

Bellefonte, Pa., June 1, 1928

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

Don't crowd and push on the march life. Or tread on each other's toes,

For the world at best, in its great unrest Is hard enough as it goes. Oh, why should the strong oppose the

weak 'Till the latter go to the wall On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers, There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind And drops from the toiling band, If fear and doubt put his soul to rout Then lend him a helping hand. Cheer up his heart with words of hope Nor season the speech with gall; In the great highway, on the busiest day, There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer Steps out on your track ahead, Don't grudge his start with an envious

heart, For the mightiest once were led. But gird your loins for the coming day-Let nothing your heart appall; Catch up if you can with the forward may There is room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well. You should get to lead the van, Brand not your name with a deed shame,

But come out an honest man. Keep a bright lookout on every side, Till, heeding the Master's call, Your soul should go, from the world be

Where there's room enough for all.

GET YOUR MAN.

Somewhere in Southampton there is a large and lavish house called, for no particular reason, Great Meadows. It has a banquet hall, a Roman swimming-pool, a built-in organ, two picture galleries and, on the high stone entrance gate-posts, half a dozen very evil and not a very medieval gargoyles. It is lived in by an elderly couple

with poor digestions.

To the left of the house, quite a distance away and wholly hidden by the intervening shrubbery, is a small and charming cottage, very Queen Anne. This is the alleged Dower House and it is called Little Meadows.

It has a sun-porch, a garden and a very small pool with obese goldfish. Since income is income and living is proportionately higher for the rich than for poor, the cottage is rented out every summer by the out every summer by the owners of Great Meadows, to whom it belongs. The rental is high even for Southampton. For it is considered that the cottage derives much eclat from the near-by benevolent presence of the picture galleries and the banquet hall. The tenants of Little Meadows are always desirable and twice a season dine with their landlords-not very

For several seasons the small house has been leased by Mrs. G. Cunning-

Mrs. Lawton was a widow with three daughters and a moderate income. Thus in twelve words you have tragedy-in New York. For Mrs. July, she sat on the steps of the cot-Lawton was to the manner born and tage, Little Meadows, with her pointall that sort of thing, her position in ed chin in her hands, deep in meditasociety being impeccable. It was un- tion. She was reflecting upon her fortunate that Lawton had died from terror brought on by unwise speculations, leaving his handsome and vivacious widow with a trio of fledgling grl children to educate and to marry game hunting. And an ability, she off. It was still more unfortunate that the clever lawyers could salvage so little for themselves and so much

less for the bereaved family.

At their father's death Dora was ten, Maude was eight and Letty was six. They were healthy, husky childen, all pretty, all well-mannered. They took governesses, ponies, expensive schools, silk smocks and dancing slippers for granted.

Mrs. Lawton had a good deal of hard common sense. She mourned her husband sincerely because she had loved him. She was irritated by his lack of foresight and the outburst of recklessness which had caused him to risk and to lose the major portion of his inherited capital. However, it was done and she had three growing problems on her hands.

Remarriage did not appeal to her. It would be, she reflected, a very unusual man who would be willing to take over the support of three little girls as well as of herself. Nothing remained to her, as she saw it, but to invest what money she had left in her daughters, thus turning them from liabilities into assets.

With care and management it could be done. The girls must make brilliant matches. They promised beauty and two of them, at least the elder two, were docile. Letty at six showed an extraordinary will of her own. That, however, might be overcome.

Mrs. Lawton was no weakling. She therefore divided her time between living cheaply abroad and expensively at home. It was out of the question to educate the three girls in America in the costly manner in which they should be eduacted. just as absently. Therefore she placed them in a good Her little ears and inexpensive school in Brussels and she lived during the school term pension near by. The Lawtons came home for the summer vacations.

As the girls grew up Mrs. Lawton increased her expenditures during the summer months. She took Little was, so legend had it, the most bor-Meadows and she settled down to a planned campaign. People comments so much money that even rich folk "Come and swim," said Letty. ed upon the charming and gentle spoke of him with awe. He would manners of the Lawton girls. They inherit more when his uncle died of spoke flatteringly of the advantages indigestion. He had half a dozen of a European education.

children were sound, thorough and not crude. ly instilled into the receptive young brains the hunting technique of the ed. And yet, despite rumors, no working ages. The girls understood perfectly man had succeeded in putting her that until Dora married, Maude and brand upon him. He was the most Letty must be content with compara- indefatigably hunted young man in tively little. They must scrimp along as best they could. The same would "Mrs. Evans spoke of our coming

hold true for Letty when Dora had succeeded in her great quest and Maude came next into the arena.

