

ADAM AND EVE.

When Adam found himself awake  
Upon the earth we now inhabit,  
He met the cow, the horse, the snake,  
The cat, the dog, the bull, the rabbit.  
He slept in haymows, loafed and strayed,  
The sport of darkness, sun and shower,  
Till Lillith came, a pleasant jade,  
Who gathered fruit and built a bower.  
Grave Adam argued thus and hence,  
But laughing Lillith knew her mission;  
He learned through loss experience  
What Lillith grasped by intuition.  
A pearl she was beyond all price,  
Delightful, tender, sweet and hearty  
And now, when earth was Paradise,  
Eve butted in and spoiled the party.  
Pronouncing Lillith most depraved,  
She worked on Adam; frail and pretty,  
Her utter helplessness enslaved  
The simple man, beguiled through pity.  
Then Eve invented marriage, clothes,  
Conventions, manners, duty, morals  
And things that everybody loathes,  
Especially domestic quarrels.  
And Adam meekly owned her spell,  
Resigned to rule and regulation;  
So that's the way that Adam fell,  
He fell for female domination.  
Though Adam still repeats his fall—  
For Eve through all the ages lands  
him,—  
Yet now and then he goes to call  
On Lillith;—Lillith understands him.  
—Arthur Guiterman in Life.

THE CROSS.

"Acht! Dirty brat! Biffore zupper don't you dare come home yet!"  
For perhaps the first time, his mother's voice sounded a bit discordant to Fritz as he tumbled down the rickety tenement stairs that marked his home "back of the yards." Not that this sweet maternal benediction was anything new—no, everything was all wrong today.  
He looked cautiously down the alley as one who would gain the street without anyone seeing him. Didn't wanna meet the gang today. They were all a-kin' funny at him. Ever since the day the hurdy-gurdy played that thing that made him cry. Different kinda tune, it was, not like "She's Mah Baby" 'tall. It was kinda slow and made your skin prickle up around your nose like you was going to howl. Then you did. And the gang screamed in derision. And you said: "Dammit, I guess I kin bawl if I wanta, dammit." So Snoot Kelly started hollering: "The Wop made Fritzie baw-w-w-l, the Wop made Fritzie baw-w-w-l!" An' you knew the Wop couldn't make you bawl—nobody could, but 'ceptin' funny kinda music. Then you blacked Snoot's eye and told 'em all to gotahell. . . . Fritz wasn't afraid to meet the gang. He just didn't want to.  
A lumbering truck passed, tantalizingly slow. Hot dawg! He flipped it. Gosh, it didn't go by the gas-works, it went 'nother way. Oo! Lookit all the trees an' grass an' spool houses an' everything! The truck stopped and the driver, seeing Fritz, gave him an amiable, more or less routine, kick. Kicks were nothing to Fritz. He rubbed his tattered little trousers and looked around him cheerfully enough.  
Huh! Wonder what's at house? Big like a fakery. An' green leaves growin' right on the walls! Huh! He strolled toward the side door. Side doors were pleasant things. You could walk into some of them an' pinch a hunka sausage an' ryebread, maybe. Huh! Nobody there—wunner what's inside?  
The parishoners of St. Barnabas's Episcopal church liked their new organ and choir-master. There had been some doubt at first, to be sure. "Seet so different from that poor, sweet Mr. Hillesey, my dear, that really I—!" But as they got to know him, they ceased trying to reconcile his appearance with his profession.  
For Andrew Jefferson was a forthright soul, to whom the shams of "ah-tistic" musicians were as a red flag to a bull. He wore his hair clipped short, looked like a bond salesman, went to the baseball park twice a week, and smoked black cigars. Men liked him, women were afraid of him, children worshipped him.  
He never called a choir boy "little man," nor fussed over him, nor patted his head. He knew each boy's last name and used it. His voice was impersonal, but his eyes twinkled.  
Incidentally, the musical world was not unacquainted with Jefferson. He was a thorough musician, and two years under the beautiful old organist at Canterbury had developed to positive reverence his love for the colorful music of his church. He read, studied, he knew. Under his touch the great St. Barnabas's organ became the living voice of time.  
