By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an writer because of socialistic tendencies, sups with his friend Bainbridge at Chau-diere's restaurant in New Orleans and deere a restaurant of the deep from starving. He holds up Andrew Gaibraith, president of the Bayon Stare Security, in his private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, turning his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered.

For an hour or more after his return to the riverfront, Griswold idled up and down the levee; and the end of the interval found him still undecided as to the manner and direction of his flight-to say nothing of the choice evasive than the other and more immediately pressing decision.

His first thought had been to go back to New York. But there the risk of detection would be greater than elsewhere, and he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur-Besides, he argued, there were other fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more tavorable than those to be found in a great city. In his mind's eye he saw himself domiciled in some thriving interior town, working and studying among people who were not unindividualized by an artificial environment. In such a community theory and practice might go hand in hand; he could know and be known; and the money at his command would be vastly more of a molding and controlling influence than it could possibly be in the smallest of circles in New York. The picture, struck out upon the instant, pleased him, and having sufficiently idealized it, he adopted It enthusiastically as an Inspiration, leaving the mere geographical detail to arrange itself as chance, or subse-

That part of the problem disposed of, there yet remained the choice of a line of flight; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going. For the third time in the hour of aimless wanderings he found himself loitering opposite the berth of the Belle Julle, an up-river steamboat whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching moment of departure. Toiling roustabouts, trailing in and out like an endless procession of human ants, were hurrying the last of the cargo aboard.

quent events, might determine.

"Poor devils! They've been told that they are free men, and perhaps they believe it. But surely no slave of the Toulon galleys was ever in bitterer bondage. . Free !- yes, free to toll and swent, to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the

yoke! Oh, good Lord!-look at that!" The ant procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the lading, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had stumbled and fallen like a crushed pack animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him in a moment. The man could not rise, and Griswold drauged him not untenderly out of the way of the others.

"Where are you hurt?" The crushed one sat up and spat blood.

"I don't know: inside, somewheres, I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year or two back." "Consumption?" queried Griswold,

briefly.

"I reckon so."

wrinkling.

Then you have no earthly business In a deck crew. Don't you know The man's smile was a ghastly face

"Reckon I hain't got any business anywheres-out'n a horspital or a hole In the ground. But I kind o' thought I'd like to be planted longside the woman and the childer, if I could make out some way to git there." Where?

The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa.

In Griswold impulse was the domimant chord always struck by an appeal to his sympathies. His compassion went straight to the mark, as it was sure to do when his pockets were not

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know: I never asked. Somewheres between twenty and thirty dollars, I reckon; and that's more money than I've seen sence the woman died.' Griswold hastily counted out a hun-

dred dollars from his pocket fund and thrust the money into the man's hand. | along her personality laid hold of him

me," he commanded, slipping on the erary. mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train, and I'll take your was his summing up of her, made right and wrong. job on the boat. Don't be a fool!" he while he was lying flat on his back much out of it one way as you will the face of a woman instinctively good to write at once to Mr. Galbraith, givthe other. What is your name? I and pure in heart can be. Any man ing him my address." may have to borrow it

knotted handkerchief. That done, he stepped into the line again, and became the sick man's substitute in fact. It was toll of the shrewdest, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the

"Gavitt-John Wesley Gavitt."

fell into line in the ant procession.

'All right; off with you," said the

last man staggered up the plank with his burden. The bell was clanging its ing paddie-wheels were taking the par the bow line Griswold was one mate's bidding to east off. He was surging past the engine room gangway. backing the hawser out of the last of two tardy passengers hurried aboard. of a destination, which was even more The mate bawled from his station on than a cold-blooded sacrilege. I can't sight of his face and her eyes met his. the hurricane deck.

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set t down at the door of the designated stateroom, he did half absently what John Gavitt might have done without blame: read the tacked-on card, which bore the owner's name and address, written in a firm hand: "Charlotte Farnham, Wahaska, Minnesota.

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside?"

Griswold wheeled as if the mildtoned request had been a blow, and saw the speaker, consternation prompty slew all the other emotions. For the owner of the tagged trunk was the young woman to whom, an hour or so earlier, he had given place at the paying teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security.

She saw his confusion, charged it to the card-reading at which abe had surprised him, and smiled. Then he met her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured that she did not recognize him; became sane, and whipped off his cap, and dragged the into the stateroom. After which he went to his place on the lower deck with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate of the daring robbery of the Bayou esolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the Belle Julie

ule to formulate itself in words. "I'll call it an oracle," he mused. 'One place is as good as another, just so it is inconsequent enough. And I am sure I've never heard of Wabaska.

