PICTURES.

I saw upon the screen of time
Two silhoutted pictures thrown,
But really from the figures' pose
Their occupations were unknown.

Now, was the first with arms upraised
Plebeian father with his pick?
Or else did it resemble more
Son Algy with his golling stick?

The second with gymnastic pose
Was also open to surmise,
It looked like mother at the tub
Or daughter's Swedish exercise.

So 'twixt the lowly and the proud
I gathered the dividing trend
Lay not in working with the hands,
But what was at the other end.
—McLandburgh Wilson, in the New York Sun.

Tow-Head

A JUVENILE COURT STORY.

By Mary Talbott Campbell.

A young woman awaiting the opening of the Juvenile Court threw her fur coat over the back of a chair, behind which sat a row of little probationers. Small hands stroked the jacket's smooth softness, while low-toned bets were exchanged as to the kind of animal it had once adorned. Finally emboldened by the smiling face turned partially toward them, one youngster asks:

"Say, what's it made outer?"

"Seal."

"Gee! Real or play?"

A rosy flush mounted to her brow, as feigning deafness she lifted her merry eyes to the round reflections dancing in wild gyrations of light over the ceiling of the great room. A majority of the lads came armed with circular mirrors which they flushed in the sun as well as in the eyes of the court officials, their natural prey.

"There's the old Tramway cop, the fat Phoenix! Give it 'im in the eye!"

The good natured officer blinked in more senses than one at the dazzling glare, as with a knowing leer at the boys he turned out of range.

At Judge Findley's entrance the glasses were pocketed by a common impulse. His brief address to the boys, couched in a language intelligible to the most benighted, was followed by the taking of reports and a partial clearing of the room, as the first case on the crowded docket was called. At 2.30 Eddie Collins' name was called, bringing forward a white-headed, weazen-faced, bony child, with eyes too big for his odd little phiz.

"Tow-head!" was heard from some of the waiting boys, as the little fellow stepped before the Judge. His Honor smiled, a genial warmth lighting his tired face, as he passed a hand over his own thinning hair.

"It's better to be tow-headed than bald-headed any day! Isn't it Eddie?"

An old, automatic smile wrinkled the thin little face, but no humor lit the solemn eyes — and the Judge sighed with renewed weariness as he demanded the charges against the child. Eddie stood toeing in and out with an absent minded monotony.

"Drunkenness and frequenting saloons, Your Honor," answered the probation officer.

A heavy frown lowered between Judge Findley's clear, dark eyes, which despite all, still held some message of faith and hope for every little chap who sought it there.

"Can it be true, Eddie, after all my talk about this most serious offense?"

The tow-head nodded, while the downcast, hungry eyes remained fixed, in vague concentration upon his shoes, through which bare toes poked.

"Did your father send you to buy liquor?"

Again the silently bowed head.

"He committed a grave crime, but was that any reason why you should drink the whisky even if you had to buy it?"

No answer.

"Look at me, boy!"

Eyes of dumb pain gazed unwinkingly from the stolid, changeless face.

"Aren't you one of the boys that promised to help me hold down my job by playing square, after I gave you another chance?"

A mute assent was given.

"Well, I have done my part, haven't I? Answer me!"

"Yes, Jedge!"

"But how about you, Ed? Have you any further claim on my patience and faith?"

"No, Jedge!"

"You know what this means, Eddie?"

"Yes, Jedge"—and a slight quiver of life stirred the little stoic's face.

"Have you no excuse, my boy, for breaking your word and going back on the man who has been your friend?"

Hope died hard with Judge Findley.

"No, less'n" — the great eyes burned in hot scrutiny over the intent, listening faces of the other boys.

"Bailiff, take those children further back. Come close, my boy."

She of the fur coat was thankful for keen hearing and nearness to the judge, as alert, with downcast eyes, she waited, engulfed in waves of pity for the boy.