How he played! Booming diapasons throbbled through the air and laid hold upon the heart, whilst crashing tubas, like flashes of lightning, revealed sins for all the world to see. . . . you shrank back . . . withered . . . expectant . . . but no! Softly the voice of God reached forth through the strings and soothingly whispered the comfort of the ages. "All ye that are heavy-laden," repeated the wood-winds and flutes with their sad little voices. "Amen," breathed the deep bourdons, in the hushed profundity of eternal surf. . . . No one moved for a long, long time after Andrew Jefferson played.  
Choir rehearsals were held, as the little parish paper put it, "each Friday evening promptly at seven-thirty." The men filed in from the Lounge, straightening out their faces as best they could, the boys came tumbling down from the gymnasium and took their places. No preliminaries. A decisive chord on the piano. "Number three eleven—" Instantly they swung into the hymn, and rarely did the choir-master have to stop them; his competence, his virile lead-

ership carried them to perfect performance. The hour flew by, innocent of the ranting, bickering, and palaver of ordinary choirs. Another crashing chord—"Sall!" It was over. Fritz heard steps and voices, a sudden hush intervened, a clear voice called crisply "Number four twenty-four," and then his little heart skipped a beat. Why here was that same funny kinda music the Wop's hurdy-gurdy played that time. On'y this was better. Didn't make you bawl. Made you want to wash your face, go back, and give Snoot Kelly another shiner. You knew you could do it. Guess you'd go a little closer and look in. . . .  
As the hymn closed, Jefferson saw the little scarecrow standing in the doorway, his lips parted, his eyes shining. "Ho, youngster," he remarked briefly, "sit down." Fritz did. "Beef" Hogan, the ward alderman talked like that—sudden—only you were afraid of "Beef." This guy did not scare you none, guess cuz his lamps was diff'runt. Better keep still though.  
The choir sang Dudley Buck's "Festiva Te Deum," a Paestrian, . . . Fritz made his way homeward he wondered dimly what it was all about. The place was a church—that much was fairly certain. He'd heard of 'em, but didn't know they had such nice warm places to sit around in and sing. Friday! And here he'd always thought church was on Sunday. Funny!  
All week he thought about it—Friday, Friday, Friday—mustn't forget. It required a bit of concentration. One day was pretty much like another. Fritz. His twelve short years had been a span of curious monotony of squalor, dirt, hunger, cold; there was the exciting swift adventure of prowling with his gang, whose implus raids were not unknown even to the police, and the constant spice of flying before the vile rages of his drunken mother. Now, for the first time, the passing of days meant something to him.  
At last the day rolled around, and he set out to find St. Barnabas's church again. Any member of his gang knew how to travel. You just hopped on a truck, or the tire-rack of a car, and rode until the machine turned. Then you flipped another. In his eagerness Fritz got there early. He had only a general idea of time, goodness knows, and only Mr. Jefferson there when he peeped into the choir-room.  
"Ho!" said the choir-master pleasantly, seeming not even to look up from his music, "you here again? Come here a sec." Fritz hesitated. "Come over—want to find out if you can sing"—he struck a note on the piano—"here, sing that." Fritz tried. He couldn't—he had no more voice than a crow.  
"Sall right," grinned the choir-master, "you'll never sing, but you can stick around if you want to. Y'seem to like it." Fritz did "stick around" that night, and the next Friday, and the next. . . .  
Thus began as strange a devotion to an uncomprehended inner urge as one would meet in a long lifetime. It did not long remain inactive, however. One night Jefferson asked him, casually, if he'd like to help pass the music around before practice. Gosh, would he! A warm flush of gratitude surged across his face as he sprang forward. It wasn't hard, he found. You just looked on a little paper, an' then found music in the library that had the same crazy name. Yeh—yeh! The names was crazy ones like "Magnificat," "Jubilate Deo," or "Sanctus," an' there was 'bout a million kinds of 'em, each, which you could tell apart by lookin' fer a guy's name on the cover. Funny names. Not 'merican names like Dolan, 'r Mafaracci, 'r Cieniewsky, but funny names like "Barby," "Noble," "Buck." Not all of 'em funny, though; there was lots of 'em had Arthur Sullivan's 'n 'em. Hot dam! You knew a guy named Sullivan!  