Now Griswold the social rebel was, before all things else, Griswold the imaginative literary craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his ultimate destination settled thus arbitrarily than be began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy stages to pleasant idealizings of Miss Charlotte Farnham, who was, thus far, the only tangible thing connected with the destination dream. A little farther



She Saw His Confusion, and Charged It to the Card Reading.

Take that and change places with and the idealizings became purely lit. had, very clear and well-defined ideas | the swift change in her face betoken-

"She is a magnificently strong type!" who can put her between the covers | Thereupon issued discussion.

of a book may put anything else he | the end of the argument the conserve pleases in it and snap his fingers at ative one had extorted a conditional liberator, curtly; and with that he the world. If I am going to live in the promise from her niece. The matter shouldered the sick man's load and same town with her. I ought to jot her should remain in abeyance until the down on paper before I lose the keen Once on board the steamer, he fol- edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and owed his file leader aft and made then got up and went in search of a it his first care to find a safe hiding place for the tramp's bundle in the pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to the engine room and scribbled his word picture by the light of the swinging incandescent.

He read it over thoroughly when it was finished, changing a word here final summons, and the slowly revolv- and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactnesses. Then he strain from the mooring lines. Being shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scatof the two who spring ashore at the tering them upon the brown flood

"It won't do," he confessed reluctits half-hitches, when a carriage was antly, as one who sacrifices good literdriven rapidly down to the stage and any material to a stern sense of the fitness of things. "It is nothing less while the world standa."

CHAPTER IV.

The Deck Hand

Charlotte Farnham's friends-their number was the number of those who had seen her grow from childhood maiden-and womanhood-commonly identified her for inquiring strangers as "good old Doctor Bertie's 'only,' " adding, men and women alike, that she was as well-balanced and sensible as she was good to look upon.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and it was for the was properly ashamed. But when he invalid's sake that she had decided to make the return journey by river.

So it had come about that their staterooms had been taken on the Belle Julie; and on the morning of the second day out from New Orleans, Miss Gliman was so far from being travel sick that she was able to sit with Charlotte in the shade of the hurricane deck aft, and to enjoy, with what quavering enthusiasm there was in her, the matchless scenery of the lower Mississippi.

At Baton Rouge the New Orleans papers came abourd, and Miss Farnham bought a copy of the Louisianian. As a matter of course, the first page leader was a circumstantial account State Security, garnished with star-Charlotte read it. tling headlines. was well on her way up the great | half-absently at first, and a second river, he flung himself down upon the time with interest awakened and a sacked coffee on the engine room-guard | quickening of the pulse when she realto snatch a little rest between land- ized that she had actually been a witings, and the resolve became sufficient- ness of the final act in the near-trag-Her little gasp of belated borro brought a query from the invalid.

What is it. Charlie, dear?" For answer, Charlotte read the news paper story of the robbery, headlines

"For pity's sake! in broad daylight! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

"Yes; but that wasn't what made ne gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window when the robber came up with Mr. Galbraith-' Aunt Fauny, I was the young lady!!"

"You? horrors!" ejaculated the in valid, holding up wasted hands of dep-

Charlotte the well-balanced, smiled at the purely personal limitations of her aunt's point of view. "It is very dreadful, of course; but

it is no worse just because I happened to be there. Yet it seems ridiculously incredible. I can hardly believe it, even now.

"Incredible? How?"

"Why, there wasn't anything about t to suggest a robbery. Now that I know. I remember that the old gentleman did seem anxious or worried, or at least, not quite comfortable some way; but the young man was smiling pleasantly, and he looked like anything rather than a desperate criminal."

Miss Gilman's New England conserv stism, unweakened by her long residence in the West, took the alarm at

"But no one in the bank knew you. They couldn't trace you by your father's draft and letter of identification, could they?"

Charlotte was mystlfled. "I should suppose they could, if they wanted to. But why? What if they could?"

"My dear child; don't you see; They are sure to catch the robber, sooner you, you might be dragged into court | done at once."

as a witness!" Miss Farnham was not less averse

"I shouldn't wait to be dragged."

question of conscientious obligation had been submitted to Charlotte's father and decided by him.

An hour later, when Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the current serial, Charlotte let her book slip from her fingers and gave herself to the passive enjoyment of the slowly-passing panorama which is the chief charm of inland voyaging.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle at the stern-staff; and after many minutes it was slowly borne in upon her that the ropes were working loose. A man came aft to make the loosened tackle fast.

