

NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

PURE MEAT IMPROVES HEALTH.

Pittsburg (Special).—The most interesting subject discussed at the closing day's session of the Pennsylvania Live Stock Association was the Pennsylvania meat inspection law, in which the results of the law were explained by Dr. Leonard Pearson, State Veterinarian.

"The State meat inspection law passed by the Legislature provides only ten inspectors," said Dr. Pearson. "Much good has been accomplished, but it is impossible for ten men to cover Pennsylvania and make frequent visits or properly inspect the hundreds of local slaughter houses. Some of these plants are maintained in a most reputable way. Federal, State and city inspection has resulted in wonderful improvement, but more State and city inspectors will be necessary to insure inspection that will safeguard the public at all times against the diseases transmitted by impure meats."

Dr. Pearson pointed to the usually healthy condition of the Jews as evidence of what can be accomplished by properly safeguarding the meat supply. After reviewing the efforts of the Jews to secure pure food since the time of Moses, he said that statistics show that in the crowded Ghetto of New York and other districts of dense population the Jews are afflicted less than any other class of people. He said that tuberculosis among the Jews is only one-third or one fourth what it is among their neighbors.

CHICKEN THIEF SHOT.

Shenandoah (Special).—Exhausted after a long chase, Isaac Bevan, of this borough, was riddled with bullets from two revolvers which his pursuer, Anthony Sinkiewicz, emptied into his body as he lay helpless in a snowdrift. All twelve shots took effect, one passing through the heart, causing almost instant death.

Sinkiewicz had for some time been annoyed by chicken thieves and fixed up a burglar alarm. He was awakened by this alarm, and he and a boarder at his home armed themselves and gave chase to the thief by means of tracks in the newly-fallen snow. The chase led for more than a mile, when Bevan dropped over from exhaustion. Seven chickens were found in a bag which he carried. He was unarmed. Sinkiewicz gave himself up to the authorities and has been charged with deliberate murder.

Two Shenandoah murderers are now under sentence of death at the county prison at Pottsville—Charles Warzel, who will be hanged March 12 for killing a 15-year-old girl because she refused to marry him, and Felix Radzisz, for the murder of his boarding mistress and her 4-year-old son, who had their throats gashed from ear to ear.

ROBBED BY FRIEND.

Pittsburg (Special).—George Elliott, formerly purchasing agent for the Republic Iron & Steel Company, and a man of prominence in corporation circles, was held for court by Magistrate Frank J. Brady on a charge of larceny, made by W. C. Brown, of 7522 Bennett Street. At the hearing Brown testified that Mr. and Mrs. Elliott visited his home, and while there Elliott stole three diamond rings valued at \$500, the property of his wife. These rings Elliott pawned, it is said. In the meantime Brown never suspected his friend Elliott, but had his own servants put under surveillance. No trace of the missing jewelry was secured until the pawnbrokers chronicled a ring with the initials "W. C. E." The pawnbroker furnished a description of the man who made the pledge and it fitted Elliott, who was arrested.

Leg Broken; Goes To Church.

Waynesburg (Special).—Rather than break a record of continuous attendance at church services, Rev. F. A. Bright, pastor of the First Christian Church, was hauled to the church in an automobile despite the fact that he was suffering from a broken leg sustained earlier in the evening. Mr. Bright was on his way to church when he slipped on the icy street and fell.

Mr. Bright has been in the ministry twenty years and has never missed a service. He was taken home and after the broken bone was set insisted on being taken to the church. His physician reluctantly yielded.

Sophomores Go To Jail.

Selinsgrove (Special).—Three members of the Sophomore class of Susquehanna University were arrested here by Pennsylvania Railroad Detective Britton for causing a disturbance at the Pennsylvania Station, when the freshmen were taking a train to attend their banquet.

The scrappy Sophomores were taken to the county jail at Middleburg. President Charles T. Alken hurried to the county seat and secured the students' release, furnishing bail for their appearance at next term of court.

VEIN OF IRON ORE FOUND.

Pittston (Special).—Drillers boring for coal on the mountains west of here accidentally struck a ten-inch vein of iron ore. The find has created great excitement among the farmers, and farms that were for sale have been withdrawn from the market.

The drillers believe there is sufficient iron ore to make the valley as great an iron producer as it is an anthracite producer.

