

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The English are said, by the New Orleans Picayune, to be amazed at finding, by the example of President Kruger, that a person can be a diplomat without the use of a monocle, but they are sure that it is a very exceptional case.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Fine Arts Federation and other societies are trying to secure legislation against skyscraping buildings. They would have the height of buildings limited by the width of the street on which they are built.

There is no need for us to lie awake at night worrying over microbes, as we have been wont to regard them, announces the New York Mercury. A certain professor went to the trouble of purifying the air of all these germs, and then fed it to some small animals, which promptly died upon his hands.

The enormous amount of wool now used for making paper every year may be judged from the fact that a Paris newspaper, the Petit Journal, which has a circulation of over a million copies a day and is printed on wool pulp paper, consumes in a twelve-month 120,000 lb. of wool of an average height of sixty-six feet. This is said to be equivalent to the annual thinning of 25,000 acres of forest.

It is not enough that a certain stent woman on a certain little island across the Atlantic should be called Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, but she must needs be a goddess to boot, remarks the Pathfinder. There is a sect in Orissa, Bengal, who worship her as their chief divinity, and it is discovered that her majesty is an object of worship in the temple of Phadong-Lama in Tibet.

A plan has been announced in London to lay a telegraph cable from Shetland, the northernmost telegraph outpost of Great Britain, to Iceland under five thousand miles of sea. The necessary funds have been secured to assure the success of the project, the total cost being divided between Great Britain, Denmark and Iceland. The cable will, it is expected, greatly stimulate trade between Iceland and England, which already amounts to a considerable sum yearly.

The growing influence of newspapers in school education was illustrated the other day at a conference of the Public Education Association in New York, when Miss Josephine C. Loeck, supervisor of drawing in the public schools of Chicago, told how the children are being trained to work on topics of a public nature. It should be one of the functions of every school to teach the children how to read a newspaper to the best advantage—and also what newspapers should be read.

The value of thoroughness in the treatment of any subject has received a recent illustration in the case of Professor Roentgen, who gave the matter of his X ray photography so exhaustive a study before publishing anything with regard to it that it has taken the rest of the scientific world a month to catch up with him. It is said that photographs taken by him are better than the majority of those taken by other experimenters. Professor Roentgen's modest paper on the subject of his discovery, says the Scientific American, has not been exceeded in interest, clearness of statement, and precision of deductions, by all which has been published since.

A New York Press writer says that Menelek, King of Abyssinia, had a decided advantage over the Italians, when it came to a question of food. It was next to impossible for the sons of Sunny Italia to get their supplies from one part of that rough country to another, and the troops were often obliged to go hungry, not because there was nothing to eat, but because it could not be got at. Menelek managed these things better. Accustomed as his people are to existing largely upon raw meat, they never think of butchering cattle for their commissariat, but drive them along on the march, and when hunger begins to pinch them they have a habit of cutting from shoulder and flank strips of raw meat, which they devour. The poor animals staggering along till actually flayed alive in this slow and cruel manner. But there are no baggage wagons, no silver stowpans and coup-tureens to annoy the army.

AN EASTER LYRIC.

Rose-tipped buds and song of birds, Meadows dotted thick with flowers In low swamps the grazing herds— Come with April's freshening showers. Soft the south wind's wooing breath, Musical the rannell's flow; Closed is Winter's reign of death, And Nature smiles to see it go. Now the bluebird's warbled bell Stirs the elm-top's tilted spray; On the rail-fence—note him well— How the robin shines to-day! Over meadow, knoll and hill Green grass puts its carpet neat— And the rare song-sparrow's thrill Never turned to song more sweet. Fleecy-piled clouds, in argosies, Float against the deep blue sky, While brighter grow the willow trees Above the brook that ripples by. Burdens of earth, and mind, and soul, Slip with dull care a while away; The Summer sun regains control, And new life dawns with Easter Day. —Joel Benton.