"Less'n being cold 'n' hungry 'n' druv wid blows to the s'loons goes for somepen—I thought I'd forgit fer a spell—like pa—'n' 't felt warm—then I run up agin the cop——"

"Did your mother try and prevent your going to the saloon?"

"No, Jedge."

"When did you eat last?"

The question was almost inaudible.

"Yisteddy mornin'."

Every trace of gentleness fled from the Judge's face as he leaned eagerly toward the officer:

"Swear out a warrant for the father and mother of this boy, charging them with contributing to a delinquency. I hold them more guilty than their son. You will also get the name and address of that saloon-keeper who dares break the juvenile laws of this State."

"Pa's skipped, Jedge."

The boy started to his feet as he spoke to be again thrust back.

"When, Eddy?"

"Soon's he'd licked me for swipin' the whisky."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Jus' any old place clear o' woman 'n' kids!"

"We'll find him, never you fear! How does your mother treat you?"

"She hain't got no time fer me, what wid diggin' 'n' cryin' 'n' workin' wid the little kids. She says all she wants o' me is to keep out o' her way."

A long silence followed Judge Findley's eyes wide and unseeing, as troubled thought went on behind the fixed inner absorption of his glance.

"Eddie, my heart goes out to you, my poor boy, and I feel that you're not to blame for much of your wrong-doing. But you've got to be corrected and helped. If they hadn't got after me when I was a kid I'd have got into bigger troubles, troubles they want to keep you out of, too."

Eddie perched on the very edge of the chair with eyes devouring His Honor's face, but ears closed to the pity of the firm voice because of a great roaring. A faint grayness tinged the wan, unchildlike face.

"Because I believe it for your good I shall send you to the School of Detention, here in Denver, for one month. It is under the charge of a very kind woman, who will see that you are kept warm, well fed and cared for. There'll be no chance to get into any trouble, and in this way I hope to keep you out of the Industrial School at Golden. When the month is up we'll see what is best."

The child pushed close to the court, his cheeks hot with a fleeting glow, the eyes big with excitement, while eager pleading hands were outstretched.

"Oh, Jedge! Please, Jedge——"

"Brace up, Ed, and take it like the man I know you can be! Don't beg!"

"But, Jedge, please, won't yer please to make it a year? I'd ruther——"

The Judge started, leaning toward the child as he paused, but Eddie went white, clutching at the table for support. Swinging the reeling little figure into a chair Judge Findley held water to the boy's lips. Low-voiced, gentle words sought to penetrate the giddy whirl of Eddie's thoughts, but these alone made an impression:

"You need not go back to your home, my boy, at the end of the month if you still feel as you do. We'll find a better home, little chap!"

The child closed his eyes and never knew that his head rested against Judge Findley's arm or that the potent power of a patient, virile tenderness upbore his stumbling little life, never to be withdrawn while great heart or clever brain throbbed within this man who remembered his own boyhood.

Then the world cleared and steadied as something hot and beefy was forced down upon him by a tender, womanly hand. He dimly heard the next case called and wondered dreamily why the "Jedge" sat with eyes covered by his hand.

"We'll be going, Eddie. Can you walk to the car, dear boy?" asked Mrs. Bright, of the Detention Home, bending over her new charge with motherly tenderness.

"Sure!" with plucky cheer.

She held him so tight under one arm while leading him past His Honor that the boy looked up with a feeble attempt at "joshin'."

"On the square, ma'am, I won't work no bluff an' give ye the slip!"

He thought the whirling must be returning as he cast a look of farewell at Judge Findley, for the blurred smile in the shadowed eyes of His Honor was not the clear one he knew.
—National Children's Home Finder.

No Censorship.

