

THE IMMORTALS.

The fingers of the world, ah, who are they?
Those who have put away
All hope of gain and vantage place
To go, despoiled, on the unending chase
After high Beauty, following where she runs—
Beauty in twilights, stars and moons and suns;
Beauty in sea-wings flashed above gray capes;
Beauty in dawns and midnights and cloud-ships;
Beauty in snowdrifts, pools, and rushing storms;
Beauty in laughter and in living forms—
Onward, unresting, over crag and stream
Chasing the flying dream.
Till the white equities of moon and star,
Sowing their light afar,
Lead on their feet to kingdoms waiting long.
Where, young forever, dwell they glad with song.

The poets of the earth, they cannot perish.
Their music men will cherish;
Their songs build down as the large suns grow light.

They are the morning-makers of our night,
Great kings of melody forever hymning
Beauty and love, with jocund eyes clear
brimming.

The races rise and rule and pass, but they,
Immortal and glad, like strong gods, stay
In cool, green places where the years are young;
And hearts of lovers hold the strains they've sung.
Deathless, though dead, they have perpetual youth,
And Beauty know as Truth;
Priests of white hope they urge men's souls
still on
To tracts of fairer dawn;
And it is always April where they wait,
Secure in morn that nevermore grows late.

—Charles J. O'Malley, in The Century.

HER DILEMMA

Dearest Bettina: This must be a short letter, but I need your advice, and I need it quick. Please telegraph your answer. No, on second thought, that won't do. But write by return mail.

I'm having a glorious time in the country, after all. My uncle has a beautiful home, with a regular park for a yard, and his big house has all the comforts and none of the discomforts of a steam-heated flat. Barbara Morgan and her husband are here, and little Cousin Isabel has a boarding school chum visiting her, and Dr. Burt almost lives here while his wife's away, and last week Paul Herrick came out for a few days.

It's a regular house party, you see, and everybody is crazy over horse-back riding. My uncle David hates automobiles, and everytime one of his rich neighbors gets a new one he goes and buys another horse, so there are mounts for us all. You ought to have seen us last week, galloping over these country roads.

Well, to get to the point. Uncle David went to town last Saturday and we promised him that a mounted escort of at least six should accompany his carriage when it came to the station to meet him that afternoon. It's about two miles from the house. Then a storm came up—a howling wind and rain—and Barbara was for backing out. She's so different from what she was before she got married! But Paul and I wanted to go, so at last we started out—Bab and her husband, Isabel and Dr. Burt, and Paul and I.

You ought to have seen us—all togged for the rain! I had on a coat and cap of my Cousin Jack's. But caps wouldn't stay on, so we put them into our pockets. Then Barbara's hair came down, completely—such hair, Betsy!—and every hairpin was lost. It was a terrible wind, of course, but I can't help thinking that Barbara made the most of it. She knew very well that she looked like an October magazine cover, with all that gaily-brown mass of hair flying.

She made the conventional fuss—said she couldn't go another step and all that. Then Dr. Burt asked if she'd go provided Isabel and I would let down our hair, too. Well, Bab said she would. I do think a girl might be past such tricks after she's married—though, of course, as far as she knew—well, anyway, you can imagine how I felt, Betsy.

Little Isabel naturally didn't mind. She shook out her short pigtails without a murmur. But I said "No."

That was the signal for mischief. Paul didn't do anything—only hung back and looked worried—but Dr. Burt and Mr. Morgan rode up alongside my pony, and the more I insisted that I wouldn't take down my hair, the more they insisted that I should. And such impertinent jokes! Dr. Burt kept asking me if there was anything I'd like to slip quietly into his pocket. He said his wife wore one, and he knew all about it. Then they all shouted except Paul.

At last Mr. Morgan had the effrontery to begin pulling out my hairpins, and Dr. Burt was starting to help him when I got on my dignity. I told them I could do it—rather than disappoint Uncle David—if Barbara insisted, but that I should do it myself. Then I ordered those two married men to ride ahead with their own companions, and I did it in a way that made them go! That left Paul with me, poor boy! He was trying so hard to look indifferent.