AN EASTER CARD.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



ELLA, I don't like to be lectured!" said Sylphide Egerton. She sat on the rude stone stile, with her dusky golden tresses all disordered by the wind, her cheeks reddened with the stormy brightness of the March sunshine, and a nest of little field mice in her lap, whose mother had been killed by the schoolboys under a fallen log. Sylphide—a creature of reckless impulse—had driven away the little tyrants, who were about to torment the helpless brood, and was now carrying home the nest of velvet-soft orphans, to care for them as best she could. "They are only field mice, to be sure," said Sylphide, "but they are so helpless and so cunning! And if no one else will sneer them, I will." So, in the dishabille incident to climbing half a dozen fences, wading across a brook and making her way through a thicket of tall bilberry bushes, Miss Sylphide found herself confronted with the young clergyman, whose spotlessly neat attire and air of quiet dignity were an unspoken satire on her own torn dress and brier scratched hands. "Can I help you over the stile, Miss Egerton," said Mr. Highland, courteously. "No, you can't!" said Sylphide, secretly hoping that if she kept sitting there he would not discover that the founce was half ripped off her dress, and that she had lost one shoe in the mud. He smiled a little at her brusque reply. "It is after sunset," he said. "The wind grows chill."

"I know it," returned Sylphide. "You don't expect to sit here all the evening?" "Perhaps I shall!" said Sylphide, darting defiance at him from under her level, golden brows. "I don't know of anyone who has a right to dictate to me upon the subject." Mr. Highland stood looking at her with folded arms and imperturbable gravity. "You have been on a long walk?" said he. "Yes," acknowledged Sylphide, picking at the fringe of a little scarlet India scarf that she wore. "And yet," he went on, "you tell me that you cannot find time to attend the daily afternoon service?" Sylphide flushed to the very roots of her hair. "I don't want to be lectured," said she. "And I am the last person who has any right to lecture you, Miss Egerton," said Mr. Highland. "All I ask of you is to stop and think. Indeed, I cannot comprehend how it is that the devotional sweetness of your sisters can have so little effect upon you."

"Oh, I know!" said Sylphide, beginning to lose her temper, as she always did when the perfections of Joseph and Lesbia were sung in her ears. "My sisters are angels, and I am a castaway." "Miss Sylphide—" But she put both hands to her ears. "I told you I would not be lectured," said she. "Please to remember that you have brought this on yourself!" Mr. Highland colored a little, lifted his hat with punctilious courtesy and passed on. Why was it, he asked himself, sternly, that this lawless little romp, with the deep blue eyes and the cloud of golden hair, had such power to torment him with her reckless moods and wild caprices? He had done his best to civilize her. He would abandon the task here, and let her go her own fantastic way. And not until he was out of sight did Sylphide burst into a passion of tears. She would have cut out her tongue sooner than tell Mr. Highland that she had meant to come to church that afternoon, but that the episode of the field-mice had entirely driven everything else out of her head. "He always sees me at my worst," she sobbed. "Well, why need I care? Let him fancy me a savage if he likes. What is it to me?"

When she reached home—still with the nest of field-mice tenderly clasped to her bosom—Lesbia, her tall, handsome sister, met her on the threshold. "Goodness gracious, Sylph!" she cried. "What a fright you have made of yourself!" "I am always a fright," said Sylphide, with ironical calmness—"according to you, at least." "Mr. Highland was so grieved at your missing the afternoon service," said soft voiced Joseph, who had red

gold hair and eyes of real pansy blue, like a picture. "Was he, indeed?" said the rebel of the family. "I wish he'd mind his own business!" "Oh, Sylphide!" said Joseph, "don't speak so! And what have you got there? Horrid little mice, as I live! Oh, do throw them away!" "They are darlings," said Sylphide, her defiant eyes softening as she gazed down at her drab treasures. "And I'm going to bring them up by hand and teach them all sorts of cunning tricks. I know it can be done." "Oh, indeed!" said Lesbia, severely. "You have time to set up a private menagerie, and romp with all the cats and dogs, and ponies and calves on the place, but you have no time to paint Easter cards for the Sunday-school girls, although Mr. Highland especially requested us—" "Mr. Highland again!" burst out Sylphide, passionately. "You may be Mr. Highland's obedient slaves—you and all the other unmarried women of the congregation—but I have declared independence!" And she ran away to the barn chamber, a fragrant little nook, where, ever since she was twelve years old, she had possessed her own little sanctum, undisturbed by prying eyes, to make a warm nest for her little orphans until she could smuggle in some milk from the kitchen. And Lesbia and Joseph met Mr. Highland the next day at church with sweet, sorrowful faces, like grieved Madonnas. "We are so sorry," said Lesbia. "But Sylphide refuses positively to help us with the Easter work." "It is absolutely impossible to interest her in church affairs!" signed Joseph.