The Hobart (Okla.) News-Republican last week received a letter signed by all the physicians of the city insisting that the paper should not mention their names in connection with surgical operations, burns, accidents, or anything of the sort, unless authorized in writing. The News-Republican expresses itself as declining to accept the censorship established by the doctors or any one else, but does announce that it will hereafter omit the prefix "Dr." when referring to the Hobart pill rollers in its personal columns, and will shove 'em along with the common herd if they are so averse to free advertising as their letter would imply.—Western Publisher.

Wealth in Stolen Ties.

J. C. Betancue, the Southern Pacific detective, has been tie hunting for the company for several weeks and has located some 5000 Southern Pacific ties on ranches and at mines, some of them forty miles from the Southern Pacific right of way. He also found many Santa Fe ties west of Deming, where they had been carried by floods. An untreated tie costs the Southern Pacific on its New Mexico division when put off the car one dollar, and a treated tie costs a dollar and a quarter.—Albuquerque (N. M.) Citizen.

Woman's Realm

Take Care of the Hands.

Throw a handful of bran in the wash water. Wash them very often in very hot water, but do not go out for an hour afterward. It injures the hands to expose them to cold air after washing. Use the skin food on them.

Lady Ticket Clerks a Failure.

For years past experiments have been made on the Prussian State railways with the employment of female ticket clerks. These, apparently, are not successful, for the railway minister has issued instructions that the female ticket clerks are to be gradually replaced by men.

One Woman's Belt.

There is a woman in New York who is distinguished by the belt she wears. It is perhaps the most remarkable conceit in New York, consisting of sixteen gold medals, each of which represents a first prize in an athletic contest won by the wearer's fiance, the two medals forming the clasp standing for national championships. The making of this belt was a formidable task for the jeweler who got it up, owing to the fact that the fastening together of the sixteen medals had to be done with unusual care, since the liberal use of enamel made the business of brazing the gold eyelets for the connecting links a laborious process. The medal winner is a member of the New York Athletic Club.

Purple For Widows in Rewedding.

When widows are wedded henceforth, says that stern arbiter, Fashion, they must carry purple flowers. It's a pity, for really, some widows looked delightfully bridelike as they marched up the aisle, bearing white bouquets. Florists say almost all the widows, fascinating or otherwise, who will be married this fall will carry bunches of white roses or white orchids, though a few purple or heliotrope flowers will be intermingled. These are much smaller than ordinary bouquets. The getting of a touch of originality to mark the conventional wedding costume has become the endeavor of every bride-to-be. So the purple bouquet may come to be used by all altar-goers, not alone by those who are treading that path for the second time.—New York Press.

Etiquette of Introductions.

On at at-home day, when many are present, a hostess is not required to make introductions between her guests unless she wishes to do so, but when the callers number but one or two only it is incumbent upon her to introduce them to each other.

At a large luncheon party the numbers regulate whether or no general introductions are to be made. It is not possible to introduce all in a given time, and therefore only two or three of the principal people present are introduced, says Woman's Life.

At a small luncheon party, on the contrary, to introduce all the guests to each other is the received rule, and this is done immediately on arrival if possible—formally or informally, directly or indirectly, as the hostess may prefer, but still an introduction of some kind is made.

Helen of Troy Wore a Boa.

Alfred Emerson, archaeologist and assistant director of the Art Institute, enlightened the Dressmakers' Convention in Chicago by a lecture on ancient modes, illustrated by draping fabrics upon living models. He smoothed the way by the preliminary announcement that any archaeologist worthy the name would turn his back upon any cathedral to see a pretty woman go by.

Commenting upon a reproduction of the garments worn by Helen of Troy, he explained that what appears to be a snake around her throat was in reality a snake boa, much affected at the present time, and said that Helen was thus apparelled when she eloped with Paris. Mrs. E. Cornelia Claflin said that society women by following extreme fashions in lacing and long skirts, were indirectly the cause of ruining the health of thousands of shop girls, who felt they must follow the fashion whether their work permits or not.

Fine Girl; Fine Pig.