Well, I put up both hands and carefully extracted all the pins, holding the coil of hair right in the place until the last instant. Then I said, "Oh, see Isabel's horse!"

While Paul was looking at the horse I let my hair drop over my left shoulder, and, at the same instant, ran my hand swiftly down its length into the wide pocket of the coat I was wearing, where I left my hairpins and—well, you know,

It was the neatest thing! In the wink of an eye, that unsuspecting Paul was looking at me again, and there I was, calmly shaking out my mane, and pinning the pocket shut with a hatpin. You know my hair doesn't look so sparse when it's down, Betsy. It's only when it's up that it needs the extra braid so much. It's rather short, to be sure, but it has a kink and a fluffiness that help.

Anyway, both those married men were perfectly crest fallen when they glanced back. You'd think they had counted on seeing me baldheaded after my topknot was down. But Paul looked perfectly happy.

We rode like mad after that, not to miss the train, and our hair streamed out behind like the heroine's in a novel, and—well, if my cheeks were half as red or my eyes half a shiny as Bab's and Isabel's were, I can't blame Paul very much for acting like a goose and calling me "gypsy queen" and such names. But, Betsy, from that hour things got serious. I put him off as long as I could, and then there came a time—

Now, I don't know what to do. For I can't help knowing that matters were precipitated by that episode of the hair. While I don't see any reason for telling my secrets to Mr. Morgan and Dr. Butt, Paul might think he had been deceived.

You're the only one who knows, Betsy, and I'd never have told you if you hadn't had to go with me to match the color. You remember, yourself, that it wasn't a large one, but of course Paul couldn't be expected to discriminate about that. You see, I want to be strictly honorable and yet—oh, dear!

Ought I tell him, and will it make a difference in his feelings if I do, and, if I don't, will it make a difference in his feelings later?

Another thing: I can't think it will come to this, but if I should have to choose between Paul and my switch, what in the world can I do? Your anxious Peggy.—Chicago Daily News.

A Tribute to the Egg.

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

We have crossed the Bosphorus and bade farewell to Asia, within whose borders we have spent about seven months. They have been wonderfully instructive months, and we have enjoyed the experiences through which we have passed, but we cannot say that we have fallen in love with Asiatic food. We have been afraid of the vegetables; we have distrusted the water, unless it was boiled, and we have sometimes been skeptical about the meat. The butter has not always looked inviting, and our fondness for cream has not been increased by the sight of the goats driven from door to door and milked in the presence of the purchaser. The bread was not a rival of the Vienna bread, and the cooking has not been up to Western standards. But the hen—long life to her. She has been our constant friend. When all else has failed we could fall back upon the boiled egg with a sense of security and a feeling of satisfaction. If I am not henceforth a poultry fancier in the technical sense of the term, I shall return with an increased respect for the common, every-day barnyard fowl. There are many differences between the East and the West—differences in race characteristics, differences in costumes, differences in ideals of life, of government, and of religion, but we all meet at the breakfast table—the egg, like "a touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Rap at the "Yellows."

The University Magazine, published at Montreal, pays its respects to "The American Newspaper," ridiculing especially the stock highfalutin phrases that, like a journalistic revival of eighteenth century tags, do duty for the simplest objects, and the sporting humor. The article concludes with prophecy:

There are signs that the people are tired of the farce, and that soon the lights will be out and the audience gone home. All art passes through this stage. In the early days of the vaudeville a negro and a flapstick were considered sufficient for an evening's entertainment. Towards the finish of the programme one got tired. But the average newspaper writer is the last man in the world to discern the hopeful end. The reporter of the baseball game continues his buffoonery every morning, repeating his jargon which was already tiresome, when Kelly slid and Casey went to the bat. The sporting editor yet "breezes" his horses, "works" them "on the flat," or "lifts" them "over the timber." His pugilists are as of old time "gluttons for punishment," and their "blows will not be denied." All sensible persons must yearn for the time when the "yellow metal" will have disappeared, when the "fiery element" will be quenched, when the "palatial hostilities" closed, when the "speckled beauties" will have vanished with the other members of the "finny tribe," and the "kings" of cotton, lumber and wheat will have gone with the "merchant princes" to their own place.