But Mr. Highland's heart gave a throb of exultation when, as he was half-way through the service, he caught a glimpse of a slight, veiled figure at the very back of the church. "It was Sylphide," he said to himself. "I am quite sure it was Sylphide; but she slipped away before I could get to the door to speak to her. But what an incomprehensible little sprite she is!" The work for the coming Easter was progressing bravely. Lesbia and Joseph Egerton were deep in illuminated letters, sheets of leaf-gold and antique devices. White calla buds and Bernadine lilies were being coaxed tenderly into bloom, wreaths of evergreen were being woven by busy hands, yet from all the industrious group Mr. Highland missed the face of Sylphide Egerton more keenly than he himself would have been willing to confess. And when Miss Roberts Hall, an elderly maiden whose matrimonial hopes were not yet entirely blighted, groaned over Sylphide's iniquities, the young clergyman found himself taking up the cudgels in her defense with some emphasis. "She is very young, Miss Roberts," he said. "Her work-giving her time." And Miss Roberts, whose fault was assuredly not that of extreme youth, could only flush up and be silent. It was Easter Eve when Mr. Highland, after superintending the decoration of the church with the freshest of spring flowers and the brightest of illuminated banners, came to look for little Willie Egerton, who had promised to get him some rhododendron leaves and wild laurels from the woods. "He's out in the barn, I guess, likely," said Jones, the hired man. "Shall I look for him, parson?" "No; do not disturb yourself," said Mr. Highland. "I will go myself." He went into the barn, ascended the narrow, wooden stairway and entered the little barn chamber, whose doors stood wide open. A curious, quaint apartment it was, its side hung with drawings, engravings cut from old magazines, and odds and ends of chintz—the sunset laying bars of gold across its rude board floor, while the field mice, now grown to a very respectable size, skurried under the table and eyed the intruder with a startled gaze.

On the table in the middle of the room were scattered painting materials, while a lovely, half-finished card displayed a device of passion flowers, wreathed around a circle of thorns. Beside it lay a brush and a saucer of brilliant water colors, while one of Sylphide Egerton's gloves had fallen on the floor close to the chair. "Mr. Highland, is this the work of a gentleman?" While he was still standing gazing at the half-finished work, a slender figure had glided in, and Sylphide stood at his side. Never had she looked so entrancingly beautiful; never had her eyes glittered with such sapphire light, or her lips worn such a rich scarlet. "Sylphide," he said, "I had no idea that this studio was yours. I came here to look for Willie. It seems I have surprised your secret." "Yes," Sylphide answered, passionately, "you have! I have toiled here daily in solitude; I have painted an Easter card for every child in the parish; I have embroidered an altar-cover on white billiard cloth, all by myself. I have visited the sick, taught the little ones and tried to help those who were helpless. And yet—and yet—" Tears choked her voice; she covered her eyes with her hands. Mr. Highland took the little, trembling hands in his with a tender and reverent clasp. "Sylphide—dearest Sylphide!" he cried—"try to forgive me, for I never can forgive myself, for thus rashly and presumptuously daring to judge you!" Nothing more was spoken just then; but the golden silence was sweeter than balm. Eye appealed to eye, and tender tears washed out all traces of offense.

"Sweet Sylphide, I love you!" said he. And, with downcast lids and crimson cheeks, she answered: "And—I may confess it now—I love you!" Never were prayers more earnest than those breathed by Sylphide Egerton as she knelt at the sacred altar that Easter morning; and long after they were married, Sylphide found the little Easter card which she had painted—the cross and the crown of thorns—in her husband's desk. "Oh, Ralph," she said, "why do you keep this poor little daub?" He took it lovingly into his hand. "Dearest," said he, "no Rembrandt nor Michael Angelo could be more precious in my eyes than is this!"