Fritz got around early after that. He liked to be there alone, liked to pass the music around without haste, to leave a neat, exact pile at every stall. It touched some hitherto unstirred emotion in his poor impoverished soul, this job at which he could be careful, and quick, and orderly. Set 'em up just alike—'at's the way! He grew to love the little octaves, and coincident with this awakening came a distinct conservation in sheet music. Jefferson remarked it; in fact, wear and tear became so noticeably less that he was puzzled—the other librarian had not been clumsy; besides, every choir man knows that the rapid disintegration of choir-music comes, not from the handling, but from sheer mischief on the part of the boys. The choir-master soon found the solution of the mystery, however. One night as he stepped in the middle of an anthem to explain a certain difficult passage, he heard a clear, low, venomous whisper sweep across the back row of wiggin youngsters: "You tear dat again an' I'll seek hell outa you!" Fritz, unoccupied by singing, sat like a grim jail-guard sweeping his eyes back and forth over his prisoners, and Heaven help the youngster he found mishandling music! How he could tear into a guy! Muscles like steel wire, a swift, awful ruthlessness, a dreadful and overwhelming skill—that was Fritz in a fight. In six weeks his word was law, his merest gesture the expression of a potentate. At that he puzzled the boys—pure, white-hot devotion is hard to understand.  
It was two months after he started to pass around the music before Fritz learned he was only attending rehearsals. "Fritz," said Mr. Jefferson casually, "why don't you come over Sunday and hear us really sing? Ever been to church?" Fritz squirmed. He thought this was church he said. Always alert, the choir-master grasped the situation instantly. "Say-y-y-y!"

he drawled smilingly, "we're only practising here—come around Sunday morning and hear us sing with the organ." Organ! Fritz giggled. They had them things in movies. They squealed and squawked—funny thing to have in a church! Nevertheless, he was at St. Barnabas's Sunday morning. Jefferson turned him over to an usher. "Give the kid a seat," he whispered; "peculiar boy—crazy about music but can't sing—doesn't in the least comprehend what it's all about, but take him in."  
At the first gorgeous flood of sound from the organ Fritz trembled like a leaf. It felt like the music was right inside of him. His tough, hard little fists clinched. The music, rolling, glorious, swept over him like a river. His face was white as set. He'd heard about God; the terrifying thought struck him "this must be God singing." The voluntary ended. He heard a softly sung "A-A-A-Amen" float into the church from nowhere. A door opened. The organ boomed forth again. Holy cats! Here came the whole choir all dressed up in their nightgowns. Suddenly he stiffened. The first clear-cut ambition of his life snatched him with a force that almost caused him to cry out. That guy marching there in front, carrying a big gold cross on top of a long, smooth, wooden shaft—he wanted to do that! Wanted to more than he had even wanted to do anything in his life. You didn't hafta sing, you just stood up straight an' tall, and carried it kinda slow. You weren't just helping—like he was when you passed music around—you were leading the whole gang!  
Throughout the entire service his eyes sought the cross again and again, fascinated by its mellow outline. Dreaming, he thought of himself, little Fritz grown tall, dressed in white with white gloves (Gosh! it must be awful clean!) carrying it at the head of the choir, looking straight ahead of him. . . . marching. He'd have to grow suh first, all right; the crucifer was a tall young man. All right, all right!  