Sword of King Behanzin.

Behanzin, King of Dahomey, has presented his sword to the French Minister for the Colonies. The weapon was purchased years ago at a theatrical costumer's by an explorer, who afterward gave it to Behanzin. The King ordered the court armorer to make a sheath for it out of empty sardine cans, and wore it until quite recently.—London Evening Standard.

IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOUR UNCLE SAM.



—Week's cleverest cartoon by Brewerton, in the Atlanta Journal.

DAY OF CHEAP MEAT IS OVER

According to Statistics, a Large Part of the Population Will Have to Do Without It—People Eat Less and Less—Only 59.3 as Much Per Capita as in 1840—Many Causes Contribute to This Condition.

Washington, D. C.—That a time is rapidly coming when a large part of the population of this country must go without meat, just as many of the poor do in other countries, is the fact pointed to in a report on meat supply and surplus, which has recently been published by direction of Secretary Wilson, and which was written by George K. Holmes, chief of the division of foreign markets of the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Holmes does not assert that the day is near when many Americans must go hungry for meat. The facts he has set forth, however, have attracted much notice among high officials of the Department of Agriculture. They admit that his statistics tend to show a growing meat scarcity with higher meat prices.

Nothing is more common in these days of prosperity than the remark that every one is eating more meat. This is not the case, according to Mr. Holmes. He has made a searching analysis of the census and other figures on meat supply, surplus and the like, and finds the stock of meat animals in the country diminishing relative to the population and the consumption per capita declining.

Instead of considering cattle, sheep and swine the principal food animals, separately, Mr. Holmes, for comparative purposes, has considered them as merged into a composite animal. He finds that there was 1.043 of a composite meat animal per capita of population in 1840. The ratio declined to .860 of a composite animal in 1860, to .838 in 1880, rose to .900 in 1890, but fell more decidedly to .709 of a composite animal per individual of population in 1900. In other words, by the late enumeration there was in the country about 7 of a composite animal per capita and nearly 60 per cent. more than that in 1840.

But the consumption per capita is much below the stock per capita. It is shown that exports of meat and its products, especially since 1880, have increased enormously. With a lower supply of meat animals in the country per capita than formerly and with exports of meat growing, the tendency is for the consumption of meat at home to grow less and less.

Taking 1840 for comparison and placing the ratio of the consumption of meat animals to population then at 100, the ratio falls to 72.4 in 1880, followed by a rise to 79.4 in 1890, and by a great fall, to 59.3 in 1900. In other words, compared with 1840, each individual in the country is, on the average, eating about three-fifths as much meat.

From 1890 to 1900 the domestic consumption stock of meat animals declined almost exactly one-fourth per capita of the population.

At the Department of Agriculture there is going on a good deal of study of Mr. Holmes' report, with a view to ascertaining how his facts bear on the present high prices of meat. One of the foremost officials of the department, who has been looking into the meat situation with care, said that the inevitable conclusion was that this country had seen the last of low meat prices; that the tendency of the future would be for meat prices to rise even higher than they were now; that the amount of meat per capita in the country would keep growing lower as the population increased, and consequently that prices would tend upward, and that more and more the family of small means would have to go without meat, using it much more seldom than at present.

This official also pointed out that the difficulty of getting farm help was constantly growing, but that the population of the country was constantly enlarging. This means a less number of live stock relatively and more people to make a demand on the supply. In addition, high meat prices abroad are drawing an increasing export of meat and meat products away from the country.

