

Diary of a New Yorker.
 Rose at 7:30 a. m. Closed folding bed.
 Bathed in patent folding tub.
 Cooked breakfast on collapsible electric stove.
 8 a. m.—Left for office with 4,892,368 of my contemporaries.
 8:15 to 9 a. m.—Crushed in subway.
 9:01—Crushed in elevator.
 9:02 to 12 noon—At desk in office.
 12 to 1 p. m.—Automatic lunchroom. Crushed in restaurant.
 1 to 5 p. m.—At desk in office.
 5:30 p. m.—Run over by automobile.
 5:45 p. m.—Run over by street car.
 6 p. m.—Home. Crushed in subway.
 6:30—Dinner at popular table d'hote. Crushed by waiter.
 7 p. m.—To the movies. Crushed in crowd.
 9:30 p. m.—To drug store for soda water. Crushed in crowd.
 10 p. m.—Run over by automobile.
 10:30 p. m.—Run over by street car.
 11 p. m.—Saw a parade. Crushed in crowd.
 12 midnight—Home to folding bed. Crushed.—New York Sun.

To Save Vessels From Sinking.
 Interest has been aroused by an apparatus that has lately been developed to save ocean vessels from sinking after being torpedoed or damaged by collision. The contrivance, which is shown in Popular Mechanics Magazine, comprises a laminated steel disk, to the center of which is attached a series of rubberized canvas cone shaped buckets. In use, the end cone on the chain would be lowered into the water in the vicinity of the hole in a ship's hull. Upon being caught by the rushing water, it would be pulled through the opening. The whole string of buckets would then be lowered along with the disk so that the latter would be pulled in place over the break. The cones, being of flexible material, would be able to pass through an aperture, regardless of its shape. The disk, once in place, would be held by the pressure of the water against the hull.

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A Vast Stage.
 The largest stage in the world is that of the Grand Opera house in Paris. It is 100 feet wide, nearly 200 feet in depth and 80 feet high. The height is measured from the level of the stage to the "flies." The stage of the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, is 101 feet wide, 89 feet deep and 77 feet high.

Not Including Meanness.
 The average human body, besides the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen of which it is chiefly composed, contains 2 3/4 pounds of lime, 1 pound 11 ounces of phosphorus, 2 2-3 ounces of potash, 2 1/2 ounces of sodium, 1 3-5 ounces each of magnesium, sulphur and silica and about one-sixth of an ounce of iron.

Welcome Punishment.
 Ruth was very fond of going to her grandmother's. One day after she had been playing with her little baby sister a little roughly and her mother had reproved her for it, she said: "Why don't you send me to grandma's, so I won't hurt her?"

So There Now.
 "People could live on half the food they eat at present," says a physician. Also, perhaps get along with half the medical advice they are in the habit of taking.—Toronto Telegram.

Costly Curiosity.
 A friend of ours has handed us this interesting definition: Curiosity—Paying a thousand dollars to see your appendix.—New Haven Register.

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THEIR FINAL REST TOGETHER

Soldier's Intensely Pathetic Description of the Burial of Youthful Scottish Officer With His Men.

I stood one night on a certain hill that commands the firing line in an almost soundless panorama. Beside me was an officer of the Second Canadian division, who had just come out. There that night, by its white trail of iridescent light, we could trace the course of the firing line for many miles through France and Flanders.

Just to our left the line of light jutted far out, like a lone cape into the sea. "What is that jutting-out place?" my friend inquired.

"That," I answered, "is the Ypres salient, the Bloody Angle of the British line."

To mention the name of Ypres is to have one's memory awakened with a veritable kaleidoscope of pictures. That trail of light that jutted out into the night looked like a cape, and an iron cape it has been through months and years of war. But the holding of that cape has been at an awful cost, and there was not an inch along that trailing line of light that had not cost its trailing line of blood.