Something half familiar in his manner attracted Charlotte's attention, and her eyes followed him as he went on and hoisted the yawl into place. When he came back she had a fair make copy of her if I write no more in the single swift glance half-formed suspicion became undoubted certainty; she looked again and her heart gave a great bound and then seemed suddenly to forget its office. It was useless to try to escape from the dismay-



The Niche Between the Coffee Sacks Was Empty.

ing fact. The stubble-bearded deckhand with the manner of a gentleman nomistabably a later rola carnation of the pleasantly smiling young man who had courteously made way for her at the teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security; who had smiled and given place to her while he was holding his pistol aimed at President Galbraith.

It was said of Charlotte Farnham that she was sensible beyond her years and withal atrong and straightforward in honesty of purpose. None the less, she was a woman. And when she saw what was before her, conscience turned traitor and fied away to give place to an uprush of hesitant doubts born of the sharp trial of the moment

She got upon her feet, steadying herself by the back of her shair. She felt that the could not trust herself if she once admitted the thin edge of the wedge of delay. The simple and straightforward thing to do was to go immediately to the captain and tell him of her discovery, but she shrank from the thought of what must follow. They would seize him: he had proved that he was a desperate man, and there would be a struggle. And when the struggle was over they would bring him to her and she would have to stand forth as his accuser.

It was too shocking, and she caught at the suggestion of an alternative with a gasp of relief. She might write to President Galbraith, giving such a description of the deck-hand as would enable the officers to identify him without her personal help. It was like dealing the man a treacherous blow in the back, but she thought it would be kinder.

"Aunt Fanny," she began, with her face averted. "I promised you I wouldn't write to Mr. Galbraith until after we reached home-until I had told papa. I have been thinking about or later, and if they know how to find it since, and I-I think it must be

Griswold had come upon Miss Farnto publicity than the conventionalities | ham unexpectedly, and when he passed demanded, but she had, or believed she her on his way forward he had seen of her own touching her duty in any ing some sudden emotion, and the recmatter involving a plain question of of lection of it troubled him.

What if this clear-eyed young person had recognized him? He knew that added, when the man put his face in and staring absently at the flitting she asserted quietly. "It would be a the New Orleans papers had come his hands and began to choke. "It's shadows among the deck beams over- simple duty to go willingly. The first aboard; he had seen the folded copy a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as bead. "Her face is as readable as only thing I thought of was that I ought of the Louisianian in the invalid's lap. Consequently, Miss Farnham knew of the robbery, and the incidents were you think?" At fresh in her mind. What would she

Buenos Aires.

America by Columbus, and the first buildings were mud buts thatched with

do K she had penetrated his disguise? swer; and even the unobservant cap-He had a shock of genuine terror tain of river boats saw that she was moved and was sorry he had spoken

at this point and his skin prickled as

at the touch of something loathsome

Up to that moment he had suffered

none of the pains of the hunted fu-

fairly entered the gates of the out-

law's inferno; that however cunning-

ly he might cast about to throw his

pursuers off the track, he would never

again know what it was to be wholly

free from the terror of the arrow that

flieth by day.

coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER V.

The Chain Gang.

complexity stood in their room.

was about to make him pay the pen-

It was all very well to reason about

it, and to say that he ought to be

she, Charlotte Farnham, should be the

As it chanced, the engines of the

when she latched her stateroom door

had a fleeting glimpse of his face.

added fresh questionings, and she be-

strained herself to gaze down upon

river, and the ant procession of rousta-

bouts was in motion, going laden up

the swing stage and returning empty

by the foot plank. Left to herself for

a moment, Charlotte faced the rafl

and again sought to single out the

tramping back and forth mechanically

staggering under the heaviest loads

and staring stonily at the back of his

file leader in endless round; a picture

thought, and she was turning away

river lighted up their sullen faces and

burnished the use-worn links in their

The chain-gang," said the captain,

briefly. "That's about where the fel-

curity will bring up, if they catch him-

He'll have to be mighty tough and

But Miss Farnham could not an-

low that robbed the Bayou State Se-

man whose fate she must decide.

der the pillows in her berth.

was curiously haggard and woe-

Yet she knew she had the

alty.

office.