Therefore one girl at a time. Dora and Maude made their debuts. They made good debuts, solid, satisfactory and not splashy. They belonged to the Junior League and they never lacked invitations. Turn about. The blond Dora first, for a season at Palm Beach with her delightful and expensive clothes, under the chaperonage of a kindly and impeccable married couple. Next time it would

be Maude's turn. Thus far Mrs. Lawton's plans had proceeded without a hitch. It was in her first season as that retarded despite the inculcated rules, guaranteed not to fail, Dora remained single A teed not to fail, Dora remained single for two years. She was pretty, well-bred, something of a linguist; she ears, a jade holder for her cigaret. was gentle, domestic and just athletic enough to hold her own on links or men, or more specifically A Man, with utmost carelesness: would mean her salvation, she looked up to the sex as superior and allprovident.

But there are a great many pretty girls in the world and not enough young bachelors who are also millionaires to go around. In despair and also in love, Dora Lawton married the delightful young secretary of a steel magnate and settled down in the Oranges, quite happily.

Mrs. Lawton made no scenes.

There was nothing she could do to to beauty. advantage. At least Jimmy Peters would support her child, and if he could contribute nothing to the two remaining campaigns, Dora was off her hands. Next came Maude, dark and rather dashing, encouraged to a as an amateur swimmer. Mrs. Lawton had not believed in compressing her three into one mold; she studied their types and allowed them, within limits, to develop their personalities. Maude's debut was even better than Dora's. She had two Florida seasons. She was a litle shrewder than Dora, a little harder. She went out on the millions—when she incontinently fell in love with a he-man from Texas who raised cattle but was no Croesus. Being by nature ardent and demanding, she married him forthwith, and proceeded to bury herself in the Southwest, where, she announced, she intended to have a baby a year and

to study lynching. Mrs. Lawton was downcast but she was not beaten. She no longer had Maude to clothe and to feed. There remained her one last card, little red-headed Letty, the last of the trio, one attractive. Surely one out of three. Letty was now twenty. She understood what was expected of her. The other two girls had been of a decent reticence, but Letty was appalingly frank. Her sisters had failed in their quest for the Golden Fleece, Letty reflected with a grin, and it was now her turn to make an attack upon mascounts and by her success honorably to retire her mother from those lists which were beginning to classic features and whiten her naturally bronze hair.

"I'll do it or die!" vowed Letty. Today, which was a week-day in ever.

weapons. Youth, gaiety, good looks, good clothes and a very excellent training thought, to profit by her sisters' mistakes. For they had made mistakes. certainly, or it would have been Park Avenue and the East and not Orange and somewhere-near-Dallas.

She ran over mentally the methods which she had watched Dora and Maude employ. Be athletic-if he is.

game. Cling a little but withhold a little

more. Learn to cook. Be interested in Let him talk about himself. Never

Never, as you value your life, pur-

switch the subject.

There seemed to be a million other regulations but these appeared the most important. Dora and Maude had obeyed all these little behests. Had it got them

anywhere much? It had not! observed their little sister. There must be something wrong with the system. She rose and strolled into the house just as the maid was bringing the tea things. She cast herself upon a convenient divan and viewed her stately parent, who was sitting erect in a ties for the evening. tall-backed chair and handling the

teacups deftly.
"Mortimer Evans is returning to this country. He will be at Great Meadows next week," observed Mrs.

Lawton casually. Letty sat up straight on the divan; her leaf-brown eyes sparkled. Absently she accepted a cup of tea and a lettuce sandwich which she nibbled

Her little ears were pricked under the thick thatch of cropped and curly hair. Her heart beat a little faster. in a quiet and equally inexpensive It was as if, after hunting rabbits, she should suddenly be asked to participate in a lion hunt.

Mortimer Evans was the nephew of houses and a couple of yatchs. He Mrs. Lawton's methods with her played the finest game of polo in America; he was thirty years old; She gradually and clever- he had not figured in any too-horrible scandals; he was completely orphana tone of extreme ennui. Mrs. Evans was young Mortimer's

Letty gave a moment's consideration to her wardrobe.
"That will be nice," she observed briefly and wriggled her slim shoulders as a litle ripple of excitement

coursed through her being.