Just after the first gas attack in April, 1915, the whole countryside was in a panic. The roads were filled with civilians in alarm, fleeing down country, and with limbers and marching troops hastening up. I was passing through the town of Vlamertingne, which is situated two miles beyond Ypres. In a field at the side of the road I saw a funeral party. It consisted of several pioneers, serving as grave diggers, a gray-headed Scottish major, and a corporal's guard to act as firing party.

I learned that this inconspicuous group were burying the last original officer of a battalion of the Cameron Highlanders. The dead officer was a young subaltern, and the gray-haired old major was his father, who had come from another regiment to attend the funeral of his son.

So, over in a great deep trench, where a number of the rank and file of the fallen Camerons were already laid, the body of their dead subaltern was placed. As I saw the officer and his men of the bonnie Highland regiment thus laid to rest together, I thought of the requiem of Saul and Jonathan; "They were beautiful in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."—Capt. Arthur Hunt Chute, in the North American Review.

Repair Ship Mysterious.
 The manufacture of a large part of machinery to replace anything broken is almost impossible in the limited space of the battleship's machine shops. But wondrous feats are performed in the repair ships that accompany fleets on stations remote from dock facilities, states a British war correspondent.

The repair ship is a huge floating smithy and machine shop packed with everything that the wit of man can concentrate into the space for treating wounded battleships. These ships employ some of the best artificers from our naval dockyards and are scattered in every quarter in which the British fleet is stationed remote from dock facilities. The Boche has nothing like them and it has been stated that no inquisitive Boche has ever been allowed to intrude his nose aboard one to investigate its mysteries and take the information to his employers of how the strange feats performed by the repair ship are effected. The repair ship is the abode of secrets.

Rides Well at Ninety-five.
 Jockeys, no matter what their age, are generally referred to by those not closely in touch with racing as "the boy on So-and-So," but a stable "lad" still going well at ninety-five is certainly hard to beat. There is one, as shown by the following clipping from the London Sportsman of recent date: "One of the brightest and most alert of the 'lads' riding horses around the paddock at Windsor prior to their races was old Faulkner, the grandfather of the steeplechase jockey of that name. He is ninety-five years old. His memory is of the best and so is his hearing. He has been connected with horses all his life and many a tale of the turf he can tell."

Musical Note.
 A London electrician has invented a safe that is unlocked by a tuning fork, the vibrations of which cause a wire within the safe to vibrate in harmony with them and operate the mechanism electrically.

The Roman "Penny."
 The "denarius," translated "penny," in each of the four gospels was the principal silver coin of the Roman commonwealth. From the parable of the laborers in the vineyard it would seem that a denarius was the ordinary pay for a day's labor (Math. 20:2-13).

Sailor Invents Fire Escape.
 One of the boys aboard our navy's fleet has invented a fire escape which is similar to the rope ladders used aboard ships. His principal object was to provide a collapsible fire escape which could be compactly and conveniently arranged at the window of a dwelling. It consists of a container hinged to the sill in such a manner that by opening the window and folding the container on its hinge the metal ladder may be unfolded and dropped. When this operation is gone through, a means is automatically provided whereby the ladder is held at a distance from the walls of the building. The advantage of such precaution is obvious.

Journalistic Dilettante.
 "What's the matter with the city editor? Two members of the staff are holding him and he looks as if he were about to have a fit."
 "It's the fault of that wealthy 'cub' reporter hired last week. The c. e. told him to cover a Red Cross meeting this afternoon and he said it would interfere with his game of golf."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Extravagance of Economy.
 "There's one form of extravagance I'll tolerate."
 "What is it?"
 "I don't care how much money my wife spends for thrift stamps."

She Makes Him.
 "Mr. Blobbins goes to church every Sunday morning."
 "I've noticed that."
 "Do you suppose he will keep it up as long as he lives?"
 "That depends on whether or not he survives Mrs. Blobbins."

INFLUENCED BY MUSIC

EFFECT OF SWEET STRAINS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Lecturer Urges Farmers to Place Phonographs Near Their Bee Hives and Stables—Tells of Her Own Experiences.

