

TO HATCH A BILLION FISH.

State Department Will Produce More Fry Than Four Other States.

Harrisburg (Special).—The Department of Fisheries is preparing for next year's output of fish, which is expected to run to the billion mark and exceed that of any four States in the Union.

Four million trout eggs have already been taken at Corry, and two million at Bellefonte. It is expected that the take at the four trout hatcheries will be about nine million, which will be supplemented by seven million more from private hatcheries.

Arrangements have been made for cooperative work with the United States Government in taking white fish, lake herring and lake trout eggs, and with New York for joint work in taking lake trout eggs.

It is alleged that the senior Kemmerer altered the price of material furnished by a Pittsburg firm to an amount twice the original bill, and pocketed the difference, alleged to be \$25,000.

This week the stock in the company was bought for half its face value by some of the officials.

Monument Site Selected. Harrisburg (Special).—The commission created by the recent Legislature to erect a monument on the battlefield of Petersburg, to commemorate the bravery of the Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General John F. Hart- rant, at a meeting here decided to locate the monument in front of Fort Sedgewick.

Seven sculptors have entered the competition for the design, and each of the designs will be heard before the commission makers at its selection. Among those in competition is John Ruckstuhl, who designed the Hart- rant statue on the hill.

Jenkintown's New Ward. Jenkintown (Special).—Commissioners appointed by the Montgomery County Council to pass upon the advisability of creating an additional ward in this borough met here, and, it is expected, will report favorably to the proposed change.

A single protest was lodged against the proposed change, while a score of the most prominent men of the borough were in attendance and gave testimony favorable to it.

Legislator Marries. Hazleton (Special).—Miss Gertrude Heller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Heller, of North Laurel Street, was married to Frank Pierce Barnhart, of Johnstown, by Rev. A. S. Passick, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of this city.

Only the families of the two principals were present. Mr. Barnhart, who represents the First District of Cambria County in the State Legislature, is a graduate of Princeton and Dickinson and is a prominent attorney of Johnstown.

Sleeps On The Railroad. Bloomsburg (Special).—For the third time within a month trains on the Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad have been compelled to stop while the crews removed Hiram Neyhart, of this place, from the tracks.

Every time Neyhart indulges in a spree he selects the railroad tracks as the place for a nap. The train crews say that they are weary of lifting him from the tracks and threaten to handle him roughly if he again compels them to stop a train.

Upholding Registration Law. Hazleton (Special).—Because the County Commissioners permitted the addition of 150 names to the voting list the registrars in this city propose to take the commissioners before court.

At all the men whose names were added had ample time to register, but when asked for their tax receipts they refused to show them.

Caring For The Miners. Shamokin (Special).—Plans were prepared here by the Young Men's Christian Association for the formation of clubs for the educational and moral advancement of miners.

The work will receive the hearty cooperation of coal companies and individual operators. Miners' foremen, firemen, fire bosses, engineers and outside men will each have separate clubs. Joint conferences will be held regularly and will be addressed by experts on various mining subjects.

Children's Strange Death. Norristown (Special).—Clayton, the 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Nies, of Worcester, was buried beside his 2-year-old sister who died less than a year ago, from a similar ailment. Both children died from blood oozing from their mouth, nose and ears, despite careful medical attention.

These make five children less than 7 years old who died in the family from the same malady within two years. The others were those of Mrs. Goddard, of Worcester, a sister of Mrs. Nies.

Judge's Election Expense Bill. Easton (Special).—Judge R. C. Stewart who was elected to the full term on the bench at the last election, has filed his sworn statement of expenses incurred. The total amount is \$2,648.74. This is made up of these items: Contribution to the Republican County Committee, \$1,250; printing, \$400.41; postage, \$74.64; clerk hire, \$23.05; traveling expenses, \$46.60. He also swears in his statement that he received no money contributions from any source and that he has no unpaid political debts.

Smothered In Sand Pit. Hanover (Special).—John D. Frock, 45 years old, foreman of the sand quarries at McSherrytown, lost his life by a cave-in while he was working under a large projection. The sand suddenly fell and enveloped him and he was suffocated before his fellow-workmen, who narrowly escaped, could rescue him. Frock was warned of his perilous position, but persisted in risking his life, declaring he had no fear.

Protecting City Water. Reading (Special).—A force of 15 field officers from the State Health Department at Harrisburg began inspecting the drainage area of the Maiden Creek and Bernhart water supplies of this city to ascertain the source of contamination and pollution of these watersheds, in accordance with a recent act of the Legislature.