Mrs. Lawton gave a nod, a cryptic gesture. Letty had, to be sure, a will of her own, but Letty, she reflected, had more brains than the other two girls put together. The night was fixed for the ten-

ants of Little Meadows to go up to unfortunate that Dora did not marry Great Meadows and dine. Letty stood before the mirror when the things somewhat for Maude. But time came to start and surveyed her-

Silver slippers and stockings woven enough to hold her own on links or as of moonlight. Entirely new, this court. And having been taught that outfit. Her mother had remarked

"You had better come to town with me and get one or two little things. The sea air. Hard on frocks." frocks."

Letty studied her face, its charm, its irregularities, its good points, its poor. The nose wasn't much, the mouth wide, scarlet, laughing, the skin as perfect as nature and care could make it, the eyes very lively. There were dozens of girls right here in Southampton with more claim

She sat down in a low chair. She rehearsed all the rules. Then she thought, sitting up very straight: But stantly asleep. everyone knows 'em. And-they don't always work . . .

Why not, she asked herself in a little genteel daring and rather famed flash of excitement, reverse them? It wouldn't hurt—to try? Her mother called so she picked up her cloak and went down-stairs. The small car which Mrs. Lawton maintained waited at the door. The two women settled themselves and rode

up the driveway of Great Meadows in Had Mrs. Lawton spoken she would chase with something of the spirit of Diana. She was almost within sight of her goal—bland and plenty

But such words had no place in Mrs. Lawton's phraseology. So she said nothing until after they reached the portals when, alighting, she mur-mured plaintively in Letty's ear that she hoped old Mr. Evans would temper his meal for the prodigal nephew for once. She was tired, she inti-mated, of a thin soup, an entree, bran biscuit, fruit salad and one glass of

The Evanses' dinner-party was small one. There were two other girls besides Letty, very pretty girls, very rich girls. There were some headed Letty, the last of the trio, one very rich girls. There were some most difficult in many ways the most young men and an elderly bachelor of standing to take Mrs. Lawton in and three couples of uncertain age. The meal was not served in the banquet hall and was an improvement on the usual regime of the family.

Letty sat opposite Mortimer Evans. He was tall and rather blond. Very tanned. He looked excessively bored. He had beautiful teeth and attractive culine susceptibilities and bank ac- ugliness of countenance. He wore good clothes carelessly. He had an insolent manner. He sat between the two other girls, who fluttered and cooed and were provocative, while he listened, barked at them now and then and looked more bored than

Letty's eyes brightened. Very big game, very difficult, very worth while. She had determined to play -but differently. She would smash every known rule to smithereens. She had only one rule that she kept inflexible secret, her own. She looked at him again and experienced a breathless excitement. She thought it would not be hard to obey that regulation!

After dinner there was a little dancing for the young people and bridge for the elders. Letty and Mortimer Evans danced together once. Mrs. Lawton, rising, while dummy, to view the youngsters with a tolerant smile, saw this with some Don't be too athletic-no man anxiety. The other two girls were likes a woman to beat him at his own much more in evidence than her own child. She went back to the bridge table and overbid her hand out of sheer nervousness.

Letty gave herself to Mortimer Evan's whipcord arms. He danced very well. So did she. She did not utter a word during the progress of the fox-trot. When the music-which was

superior phonograph—ceased, he said suddenly: "Why so silent?"
"I didn't feel like talking," she

answered, looking at him very directly with no-discernible-trace of Mortimer Evans laughed. "And do you always do just what you feel like doing?" he asked.

"Always," was her answer and that

At nine o'clock he arrived in the

On the way home Mrs. Lawton sighed against the upholstery of the car. Questions burned on her lips. What did he say? When will you see

him again Why did you dance with him only once? But she asked nothing. She was far too wise.

The following morning Letty encountered her prey on the bathing beach. She looked at him critically. Lean but not too lean. Very brown. Nice legs. She suffered no disillu-

signment He did not come near her. Her cue, of course, was to remain at her distance until the Overlord signaled his approval by an approach, or else to close in by skillful and imper-

He looked at her in amazement. He was so dazed that he allowed himself to be detached from the group and followed her into the cold, buoyant water. Letty turned over on her back, exhibited her slim green legs to the blue sky overhead and stared into the distance.

"Nice," she murmured drowsily. He said in the fashion that had never yet failed to disconcert the doves: "Why did you drag me away?"

to dine," remarked Mrs. Lawton in I want to loaf and invite my soul." To his astonishment he remained there with her. What an odd little

> person! After a while she said: 'I've had enough. Let's go and sit on the Have you cigarets in your bathrobe?