Miss Ethel Neal, daughter of a farmer of Robertson County, Kentucky, thinks she would make a good wife for some thrifty young fellow, as witness the following:

About fifteen months ago Wm. Anderson, a neighbor of the Neal family, needed an extra laborer in his tobacco field. Neighbor farmers in Kentucky assist each other when the "ox is in the ditch," Biblically speaking, so Anderson asked Miss Neal if she would assist him to set his tobacco crop while the drought was broken. Miss Neal answered in the affirmative, and for one long, hot day she almost broke her back setting tobacco plants.

When Anderson asked what she charged for the day's work she took a small sow pig that was running about the yard and carried it home in her arms. She cared for the little pig, which in time grew to be an adult porker. This week Miss Neal sold seven shoats, the produce of the pig, for nearly $100. The seven shoats averaged 256 pounds in weight. In the fifteen months that the "tobacco pig" has been owned by Miss Neal she has sold nearly $200 worth of pigs. All this is the result of one day's labor in a hot Kentucky tobacco field. — Washington Star.

Women Who Should Be Pretty.

Do you know that it is the habits and not the flight of years that take the expression of youth from the eyes, the look of freshness from the skin, the lightness of grace from the step? Too many women who are pretty in girlhood become positively ugly in middle age. Those who are shapeless with fat and have muddy complexions are often thus unlovely because of laziness and self-indulgence. They eat the rich and sweet things which make flesh and do not take sufficient exercise. The odd thing about it is that while women deplore the loss of beauty no persuasion will make them adopt the Spartan methods which will bring at least some of it back, says Woman's Life. As for the thin, nervous women who have lost the delicate, round, pink and white outlines of youth in sallowness and scragginess, they are no more amenable to reason and common sense. A daily bath in tepid water, plenty of nourishing food judiciously chosen, and a resolute avoidance of the twin fiends, hurry and worry, mean a new rosiness in the cheek, a softer contour in the figure, a new enjoyment of life.

Own Name in Marriage License.

When Miss Emma Dills, seventeen years old, of Asheville, N. C., announced to her father that she had become engaged he told her she was too young to marry and that he would not give his consent. As Registrar of Deeds he refused her a license to be married in Jackson County, and notified all the registrars in the neighboring counties not to issue such a paper to his daughter.

Miss Dills made no attempt to evade the parental edict, and the matter had almost been forgotten whene recently it became necessary for Mr. Dills to leave the county. As was his usual custom, he left his daughter in charge of his office.

In case anybody should apply for a license to marry during his absence Mr. Dills signed his name to several blank licenses, instructing the girl to fill them out as needed.

The young woman followed her father's instructions to the letter, filling out the blanks with her own name and that of her fiance. Then they were married.

Mr. Dills was forced to forgive his daughter and make the best of the situation, for he could not enter suit against himself for issuing a license to a minor without her parent's consent, his own name being signed to the license.

Cynic's Rules of Conduct.

Some directions that are more easily remembered than the usual examples are given from a recent volume, "The Cynic's Rules of Conduct."

"When in the street with a lady a gentleman should not light a cigarette unless the lady does.

"When you step on a lady's toes make some off-hand remarks about her feet being too small to be seen. This is older than the cave-dwellers, but it still works.

"Don't forget to tell her that she's not like other girls. It always works, whether you spring it on the belle of the village, the girl with a hare lip, or the bearded lady at the circus.

"If you use the same solitaire for the second engagement, don't refer to it as killing two birds with one stone.

"At week end bridge parties no really nice girl will cheat on the Sabbath day.

"Don't marry for money, but never let money stand between a girl and her happiness.

"It is not good form to congratulate a girl friend upon her engagement. Simply remark: 'So you landed him at last.'"

Another batch of the same rules is taken from the department given up to society events.

"The chief duty of the best man is to prevent the groom from escaping before the ceremony.

"Remember, too, that perhaps you are not the sort of husband that father used to make.

"In taking soup try not to give others the impression that the plumbing is out of order.