The State Department's action has been hastened by the passage at the election of a \$500,000 loan for the filtration of all the city's water supplies from the city of polluting streams will be notified to desist.

Novel Coal Suit. Operators Seek To Have Royalty Paid Land Owners Reduced. Freeland (Special).—A suit of far-reaching importance of coal interests, including consumers as well as miners, has been begun by Cox Brothers & Co. against the Smith tract at Onedia. The tract consists of 430 acres and is controlled through the Powers Agency of Philadelphia. Arbitrators are now taking testimony. As experts in the case L. E. Emmerich, civil engineer; E. D. Jones, mine operator, and Edgar Kuddich, mining engineer, have been appointed.

Under the terms of the contract the company must pay royalty on a minimum of 50,000 tons of coal a year. The company has asked for a reduction in this amount for several years on the ground that it cannot be mined at a profit under existing conditions.

Wife Beater Thrashed. Freeland Burgess Applies The Rod To His Husband For Merit. Freeland (Special).—Stephen Bains, a foreign miner, was arrested here charged with beating his wife. When he appeared before Burgess Hartman he solemnly promised never to do so again. At the same time Burgess Hartman promised to thrash Bains if he failed to keep his word. Bains had been at home but a short time when another call was sent for the police and the man was again taken into custody on the old charge. Burgess Hartman, equipped with a barrel stave, whipped the brutal husband until he begged piteously for mercy.

A crowd collected about the hall and witnessed the affair through the windows and cheered Burgess Hartman loudly.

THE EDITOR AND THE TOWN.

By D. W. GRANION, TELEGRAM, ADRIAN, MICH.

Communities are different. The people of one town differ from the people of another town. An editorial policy that will win applause in one community would create a bundle of 'votus' in another. The editor who would be popular and a power in one community might play a losing game and become a man of small influence in another.

There are towns that will take almost any kind of slush that an editor may give his readers. There are other towns that almost resent a real editorial opinion. The editor is an evolution. He is growing better year by year. The town is an evolution. It is growing bigger and broader and greater year by year. I believe and have always maintained, both in public and private, that an editor both to be successful and influential must play square with the people.

If partisan politicians, rings or machines are robbing the public and the editor is sure of his grounds, he should be man enough to say so. If special interests are working special schemes to give them special privileges to benefit the few at the expense of the many, the real editor who plays square with the people should be willing to oppose directly and emphatically all such schemes.

The real editor should be broad enough and have backbone enough and brains enough to take a stand in opposition to his best friends, to his largest patrons, to his heaviest advertisers. If the public interest should come first. Even from the most selfish standpoint if no other.

Your best friend may die. Your largest patron may sell out or move away. Your heaviest advertiser may go into bankruptcy. But the public goes on forever.

Play square with the public and the public is your friend, and if the public is your friend, the advertiser will go to the paper the public reads, whether he believes in the editorial policy or not.

Then on broad principles without attempting to suggest any plan that would apply generally, the editor should be honest. He should be honest with himself, honest with the public and honest in the presentation of public questions.

It is impossible to always be right. Mistakes will happen. Honest editorialists are often written on misinformation. But even they should ring true. They should strike clear. They should not be written as if the editor was feeling around for a soft place to light. More than that, a newspaper ought to have editorial opinions. More than that, it ought not to dodge local issues. It is the local questions that interest the local readers.

A Republican editor or a Democratic editor, who devotes a column to lambasting the opposition party on national or State questions, and permits his party council to give half the town away, without ever uttering a protest, is not living up to the high ideal of a real editor.

The local editor cannot do much toward shaping the destinies of his State or national organization, but with the use of brains and tact and hard work, he can do wonders toward helping his home town. It is the duty of the editor to do all he can to help his town.

He should favor the policies that will help his town get new factories, new enterprises, new improvements, new citizens. He should help his town by frequently speaking of its advantages, its good location for business, its opportunities for buyers.

The newspaper that is not afraid to get on the right side of public questions will be respected. A great many editors speak out strongly on most questions, but weakly dodge the liquor and similar questions. Don't dodge anything. Don't be afraid of anything.

Meet and treat the questions of the day fairly and honestly. The public is willing to differ from you. But it doesn't admire an editor who is always squirming around and flopping about.

If a Democratic advertiser should make a mistake, take a wrong position, the thunders of Mt. Sinai would not be equal to the thunders of vituperation the Republican organ is usually able to turn loose.