WOMAN POSED AS MAN FOR 60 YEARS

Once Lived as a Husband, and Only Revealed Secret Just Before Death—Ranchman and Bank Clerk—Coming to America From France, She Found She Could Get Work Best in Male Attire.

Trinidad, Col.—Charles Vaubach, alias Katherine Vosbaugh, a woman who for sixty years passed as a married man, and was a bank clerk and sheep herder, died at San Rafael Hospital from old age.

She was born in France eighty-three years ago, and came to America when eighteen years of age, relying upon her own energies to make her living. She found that she was greatly handicapped because of her sex. After wandering around the country for two years as a woman she adopted male garb and applied for a man's position. She obtained employment in Joplin, Mo., and worked there as a bookkeeper for several years.

At this time she kept her secret, and no one doubted that she was a man. She possessed an excellent education, and while she was in Joplin she was offered a position in a St. Joseph (Mo.) banking house. She accepted this, going to St. Joseph before she was thirty years of age.

A few months later a young woman of that town was deserted by the man who had promised to marry her. Miss Vosbaugh sought her out, proposed marriage and was accepted. To this girl Miss Vosbaugh divulged her sex on a Bible pledge that she would never reveal the secret.

After their marriage they came to Trinidad and opened a restaurant. A year or two afterward the "wife" disappeared. The "husband" declared he had been deserted and refused to make any effort to find her. Miss Vosbaugh received more or less sympathy at the time, but the incident was soon forgotten.

Tiring of city life and always fearing her secret would be discovered, Miss Vosbaugh forty years ago sought employment at the Sam Brown ranch, near Trinchera. She asked for work as a sheep herder, and this was given to her. Later, when she knew that her sex could not be discovered except by the greatest of accidents, she accepted work as a camp cook.

She remained at the Sam Brown ranch until two years ago, when she was brought to San Rafael Hospital here to spend her last days. Even here she protected her secret, refusing to take a bath until she was assured by the sisters at the hospital that she could do so without the presence of attendants.

Some time later she contracted a severe cold that threatened to develop into pneumonia. Dr. T. J. Forham said it would be necessary for "Mr. Vosbaugh" to partially remove his clothing for an examination.

Fearing she would die, Miss Vosbaugh at last reluctantly consented, and then, with tears welling in her eyes and cursing down her wrinkled cheeks, she called for the sister in charge and parted with her secret for the second time in sixty years.

Viceroy Lord Minto Says It Is Impossible to Ignore India's Unrest.

Simla, India.—The Legislative Council adopted a bill designed to prevent seditious gatherings. It empowers the provincial authorities to prohibit public meetings.

Lord Minto, the Viceroy, in a speech in support of the bill, said it was impossible to ignore the warnings of recent months—the riots; the insults to Europeans, and the attempts to inflame racial feelings.

Insane Soldiers From Philippines Will Be Brought to Washington.

San Francisco.—Seventeen insane patients, belonging to the United States Army, who were brought from the Philippine Islands to the Presidio General Hospital, will be taken to the Army Hospital for the Insane at Washington. Colonel Geo. H. Torney, Deputy Surgeon-General, will have charge of them.

A car has been especially arranged for the convenience of the patients.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NEWS

BLOW UP SCHOOL HOUSE

Union Workmen Believed to Be at Bottom of Plot to Destroy Building.

Germantown was shaken as by an earthquake at 3 o'clock in the morning when the Charles W. Henry public school building, during completion at Greene and Carpenter streets, was wrecked by an explosion of dynamite from within, and several residences and other properties in its vicinity were damaged.

There were three distinct detonations at intervals of perhaps a minute, and the discoveries—subsequently made by the police show that the outrage was a clearly designed plot to destroy the school house, on which nearly \$100,000 has been spent, and which was to have been completed in time for the opening of the next term.

It is believed that workmen who were dissatisfied because of the employment of non-union men on the building, were at the bottom of the plot to destroy the school. The damage will amount to about \$15,000.

BABES DIE IN FLAMES

Two Children Lost in Fire While the Mother Looks On.