South America's Resources. The sixteen republics south of the United States and including Mexico and Central America have a population of over 50,000,000 people. Brazil is the largest of the southern republics. It is said to have more navigable rivers than any other country in the world. Rio de Janeiro is the principal city and it has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants. Rubber is the best product of the Amazon valley, 33,000,000 pounds having been exported in 1888. Iron abounds, but the mines are undeveloped. The Government of Brazil controls the telegraph system. In 1890 there were 12,467 miles of wire and Brazil communicates with the United States by three lines. Brazil's commerce is mainly with France, Great Britain and the United States. The principal articles exported are coffee, hides, tobacco, gold coin and bullion, sugar, diamonds, rose-wood, cocoa and rubber. Venezuela is three times the size of France and of Germany and five times the size of Italy. It is, in fact, larger than any European Nation except Russia. There are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The climate varies with the altitude. Venezuela is one of the richest of the South American republics in natural resources. It has fine gold mines, rare and precious woods and splendid agricultural facilities. Many of the mines have never been developed. Mexico's mines are many and rich. They have been worked for over 400 years and although vast quantities of precious metals have been taken out by far the greater part of the treasure is yet to be mined. Humboldt, at the beginning of this century, estimated Mexico's mines at 3000. Bolivia and Colombia have their greatest wealth in mines. Their development is very slow, however. Vast coal fields, gold, silver, precious stones, iron, copper, tin, lead, bismuth, mercury, platinum, zinc, rock crystal, alum, talc and alabaster are among the things which will make these countries very rich.

Some Remarkable Jumps. Every jumping must be something worth seeing, says the St. Louis Republic, when the winner is forced to jump upwards of three-quarters of a hundred feet in order to gain the prize. At the great athletic meeting held at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1894, there were several competitors in the "running spring-board jump," each of whom managed to clear more than forty-four feet, the winner making a record of seventy feet three inches. The Swedes and Norwegians, it is true, do not jump in the same fashion that Americans do. They have a runway at the athletic grounds at Stockholm which is down the side of a hill 200 feet in height. At the bottom of this an immense spring-board is set in such a way that the "spring" end is six feet above the ground. It is from this that the jump is taken. However, if we think of the matter properly, this seventy-foot flight through the air is a wonderful feat after all.

How Nails Are Named. Two accounts are given of the origin of the terms "six-penny," "eight-penny," "ten-penny," and so on, as applied to the various sizes of nails. According to one statement, when nails were made by hand, the penny was taken as a standard of weight, and six were made to equal the weight of a copper penny. This explanation is open to criticism on account of the very small size of the nails of which six were needed to balance even the large-sized, old-fashioned copper penny. The other is much more probable. It affirms that six were sold for a penny, and the name grew into use, even when the price changed, and the larger kinds were, from a popular mistake, called ten-penny and so on, without regard to size or weight. Of the ordinary six-penny nails, there are eighty to the pound; of the eight-penny, there are fifty; ten-penny, thirty-four; twelve-penny, thirty-nine.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

William's Little Oaks. The Kaiser celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday a short time ago, and a Berlin florist sent him thirty-seven tiny oak trees. William II. was delighted. The thirty-seven little oaklings were given to the head gardener, and will be transferred to one of the Imperial gardens, while the Emperor will personally superintend their grouping. And the far-seeing florist now displays the royal arms above his door.—Detroit Free Press.

Profit From One Grapefruit Tree. The returns from the sale of the product of a single grapefruit tree in the Terra Ceia Island grove, near Bradenton, are given in a late issue of the Manatee River Journal. The fruit filled twenty-six boxes and sold for \$170. The freight, cartage and commissions amounted to \$26.36, making the net proceeds \$143.64.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

TEMPORAL BURDEN. I knew a Christian lady who was a very heavy temporal burden. It too heavy for her appetite, and the weight of her health-breaking duty under it. One day when it seemed especially heavy, she noticed lying on the table a little tract called "Hannah's Faith." Attracted by the title, she picked it up and began to read it. Little knowing it was to create a revolution in her whole existence. The story was of a poor woman who had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close the visitor said, "Hannah, I do not see how a woman could bear so much sorrow!" "I did not bear it," was the quiet reply; "the Lord bore it for me."