NO THANKS FOR \$2000.

Scranton (Special).—A grateful and unknown man rushed up to David Jenkins, sexton of the Tabernacle Church of West Scranton, and claimed a wallet which the sexton had found on the sidewalk.

"I'm glad to get that," ejaculated the owner, "and I am fortunate in having found it. There is \$2000 in that pocket-book." Then he hurried away without even saying "Thank you."

Jenkins had examined the wallet and found that it was stuffed with bonds and currency.

KINDLED FIRE WITH \$600.

Hazleton (Special).—Leon Repkavitch, a hotel keeper at West Hazleton, never believed in banks and, when several days ago he collected a debt of \$600, he secreted the money in the parlor stove.

When his wife returned from church with several friends she kindled a fire and the \$600 went up in smoke.

When Repkavitch saw the fire he fell over unconscious and it was several hours before he was revived.

TOOK POISON FOR MEDICINE.

Scranton (Special).—Mrs. Barney Mitchell, a bride of a few months, is lying in a serious condition as the result of drinking creoline by mistake for a remedy for throat trouble. She had forgotten that the bottle had been removed from its customary place and taking up the creoline poured the fiery fluid down her throat. Her face was frightfully burned and the internal injuries are of such a nature that her recovery is doubtful.

Insane From Jilting.

Scranton (Special).—Mary Korche, who was jilted a few months ago on the eve of her wedding day, is trying to starve herself to death in police headquarters.

Wandering aimlessly about the streets she was found in the bitter cold and investigation has proved that the failure of her fiancé to appear at the altar unbalanced her mind.

Cut For Refusing To Shave.

Norristown (Special).—Because he refused to shave a man who was under the influence of liquor, John Oliver, proprietor of a barber shop on Cherry Street, was slashed several times with a razor across the arms and chest and badly injured. The man then left the shop and has not yet been captured. Oliver was too weak from loss of blood to give chase. His condition is serious.

Woman Attacked In Her Home.

Johnstown (Special).—According to the story told by the victim, a masked man attacked Mrs. F. W. Stolle on the back porch of her home, choking her until she fainted, threw her upon a couch in the kitchen, and ransacked the dining-room, securing \$30 in cash.

Perished In Sight Of Home.

Mahanoy City (Special).—During a raging blizzard in this region during the night, Patrick McDonald, of Pappanock, lost his way in the storm and dropped unconscious with- in sight of his own home at day-break and died from cold and exposure.

STATE ITEMS.

The Hamburg Silk Company has been awarded a contract by the United States Government to furnish 60,000 black silk mufflers, for use in various departments of the navy and army.

Just as a Mahanoy Plane teamster was driving over the public road on the mountain above Gilberton, the earth collapsed. He was obliged to whip up his team to escape being swallowed up in an immense breach which carried the road into the workings of Gilberton colliery.

Mrs. Kathrina Beckman, 98 years old, of Shamokin, was burned to death. Her dress was ignited by a stove while she was alone in the house.

John Resler was found almost frozen to death near Snyderstown with the thermometer below zero. He had been flung from a sleigh by his horse running away and lay several hours on the road with a number of ribs fractured.

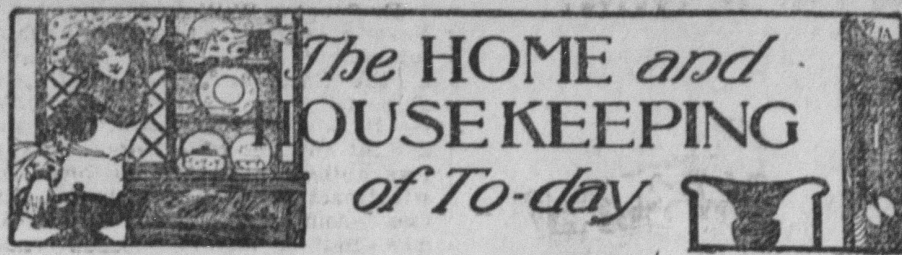
Mathias Yergy, aged 61, a Pennsylvania Railroad foreman at Altoona, dropped dead at his work while talking about the snowstorm.

Neighbors prevented a fire in an Altoona coal house from spreading to the dwelling where Henry Fickes lay critically ill by shoveling snow on the flames, until the firemen arrived.