Farmers who want better honey, richer milk, and more of both, should put phonographs near the hives and in the pasture or stable. Dr. Alma Webster Powell, LL. B., M. B., A. M., Ph. D., of New York and Columbia university is authority for the assertion. She declared to an audience at the University of Washington recently, while lecturing on "Music Is a Human Need," that she herself had tried the experiment on her farm, and that it had proved absolutely successful.

Nor are bees and cows the only creatures influenced by music. Doctor Powell and her daughter keep four or five crickets in their hearth, and evenings they attract them forth to a dance in the middle of the living room in their farm home by singing to them. Madam Powell says she has had many scientists as her guests to witness the phenomenon.

Six little crippled girls, of particularly unlovely natures, whom she found in the slums of New York, were other objects of Madam Powell's study. She gave musical training to these children, putting phonographs in their homes, and not only succeeded in entirely reforming their dispositions, but in effecting marked changes in all of those with whom they associated.

At Coney Island, she said she ran a tent where mobs were incited to riot every evening by radical speeches. After a few months of experiment in this direction she introduced music at the meetings, and though the speeches became more fiery than ever the crowds were invariably peaceful.

She contended, as a result of these experiments, that music stirred the sluggish and tranquilized the nervous person, animal or insect.

Madam Powell believes in ragtime for all who like it, and she is one, though a highly educated and successful prima donna soprano and pianist. "A good ragtime piece sets me beating time, and if I don't do it on the outside I feel it on the inside," she said.

Gamblin' Man Led to Repentance.

During the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel, Goat Simmons, the gambling man, "came through" amid a thunderous concomitant of triumphant hosannas. He sprang to his feet with a loud shout and immediately tumbled down in a fit on the floor, where he postured and gyrated like an unfortunate toad in the embrace of a hot cornpoper. An especially animated squirm sent a couple of dice flying from the pocket of the groveling wretch, to be followed a moment later by another which caused a deck of cards to be widely scattered.

"Hallelooyer!" shouted good old Parson Bagster. "It's de sin dat's bein' shuck out'n our sufferin' brudder! Shake him ag'in, Lawd!—shake him twell all de sin am purged fum him!"
 "Dat's right, Lawd!" yelled Brother Bogus. "Keep on uh-shakin' de scamp twell he rattles out dem two dollahs he won off'n me at de lodge last night!"—Kansas City Star.

British Army's Black Bands.

At one time much of the music played to enliven British troops was furnished by black bandsmen. These were first attached to the army in the seventeenth century, owing to one of the guards' bands having refused, in a body, to play at an entertainment organized by the officers. As none of the men were attested, they could not be punished for insubordination, so the officers petitioned the duke of York, then commander-in-chief, that bandsmen should in future be made subject to military law. To this the duke would not agree, but he brought over from Hanover for the guards a complete German military band, which included negro players of the bass drum, cymbals and triangles. Nearly every regiment in the service hastened to reorganize its band, engaging colored performers for all percussion instruments. Down to 1841 the band of the Scots Guards included a negro musician.

Fear Eskimos Slew Priests.

Advices received from Mackenzie river valley in the Arctic circle by the Catholic authorities here caused serious alarm among friends for the welfare of Rev. Father Jean Baptiste Rouvriere and Rev. Father Guillaume Leroux, Catholic missionaries.

It is reported they have been murdered by Eskimos in the vicinity of Bear lake, 100 miles east of Port Norman. They have been engaged in that field for several years.

News comes to Rev. Father Allard, the Archbishop's secretary, in a letter brought from the Arctic Red river and written by Rev. Father Jules M. LeCuyer, Catholic missionary at that point. The letter was written on January 15.

California Sardines.
 Commercial Bulletin of Los Angeles says that the California sardine pack for this year will exceed that of Maine, which last year mounted to 2,500,000 cases, compared with 1,800,000 packed in California. This paper asserts that the fish packed in California are true sardines, while Maine packs a small herring.