Without a word to any one about his ambition, but with the dream always in his heart, he continued in his blind dedication to the choir. In a year he was full librarian. Every one accepted him as a matter of course. He not only handled the music during "Massa," but was responsible for it Sunday afternoons. Mr. Jefferson found him sitting in the choir, day after day before service, looking up at the cross with passionate hunger in his eyes—the cross he was going to carry some day. No one knew that he saved his pitiful little pennies and bought a pair of white gloves that he might touch the shaft that supported the golden emblem. Something in him forbade his touching it until then. Guess it wouldn't make God mad if he touched it—only touched it—when he had white gloves on like the tall fair young man wore. Every Sunday when he went in with the music, he put on the gloves, and looking about him, walked over and gingerly clasped the smooth wood. Once he grasped it firmly and lifted it a little to try its weight, and then, in sheer panic at his temerity, fell down in a little heap and buried his face in his hands. . . .  
But some day . . . some day! . . .  
Meanwhile the boy had discovered the choir gymnasium. No longer did he come only Friday nights and Sundays; he was at the church every day, a leaping, tearing young demon on the basketball floor, playing with an elemental energy that was the despair of the less toughly nurtured lads of the neighborhood. Hot dam! It was sure a swell place. (Later, when he was making his way upward in local prize-ring circles, he trained there!) Straight and strong he grew; straight, with his head held high and a clear, unwavering light in his dark-blue eyes, for always in his heart he saw himself dressed all in white, carrying it proudly, marching . . . while the organ groaned and he tingled with breathless ecstasy.  
Some three years later the tall, fair young man went away to college. Fritz heard about it on a Friday night. His heart bounded, but he said nothing. His eyes never failed him; he was chosen to fill the place. It was destiny. His time had come, that was all. Although but sixteen, he was fully as tall and, it must be said, a bit broader of shoulder and more slender of waist than the fair young man. He was ready. Only his heart beat so, and why was he out of breath like that? Been running? Funny! All day Saturday, he thought of it; he could eat no supper. He felt it fey, no stage-fright—no, it was the shams, the thrill of attainment—the humility of bewildered realization. Tomorrow! To-morrow! Strangely enough, he slept well. Sunday morning he got up early—they'd all sure think he was crazy takin' a bath at eight o'clock Sunday morning, but aw, let 'em think. The cross was awful clean, awful clean. He scrubbed and scrubbed. . . . Arriving at the church a full hour early he put the music out, and then, with just a little touch of dignity, stepped to the crucifer's locker and opened it. There the spotless garments, the silken cord for his waist. He found himself trembling. Brushing a sudden hot tear from his eye, he took off his coat. Gravely, and with reverent care he donned the vestments as he'd seen the tall, fair young man do so many times. The doves he started to put them on, then stopped, drew them off and reached into the inside pocket of his coat and took out the pair he had bought so many months before. He knew they were clean. Then folding his hands, he stood tall, erect, a little pale, looking off into space. Thus Andrew Jefferson found him upon entering. There was a sudden small commotion, a whispering in the passageway, a wisp of words trailing through the air—"awful boy . . . explain after-ward . . . no, just go into the church—by the front door. . . ." Rather red in the face the choir-master walked over to Fritz and for just a moment looked searchingly at the oblivious boy—the boy with the grave white face who scarcely saw him. "Crucifer!" he muttered to himself, then, with an effort, remarked in his usual matter-of-fact voice: "Better go into

the chancel and get the cross, Fritz, the boys are all ready, and I'll be going in shortly."  
That was all—after bringing a substitute crucifer all the way from the cathedral and suddenly dismissing him at the door! That was, in fact, Andrew Jefferson.  
There may have been one or two self-absorbed souls in the congregation who did not notice their new crucifer that morning, but a hush fell on the rest as Fritz, his eyes fixed on the altar, led the choir toward the chancel. The professional, "Onward Christian Soldiers," rolling from the organ and carried upward by the boy sopranos, seemed to take its very spirit from him.  
Some months later Fritz stroled into St. Barnabas's church. He could strol in to Engine House No. 40, as he often did at noontime to while away a few free minutes after lunch; he liked firemen—good, square guys, they were, husky men who lived a glamorous life. Big Bill Keefe was his particular crony, and as usual they got into a friendly scuffle. Panting, straining, Fritz suddenly felt his friend relax—an alarm was coming in. "St. Barnabas's church," said the captain briefly. Fritz sniffed indulgently. "You're crazy!" he yelled, as the big truck rolled through the door. "That place couldn't burn!" Suddenly he found himself running beside the truck; with a clean "flip" he was on the running-board. The driver made an angry gesture, but it was too late to put him off. "They're crazy, that place couldn't burn!"—Fritz said it over and over, but his stomach felt as though a big hand were squeezing it. Clang! Ah-vo-hoo-oo-oo! Bell and klaxon cleared the way. "They're crazy, that place couldn't burn!"  