Ethel and Esther Mortin, aged respectively 3 and 2 years, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William Mortin, were burned to death in a fire which totally destroyed their home, located at Cartown, a short distance from DuBois.

The origin of the fire is unknown, and when discovered the building was a mass of flames.

The little girls were asleep in an upper room, and it was impossible to reach them, they being burned to death before the very eyes of their mother, who was at a neighbor's house when the fire started.

CRAZY IN LARGE FIGURES

Stranger Tries to Draw \$100,000 Out of Bank.

A well dressed stranger stepped into the Freeport bank and announced to Cashier Johnson that he had come to draw \$50,000 which a woman of Millerstown, Butler county, had deposited for him.

To humor the man, Johnson told him to bring the woman here to sign the papers. The stranger said he would. He turned up later and said that he had made a mistake in the amount. It was \$100,000, and he would like to have it. He was again put off. The man is being watched as he is apparently unbalanced mentally.

Insect Pest Inspectors.

Twenty-one inspectors have been appointed by State Zoologist Surface to carry on their fall campaign against insect pests. They will give practical demonstrations from now until spring. Prof. Surface believes the work will result beneficially to the farmers and fruit growers. The western inspectors and territory follow: J. W. Cox, New Wilmington, Lawrence and Mercer counties; R. F. Lee, Bedford, Bedford, Blair and Fulton counties; Frank McClure, Evans City, Venango and Butler counties; G. W. Hoop, Indiana, Indiana, Armstrong and Jefferson counties.

Makes Gold from Silver.

Under the caption "Truth," J. Emory Byram, select councilman of the Twenty-third ward, Philadelphia, has put out a circular announcing that after years of research he has found the philosophers stone and is prepared to turn silver into gold. Even copper can be transmuted in the same way, and a big factory is being paid for with gold he made from pure silver.

Conspiracy Charged.

Oliver P. Piper, cashier of the Peoples Bank of California, which closed, was lodged in the county jail, charged with conspiracy and embezzlement. Piper's bond was fixed at \$25,000. Wm. L. Lenhart of Brownsville, also arrested, gave \$25,000 bail, and was released. The half of each was at first fixed at \$75,000, but later reduced. The bank's losses are estimated at \$75,000.

Wrote Letters to Jurymen.

In the court at Waynesburg Jas. Hennen, a merchant of Freeport, Greene county, was fined \$25 and costs for tampering with the grand jury. Hennen had a friend on the August jury, and he wrote a letter to this friend relative to a case in which Hennen was interested. The letter was turned over to the District Attorney.

Trolley Line to Haul Freight.

The Washington & Canonsburg Railway Company will place an express car on its line between Washington and Canonsburg on November 18, and will then haul light freight and express goods. A similar service will be installed on the line to Pittsburg as soon as the road is completed.

House 150 Years Old Burned.

A large frame house, owned by Spencer Brock, at Zediker, Washington county, caught fire from a defective flue, and burned, entailing a loss of \$3,000. The house was 150 years old and a landmark in Washington county.

Girl Killed by Train.

Miss Margaret Carl, daughter of Martin Carl, was instantly killed by a coal train on the Chartiers Valley railroad at Hill station. The train crew did not know of the accident, and her mangled body was found beside the track by the station agent.

Woman Shot.

Mrs. Sarah E. Gregg, 68 years old, was accidentally shot in the right side by Thomas Reeser, 18 years old, at her home at Lemoyne. Reeser was returning from a hunting trip. Mrs. Gregg's injuries are serious.

RINEHART PROPERTY IS SOLD

Major Portion "Bought In" by Former Cashier and Friends.

At the suit of the Rices Landing National Bank to recover on a claim of \$6,000, the personal property of J. B. F. Rinehart, former cashier of the Farmers & Drovers National Bank of Waynesburg, was sold at sheriff's sale.

The sale was conducted by former Sheriff Goodwin and the property sold amounted to \$1,800. The greater part was bought in by Rinehart and his friends. The sale was held at the Rinehart residence in East Waynesburg and Rinehart himself was an interested spectator.