Members of Conyngham Post, G. A. R., of Wilkesbarre, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the post. State Commander William T. Powell, Assistant Adjutant General Charles A. Snyder and Senior Department Commander Major O. A. Parsons were the guests of honor.

When Conductor Lewis A. Morningstar, of Huntingdon, stepped from his train after being thirty hours on duty he was attacked by a slight stroke of paralysis and fell across the track.

Eight or ten mines in the Pittsburg district are closed and more than 1000 miners are idle because the coal operators insist upon using a new kind of powder recommended by the State mine inspectors, because it is less dangerous. The new powder is more expensive and the miners are demanding a concession in the wage scale.



The HOME and HOUSE KEEPING of To-day

MANNERLESS WOMEN.

Having taken American women kindly but firmly to task, in Harper's Bazar, for their careless and inelegant speech, Henry James has now removed his gloves, and is much more severely reproaching them, in the same periodical, for their bad manners. He says, in the May Bazar:

"When it befel me accordingly, after long years—for it was but a short time since—to move over the American scene more freely than ever before, to travel further across it and to get a nearer view of those people, it, without my happening once, so far as I now recall, to gather from the lip of any woman, young or old, encountered in the hazard of travel, any knowledge of any civility offered or demanded, or any preface, however perfunctory, to any such demand, I seemed to make out as never yet what the old extinct voice had meant, and what extent of deviation the old closed eyes had begun to foresee. There had been, in fine, for a number of persons, the definite, the informed and quickened vision of what it particularly was to be considered; and was I not finally reaping the fruit of the gradual and at last complete failure of that vision?"

"Pursue your pilgrimage long enough, by rail and road, and accidental contacts with your fellow pilgrims (as distinguished from those persons to whom you have been, more intimately, 'introduced,' those acquaintances you have more formally made), naturally ensue; people make inquiries of you, invite assistance, approach or appeal to you, momentarily, on this or that or the other ground. Small incidents and accidents in short occur—of which the main or the only interest may be that they throw a certain light on social conditions. The light thrown then, to my own apprehension, from this general source, during a considerable tour, was, all a confirmation of the truth looming so pretentiously up from the first hour of repatriation, the great truth of the non-existence of any approach to manners on the part of the nation at large. It was more nearly the nation at large that one was thus seeing, as one felt—one's situation being for the time the nearest approach to it one had made and perhaps would ever make; and to the nation at large, in railway trains and hotels, in shops and in city streets, in all centres of the particular life the most gregarious to exhibit, women contributed a vast and conspicuous contingent."

DOCTOR HALE ON WOMAN'S WORK.

In his monthly talk in the Woman's Home Companion, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says:

"Will you please to remember that the bottom rock of American success is the habit or determination that every place, village, town, neighborhood or whatever you call it, shall have home rule. If I and Mr. Goodchild want to have a road and a bridge which shall go back to the rhododendron swamp, we build the road and we build the bridge, with such help as we can get from Mrs. Tucker or from Mr. Champlin, and we do not write to a sub-prefect, who writes to a prefect, who writes to an assistant commandant, who writes to another commandant, who writes to an intendant, who writes to a secretary of engineers, who sends word to us from the seat of government whether we may build the bridge and how we may build it. Lift where you stand expresses the foundation principle, the subsoil, the hard-pan, the bed rock of American life.

"Now, a very queer thing has developed in the evolution of this principle. It has proved that where the men of the country, have been too busy, or have thought they were, to attend to their own affairs, the women have been able to attend to them better than the men do.

"Take this business which I have referred to, of a neighborhood library, feeding a region of not more than 4,000 or 5,000 people. The affairs of that library, if they are well conducted, are conducted by the women of the neighborhood. They know what their children want, they know what their husbands need. And it is very fortunate for the neighborhood and the library that they can harness the horses and can drive themselves to the meetings of trustees and select the books and tell Miss Dorcas how many she may buy."

THE MOTHER'S DECALOGUE.

The following commandments typifying the domestic ideals of the Germans, will be of interest to American women:

1. Be healthy.
2. Be joyful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love. Tenderness is not effeminacy.
7. Discipline as life disciplines. It does not scold, it does not plead, it does not fly into a passion. It simply teaches that every deed has its adequate effect.
8. Do not laugh at the little sorrows of children.