NOT HIS THE FIELD

Wail of One Whom Fate Forbids to Carry Sword and Shield.

Hard His Lot, He Can't Get Old Bill Meundgott—But Here at Home Has All the Fun (?) While Others Fight to Crush the Hun.

The daily papers that I see all cry in tones of wonder, the praise of our fine lads in France who face the German thunder; and not a single day goes by but some kind friend will hail me, and with a two-inch line of type with gestures will assail me. "My friend," he cries, "the Yanks are there! And that big boob, the kaiser, will all too soon their anger feel, and sadder be and wiser! 'Twas only yesterday they took a mile or two of trenches; and soon in Berlin's parks they'll be, a-sitting on the benches!" Now, I don't grudge that praise a bit—I like to hear them boasted; I like to hear our boys in France get cheered and sung and toasted; I wish that I were over there and scratching at the vermin, and now and then from time to time I'd pot a husky German. I would that I might lie and snooze among the mud and thistles, and eat cold chow and hardtack moist where shrapnel screams and whistles. But since I can't be over there among my friends and neighbors I'll call respectful notice to my own emphatic labors. I do not have a two-pound bomb across the German border; instead I plot a diagram and keep the room in order. I do not wear a hero's togs nor sport a hero's medal; instead I grade ten million logs and work the hot-air pedal. I do not help to crush the Hun with bayonet emphasis; but I explain the why and when of fields electrostatic. I can't at present strafe the Boche with shell and sword and fire, so I'm content to teach a class the ways of braided wire; and though I pause to envy those who share the fun heroic, I force myself to lesser tasks with an expression stoic. I do not much enjoy the job while I am wading through it, but, good or bad, the job is here and someone has to do it! Although I sit in peaceful ease, enjoying things delightful, I long for Flanders' mud and fleas and other tortures frightful. So while the papers cheer for those who fight beyond the ocean, I join with them my heart and voice and register emotion. I wish that I could be in France to battle for our nation; but meanwhile how about a bit of home appreciation? So I just mount a near-by chair, where those about can view it, and give three lusty cheers, since no one else will do it! At least if I must stay at home my courage is consistent; I'd rather be in France than here, a Theory Assistant!—Exchange.

"Duck Boards" to Beat the Mud.
 When the allied forces in Flanders are not battling with the Germans they are trying to outwit nature. This is the substance of a report brought back from the firing line by Maj. Gen. Charles Clement, U. S. A.
 Mud was a source of considerable annoyance to the soldiers. So the engineering force of Australia devised what has become commonly known as the "duck board," but which the Canadians have named the "bath mat," both being terms of derision.
 The board is made of a number of small strips of wood, 14 to 15 inches in length, which are nailed to stringers placed in front of one another and extending for miles. A step off the "duck board" means a plunge into a sea of mud at least three feet in depth.
 The "board" was devised to enable the Australians to attack the Germans more successfully, and it served to provide a path to victory.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Bergson Anecdote.
 Like most philosophers, M. Bergson lives a rather secluded life. His house in Paris is as quiet-looking and retiring as himself. Most of his neighbors know him only by sight, and have no idea of the distinction enjoyed throughout the world by this unobtrusive spruce gentleman. A short time ago, when M. Bergson issued forth to go to the French academy, where he was to be formally admitted, the neighborhood was dazzled by a magnificent academician's uniform—green embroidered with gold leaves, a cocked hat and a dainty sword. Then the old concierge of the house opposite exclaimed: "Ah! the little old gentleman has been called up at last. And about time, too!"—Manchester Guardian.

Heroes Who Don't Like Worship.
 That kindly, admiring and enthusiastic visitors to hospitals in the war zone constitute a nuisance and added trial to the wounded is the complaint of the New York Medical Journal. The patients don't want to be bothered with glorification, still less with the dear, helpful souls who come to entertain them during the wearisome hours of convalescence. "We know of patients dodging behind tents when they saw certain ladies coming to amuse them," comments the Journal, laconically.

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