Bam! pop Ping! . . . Bam! goods, pop—Ping!" went the ball against "You barn, ground and racquet while the ously. . Bam! stranger stood watching the boy's

Best natural stroke I ever saw in kid." he muttered. The boy missed a fair try at a back-hand shot. "You don't take those back-hand-

ers right," said the man. "Here let me show you!" The stranger took the racquet, turned his right side to the wall and with full, graceful strokes drove the

ball again and again in straight whizzing flight against the barn.
"Oh, sufferin' Mike!" exclaimed the boy. "Can I learn to do it like "Sure. Practice, that's all. No;

stand sideways, right foot out— and raked the surface. They spread right foot—well out—farther. That is it. Now start the swing from the heavy stone road-roller they above the left shoulder—that's the found in the barn they went over stuff. Let the racquet go right on and over the plot, rejoicing as they through. No-too close to the body that time. Bounce the ball a little farther away. That's the idea—follow through—that'a boy, that'a boy! Try it again."

The stranger sat down on a wheelbarrow and urged the boy on with crisp phrases of criticism and encouragement. There was a new glint in the man's eyes, and the grim set about his mouth and jaw had relaxed. At times he almost laughed.

"Rest a minute," he called at last; and the boy, his smooth round face shining with exertion and happiness, dropped beside him on the old bor-"Whew!" breathed the pupil;

bet you play a dandy game."
"Not any more," said the stranger, the old grim look returning.
"Before you—hurt your foot," ventured the boy hesitantly. "Yes," grunted the stranger. "It's white, wooly

"Well-I must be going on," he

"Are you stoppin' down t' the Intervale House?" asked the boy.
"No; I'm just touring around through the mountains—not stopping anywhere except to sleep and eat. Well—so long, son."

But he didn't go. He stood as though fascinated by the little downcast figure on the wheelbarrow.
The boy had suddenly lost his vivacity. He looked forlorn—and lonely.
"What's the trouble, son?" the

"Nothin', I guess," said the boy, coming out of his reverie. "I was just iffin', that's all." "What's iffing?"

"Don't you ever if?" Why it's like wishin', only you put 'if' before everythin'. Like this—I was just iffin' if you was livin' down to the Intervale House-an' if you wanted to -you could come over and play with me lots of times—an' teach me about tennis—an' if you did I could be-come a good player—if you wasn't goin' away."

tennis any more, I've been driving come later, when you grow older and around the country trying to forget get more strength." around the country trying to forget my troubles. Tennis is one of the things I was trying to get away from—altogether. You see it's pretty hard on a fellow not to be able to play any more—and—and—

Understand? "I guess so," said the boy slowly. The stranger studied the ground for a moment.

"I might stop over here a few days—if you think they'd let me have a room," he said finally. The boy jumped up with a shout.
"Gee! Could you? That'd be swell! Sure, you can get a room.

Mrs. Fletcher—she's the landlady—she'll do anythin' for a friend o' Come on-I'll interdooce "Say, Bill," said Mr. Kendrick,

three days later,—he was no longer the stranger—as they sat resting on the barrow between bombardments of the barn wall, "this old tennis court wouldn't take long to put in some kind of shape."
"Wouldn't it?" The boy's sensitive face lighted with a strange

"You and I could fix it up in a few days, if Old Man Fletcher would get us a couple of wagon loads of fine sand."

'em something awful—mor'n a year court over for you—would you work constant reserve, maneuvered his ago. After that he most lived at the hard and learn the game?" "Would I?"

boy. "Ask me!"
The man seemed to consider a "All right," he said. "You're

Whooping with dashed off to tell his mother, while Kendrick limped over the lumpy, grass-grown old court, testing the soil with his heel. The years seemed to have slipped from his shoul-His face was almost as boyish The stranger took the racquet, a as Billy's when he lifted it to greet queer light in his eyes. He gripped the quiet, patient figure being drag-

it, tested its balance, and swung it this way and that in big sweeping strokes.

"I bet you can play some," ventur"I bet you can play some," venturthe quick, warm smile he had noted their faces so often. "If you don't mind."

"Mind? Of course not. It's awfully good of you to take such an interest in my lonely little boy." "Not at all; a pleasure! Er—er, Bill, run over and ask Mr. Fletcher —there he is in the barn—if he can get us the sand," said Kendrick. "He's got the stuff in him to make a fine tennis player," he added as Bill scampered off.