> He had. They found a sunny and more or less solitary spot and sat down tingling and dripping. Mrs. Lawton, not far off, under a scarlet beach umbrella, observed them. Really she might have known she could

depend on Letty.

Letty was still silent. She seemed as bored as Evans usually felt. He experienced a sudden desire to entertain her. It was rarely that he exerted himself but he did so now. He told her, sifting the warm sand through his fingers, of an ex-perience he had had swimming off some obscure Greek island or other. He talked on waiting for the ex-clamations of astonishment and attention that usually came when he condescended to tell this particular tale-and which was not often. Letty lay back against a heap of sand and

smoked with her eyes shut.
"Why," she asked, abruptly, "must men always talk about themselves?" He stared at her. There seemed no adequate answer.

"If you expect me to be flattered by your interest in your own exploits, Othello," she remarked, yawning, "you're mistaken. I'm sleepy. But go on talking. I like it. It's like being read aloud to."

She turned over, put a slender tan-ned arm under her head and fell in-

Evans gazed at her in wonder. He had never met such a rude young woman in all his life. Women were nev-er rude to him. You don't insult bachelors and bank accounts, not if you're in your senses. He marveled why he did not rise and leave this insolent chit. But he did not. He remained where he was, watching her even breathing, and smoking cigarets. Before him there was the heave and unrest of blue water. Down the beach there was talk and laughter and the flash of white arms and the colorful display of scant bathing suits. Here, with Letty asleep beside him, there was rest and peace and time for reflection.

In half an hour she woke up, wide awake as a child, flushed from her perfectly genuine nap, and smiled at

"Thanks. I had a lovely sleep." She got to her feet and held out her "Come along." Mechanically he took her cool fingers in his brown clasp and rose to his feet.

"I'm going in," said Letty. "What are you doing this afternoon?"
"I hadn't planned—" he muttered.
"Let's play some golf. 'Ill expect
you at Little Meadows at two. Give me a stroke a hole if you're any on the beach." good."

She nodded, smiled fleetly and ran down the beach. Evans stayed where "Why?" he was, gaping unbecomingly. What the devil was her game? Walking thoughtfully back to the

bathing houses he wondered—had she a game at all?

They golfed. She played a good game, he played a better. He was astonished to find himself on the links at all. He had not meant to show up. But something after two o'clock found him at Little Meadows.

"I hope I haven't kept you waitappeared, slender and gay in a sweater suit of green. "Ten minutes. It doesn't matter

much.' He followed her out to his small foreign car with his head spinning. It wasn't fair. They always said, hastily, "Oh, not at all—I just this minute came down-stairs," or else they pouted, "It's been ages—how could you?" and looked at him slantwise through long lashes.

Letty's lashes were not long, he observed. They were short and thick me! and rayed out from her brown slightly almond-shaped eyes like those of a Japanese doll.

They had tea. He found himself exerting himself to entertain her. When they came back to the house she asked:

"Are you going over to Good Ground for the Morrows' supper dance tonight?" He answered cautiously: "I hadn't

made up my mind."
"Well, let's go," said she casually.
"I'll be ready at nine." She threw him a smile and a little nod and disappearad into the house. He remained on the door-step, in deep

puzzled thought. How did she get that way? He hadn't wanted to go. He had no in-

At nine o'clock he arrived in the constituted their exchange of civili- little car. Letty came out immediately, climbed in beside him and sighed

The supper dance proved amusing after all. He had not danced with many other girls. Letty appeared to claim him, frankly.

Once they wandered out and con-templated the old figurehead in front of the hotel. "I'm going to climb up!" announc-

ed Letty. "Why on earth?" "Oh, one does. You kiss the brute

or something and then make a wish." She raised a small foot and climbed nimbly, implanted a loud salute on the impassive cheek and then climbed down again.

He said, huskily: "You—I can't let you go, really. You're so generous, Letty." down again. "What did you wish for?" he

asked, conscious of being on old, familiar ground. "Oh, I didn't wish." "Really?"

anything I want by myself. I do not need a wooden figure to help me," said Letty scornfully. "You're a very determined young

"Yes," agreed Letty simply. On the way back they stopped on the road to contemplate the silver oves: "Why did you drag me away?" shining of the bay. The hills were back of them, around them, lovely and was bored too. But do keep quiet. The road to contemplate the silver shining of the bay. The hills were back of them, around them, lovely and mysterious. Letty sighed. "Well, there's no use running away news while it is news." I was bored too. But do keep quiet. mysterious. Letty sighed.

