

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Do you come nearer day by day
To the port where your dreams all
Are anchored lie?
Or do you sail farther and far away
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?
Do you come nearer the Ougra to be
In the wagon you hitched to a distant
star?
Or do you drift on hopelessly,
Content to bide with the Things that
are?
Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?
A Do-it-soon or an Anyhow?
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?
It's none of my business, that I know,
For you are the captain and mate and
crew
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-
you-go
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.
Are you a Yes or a Maybe-so?
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?
It isn't the least concern of mine,
I know that well, but as time endures,
When they thresh the wheat and store the
wine,
You'll find it's a big concern of yours.
—J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

Maria's Burglar.

He is called Maria's burglar because I hired him, on her account. As the children would say, he was not a "really" burglar. One glance at his gentle frankness, his serene respectability must have convinced you of that fact beyond peradventure. Moreover, he was my daughter's fiancé, and no decent citizen, so far as I am aware, would suffer an avowed lawbreaker to remain in his household in that capacity.

Maria's burglarphobia exhibited its first symptoms the night we moved into our new home.

We were sleeping for the first time under its roof. Hardly had I dozed off when I felt the gentle impact of Maria's fist in my ribs and the soft sibilance of her whisper in my ear: "Get up, John. There's some one on our roof." I raised my head and listened attentively. "There's no one there," I announced definitely. Maria insisted there was; adding that there were two of them, and that one wore hob-nailed shoes. My query as to the size of the shoes met with no response. At last, to satisfy her, I arose and went to the little closet on the top floor which marks the entrance to our scuttie. In one hand I carried a lamp; in the other an unloaded revolver. Twice I called, "Who's there?" and twice was I answered only by the moaning of the wind as it swept along the chimney tops. I did not raise the scuttie lid; Time for that in the morning. Though fully regaled with the details of my expedition Maria remained awake for at least four hours. She told me about it the next day.

In the morning we found an old felt hat on our roof. Maria gloated. Our neighbor's son claimed it later in the day, saying he had dropped it on our roof while playing on his own some weeks previously.

Our burglars next appeared on the front steps about 4 o'clock of a frosty winter's morning. From her trembling place under the blanket Maria could almost distinguish the words of their conversation; something I failed to accomplish, even though I stood for three whole minutes in the chilled vestibule with my ear at the front door keyhole. That we arose the next morning to find ourselves alive, our silverware intact, and our doors securely bolted, Maria was inclined to attribute to a renascence of the age of miracles. After that we were besieged no less than three times a week, sometimes oftener.

"Maria," said I, at last, "what is it about a burglar that you fear so abjectly? If one wants to get into our place he'll get there, never fear. Whatever he takes will be replaced by the insurance people, anyway."

"And if he kills us where we lie I presume that will be liquidated by the insurance people as well—if either of us is here to collect it." This in Maria's most sarcastic manner.

"So it is bodily injury you fear? Why? Am I not here?" Our hero spoke these words with calm confidence and fine fearlessness. Under the circumstances Maria's responsive sniff was hardly complimentary. Bluntly she inquired—if a burglar saw fit to enter our room with a loaded pistol in his hand and a ferocious scowl upon his face—what would I do?

"I'd jump out of bed and grapple him where he stood. I'd put my knee on his neck and throttle him until he howled for mercy. I'd pummel him with all my might, and leave him lying inert on the floor, while I went off to fetch an ambulance in which to remove his battered carcass—that is, of course, provided he was not inconscient enough to take to his heels before I had time to complete my vengeance." So that due modesty might attend my claim, I roushanded the opinion that all burglars are cowards at heart.

"Indeed!" said Maria. The sublimated sarcasm and skepticism contained in that brief word determined me.

My prospective son-in-law, Clarence Colburn, failed to evince instant enthusiasm over my plan, even though I offered to purchase on his behalf the real thing in the shape of a mask, a jimmy and a lantern. Before he agreed to carry out the part I had assigned to him, I was obliged to promise several things. First, the wrath of his prospective mother-in-

law must be appeased by me, in case of the discovery of his identity at whatsoever expense. Secondly, my demonstrations of bravery must be strictly passive and largely oratorical. I might command him to desist; to leave the house under threat of speedy apprehension; to abandon his plunder where he found it—but I must not touch the floor until he had full opportunity to clear the room. Lastly, my pistol must remain unloaded—"in case we get too excited, you know." These details fixed, we set Thursday as the date, and prompt midnight as the hour of our adventure.