But it was burning. Roaring. Smoke and flames like sinister claws tore and gutted the beautiful stained-glass windows. A crackling doomsday tempest of destruction filled the air, hoarse shouts and the hiss of steam meeting white heat. Three companies were already there, working like demons, when No. 40 got in to play. Fritz watched it all like one in a trance. It couldn't—this was the church—it couldn't be burning! But it was; burning, all fire inside, smoke and flames, burning the seats, burning the organ, burning the altar, burning the cr—! With a sharp intake of breath that broke in a dry sob, Fritz bolted through the police lines. Incredibly fleet he was on the steps before he was noticed. "Here," barked a fireman, seizing him roughly, "get out of here!" and with a vicious push he sent him hurtling down to the sidewalk again. Fritz jumped to his feet and ran back up the steps. "Lissen, fer Gawd's sake lissen!" he shrieked, grabbing the fireman's arm, "y' don't understand—the CROSS is in there an' gonna burn all up, it's gonna burn—I got to get it—I tell you!"  
He started wildly to push by. The fireman jumped in front of him. "Say-y-y!" he bawled, "you wouldn't last two minutes—yuh'd fry like an oyster—you can't go in there!" Fritz's eyes became white coils. He coughed warily. "Can't HELL!" he shrieked; "I work here!" Quick as a swirling leaf, his feet shifted, and his great right fist flashed through the air, swift, terrible, final, like a bolt of lightning. It found its mark. The fireman dropped like a felled ox. And Fritz went in. . . .  
—By Kenneth Griggs Merrill in Scribner's.

Seasonable Don'ts.  
There are several important rules to follow for the successful operation of the car in winter. Here are a few reminders:  
Don't forget to change the oil every 500 miles, even if the car has an oil filter.  
Don't try to rush a snowdrift or a mudhole. Go slowly and get through.  
Don't close all the windows of the car. Signals are essential to motoring safely.  
Don't fail to refill the battery with water every two weeks and check the charge.  
Don't drive without chains on a slippery road, and don't drive on a dry road.  
Don't fail to check the anti-freeze solution regularly, if a volatile substance is being used.  
Don't get close to the car ahead when traveling fast on a slippery road. It takes more room in winter.  
Don't twist the steering wheel suddenly when ice and snow are on the road. Front-wheel skids are the most dangerous.  
Don't use the choke excessively or run too rich a carburetor mixture. Never leave the choke out when the engine is warm.  
Finding Him Out.  
Dick: "In this package is something for the one I love best in all the world."  
Mrs. Morgan: "Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—The Messenger of Southern California.

FIRST 4-BILLION CORPORATION IN US IS A. T. & T.  
The United States, richest of all nations, has produced its first four-billion dollar corporation.  
The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., made public recently, places that corporation at the head of all other industrial concerns in this country.  
Second to the A. T. & T. is the United States Steel Corporation with assets of nearly \$2,500,000,000. Next in order, all in the billion dollar class, come Southern Pacific railroad, Pennsylvania lines, New York Central railroad, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Union Pacific railroad, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, General Motors and Ford Motor Co.  
The A. T. & T. establishes its lead through a combination of its individual worth and that of the Bell Telephone system of which it owns 93 per cent. A. T. & T. assets as of December 31, 1927, are listed as \$1,949,690,057, and assets of the Bell system at \$3,457,467,311.  
Other respects in which the A. T. & T. is first include:  
Employees—at the end of 1927 the company had on its pay roll 308,911 persons, enough to populate a city the size of Columbus, O.  