9. In illness and danger protect, nurse, cherish and cheer as much as in your power. And do not weaken your vitality by giving way to anguish and sorrowing. What can be done must be done as well as possible.

10. Do not forget; the happiness of having a child includes the duty of smoothing his way in the world—of endowing him with health, gladness, courage, victory.—Home Herald.

town, in old Greenwich valley, there is a woman cobbler. For 25 years she has been mending shoes of women and children in the old village. She is a cobbler in the old school, and she uses only old-fashioned tools of 50 years ago, when shoes were made to last a couple of years in stead of as many weeks, and the leather that passes under her hands must have certain qualities or she will have none of it. In an up-town street a young woman is engaged in the undertaking business with her father. The girl is a bit sensitive about her business calling, and usually when a too inquisitive person presses her to find out her occupation she throws them off the track by telling them she is helping her parent, who is a planter.—New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch.

POKE BONNETS TO COME.

There is more than a rumor in Paris that the old-fashioned poke bonnet of huge dimensions is about to reappear, and will be looked upon with favor this winter. Whether or not the side ringlets of old renown will be revived again to meet the requirements of this particular style of headgear remains to be seen; but there is no denying the fact that, provided it is fairly reinstated once more the whole style of dress will have to be altered to bring it into focus with early Victorian ideas. As far as can be judged already, the 1907 poke bonnet will be carried out in fine silky beaver or in drawn taffetas or satin the latter providing at present the most popular material for headgear in general. Like all the newest forms of millinery, the brims will be lined with a different color or with glistening white.—Indianapolis News.

NO POOR OLD MAIDS.

The Maiden Insurance Company is a singular Denmark institution. It is confined to the nobility, and the nobleman, as soon as a female child is born to him, enrolls her name on the company's books and pays in a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed annual amount, to the treasury. When the girl has reached the age of 21 she is entitled to a fixed income and to a suite of apartments, and this income and home, both almost princely, are hers until she either marries or dies. The society has existed for generations. It has always prospered. Thanks to it, poverty-stricken old maids are unknown among the Denmark nobility.—New York Tribune.

EXPERT BUTTER MAKER.

Lady Helen Grimston, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Verulam, of the English peerage, has just secured her certificate as an expert butter maker from the Essex County council. She went through the three weeks' course in the work of cooling and separating milk, churning, making butter and managing a dairy at the county dairy school at Chelmsford and proposes to take over the superintendence of a large dairy at Gorhambury.

TRAVEL IN MEXICO.

The queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne upon the back of a man. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such trembling of knees, they cannot be persuaded to put foot upon it. Unable to pay coach hire, they employ the human carrier at a few cents for each trip.—Travel Magazine.

FASHION NOTES.

The silk straw hats are excellent for between season wear.

A scarf of pale mauve is embroidered with amethyst spangles, a gray one with aluminum, a pink with silver.

The wide and narrow pompadour ribbons continue to be popular, but are rivaled by those in Persian designs, with their rich, glowing yet harmonious blending of colors.

A goodly portion of the French model skirts show the return of the ruffle in all its variations as a skirt ornamentation.

The soft, thick suede that looks very much like panne is very popular for belts with tailored blouses of white linen.

The button pins are used where the hair is worn on top of the head.

Those soft sleeves wrinkled all the way from the shoulder to the hand are best made of some very sheer material.

The sallow woman should be taught to eschew tan.

Many a trig sweater being worn by the girls was purchased in the boys' or men's department.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. N. M'GEE WATERS.

Subject: Joy in Work.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In his series of sermons on "The Choice of a Profession," the Rev. Dr. N. McGee Waters, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Sunday May Find Joy in His Work." He said in the course of his sermon:

The story of labor is a checkered one. It is only in our highest civilization that work is coming to its own. In his savage state man is the lazy animal. Indeed, it is not natural for any animal to work, save as it is driven to it by the whip of necessity. This is the view of work we find embodied in the old Genesis story, where labor is set down as a punishment for Adam's sin, where he is told, as he is driven from the Garden, "Thou shalt eat thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." This is not only a very uninspired part of the Bible; but this sentiment certifies that it is a very old part.