"I hope he has the stuff in him to make a fine man," said Billy's moth-

er.

"It takes the same quality of goods, as a rule," said Kendrick.

"You think so?" she asked dubi-

"I know so. Tennis develops a fellow's self-control, courage and sense of decency and, more than anything else, it teaches him to be a modest winner and a good loser." "A good loser?" repeated Billy's

mother, questioningly.

"How to lose gracefully—in life or just in the game."
"I'm afraid you overestimate the value of any mere sport," she

doubted. "Maybe I'll have a chance to prove it to you with Billy," said Kendrick.
For three long days the lame young man and the boy tilled the soil of the old tennis court. Side by side they spaded, plowed, harrowed felt the ground grow firmer and firmer to their feet.

Meanwhile, in response to various telegrams and letters, mysterious parcels and boxes arrived and were deposited unopened in the barn. At each end of the court, with the aid of Old Man Fletcher and the "hired man," the back-stops were erected; on each side the net posts were sunk well into the ground.

"Now we'll see what's in those packages," said Kendrick at last. Billy was trembling with excitement and Kendrick was almost as eager as they ripped the covers from the boxes and tore the wrappings from the packages. Wonders were unfolded: A new white net with patent stretchers to lower or raise it by turning an iron crank; a gorgeously painted tin contrivance on wheels to mark the lines with limehoves of snowy-"Championship" balls, and then-oh, frabjous "Won't your foot ever get well, so twelve and a half ounce "Gold Medyou can play?"

"No," said the man bitterly. "Ankle's busted. Never be much good. Mustn't run around on it too much."

After a long silence he suddenly al" racquet in a waterproof cover

In his joy Billy failed to notice the expression on Kendrick's face as he bent over a battered leather racquet case. He looked like a violin virtuoso who had been kept away from his beloved instrument a long time.

"Feels more like it, eh?" said Kendrick, looking up at the boy, who swung the racquet to and fro in ecden with the boy is supported in learly a chousant in the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, wildliam Henry Parkin, secured capisation of the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, with the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used. This young chemist, and the liked to feel his big friend's arm commercial shades, 400 of which are widely used.

"Am—am—I goin' to play with this one?" asked Billy breathlessly. "That's what I got it for, kid. It's yours for keeps.'

"Gee! S'pose Mother won't let me keep it." There was sudden consternation in his tone. "Sure she will. When's your birth-day?"

"Next month-sixteenth gasped Billy, his face lighting.
"That's the idea," laughed Kendrick. "It's your birthday present in advance."

slowly at first," he told Billy. "You have already managed, Lord knows how, to learn to swing at the ball. "Oh, I see," mused the stranger.
"But it's this way, son: Since I broke my ankle and couldn't play top' and spin on the ball. Speed will

> And so for hours at a time he kept the boy hammering out over-head service strokes, while he stood in the outer court, collecting the balls and making no effort to return them. Then came days spent in mastering the rudiments of the long,

> low drives down the side-lines.
> "Until you are old enough to put speed on the ball, you must depend on your accuracy in placing to win your points," he explained. "Half the game is out-guessing the other fellow, catching him out of position, and slipping one down the court where he can't reach it."

> He taught Billy the short, tricky chop-stroke across the court close to the net; how and when to play the dangerous but effective lob; and kept him plugging for many hours on long back-hand drives and diffi-cult back-hand half-volleys.

> The days slipped into weeks and the weeks into a full month before Kendrick responded to the boy's often repeated question: "Aren't we ever going to play a real game?"

Then one morning at breakfast, he brought the boy to his feet in delighted surprise by saying:
"I guess we'll play a regular game today, Billy."

It containly seemed a regular creditors."

The stranger looked puzzled. "Gee! Could We?"

"Sure. This back-stop practice is all right as a starter; but you'll neval and Mother talkin' about it lots of times. Gee! It must be fierce to get creditors. Daddy got in the stranger looked puzzled. "Gee! Could We?"