Stockholders—423,580, more than half of whom owned from one to ten shares each. (The Ford Co. has only three stockholders, Mr. and Mrs. Ford and their son, Edsel.)  
Amount of stock—1,032,420 shares.  
Earnings—\$128,614,000 in 1926 (\$117.6 a share).  
Dividends—\$9 a share since 1921 and never less than \$7.50 in the last 46 years. In 1927 dividends totaled \$93,790,000.  
Behind this vast achievement lies much of the romance of America's industrial growth, the conquering of mountain and plain by the men who went out to string up the first of the telephone and telegraph wires which are operated in its own name and the telephone lines of its subsidiary, the Bell system. The A. T. & T. owns 56,822.895 miles of wire, the equal in length of 236 lines from here to the moon.  
Although the company's chief source of revenue is from telephones, it also makes millions of dollars annually by leasing wires to press associations, newspapers and brokers. The wires on which this dispatch was delivered to newspapers through the country is leased from the A. T. & T. by the United Press.  
The company's report says that at the end of 1927 it was operating 18,356,000 telephones and that during the year 20,145,421,995 calls were made, a daily average of 55,195,677.  
In the last five years the A. T. & T. has spent \$1,800,000,000 on improvements, additions and replacements. In the next five years it expects to spend two billion dollars in the same way.  
Reviewing some of the company's achievements in 1927, the report says that its scope has been widened to include transatlantic radio telephony, television, extension of telephone service to Mexico and continental Europe and transmission of pictures across the Atlantic by radio.  
Dog Licenses Hit Record Total in 1927 with Few Arrests.  
With 3000 fewer prosecutions, 2500 more dog licenses issued and \$10,000 less paid for damages caused by dogs in 1927, the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, established a new record for dog law enforcement in the Commonwealth.  
Through the vigorous enforcement of the law with the co-operation of the public and of local officials, 500,312 dogs carried licenses during the year—more than ever before in the history of Pennsylvania. Other figures issued by the bureau likewise reveal that this general observance of the provisions of the dog law was accomplished with only 6051 prosecutions compared with only 9150 prosecutions the year before.  
Keeping dogs under control at all times, as is required by law, has proven a great aid to livestock and poultry, particularly the sheep industry, bureau officials explain. During 1926, a total of \$54,665 was paid by the Commonwealth for sheep killed and injured by dogs compared to \$49,450 for 1927, a decrease of over \$5000. Likewise, \$8657 was paid for damages to poultry in 1926 compared to \$8040 in 1927, a decrease of \$617.  
Since the roving, uncontrolled dog has been one of the most destructive enemies of wild life, the rigid enforcement of the provisions of the dog law has proven as great a protection to this wild life as to domestic animals. As a result, sportsmen and farmers alike have shown great interest in the proper licensing and control of dogs.  
The dog law enforcers are now busy in communities throughout this State and a number of prosecutions have resulted because people have not been as prompt about getting 1928 licenses for their dogs, as for their automobiles.  
Last year there were 3494 licensed dogs in Centre county and twenty-nine prosecutions for violation of the dog law.  
Average Car Used 430 Gallons of Gas in 1927.  
Gasoline consumption for each automobile registered in the State increased from 391 gallons in 1926 to 430 last year.  
Arthur P. Townsend, budget secretary who spends his days juggling imposing columns of figures to make sure that each department is keeping within its spending allowance, worked out the consumption figures on the basis of the gasoline tax paid during the year.  
As there is no way of checking the amount of gasoline bought in Pennsylvania by tourists, Townsend believes that the average automobile owner uses less than 400 gallons each year. On the same basis it is estimated that the average mileage for each automobile is between 5000 and 6000 miles a year.  
—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

STATE'S STONE PRODUCTION EXCEEDS CALIFORNIA'S GOLD.  
Pennsylvania's annual production of stone has a greater value than the production of gold in California according to compilations made by the bureau of typographic and geologic survey in the Pennsylvania Department of Internal Affairs. The gold output in California each year reaches approximately \$13,000,000 while the output of Pennsylvania's quarries has a value annually of about \$19,000,000. In the value of stone, Pennsylvania ranks second, Indiana being first. In tonnage, however, Pennsylvania is a strong first.  