In any path of performance there is but one step which is irrevocable namely, the final one, and in Charlotte gitive; but he knew now that he had Farnham's besetment this step was the mailing of the letter to Mr. Galbraith Many times during the evening she wrought herself up to the plunging point, only to recoil on the very brink; and when at length she gave up the the struggle and went to bed, the sealed letter was still under her pil

The force of the Scriptural simile Now it is a well-accepted truism that came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling an exasperated sense of duty, like remorse and grief, fights best in the dismay. The stopping of the paddle wheels and the rattling clangor of the night watches. It was of no avail to gang-plank winch aroused him to acprotest that her intention was still tion and he shook off the creeping unshaken. Conscience urged that delay was little less culpable than refus numbness and ran aft to rummage unal, since every hour gave the criminal der the cargo on the engine-room guards for his precious bundle. When an added chance of escape. The minhis hand reached the place where it utes dragged leaden-winged, and to sit should have been, the blood surged quietly in the allence and solitude to his brain and set up a clamorous of the great saloon became a nervedinning in his ears like the roaring racking impossibility. When it went of a cataract. The niche between the past endurance, she rose and stepped out upon the promenade deck.

The Belle Julie was approach ing a landing. The electric search light eye on the hurricane deck was just over her head, and its great white cone seemed to hiss as it poured While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problem of escape, and its dazzling flood of fictitious noonday planning to desert the Belle Julie at upon the shelving river bank and the the next landing, Charlotte Farnham sleeping hamlet beyond. Out of the was sitting behind the locked door of dusky underglow came the freight carher stateroom with a writing pad on riers, giving birth to a file of grotesque her knee over which for many min- shadow monsters as they swung up the utes the suspended pen merely hovplank into the field of the searchlight ered. She had fancied that her re-

The foot plank had been drawn in solve, once fairly taken, would not the steam winch was clattering, and stumble over a simple matter of de the landing stage had begun to come tail. But when she had tried a dozen aboard, when the two men whose duty times to begin the letter to Mr. Galit was to cast off ran out on the tilting braith, the simplicities vanished and stage and dropped from its shore end. One of them fell clumstly, tried to rise Try as she might to put the sham and sank back into the shadow; but deck-hand into his proper place as an the other scrambled up the steep bank impersonal unit of a class with which and loosened the half-hitches in the society is at war, he perversely re- wet hawser. With the slackening of fused to surrender his individuality. the line the steamer began to move At the end of every fresh effort she out into the stream, and the man at was confronted by the inexorable sum- the mooring post looked around to ming-up: in a world of phantoms there see what had become of his comwere only two real persons; a man panion. who had sinned, and a woman who

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate; but instead of obeying, the man ran back and went on his knees beside the huddled figure in the shadow.

made to pay the penalty; but that did At this point the watcher on the not make it any less shocking that promenade deck began vaguely to understand that the first man was dis one to set the retributive machinery abled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. While she thing to do, and so, after many inlooked, the engine-room bells jangled effectual attempts, the letter was writand the wheels began to turn. The ten and sealed and addressed, and she mate forgot her and swore out of a fail went out to mail it at the clerk's heart.

She put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of abusive prosteamer were slowing for a landing fanity; but the man on the bank paid no attention to the richly emphasized The doors giving upon the forward command to come aboard. Instead, he saloon deck were open, and she heard ran swiftly to the mooring post, took the barsh voice of the mate exploding a double turn of the trailing hawser in sharp commands as the steamer around it and stood by until the strain lost way and edged slowly up to the ing line snubbed the steamer's bow to river bank. A moment later she was the shore. Then, deftly casting off. outside, leaning on the rail and lookagain, he darted back to the disabled man, hoisted him bodily to the high ing down upon the crew grouped about the inboard end of the uptilted landing guard, and clambered aboard himself stage. He was there; the man for all this while McGrath was brushing whose destiny accident and the con- the impeding crew aside to get at him. Charlotte saw every move of the ventional sense of duty had made her responsible; and as she looked she quick-witted salvage in the doing, and

wanted to cry out in sheer enthusiasm begone; so sorrowfully changed that from the furnace doors, she saw the for an instant she almost doubted his face of the chief actor; it was the face identity. The sudden transformation of the man with the stubble beard. She could not hear what McGrath

gan to ask herself thoughtfully what was saying, but she could read hot Brigade, \$827. had brought it about. Then the man wrath in his gestures, and in the way turned slowly and looked up at her as the men fell back out of his reach. if the finger of her thought had All but one: the stubble-bearded white touched him. There was no sign of man was facing him fearlessly, and he recognition in his eyes; and she con- appeared to be trying to explain. Griswold was trying to explain, but