"It's a very sentimental night," she this time," she announced firmly, "beobserved. "You'd better kiss me."

she made no sign. Evans bent swiftly and kissed her lightly on the mouth. She sat up. Lazy but not cold hands held him

"That's enough. It made it perfect. Now let's go home."

He found his hands shaking as he before . .

They drove home in complete silence. When they had arrived, she gave a firm little hand into his clasp, looked into his eyes and said, Thanks," and ran into the house. It was four minutes before he turned the car and started back to

Great Meadows. Well, he'd be all-fired. He'd keep away from her. He tried. He was not on the beach the next morning. He was nowhere to be seen. Letty made inquiries, guarded and

shrewd. He had taken his car, she learned from his aunt, and gone on a little trip. Oh, just Shelter Island. For luncheon. For the ride. Alone? Yes,

indeed. Letty returned home after her swim. She lunched and then ordered the car. She directed the chauffeur to take her to the ferry at Fairhaven.

Evans would return that way.

Arriving at Fairhaven, she got out, dismissed the car car and went down to the empty beach. She made herself comfortable there, produced three apples, a box of cigarets, a parasol and a book. There she stayed for three mortal hours, waiting and watching.

The sun was low when she saw the maroon roadster. Her eyes were good-the boat was still in midstream.

She rose, closed her book and her parasol, and walked toward the landing. She had had a very pleasant and drowsy afternoon. "Hello! He pulled up the car and stared at

her in astonishment. She climbed in beside him and grinned amiably. "What in the world are-you doing "Waiting for you," Letty answered. The car gyrated. He pulled it back

into the road. "For me? "Yes, your aunt said you'd gone to Shelter Island. I drove down to the ferry and had a nice, lazy afternoon shooting of female deer between De-

He was so astonished that he asked, You are the only interesting man in commissioners. Women bore me, too. There is no use small game seasons. ayed a good like me—that's obvious. And you're nearly as bored with Southampton several sections of the board was taken after reports had been received from several sections of the State telling

be honest about it?" He looked at her frowningly. Then

"I couldn't be bothered to lie," she ing," he began mechanically as she answered, "and I don't see why people do. It's so much simpler the other way."

He stopped the car. "I'm going to kiss you—little witch." "Oh, don't be silly. I don't want to kiss you-now. When I do I'll let you know. But he kissed her. She slapepd his

"But the other night you-" he said so bewildered that he forgot to be angry—"and you said—you like d

"I do. But I don't want to be kissed. At least not here and now. There's a season for all things. It want to go and have tea." They went. They had tea."
It was as she had warned him. It

was impossible to escape her. If he ran away she ran after him. She made no bones about it. She simply said when she had found him: "What on earth made you go to all that bother? You know that we have a better time together than when we are apart."
"Letty," he asked her once, walking

in the magnificent rose garden of the Great Meadows, "Letty, I thought It knew all the ropes. But I don't. Just what sort of of flirtation is this one, anyway?" She stopped on one side of a tall

sun-dial and regarded him thoughfully. There was enough starlight. He could see her small white face, the tossed hair. She spoke deliberately: "I'm not flirting with you." "What on earth are you doing,

then? "I'm being entirely natural, I suppose. Obey that impulse—you know. Oh, don't stand there like a stuffed owl in a dinner jacket. How old are you? Thirty? I'm twenty, this is summer and night-time and a rose garden-come here and kiss me and

don't talk so much." He obeyed, like a man in a dream. She went to his arms with the funniest little crow of satisfaction. She kissed. She said, "you're a darling!" and kissed him again.

She took his hands and led him to a marble bench over which the dark-

ly fragrant standing roses leaned. "Sit down." He put his arm around her but she "Really?"
"No, what's the use? I can get the corner of the curved seat.

"Listen to me, Mort. Do you l-like "I think I am in love with you. At least I supopse it's that-I've never been in love with anyone beforehave you?"