Or if the shoe should happen to be on the other foot, the roar of Niagara would be as mild as a summer breeze, compared to the raging torrents of denunciation and noise that a partisan Democratic editor would fire at the political culprit whose chief fault probably arose from his standing in the way of some graft in which some friend of the partisan journal was interested.

A thousand worse things, however, would go hobnobbing through the town, creating havoc, piling up taxes, getting the town by the ears, and the same editor would never utter a word of protest.

It is my judgment that an editor should be an editor. That he should never be a partisan partisan. Belong to a party if you feel that to be your duty, but don't let the party use you to pull its burning chestnuts out of the fire.

Like a just judge sitting on the bench, the editor should deal with public questions from the sole standpoint of doing the greatest good to the greatest number. I believe that such policy is not only the right policy, but I believe it is the winning way.

The editor must be fair. He must be honorable in his dealings with the public. He should stand fairly in favor of right principles, sobriety, honesty, integrity, honest and economical public service and 'hurray' for his town always and all the time.

He should print a good newspaper, a newsy newspaper, an enterprising newspaper, an up-to-date American newspaper. He should see that the local news field is carefully handled, thoroughly covered, and the paper edited with a view to making the news reliable as well as readable.

But it is useless to offer suggestions along these lines. You all know these things as well as many of you better than I do.

EGYPTIAN "SOUL HOUSES."

Recent Discoveries Show That They Were Buried Under the Sand For 5000 Years.

During last winter many pottery models of houses were brought to light in upper Egypt. They came from a large cemetery near Rifeh, in the Nile Valley, and belonged to the ninth or twelfth dynasties, which would be about 3700 to 3300 B. C.

The models were on the "foot plain" formed by about half a mile of desert between the cliffs and the Nile mud cultivation and cut in a gravel shoal, accumulated by wash from the desert hills during rare storm bursts. So exceedingly rare were these storm bursts that they probably occurred only once in a generation. In 5000 years about twenty-five inches of gravel had accumulated at the rate of about half an inch each century.

Explorers on cutting through these twenty-five inches discovered hundreds of graves. All had been plundered of their valuables long ago, but the plunderers had taken no heed of the pottery model houses. The models are believed to have been placed on the graves to provide shelter for the souls when they came out in search of sustenance.

These early models, being much exposed, are seldom perfect. Their origin is in the tray of offerings, which, however, were felt to be insufficient for a soul coming up from the earth below, so a shelter for the soul was accordingly built, apparently copied from the Bedouin tent.

Like a small hut, in shape like a sentry box, was provided, sometimes containing a chair; then a portico was added, a raised cope put round the roof, and a canopy and shelter from the sun added above the water tank, which had from very early times been a part of the offerings.

In time a whole upper story was added, with a veranda along the back of the roof, and wind openings, and then furniture began to be added. In the latest models of soul shelters there is a couch in the front portico, to get the coolest air at night low down. There is, too, a chair on the upper floor, to avoid the dust and hot air from the ground during the day. In some models there is also a stool, and beneath the staircase leading to the upper story a woman making bread, with a large water jar by her side. The offerings are placed against the wall between two doorways. There is considerable variation in minor details.—New York Tribune.

Electric Power For Farms. A great many things can be done on a farm with electricity if one has the electricity. It can be used for driving small machines, for plowing and even plowing. The trouble is, however, to get the electricity. Generally speaking, anything which will generate that form of power—a gasoline engine, or windmill, for instance—can be more advantageously employed in doing the work of grinding or pumping than in generating current. However, if it is possible to obtain a supply from dynamos driven by water wheels the cost is almost sure to be low. Little use of this method has yet been reported in the United States, but something has been accomplished in France. A company was formed at Yvoine, in the Department of Aisne, to utilize three small waterfalls more than a dozen years ago. Slow progress was made at first, but last August the total consumption was about 133 1/2 horse power. It was used to some extent for lighting, but also to drive electric motors employed in grinding, crushing and cake cutting. The area served is about forty square miles in extent.

Lamp For Dante's Tomb. The Italian Dante Society is to furnish the tomb of the poet of Ravenna with a lamp which, it is proposed, shall be kept perpetually burning at the expense of the municipality of Florence. The lamp is in the fourteenth century Venetian style, its main feature being an ostrich's egg surrounded at its greatest diameter by a cincture of copper with ornaments of gems, lapis lazuli and malachite. The cup of the lamp will be of the finest Venetian crystal. The work is pronounced worthy of the best tradition of Florentine craftsmen. It will probably be placed in position at Ravenna in the course of October.—London Tribune.