After the sale was over Rinehart invited Goodwin and his assistants to partake of refreshments, which are said to have been elaborate.

INVESTIGATION LATE

Stockholders of Defunct Waynesburg Concern Want to Know.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the defunct Farmers & Drovers Bank of Waynesburg, held in the court house at Waynesburg, an organization was effected and it was determined to make inquiry into the affairs of the institution. John F. Pauley was elected chairman and Frank J. R. Fenner secretary. It was decided a committee should be appointed to wait on President Roosevelt and request him to ascertain from Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely why the bank was not closed at least eight months before it was.

The chair appointed on this committee John A. Moore, Rev. W. F. McKain and Herbert Huffman. Another meeting will be held November 23, at which time it is expected the committee will be ready to report.

MAY NOT ISSUE LICENSE

Distilling Company, Cut Off by Court, Appeals to State Treasurer.

Attorney General Todd furnished State Treasurer Berry with a written opinion advising him that there is no authority in law for the issuing of a state distiller's license by the state treasurer.

The Reynoldsville Distilling Company of Jefferson county, which was refused a license by the Jefferson county court last January, applied to the state treasurer recently for a license to sell its product within the Commonwealth in original packages of not less than 40 gallons.

The state treasurer referred the matter to the attorney general.

BOYS TRY EXPERIMENT

Scaled Can of Water Over Fire Explodes; Four Scalded.

In an explosion of a five-gallon can filled with water four small boys at Rices Landing, Greene county, were terribly scalded. The injured are: Thomas McKee, James Kline and Raymond and George Sharpneck.

They filled the can full of water and screwed the top down. The can was then placed on a hot fire and the boys sat down to await developments. The water soon reached the boiling point and the can let go.

Appoints President Judge.

Gov. Stuart announced the appointment of Mackenzie Wilhelm, of Ashland, to be president judge of the orphan's court of Schuylkill county, to serve until the first Monday of January, 1909, vice P. M. Dunn, deceased.

Gen. David McM. Gregg of Reading, whom Gov. Stuart recently appointed a member of the Gettysburg battlefield memorial commission, has declined to accept because of ill-health.

To Fight San Jose Scale.

The whole power of the State Department of Agriculture is to be enlisted to fight the San Jose scale and other insect pests in Pennsylvania. Twenty-one inspectors have been detailed by State Zoologist Surface to carry on the battle. These inspectors will visit farmers and fruit growers to instruct them in the way to fight the pests and demonstrate methods.

Trapper Makes a Haul.

J. P. Swope, the widely known Huntingdon county trapper, is keeping up his record. During October he killed 85 foxes, nine wild cats, eight minks, 158 weasels and 12 polecats, making a total of 382 animals, for which he received \$442.75. In September his work netted him \$355.25, making a total of \$778 for the two months.

Americans Replace Foreigners.

Orders have been issued at the plant of the Shelby Steel Tube Company at Greenville, calling for the discharge of all foreign workmen as soon as their places can be filled by Americans. During the last two weeks over 250 foreigners have left for their homes.

The Washington county grand jury received the report of viewers on the creation of a new bridge over the Monongahela at Monongahela, to replace the old Williamsport Bridge. It will be built jointly by Washington and Allegheny counties. The estimated cost is \$294,228.

Superintendent Frank R. Hall of the Washington county schools, announced that the annual teachers' institute will be held at Washington, December 16 to 20, inclusive.

Because his health was impaired by hazing early in September, it is said, John W. Snyder of Uniontown, Pa., has been obliged to give up his studies temporarily at Ohio State University.

The commissioners of Westmoreland county have offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the murderer or murderers of George W. Banks, bookkeeper of the Trafford City Supply Company.

Daniel R. Blower of Uniontown has been appointed mine inspector of the Nineteenth bituminous district, to succeed William J. Neilson of Irwin, resigned.