him coldly. But when Belle Julie's the bullying first officer would not let bow touched the bank, and the wait him. It was a small matter; with the ing crew melted suddenly into a tenumoney gone, and the probability that ous line of burden-bearers, she fled capture and arrest were deferred only through the deserted saloon to her from landing to landing, a little abuse, stateroom and hid the fatal letter unmore or less, counted as nothing. But he was grimly determined to keep Mc That evening, after dinner, she went Grath from laying violent hands upon forward with some of the other pas- the negro who had twisted his ankie sengers to the railed promenade which in jumping from the uptilted landingwas the common evening rendezvous. The Belle Julie had tied up at a small "No; this is one time when you town on the western bank of the great

don't skin anybody alive!" he retorted, when a break in the stream of abuse gave him a chance. "You let the man alone. He couldn't help it. Do you suppose he sprained an ankle purposely to give you a chance to curse him

The mate's reply was a brutal kick She distinguished him presently; a at the crippled negro. Griswold came grimy, perspiring unit in the crew. closer. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cynical Recipe for Success.

Oliver Onions, author of "Mushof misery and despair, Charlotte room Town," etc., recently remarked: 'A cynical friend told me the other with the dangerous rebellion against day that the secret of success was to the conventions swelling again in her get a name for incorruptibility and heart when Captain Mayfield joined then go ahead and corrupt it for much gold. I'm sure there's a weak spot in "I just wanted to show you," he this somewhere, but judging from a said; and he pointed out a gang of good many, both of writers and polimen repairing a slip in the levee em- ticians, perhaps there's something in bankment below the town landing. It it. Only unfortunately I can't apply was a squad of prisoners in chains, the recipe to my own work, because The figures of the convicts were I have too much fun writing to think struck out sharply against the dark about corruption one way or the background of undergrowth, and the other." reflection of the sunset glow on the

"Of course," said Mrs. M. T. Cackler, "It is real nice in the newspapers to describe the new Muchlebach botel as cory and homelike, but I should call a building with a tea furore and a cafe centurion, with marble floors and pillows of lapsus linguae and male well-seasoned if he lives to worry faction, and with gleaming chantithrough twenty years of that, don't cleers impending from the doomed ceilings, a great deal more rotund than

"Cozy" Is Hardly the Word to Use.

cozy."-Kansas City Star.

Only Safe Kisses. To make kissing perfectly safe, the secretary of the American Social Hygiene association recommends these precautions: Cut out a square of tissue paper, give it a bath in an antiseptic solution and place it over your mouth. This safeguard will prevent

OUTLINES PLANS FOR LABOR INSURANCE

Department Officials Take Steps In Move To Safeguard Families.

Harrisburg.-Establishment of the State Workmen's Insurance Fund. which is to be the nucleus of the State insurance for the Workmen's compensation system, will be completed by the end of this month and an official depository will be designated.

The last Legislature appropriated \$300,000 for the start of the fund and it will be increased by the sums to be paid by employers for the purpose of insuring their employes. This State fund is to be handled without liability on the part of the State. The employers who desire to go into the fund are to pay premiums by a schedule made according to the risk of injury,

The State Treasurer is to be the custodian of the fund and he will invest the money paid to the credit of the fund. The premiums are to be paid under a schedule to be issued by October 1 annually, and five per cent. will be set aside for creation of a surplus. The fund is to be directed by a board, consisting of the Commissioner of Labor and Industry, State Insurance Commissioner and State Treasurer, with the Attorney-General as counsel, and the board may name a manager at \$7,500 a year and other officers. First steps in the work now are being taken by the Insurance Department officials.

Brashear Modest At Highest Honor.

Dr. John Brashear, who has been named first citizen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by Governor Brumbaugh, takes no credit to himself. but rather gives it to his wife. "My success in everything-even be-

ing selected as one of Pennsylvania's leading citizens," said Dr. Brashear, modestly, "I attribute to her help." "I first consider it a joke, not knowing what it was all about," said Dr. Brashear, "until a few weeks are

when I received a letter from an editor in Punxsutawney telling me that he had sent fourteen votes, naming me as the leading citizen. I sent that gestleman a letter and told him that he would probably be arrested for repeat-"Why should any one name me as a

leading citizen? I'm sure there were many great men in this State who could have been given the honor. While I have been bonored as president and member of some of the greatest mechanical and academy of science societies in America, I consider it a signal honor to be named one of the State's leading citizens. "I believe my most notable achieve-

ment was the raising of the \$390,000 fund for the erection of the Allegheny Observatory and securing permission to make part of the observatory free to the people. Since its erection five years ago, more than 15,000 persons have visited the observatory."