"Sure. This back-stop practice is all right as a starter; but you'll neval all right a

the game?" shots so as to bring into play every good.' almost shouted the variety of stroke he had so labor. The

Billy again." Slowly as the days passed the boy found it difficult. grew surer of his stroke, more accurate in his placement, until before the middle of August he could keep Kendrick limping from one side of honor more than any other game the court to the other as fast as his when there's no umpire or linesmen

ged toward him by the exuberant in," Kendrick heard Billy telling his next best thing to winning a square boy.

"Kendrick heard Billy telling his next best thing to winning a square mother one noon as they were wash-

voice. see, he's so lame that he can't run fast, an' when I place 'em down the side-lines I get him out o' position an' pass him, really I do."

Kendrick, drying his face on a towel, smiled grimly to himself.

"Billy the second of the net. Understand?"

From the huddled figure in his arms came an inarticulate affirmative noise.

Kendrick, looking seriously at the They're a clean lot of fellows. They

astonished boy. haven't an They finished the meal in silence. cheats. After the hour's rest Kendrick al- happens in a big match that the umways ordered for the digestion's pire or linesman will call a ball 'out' ways ordered for the digestion's sake, he beckoned to the boy and silently led the way to the court.

"Say, Bill," he said finally, as they took their places, "one of the worst things a young player can do is to get the swelled head and think he can beat the world. Understand?"

"Yes—sir," said Billy meekly.

"I kope you do." continued Kensel.

What followed was a revelation to the bewildered Billy. He suddenly found himself tied to the ground waving a vain and useless toy in the air. Tennis balls lost their accustomed proportions and became mere white streaks that whizzed by one's head like great angry hornets or struck viciously in all parts of the court where one wasn't. Point upon point, love-game after love-game, Kendrick, hardly appearing to move from one spot, piled up the score, un-til, with a final lightning drive down the side-lines that missed Billy's frantic swipe by three feet, he ended the object lesson at 6-0.

Kendrick stood quietly in his court ty. He wanted to run to his mother -to bury his face in her lap-and be comforted, as of old. But he once beloved by emp didn't. Slowly he turned his twitching face toward the silent man across the net. Then with a quick eyes and dripping forehead. "I—guess—I—was gettin' stuck on—m-my-self," he blurted uncertainly.

"Don't let that worry you for a min-ute. I could do that trick with lots It was in 1865 that a young of full-grown men who think they of full-grown men who think they chemist, while trying to produce artical play tennis. I just wanted to ficial quinine, distilled from coal tar a take you down a little. Now we'll go back to the regular stuff and give some real practice."

I helat quinte, distinct the total car a beautiful mauve tint. This was the first of the aniline dyes, dyes which have now

Billy pulled himself together. He liked to feel his big friend's arm en his resolve not to cry, and so he drew himself slowly away. "What —what shall I try next?" he asked, manufacture of dyes, as a result of

a little quavering.
"That's the boy!" said Kendrick.

That evening, Billy, before the good-night hug and kiss he had never known his mother to overlook, made a little confession. "Mother," he whispered, "I guess

drick. "It's your birthday present in advance."

The next day Kendrick began to teach Billy the intricacies of lawn tennis as an art. "We've got to go solvyly at first," he was right—when you said he let me win. I had the swelled head, all right. But he took it out of me this afternoon. Gee! You ought to see him hit that ball when he wants

Peach Tree

Billy's mother looked tenderly at the tired, healthy little figure in the big feather bed. There was a special fervor in the good night hug and kiss that time, and then she went down to the porch and told Kendrick

"I'm beginning to see that tennis isn't all mere play," she said.

One other lesson, and a more serious one, Kendrick found necessary to instill into his pupil. He often no-ticed a tendency on Billy's part to miscall balls. At first Kendrick attributed it to lack of experience. But this day there could be no mistake: three times in one set Billy deliber ately called one of Kendrick's art-fully placed returns "outside," when Kendrick could see plainly that it struck just inside, or dead on the

After the third offense Kendrick smashed one down the side for the winning point and turned on his heel to leave the court.

"We won't play any more today, Billy," he said quietly.
Without looking back Kendrick limped around the house, leaving the boy, racquet in hand, moodily bouncing a ball was and down Kendrick ing a ball up and down. Kendrick immersed himself in a book on the veranda and awaited developments. Slowly, with dragging footsteps, a forlorn little figure in khaki blouse and knickers came around the house and mounted the veranda steps.