Oklahoma Oratory. Here is the way Champ Clark, of Missouri, talks about Oklahoma to her blushing face: "The Garden of the Gods! A marvel of human industry, a colossal and enduring monument to the American love of home. A model progressive Commonwealth, the last to be carved from the magnificent empire which Jefferson bought from Napoleon for a song—an empire greater in possibilities than that over which the Mad Macedonian waved his ever-advancing banner or over which the Roman eagles flew when the Seven Hills of Rome were mistresses of the world."—Kansas City Times.

ROSTERY.

The doorway opens on a crumpled inn. Whose windy sign is creaking overhead. With whom and weather where a name had been. Telling the empty title of the dead.

Was he a hard man in his time of gain? Or were his crimes costly to his purse? Had he a good wife? Was she wise or vain? How many mourners followed at his hearse.

I asked a barefoot girl, who from the road silently watched me, conquering her fears. Who had been host of this antique abode. "Oh, he's been dead," she said, "for years and years."

I asked the countryside, and no one knew; I asked the sign-board overhead. And heard the hinges and the wind that blew. Crying the empty title of the dead.

His ledger broken, debt and debtor gone, His corner dark with rotteness and rust. Somewhere, mine host was paying flesh and bone. To lengthen out his lodging in the dust.—Witter Bynner, in Broadway Magazine.

The Boy He Was Looking For.

By CHARLES FREDERICK GOSS.

"There's a boy in the electrical shops that I want to recommend to your attention," said the superintendent of the Eureka Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office, at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked that shrewd old gentleman. "He has an inventive turn of mind, and has already made several suggestions that have saved us a lot of money."

"How old is he?" "Fifteen." "Fifteen? He is a month child."

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—the little fellow that just threw that hand-spring. He's the most earnest possible combination of childhood and manhood that I ever saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disengaged himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind a corner of the building, peering keenly toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mould, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt stained garments, he presented, not only an imposing but attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery red that his shopmates called him the "Volcano."

The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then with an agile spring bounded onto his huge back and flung his arms around his neck.

"You little imp!" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders and start down the street on a run, the boy's musical laugh ringing out on the air, and the crowd cheering.

"That's his cry—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent. "Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"Perhaps you never heard how they became friends." "No."

"Well, this little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. He lived in a little town up the State somewhere, and when his parents died a couple of years ago, struck out for himself and came down to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers; then got into the messenger service, and finally landed here. He was good-natured and clever, making many friends; but exciting some hostility by his indomitable testatolism.

"While he was not aggressive about his temperance ideas, it became perfectly evident that he disapproved of his shopmates' habits of 'rushing the growler.' They resented this, of course, ridiculing, abusing and tempting him cruelly. Nothing could move him, however, and they resorted to the scurriest trick you ever heard about.

"Eight or ten of the biggest and roughest boys in the shop devised a scheme to inveigle him into one of the saloons and either persuade or force him to drink a glass of rum. Somehow or other, they got him inside the door, and falling to make him obey them voluntarily, began to threaten. 'Well pour it down your throat,' they said. 'You will!' he cried, with flashing eyes. 'We'll see! My father fills a drunkard's grave, and I promised my mother on her dying bed that I'd never drink a drop! Now make me break that promise if you can.' With these words still on his lips the little shaver flung off his coat and set his back against the wall.

"In a jiffy the crowd was on him, and he went down, but fighting like a wildcat! Several of them held his hands and feet; others pried his mouth open, and one was just going to pour the whiskey into it, when this same big Irishman sprang from his chair, and seizing them one after another, flung them across the room as if they had been five-pound bags of salt. When he came to little Atherton at the bottom of the pile, he picked him up; set him on the bar; slapped him on the back, and said to him, 'You little spalpeen, you make me want to sign the pledge.'

"Then do it," said Atherton. "But I can't keep it." "You can, with the help of God," the boy replied.

"There was something about the honest look in his eyes, and the clearing in his voice, that made the giant tremble. He had been a terrible man, you understand, having taken to drink on account of the death of a little child. He was the best puddler in the city, earning eight or ten dollars a day, but spending it all in weekly drinks, and going home to abuse the weakest and most patient little woman in the world.

"War a moment McGinnis looked

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