KEEPING YOUNG. Keeping young is a matter of keeping abreast with the times we are in, getting out a new edition of one's self every day; and in order to do that we must keep up in the open, unobscured youth in the matter of keeping up, living in that vital connection with the things and the doing and the endeavoring that is in the world, that all your moving is in the pace of the world's moving. A man's age is the distance between himself and his times, and the further he is from his times, the more he is a part of the world's life. We must keep to the organic idea of mankind, not try to be a man all by ourselves. Just as soon as the branch undertakes to set up in business for itself, to cut the cords that bind it to the general life, it begins to die. The currents that struggle into it from out the great volume of the tree's collective vitality, the branch withers. The tree goes left behind, the branch gets left behind. There is a life in the times, there is a life in our kind. There is a great deal more than the numerical sum of all the individual men and women that happen at any instant to be alive upon the earth. And culture is the process of closing up the highways through which the currents of that universal fitness are coming to flush us, and to become realized factors in our being, feeling, thinking, purposing and working.—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D. (New York.)

DAWNING DAY. I saw in the early morning the sunlight touching first, with its morning glory, the golden crests of the nearest clouds, and the heavenward-pointing spire of a steeple in the distance, and then the chimneys and roofs of the houses, gradually reaching down, lighting their sides and nooks and corners, until it fell upon the earth itself, and the world was warm and bright. As the day dawned I watched the light slowly fading, from the lower things first lessening on the sides of the houses little by little, from below upwards, until the last rays of the setting sun touched only the highest peaks, the roofs and chimneys, lingering longest upon the cross and spire which were the first to receive his morning greeting. And so I think it is with the Sun of Righteousness. His light touches first that which is highest in human nature, that which aspires, though ever so feebly, and reaches down, ever so gradually, changing, redeeming from its own darkness, and as life's day declines, the light needed for the illumination of its lower phases—the things which are of the earth, and because they are of the earth, are the first to slowly fade, and the last glow lingers upon that which is highest and truest and best in a character.—Mary Elm Mason.

OUR THOUGHTS TO GOD. As in private prayer our thoughts are turned to that God who seeth in secret, so in public worship we should seek to realize a rather more definite conception of the presence of the incarnate God. The human presence visibly around us in the church is the pledge, the token, the sacrament of his. He is among them in all the sympathies of his humanity, in all the stories of his mediatorial work. And it will be found useful before the commencement of the service, and at any of the necessary breaks which occur in the course of it, to occupy the mind with the thought of his presence. The apprehension of it will impart to public worship a mingled sweetness and solemnity.—E. M. Goulburn.

KINDLY DEEDS. The kindly deeds of this life, of every life which has trodden in the same footsteps of our Saviour through this world's dented snow, have had their mainspring in that sympathy which was expressed by the sigh of Jesus. We cannot all do as He did in the brief years of His ministry—"go about doing good," but we can all live as He lived for His first thirty years of quiet, holy strenuous duty, deliberately striving each day to abstain from evil, in order, so far as in us lies, in His name, and for His sake, to assuage the sorrows of the world.—Canon Farrar.

There are hours in which work is transmuted—in which it does not appear drudgery, but a mission, in which it is noble to do anything for God and man; in which every duty is attractive. All work then becomes a divine calling and we see that men are not only called to be apostles, but also called to be carpenters, called to be artists, inventors, and that one can sweep a room for the sake of God, and be happy and Christian in doing it. And until our work is transmuted, and we see religion in it, it must be often a burden and drudgery.—James Freeman Clarke.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

DARING BURGLARY.

Clothing Store in New Castle Robbed of Valuable Goods. One of the most daring burglaries that was ever perpetrated in New Castle occurred early Sunday morning, and probably no later than 5:30. About this time the employees of an all-night restaurant saw two men go past the place with armfuls of clothing. An investigation showed that All-Wyke's clothing store, situated on the main street, had been entered and robbed. Strange to say the entrance was effected through the front door, which is located almost opposite the Leslie House, one of the largest hotels in the city. Jimmies were used in forcing the door, and the thieves secured suits of clothing, jewelry, overcoats and kid gloves, valued at about \$500.

AN ELECTRIC LINE FIGHT.

In the electric line fight for access to the Ligonier valley, it is reported that the charter recently obtained by the Mellon company confers the right to wire the Ligonier Valley road and operate it with either electricity or steam. If this be true, they will establish the electric line as soon as the opposing concern logic secures, and in less than a month have cars running. It is alleged that the immense lake at Idlewild is designed to prevent competitors getting through the Loyalsock mountains water gap.