How labor was despised received its most signal illustration from the life of Christ. You remember how over the multitudes who heard Him, He cast a spell. All the people said that no man spake as He spake. The loftiest spirits pressed about Him and asked Him if He were the Messiah. Yet they scarcely could believe for joy. And what was the basis of their joy? Their skepticism was all in that question of theirs, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" How could a workman be the real Saviour? They marveled at His wisdom. They confessed that He spoke with authority. They followed Him as sheep follow a shepherd. But He was a carpenter, and so the high and mighty set Him down for a fraud. It was because their eyes were holden that they mistook the dignity of toil for a disgrace.

In some parts of the world that is still true. But increasingly the world is coming to honor the toiler, whether he works in a profession or a trade, and is correspondingly coming to despise the idler, whether he be rich or poor. How much the United States has done with its democracy to bring this about, and with its great men, almost all of them coming from the cabin and the plow, we may never know. Certain it is that New England was the first country since the land of the ancient Jews in which it was counted respectable to earn one's living.

Little do we think, or have taken time to find out, how much our work contributes to our happiness.

Work is a great character builder. I suppose most of us work in order to eat. I suppose if we were generally asked, we would say that the first requirement we made of our labor was that it should clothe us, and feed us, and house us. That is the first requirement and the lowest.

The second and greatest requirement a man makes of his work, whether he knows it or not, is that it shall make a man of him. Your work must bring you bread, but no less it must bring you culture. Somehow or other we are always pitying the boy who is born poor, or the young man who fails at college. It is a hardship and sometimes a pity. There is one man, however, more unfortunate than that young man, and that is the young fellow who is born in a silken nest and goes through college in an automobile. There is nothing wrong about a silken nest, and there is nothing bad about an automobile, except its trail. But you cannot raise an eagle in a silken nest, and it requires far more of a man to amount to anything in college who goes through it in an automobile instead of walking. We are so made that we must have struggle. The reason why rich men's sons rarely amount to anything, is because they never develop their muscles. There is no teacher like work. It must bring him bread, but no less it must bring him culture. "The Man With the Hoe"—he needs not so much pity. Moses was a herdsman; David was a shepherd; Jesus was a carpenter; Benjamin Franklin knew no college—He was a printer's devil; Robert Burns knew no leisure—he was a plowman; Abraham Lincoln wore no soft raiment; but these are our stars of the first magnitude. Even colleges can give culture only through work, and there are some things colleges cannot teach. Literature and history and the liberal arts are at last the ornaments of life; even reading and writing and the rule of three are all named the "conveniences of life."

But these are fundamentals—industry, thrift, courage, honesty, truth, faith, hope, love. These are the threads which, woven together, make the eternal life of man. If you have forgotten these, "though you have gained the whole world, you have lost your own soul," and these may be had for the receiving in every work and calling open to men. When you stand before a task, look for a teacher. If it offer thee not wisdom, despise its wage. If thy calling yield thee not culture for mind and heart, it is but a coffin for thy better nature. Demand of your life work that it shall make a man out of you.

Work is a great influence giver. And here we come upon another blunder. It is not the kind of work you do that gives you influence so much. That is what the world thinks. It is the way you do it. Quality counts for more than kind. It is true, of course, that there are some vocations that in themselves damn the worker. All labor that makes merchandise out of men's wiles is of that sort. It is true also that certain kinds of work give more consideration than others.

The minister, because he is a minister, occupies a larger place in the community than the day laborer. That is, he does it for his ministers. His great calling will not serve in itself. Many a laborer in many a village has been more the voice of God to that village than the parson has been. For, after all, the thing that counts in influence is not money or possession. It is a quality, a thing, an atmosphere. It is personality. So the fineness of a man's work, or the coarseness of it, is the thing by

which he is at last judged in the community.

There is a little town out in Minnesota called Rochester. A few years ago when I was there it only had a few hundred people in it. It was a nice little, commonplace, prairie town. It is not the capital of the State; it is not the seat of the university; the penitentiary is not even there; nor have they a church with relics and working miracles. It is not the home of a United States Senator, nor any politician. And yet it is the Mecca of a pilgrim host. From every State in the Union, from across the sea, from every capital and country of civilization men are journeying to Rochester, Minnesota.