"On returning from the altar be careful not to step on the bride's train. There's trouble enough ahead without that.

"At afternoon funerals wear a frock coat and top hat. Should the funeral be your own the hat may be dispensed with.

"Those who live in glass houses should be polite to reporters.

"The father gives the bride away, but the small brother would like to."

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

TROLLEY LINES AT WAR

Two Companies Hunting for a Route Between Greensburg and Latrobe.

A street railway fight is on in Westmoreland county. The Pittsburg & Westmoreland Electric Railway Company, chartered by Eastern capitalists and believed to be affiliated with the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Greensburg Railway Company, has begun surveys from Greensburg to Latrobe. The West Penn Railways Company, having constructed its line from the coke region to Greensburg, is looking about for a route to the eastern end of the county. The war has a further interest in that the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Greensburg and West Penn companies are about to annul a traffic arrangement on the former's line between Greensburg and Hunker. It is rumored that the West Penn will extend its line to Ridgeview Park, and possibly to New Florence.

The Executive Committee of the State firemen's convention met at Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 9, and awarded four of the prizes, as follows: Middletown Hose Company, Middletown, $25 for having the best Darktown brigade; Moyamensing Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, Chester, $100 for the best hook and ladder truck and the largest uniformed company. The $50 prize for the company coming the greatest distance went to Good Will Company, No. 2, of Butler. Prizes of $100 offered the company having the best engine and of $50 to the one having the best combination hose and chemical were not awarded owing to their having been no company entered for either.

The annual report of Robert C. Bair, chief of the bureau of industrial statistics, for the year 1905, was made public. The report shows the past year was a leading one in a wonderful period of business activity and stability and was remarkably free from strikes and lockouts. Mr. Bair's report shows a wonderful growth in the manufactories of the state in the past 10 years. The report states that under the influence of liberal laws industrial corporations and individual firms of Pennsylvania have been encouraged and have increased in numbers, magnitude and strength.

In a collision between street cars at the foot of the East Main street hill, Uniontown, six people were seriously injured. George Dalton, a traveling salesman of Latrobe, and Harry Johnson, a negro, of Brownfield, each had both legs cut off below the knees, and George Roden, Samuel Griffin and C. L. Crider were cut and bruised. The three men whose legs were cut off were in the rear end of the front car. When the two cars came together through the failure of the brakes of one of them to work, they were wedged in and rendered helpless.

By a stupid blunder, the Butler Republicans will not have any candidates for representatives on their ticket. Their candidates were Ira McJunkin and J. W. Dight and they forgot to file their certificates of nomination until too late. They then took out nomination papers, to which objections were made, and the court decided that the papers are invalid, but allowed them five days to select another party name.

One of the biggest deals ever recorded in Northeastern Pennsylvania was consummated at Milford, Pike county, when the Shohola Falls Company conveyed to Congressman Wright, of Susquehanna, timber rights for a consideration of $200,000. It is estimated that there are in the neighborhood of 600,000,000 feet of timber on the land. A railroad will be built from Port Jervis to the property via Milford.

Paul W. Houck of Shenandoah, treasurer of the state pharmaceutical board, who was dismissed by Gov. Pennypacker three weeks ago, had his accounts audited. They showed he was indebted to the board $8,896.38, which he promptly paid. Houck's friends will make an effort to have the governor, who has not yet filled the vacancy created by his removal, reinstate him.

Burgess A. C. Marsh, of Washington, has issued an edict against burlesque shows and declares he will issue no more permits for this class of entertainment. The burgess does not object to a good burlesque show and says so, but asserts the kind that have been produced there recently are not such as good citizens approve of.

Frank Smith, 38 years old, a member of the Wells band of Gypsies, in camp near Norristown, was shot and killed by masked robbers. Early in the morning Joseph Wells, chief of the band, was held up by the robbers and Smith went to the rescue. His wife says Smith had $200 or $500 in his pockets. The money was missing when the body was found.