An immense cave, thought to be many acres in extent, has been discovered in the Laurel Hill range, 10 miles northeast from Ligonier. Explorers entered nearly a quarter of a mile, stopping at a perpendicular descent of over 100 feet. A number of side passages were explored. Near the mouth of the cave a mold for making bent pieces was found, indicating that smelter-fuelers have been there in time past. Evidence is given that illicit distilling operations have also been conducted there. It is almost certain that the cave was the rendezvous of a band of robbers which operated along the State road before the war.

Thomas C. Jennings died recently at his home at Richwood, in Franklin county, from a stroke which was supposed to be typhoid fever. It now develops that the young man was strung up feet first to a tree by some drunken lumberman and that caused his death. The district-attorney has the matter in hand.

The contractor for the building of the water works at Rochester, began operations on the new plant, but the work was brought to a standstill by an order of the supreme court restraining further work. The matter has been referred to James M. Swearingen, manager.

At Williamsport, Cephas Bateheller, aged 93 years, the oldest man in this section, met death by suffocation, at the home of his grand-son, J. C. Hawk. Bateheller lived in the third story of the house and when caught fire no one was able to get to him.

John Brown, who was arrested at Greerburg last week for the alleged robbery of Lewis' laundry and "disorderly" discharge, has been rearrested. An informant from Pittsburg is said to have discovered some new evidence against Brown.

A life insurance agent named Atkinson, while handling a revolver at his home at Manor Station, accidentally discharged the weapon and the bullet striking his young son inflicted a serious wound.

The remains of Ollie Reichart, the girl who died at Hamilton, Ont., under suspicious circumstances, has been taken to her former home at Shippensburg for burial.

Coroner James Post will be chief of the funeral of Mrs. Mary Barr, immediately upon his exhumation, will tender resignation as coroner.

While assisting in the removal of a fire house at Rochester, the building of the William Wevering was crushed to death.

Michael McDermott, of Dunbar, was arrested to await the result of injuries on The Hogan during a bar-room quarrel.

The South Tenth Street bridge, Pittsburg, was made free, the city acquiring it by purchase, paying therefor \$30,000.

H. H. Hughes, manager for Armour & Co. at Altoona, was fined \$100 and costs for selling oleomargarine.

Judge Wallace, of Lawrence county, was arraigned against a new bridge between Elftown and Hazel Dell.

Latest returns from Westmoreland county indicate that Robbins will be an easy winner for congress.

New Castle is to have a new industry in the shape of a windmill factory.

The Labor World. A Brooklyn lodge of the United Order of Carpenters was organized. A German association of stone cutters has been organized in New York City.

Northwestern lumbermen have decided to reduce the lumber cut twenty-five per cent. The Ellis and Lessig Iron Company, Pottstown, Penn., has raised wages ten per cent.

Four hundred coal miners at Pottsville struck for a 10 per cent increase, which claim are not of the proper size.

Beginning April 1, the wages of men in the Clearfield, Beech Creek, Cambria and Gallitzin coal regions was raised five per cent.

The Wire Nail Manufacturers' Ass'n has advanced prices fifteen cents a ton. The latest thing in glass is a Liverpool, England, built of glass with chimneys, roofs and shingles same material.

Unions connected with the United Mine Workers' Association of America on strike in Baltimore, Chicago, C and St. Louis. A project for compulsory insurance accidents and sickness of its citizens earnings do not exceed \$600 per year, pending serious consideration Swiss Government. Frank Sweeney, who was several years the head of the Switchmen's National Union and who figured prominently in the New York Central strike a few years ago, died a few days ago, in Chicago.

Charles E. Clark, for seven years a printer on the Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald, has been appointed Superintendent of the Childs-Drexel Home at Colorado Springs. He is at present district organizer of the International Typographical Union. The 500 lithographers who had been on strike in New York City for seven weeks returned to work, pending arbitration by Bishop Potter. The men went back to work as the result of a conference between a committee of employers and a committee of the strikers. As the E. of L. cigarette-makers refuse to admit women to membership in the E. of L. Pa. Tobacco Workers' Union, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and many of whose local unions are composed of women, will organize their own cigarette-makers in New York City. The Window Glass Workers' Association, also the Green Glass League and American Glass Workers' Association have decided to form a membership of nearly 80,000, and will be the strongest trade organization in the world. It will raise a special fund of \$100,000 to be used in the event of a strike. It is also a special fund of \$100,000 to be used in the event of a strike. It is also a special fund of \$100,000 to be used in the event of a strike.