He was absolutely disconcerted. He said, with an effort: "I've thought so.

bserved. "You'd better kiss me." cause I want you and I'm going to Young Mr. Evans nearly fell out of have you. And I think you're an imthe car. Of course girls had asked him to kiss them before—but not in so many words. Letty lay back with her eyes shut and waited. If her heart was pounding in her throat, if her two was were horizon her throat of their control was to be the war her eyes were burning back of their a poor man tomorrow if I loved him, shut lids, if her hands were icy cold, but I'd a darn sight rather marry a rich one—if I loved him. The trou-ble with you is that you have an inlightly on the mouth. She sat up. feriority complex due to your bank-Lazy but not cold hands held him book. You're not bored, really. That's closer. She returned his kiss with an all legend. You've just taken refuge. authentic, if honestly inexperienced, in camouflage—you know—protective coloration. For heaven's sake, be nater and frustrated a second attempt on his part.

ural for once. If you haven't the courage to take a chance in this: world you'll never get very far. Your can't help your money, can you? You'd really not want to be without laid them on the wheel. He found himself unable to speak. Of course it didn't matter. He'd kissed girls He understood dimly that she was He understood dimly that she was proposing to him—if it could be called that. He did not care. He only knew that the weight of gold was: suddenly off his heart and that he was

twenty-one again and as reckless and happy as even at twenty-one he had never been. He put out long arms and took her to him, and kissed hersavagely and tenderly, and savagely and tenderly she kissed him back again. "Letty-Letty-I love you terri-

"Letty—Letty—I love you terribly."

"Me, too," said Letty, in a small muffled voice. "I'm perfectly crazy about you. But oh, Mort, how slow you've been!" After a while she drew him to his feet. "We'll go in and tell the family" she said contentedly.

the family," she said contentedly.

"You know, Mort, you look about ten times handsomer now that you're letting yourself be natural—and you were attractive enough before, as anyone knows. Come on in and break: the news before you weaken." Just before they got to the house

she said "You'll never be sorry, Dar-ling. After all, it had to happen to you some day."

He laughed. He knew he'd never be sorry. He thought to himself . . . all I ever wanted, all I ever hoped to

find . . . love and youth and beauty—and absolute sincerity. He looked down into her eyes and said to her, gravely gay: "You're the only genuine human being I've ever met in my life."
She answered softly: "I know. It's:

not worth while to be anything else. You're always found out." Hand in hand and perfectly happy, loving each other so much that the were illuminated with it, that it radiated from them, star-dust and moonlight, they went into the house.

—By Faith Baldwin in Cosmopolitan.

Changes Announced in Game Regulations.

The entire State will be open to the cember 1 and 15 of the present year, while killing bucks will be punishable Why?" with a \$100 fine, under new regulations issued by the board of games The board also has: Southampton. The rest bore me. announced drastic changes in the

and its people as I am. So why not of the scarcity of forage and the resultant death of deer.

The season for killing of bear has he laughed. "Are you telling the been lengthened and will be from Notruth?" vember 1 to December 15. During November hunters may pursue them only on Thursday, Friday and Saturdays. In December the usual six

day hunting will be allowed.

The Thursday, Friday and Saturday plan also will govern the killing of pheasants, quail, woodcock, male ring-neck pheasants and the three species of squirrels. The season for them will be from October 15 to No-

vember 30.

The rabbit season will be from Octoher 15 to December 15 with the three day stipulation in operation untill December 1. In December the usual six day hunting will be allowed. Raccoons, under the new plan, may be hunted from October 15 to November 30, inclusive. They may be: trapped only during November. The season limit was fixed at 15.

Erecting New Penitentiary.

C. W. Hunt; deputy secretary of the department of welfare, reported; "good progress in the building of the new eastern penitentiary at Graterford, after an inspection of the work under way.

The railroad bridge across the Perkiomen is completed and it is expected that the grading for the railroad tracks will be finished by June 1. The temporary barracks also will be completed then and the management will be prepared to transfer 300 prisoners. One hundred and fortysix prisoners are now housed at the institution in the remodeled farme house and in tents.

Recently a deep well with a power pump was completed giving the institution a supply of 100 gallons per minute of good water.

The new wall to surround the main buildings and enclosing approximately sixty-two acres will be started in the near future. It is expected that: three sections of this wall with the towers will be erected this year.

The Brain Athletes Compete.

A new kind of college athletic contest took place just recently when two teams of 10 students each met in competition between Harvard and Yale. to see which should pass the best examination in English composition and literaturec.

Heretofore, it has seemed as if the physical athletes got most of the scholastic glory. Now if many col-leges and schools would go in for these brain competitions, success in scholarship would be more highly esteemed. There seems a certain disproportion when a successful football play-

er is acclaimed over the entire length

of the country, while the fine scholar may be hardly known in his own college. -The Watchman gives all the