Kendrick fastened his eyes on the page before him, reading the same paragraph over and over. The foot"I knew those balls was-was

The next instant Kendrick found iously drilled into the ardent little pupil across the net.

"That's the stuff, Bill," he would self on his arm and spilled big tears shout encouragingly. "You picked on his hand. For a while Kendrick the right spot that time. Try it silently held the shaken boy in his again."

crippled ankle would permit. to watch where the balls hit. It's "I beat him two sets this morn-good to play winning tennis, but the ing up for dinner.

"I'm sure he must have let you ing a mean advantage of the other win," suggested the mother's sweet fellow. Always remember that. Anytime in a game that you are in "No, Ma, honest he didn't. You doubt as to whether the ball is in or out, give the benefit of the doubt to many of the more complex regula-

"Billy seems to be coming on as a player," said the mother at dinner. "How's the character-building working out?" She smiled teasingly.

"I'm going to give him his first lesson in that after dinner," said lesson in that after dinner," said lesson in that after dinner," said tennis players don't do it.

They're a clean lot of fellows. They haven't any use for a chap who cheats. Why sometimes—it even

"I kope you do," continued Kendrick, picking up three balls deftly with one flick of his racquet; "but to retenings of the painful aftermath make sure, I'm going to give you an of tears. Neither heard the screen door shut softly and the quick rustle of footsteps scurrying up-stairs. Up in her room Billy's mother found it difficult to keep back the tears and swallow the rising lump in her

(Concluded next week.)

throat.

Back to Vegetable Dyes.

A virtually forgotten industry is being revived with frantic haste as a result of the discontinuance of Germany's world commerce in aniline or

coal tar dves. The United States, like many other countries, is looking longingly once more to Avignon's madder root for its "Turkey red," to India's indigo for and watched Billy's rueful, crimson its blues, to Mexico's cochineal for its countenance. The boy wavered for a moment, and looked toward the house. He felt a big lump rising in his throat and his eyes became mis- low, and-no, not to the peculiar Mediterranean seashell for its purple, for the manufacture of the Tyrian shade once beloved by emperors is one of

But these ancient vegetable dyes, some of which were in use when the gesture he drew his sleeve across his eyes and dripping forehead. "I—
the pyramid builders of Egypt, can the pyramid builders of Egypt, can never replace the coal tar dyes, which, during the sixty years since they were Kendrick's heart leaped and his own eyes became strangely dim. With a great laugh he climbed over the clothes, our houses, our inks, our if you were on his beat." the net, grabbed the boy around the shoes, our wall paper, our hats and our shoulders and hugged him.

"You're all right, kid!" he cried.

"You're all right, kid!" he cried.

It was in 1865 that a young English been produced in nearly a thousand commercial shades, 400 of which are which he was knighted and amassed a fortune. His discovery immediately "Cone on and try the reverse-twist service a while. If you get that down this summer you'll have all the kids your age whipped to a standstill."

Pilly before the formula library is industrial in the library in the library is included by far-sighted bankers, employed university chemists, and established dye plants on the Rhine and Main rivers, inaugurative many included the library in the libr rating an industry which has enjoyed phenomenal success. At the outbreak of the present great war twenty-one manufacturing establishments, most of them within an area of 130 square miles, had a practical world monopoly of the aniline dye trade.-National

Peach Tree Borers.

Reports from several sections of the State indicate that peach tree borers are unusually active at this time of the year. One correspondent in writing to Zoologist H. A. Surface, of the Pennsylvania De-

"The slender white worms found in the gum at the base of peach trees are the larvae of flies. They feed in the gum and do not attack the trees. They do not cause the gum to evude and therefore are not injuried. exude and therefore are not injuri-ous. The presence of gum does not mean the presence of borers, as gum may come from several causes, when there are fine grains, like sawdust in the gum, it is a sure evidence of the presence of peach tree

"The only thing to do is to go after them with a knife and cut them out, or dissolve one ounce of cyanide of potassium in two gallons of water and pour this around the base of the tree and cover it with earth. Begin-ning about the latter part of June, wash the base of the tree once a month for three applications with lime-sulphur solution containing some sediment, and this will keep

other borers from entering. Her Own Fault.