Limestone is the chief product in Pennsylvania, the production totalling about 13,000,000 tons with a value of approximately \$13,000,000. Sandstone is second with a tonnage of 1,502,000 tons and a value of \$2,625,730. Basalt ranks third with 1,472,000 tons valued at \$2,063,000. Pennsylvania's granite output totals about 270,000 tons each year with a value of \$692,000.  
Much of the granite quarried in Pennsylvania is sold rough for building construction while most of the basalt or trap rock is sold crushed for concrete, road material and railroad ballast. The sandstone output includes a large quantity used for refractory matter, such as ganister, another large lot for concrete and road material and lesser quantities for building construction, curbing, paving block and flagstones.  
The lime stone output in the State finds its way into many uses. Limestone for building purposes has a value of approximately \$34,614 annually; concrete and road metal \$4,879,478; railroad ballast \$149,578; fluxing stone, \$7,371,706; glass factories, \$130,467; paper mills, \$37,885; agriculture, \$307,874; other uses \$535,794. These figures do not include several million tons of limestone used annually in the making of Portland cement.  
Florida, Illinois, New York and Ohio produce more crushed limestone for concrete and road metal, but Pennsylvania leads all States in the output of fluxing stone, Michigan being second with 6,627,000 tons. Pennsylvania ranks first in quantity of limestone sold to glass factories, and second in that sold to paper mills.  
According to the Department of Internal Affairs, the State's stone resources are almost unlimited and this rate of production can be continued indefinitely. Common stones serving no useful purpose other than as part of the earth's surface, are thus annually converted by the activity of Pennsylvania quarrymen into more dollars than can be mined from the gold output of the country's leading gold-producing State.  
The Pennsylvania State College Extending Its Service to Industry.  
Announcement of a survey of apprentice training in fifty of the largest industrial firms in the eastern United States and that a new record has been set for correspondence study was made today by Professor J. O. Keller, head of the department of engineering extension at the Pennsylvania State College.  
The aim of the industrial survey is to determine how the college extension department can enlarge its scope of service to Pennsylvania industry. A critical study is being made of the apprentice training methods in other States and the survey is to be extended within the next few weeks to Pennsylvania plants. All systems of employee training will be included by the college specialists. In the end they hope to be able to present constructive suggestions and to aid as specialists in servicing and inaugurating apprentice training courses of study.  
The industrial, engineering, liberal arts and business home study courses offered at cost through State aid by the department recently reached a new peak through the enrollment of 250 employees of the West Penn Power company. Group enrollments in large numbers have come in the past few weeks from other companies. This branch is but one of the many features of engineering extension service that is more rapidly than ever causing Pennsylvania industries to realize that in their State College they have an outstanding educational service institution.  
Agree on Uniform Types of Signals.  
The Department of Highways, the Public Service Commission and railroad companies have agreed upon the establishment of a uniform type of warning signals for all railroad grade crossings on the State highway system. These light signals are track-circuited flashing signals, and where these are not clearly visible for a distance of at least 500 feet on the road and at all dangerous approaches to overhead and under grade crossings of railroad tracks by State highways, there are to be provided continuously intermittently flashing beacon lights of the so-called "blinker" type.  
State Police Records Show Criminals' Race.  
Although no figures are available for all the arrests made in Pennsylvania, State police indicate that while but 15 per cent of the Commonwealth's population are aliens, they commit 38 per cent of the crimes. Less than one per cent of those arrested were negroes.  
A detailed study of the 103,874 arrests made during the past year showed that 8950 were first offenders, 176 had been arrested previously and 1748 were listed as habitual offenders.  
Weather Has Little Effect on Arrests.  
Statistics of the Pennsylvania State police indicate that weather conditions have little bearing on crime committed throughout the Commonwealth. One thousand one hundred and seven arrests were made in July and 905 in January, with the monthly average 907.  
During the last quarter, 210,500 gallons of illegal beer were destroyed.