At Bellefonte, the store of J. L. Mattern and the postoffice, which was located in the store, were broken into and robbed, then set on fire and burned to the ground. The loss is heavy.

Robert Rice, one of the oldest employes of the Pennsylvania railroad, was instantly killed by being struck by a fast train while cleaning the ash pit in the Derry yards.

A marbl shaft and fountain erected by the Order of Elks throughout the United States in memory of Meade D. Detweiler of Harrisburg, twice grand exalted ruler of the order, was unveiled in Reservoir park at Harrisburg, the anniversary of Mr. Detweiler's birth. The principal address was delivered by Judge Jerome B. Fisher of Jamestown, N. Y., whose subject was "An Estimate of Detweiler, the Man and the Elk." The statue was unveiled by Mr. Detweiler's two little sons, after which it was turned over to Mayor Gross and by him to the park commission.

PLAN TO PUMP COAL

Originator Claims He Can Turn It Into Liquid.

Dr. George R. Nunnelly has been investigating the bituminous coal fields of Northern Missouri with the view of placing in operation a method which he confidently claims will revolutionize the coal trade of the entire world. Discussing his plans, Dr. Nunnelly said:

"The first problem is to liquify coal and retain all its combustible qualities. I have solved that. The reduction measure I propose to use will be to spray the face of the veins as they lie in their natural beds. The coal will melt into large metallic troughs and be pumped to the surface, where it will be stored in tanks. The material will not regain its soluble state unless exposed to light and air, when it rapidly hardens."

Dr. Nunnelly's plan is to pipe his product and distribute it in cities the same as gas is now distributed.

The Decline of Whistling.

It has dawned upon a Boston paper that whistling has gone or is going out of fashion, and it laments the fact. Most people will be disposed to rejoice. The whistler is perhaps not wholly to be condemned. He is all right when he practices his art in the middle of a 40-acre lot.—Indianapolis Star.

When the workman whistles at his task it is evidence that he is contented and cheerful and is not think of throwing bombs at anybody. We do not agree with our sprightly cotemporary that the decay of whistling is cause for rejoicing, or it is an evidence of the increased strenuousness of our national life. Under the influence of mental strain or grim determination the jaws are unconsciously locked and whistling is out of the question.—New York Herald.

Secretiveness of the Japanese.

No higher tribute can be paid to a foreigner by a Japanese than his belief in his power to keep silence; that power is one of the most tremendous sources of the nation's strength. Much marvel has been elicited by the inviolate safety during the war of strategic secrets, the common possession of thousands of people at once. There were a few traitors here and there in the beginning of the war; there were none when it was ended. They were discovered and convicted by their own comrades and swift and terrible was the execution of justice upon them. Only in the service to which they belonged were these painful incidents known; they were described when the war was over.—World's Work.

Three Miles of New Ships.

More than 30 steamships are under contract or in process of construction at lake ports. These vessels will average more than 500 feet in length. Ten of them will measure a mile, touching bow and stern all the way. The 30-odd ships mean more than three miles of steel boats of the latest type and greatest efficiency. On one trip these vessels will be able to carry 300,000 tons of freight, roughly speaking. They can take down the lakes over 10,000,000 bushels of wheat in one load for the fleet. In a month they could move as much wheat as would make a good average crop for Ohio from Chicago to Buffalo. If live animals could be stowed away like coal these new boats might transport 500,000 horses in a single trip.

Hard on Smokers.

Strenuous efforts have been made in times past to stamp out smoking. Among the rules of an English school in 1629 it was laid down that "a master must be a man of grave behavior, neither papist nor Puritan, no haunter of alehouses and no puffer of tobacco." In Turkey, where the pipe is now omnipresent, former sultans made smoking a crime, and offenders were punished by having their pipes thrust into their noses, while in Russia a royal edict ordered the noses of the smokers to be cut off.