Courtesy Lessens Auto Accidents

Virtually every automobile club in every city in the United States has this year adopted new and more stringent rules with reference to safety regulations in the driving of motor cars. Some of the clubs place more emphasis on one point than the others, but the feature of nearly all of the instructions to members is the necessity of automobile drivers being courteous to othre drivers with whom they share the road and also to pedestrians who happen to cross in front of them.

"There are thousands of driving rules which have more or less significance from a 'safety first' standpoint, but if every driver would simply be as courteous to other drivers and pedestrians as he should be to his own mother at home, a great tions could be dispensed with," Morgan J. Hammers, general manager of the Consolidated Car Company, of Detroit. Mr. Hammers, who is personally an enthusiastic tourist when he can spare the time from his factory, has made a close study of automobile traffic rules and his opinion on the subject should be

of interest to all motorists. "The danger of automobile driving is greatly exaggerated," he says: "The careful and courteous driver is in no more danger of an accident than the pedestrian who crosses the street. The Wolverine Automobile Club, of Detroit, has issued a list of suggestions to its members which in my opinion covers the situation as fully as possible. Some of the points it makes are to this effect.
"Be courteous at all times. Don't

hog the road, give the other fellow room to pass. "When another driver comes in from a side street, give him room to turn the corner--don't crowd. He has as much right to turn a corner as you have.

"Do not dodge in and around cars lined up in dense traffic. Remember they were there first and are probably just as anxious to get ahead as you are. "When a pedestrian does not heed

your warning signal, remember that hundreds of deaf persons use the street as much as you do. "When you have an almost insane desire to speed, remember that the fellows you pass have just as much right to break the law as you have. Think of the accident which may happen by your hitting some other fellow coming in from a side street. Also be courteous to the passengers in your own car, who, are filled with

fear, but are trying to be game and not let you know it. "When a pedestrian deliberately pays no attention to your signal think of the thousands of mentally deficient. You would not injure one

who is helpless to defend himself. "Slow up when you see a child on the curb. Remember that the child can start quicker than you can stop. "And, lastly, be courteous to po-lice officials and in 99 cases out of 100 they will more than repay it. You may not like their rules, but remember that the traffic officer himself had very little to do with mak-

Arms Exports to Mexico.

Treasury Department figures on the export of arms and ammunition to Mexico during the present year show the following valuations: January—Firearms, \$11,755; cartridges, \$123,985; dynamite, \$120,-105; gunpowder, \$1220; other explo-

sives, \$10,386. February—Firearms, \$523; cartridges, \$116,370; dynamite, \$411,-081; gunpowder, \$400; other explosives, \$10,076.

March—Firearms, none; cartridges, \$202,774; dynamite, \$25,919; gunpowder, \$1099; other explosives, \$13,318. April—Firearms, \$150; cartridges, \$51,875; dynamite, \$61,143; gunpowder, \$369; other explosives, \$24,812. Figures for May and June are not available. Practically all the exports were for the Carranza Govern-

World Famine in Needles.

The world famine in needles already sorely felt in the United States, China and Japan, has reached France, according to a dispatch from Commercial Attache C. W. A. Veditz at Paris to the Bureau of Foreign and domestic Commerce. He says the underwear and knit goods industry of France is passing through a critical period because of partment of Agriculture, calls attention to "many slender worms, white and quite active, acting a good deal like very minute, quick-acting angle like very minute, quick-acting angle like very minute, quick-acting angle land and Spain, but their exportation is now prohibited by these countries."

> Limestone Quarries are Deep and Dangerous.

The situation is further aggravat-

ed by the fact that Switzerland has

also recently enacted a similar export prohibition.

A limestone quarry which is about a mile long, picturesque in appearance, and dangerous to work in is located near Rockland, Me. There 300 laborers, chiefly foreigners, toil in chasms having perpendicular sides 500 feet high and no way of entrance or egress except by means of the derricks which hoist and lower about a dozen men at a time. Approximate-ly 1,000,000 barrels of lime are pre-pared in the vicinity of Rockland an-nually. Interesting views of these quarries appear in the July "Popular Mechanics Magazine."

There Was a Reason.

Bridges-I wonder how Henpeck steps dragged nearer and nearer.

Kendrick felt the pressure of a small shoulder leaning against his; a little brown hand pulled at his coat sleeve. Presently a weak, uncertain but you do bob around so.—Boston to find fault with him after she saw how much trouble he was having with his car.—Life.