And those who are going are the scholars, the authorities, the masters in surgery.

What attracts them there? Simply this: An old doctor by the name of Mayo has been practicing in that little town for a generation. His two sons, now in early maturity, practise with their father. The fact is that they have been doing such marvelous things with the knife, and such fine work as surgeons, that the great masters from Paris, Berlin and Vienna, as well as this country, are singing their praise, and go out to that little town to sit at the feet of these men, and pay homage to the superiority of their work.

It is always so. If you are remembered at all it is by the things you have done well—whether you have raised a field of corn, sewed a patch on an old garment, made a pumpkin pie, or written a poem.

Work is the great happiness bringer. You all know what a game of nine pins is. You set up so many pins and you roll two balls, and you make a "strike" or a "spare," or else you don't. The game is to knock over as many pins as possible. Men become very skillful in it and gain a great deal of pleasure by doing it. That is the philosophy of all play. It is the erection of artificial difficulties or barriers and learning to overcome them with ease and mark. That makes the exhilaration of tennis, and baseball, and bowling and golf.

I am told, and I do not know anything about it myself, that therein lies the mania for making money. That is a great game. Now, in reality, work is just exactly the same thing. The difficulties to be overcome are not artificial, to be sure, but very real. But they are there, and work is the game of bridging them over with skill and ease and joy.

In its final analysis, for a healthy man there is no game in the world so exciting and so exhilarating as his work. I suppose you long-suffering folk who sit at the desks and are more or less at times tempted to somnolence, have never realized that there was anything exciting about the preaching business. And yet I want to say to you that I know of no keener joy than when well and ready I take a theme and look it through and analyze it, and illustrate it, and mark out the points to be made in its illumination, and then sit down to write a sermon. Your fingers will not fly fast enough. If it turns out well there is a great exhilaration and state of happiness and joy. Making a sermon is a great game.

Now the reason that there is so much happiness in work is because of this fact. All true work is a man expressing himself. We have generally thought that work is drudgery. We want to think about work as expressing a man's message. Stephenson's engine is Stephenson's thought dressed up in steel; Tennyson's poem is Tennyson's thought set down in letters; Watts' "Hope" is Watts' heart hunger put on stone. St. Paul's is Sir Christopher Wren's praise to God put into staves. Why, then, shall not the house builder make his house declare his thoughts? Why shall not the blacksmith make his hammer and anvil express his hope? Why shall not the farmer publish his secret? Almost any man can learn the technical part of any work from carpentry to poetry—but no man hath mastered a trade till it becomes a language through which he can express himself to all men. O, the drudgery of life lies in the fact that we bend above our work like dumb driven cattle with never a secret of our heart told in our work. And this shall be the joy of our life, that we make our vocation proclaim to all the world the truth that God hath put into our hearts!

The Narrow Way.

Matt. 7:13, 14.

Narrowness is Christ's idea of the way of life, a straitened way, the way of truth. For a moment pause and ask: Could it be otherwise? It is 11 o'clock, the orthodox regulator at the watchmaker's points with exactness to that hour. "Very narrow," exclaim all the cheap timepieces of the neighborhood, and they persistently point to all hours from 9.30 to midday, but their boasted liberality is only inexactness, which is another word for untruth.

So orthodoxy in the harbor channel marks with exactness each rock of sunken hulk, and puts its danger signals out. A liberal pilot might be careless of those signals, but the pilot would prefer that the pilot should be overcautious rather than too liberal.—H. E. Partridge, Pomona, Tenn.

A Prayer.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the Giver and Guide of all reason, that we may always be mindful of the nature, of the dignity, and of the privileges Thou hast honored us with. Grant us Thy favorable assistance in the forming and directing our judgment, and enlighten us with Thy truth, that we may discern those things which are really good, and, having discovered them, may love and cleave steadfastly to the same. And, finally, disperse, we pray Thee, those mists which darken the eyes of our mind, so that we may have a perfect understanding, and know both God and man, and what to each is due.—Simplicianus (translated by George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, 1704).

Commit Yourself to God.

Grief for things past that cannot be remedied and care for things to come that cannot be prevented, may easily hurt, but can never benefit me. I will, therefore, commit myself to God in both and enjoy the present.—Joseph Hall.