Cost Of Militia Encampment. The Adjutant General's Department announced that the total of the pay warrants on account of the recent Na-

tional Guard encampment at Mount Greina was \$101.098.70. The disbursement in detail was as

follows: First Regiment, \$11,279; Second, \$16. 887; Third. \$10.731; Fourth, \$12.831; Sixth, \$12,698; Eighth, \$12,650; Ninth \$11,457; Thirteenth, \$12,192; Separate Battalion, \$3,922; Division Headquarters, \$1,036; Headquarters First Brigade, \$735; Third Brigade, \$747; Fourth

State Highways Official Dies. George A. Barclay, of Pittsburgh, superintendent of sign erection of the State Highway Department died in the Harrisburg Hospital as the result of injuries received May 7 when a Highway Department auto truck on which he was riding plunged over an embankment on the road leading from this city to Sunbury.

Farm Advisers Ready For Call. The ten experts in charge of that branch of agricultural activities of the State known as the Farm Advisers' Service, will resume work August 1 and the department announced that # was prepared to receive applications for the services of the advisers. Soil improvement and general crop produc tion, poultry and poultry products, and mal husbandry, fruit growing and mat ket gardening, co-operative buying and selling and domestic science are subjects taught and the experts will be sent to any part of the State upo

Named To Highway Congress. Governor Brumbaugh has appointe State Highway Commissioner Robert J. Cummingham and Chief Enginee William D. Uhler as delegates to the Pan-American Congress to be held in California in September. He has also invited Dr William D. Martin, of Callfornia, Washington County, who is the father of the "Good Roads Day" idea in Pennsylvania, and A. P. Irwin, of Chadd's Ford Junction, Chester County, to be delegates representing the citizens of the State at the Congress

request to the Secretary of Agriculture

Detailed Report On Cities Soon The new Bureau of Industrial Sta tistics in the Department of Labor and Industry, is about to make the first collection of figures bearing on reenues, expenditures, taxation, value tion, bonded indebtedness and financia condition of cities ever compiled f the Commonwealth. The data will be at the command of municipalities se ing information, and, it is believed will be helpful in framing future let islation, as well as enabling the cities of the State to become familiar will conditions prevailing in other towns

The contract for furnishing truck tires for use on trucks of the State Highway Department was awar

Big Saving On Trees.

ed to O'Brien & Hoover, Philadel This award was made afte rthe had been readvertised, as the first were not satisfactory. A saving from ten to twelve dollars on each t is effected by the new contract price over those in force last year. A c in the method of awarding was mi by Commissioner Cunningham, as contract covers a two-year period. piring June 1, 1917.

Forces, Captured Constantinople in Year 1453.

Italians and Greeks, With Small

On account of the fact that the Turks are in this great European war it is interesting to recall from the in brief description. The Mohammenumbering only about 14,000, con- lans and Greeks assaulted the very other thoughts. Then it was that the

Greeks at that time.

history as to numbers engaged, but capital of the Gateway to the Orient, stantinople. the salient fact remains that the city which has been the scene of many founded by the Emperor Constantine strifes since that time and is now one was captured by the Italians and of the main issues of the greatest of The days following the Crusades had aroused by the growth of Mohammebeen marked by changes indescribable | danism. The thought that if a devotee pages of history that on May 29, 1453, dan element had become dominant. at once destined to translation to the the forces of the Italians and Greeks. Then in a political movement the Ital- seventh heaven was paramount to all city. Much as this metropolis is have come through the passage of time

all wars. The Arabic peoples had been of Islamism died for his faith he was

GOING BACK INTO HISTORY | 200,000. This has been disputed in | captured the then rather insignificant | the rule of Islam and conquered Con- | The first white settlement was made | though there are streets lined with just 42 years after the discovery of six-story palaces. No building in Buenos Aires is per- straw. Then a brick kiln was made mitted to be higher than the width of and later tiles and bricks were importthe street upon which it is erected, ed from Spain. The first city was of hence the skyscraper will never be Spanish architecture, and that style come popular there, despite the splen- prevailed for more than 300 years. did growth and wideawakeness of the Despite the many great changes which known, it is not generally thought of and the general building advance in the kiss doing you harm provided you guered Constantinople against an esti- citadel of Mohammedism and after a uprising of the Christian Latins and in the light of age. However, it is one the world, four-fifths of the houses of don't wear out the paper or break mated defending army of Turks of long fight against tremendous odds Greeks intruded into the long years of of the oldest cities in the new world. Buenos Aires are still of one story, al- through it.