Maria was very nervous that night. Three evenings before the Sanborn house in our street had been entered and its contents removed to parts unknown. That very morning we had learned of two other burglaries in our immediate vicinity. Eagerly Maria scanned the obituaries in the local journal. I fancy she was disappointed at the lack of funeral announcements. Before we finally retired she saw fit to recount all three affairs mosaicly, and to remark dolefully that she was sure our turn was coming soon.

"Nonsense," said I, having left the door unopened.

The town clock bell had completed its dozen peals, and we were lying cozily in our places when there came a soft creaking on the hallway stairs, followed by the muffled tread of footsteps outside of our door.

"John," Maria whispered, "did you hear that?"

"What?" I asked, fearlessly.

"Some one is at our door. Go out and shoot him. Oh-h-h!" The door opened softly and a circle of light was planted on the opposite wall.

Our visitor made straight for the bureau and started to fill his pockets. I rose in my place. Impressively I demanded, "What are you doing there, r-r-rascal?"

For answer he flashed the light into our faces. My own was unfluffed; smiling even. On Maria's I saw such a look of frozen terror that I was sore tempted to abandon our experiment then and there. It was only my promise to Clarence that impelled me to see it through.

"See here, sonny," said he, as he took my watch. "Get your thinking apparatus busy locating where you keep the decent things. This is junk. The stuff I got down in your dining room is enough to make anybody mad. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Out of my house this instant, or, by Heaven, you perish where you stand! Begone, villain. Vanish! Vamoose!"

"Vamoose" was Clarence's cue to depart. Instead of that he strode over to our bedside and dealt me a smart cuff on the ear. This was no part of the agreement, and I hastened to voice my remonstrance.

"Not do what?" was the answer, gruffly given. "That is funny. Ha, ha! Keep quiet, you fossil, or I'll run a rapid transit tunnel right through you." A ball of fire flashed into my eyes and I felt the impact of cold steel on my forehead.

"Spare us! Spare us!" came in muffled tremolo from under the blanket. "Give him that \$100 you have under your pillow, John."

He did not wait for me to give it. He pushed my head aside and thrust his hand under the pillow. As the gleam of the lantern was turned aside for an instant I caught a glimpse of the pistol as it went by me. It was a tiny automatic revolver. And I had bought Clarence a horse pistol!

"Give me your diamonds," growled the intruder. "Quick, or I shoot." My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and my teeth rattled. As speedily as I could I withdrew my head under the coverlet and kept it there until the sound of retreating footsteps made known that the burglar had gone.

It was Maria's voice that I heard as I emerged. Her tones, I confess, were slightly hysterical. "Grapple him, throttle him, pummel him; pummel him, throttle him, grapple him." She said this over and over again.

I did not stop long to listen. I jumped out of bed and made for the window. I called for help, and an answering whistle told me that my call had been heard. As I left the window I spied some one coming up on the run. I rushed down the stairs and ran through the hallway. On the porch I ran into a policeman. There was another man with him—held tightly.

"Here's your burglar," said the officer. "I got him as he was coming back. Said he came up to help you; good nerve, eh? His partner wasn't quite so cool about it; I saw him running away with a bag. He was too quick for me, so I nabbed this one."

The captive removed his mask and showed us his startled, white countenance. Yes, it was Clarence.

We have tried to explain matters to Maria. Time and again we have assured her that it was all a joke perpetrated for her especial benefit. No use. Each time she rewards both of us with a cool stare and asks icily: "Where, then, are my coffee pot and my silver spoons and the soup ladle?" Besides, she invariably concludes, had Clarence been the burglar, she had small doubt that I would have grappled him, throttled him and pummelled him. Cold type does not reproduce the possibilities lurking in her tone.—New York Tribune.

Freeholders in France.

Consul-General Robert P. Skinner, of Marseilles, France, has made an interesting report on the subject of freeholders and real estate transactions in that country, in which he says that there are 8,000,000 freeholders in France, and outlines a system whereby French workmen own their little country homes. Mr. Skinner says in part:

"There are upward of 8,000,000 separate freeholds in France, as compared with about 300,000 in Great Britain, a fact which in itself speaks volumes. A Frenchman will part with anything rather than land. When the United States Immigration Commission visited a certain spot near Marseilles recently it was found impossible to ascertain the average price of land in that locality, because no transactions ever took place, other than by inheritance. In cities it is difficult for persons of modest means, like workmen, to own real estate, for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, and especially in Marseilles, where there is an excellent two-cent fare street car service, outlying property is being taken up by families in moderate circumstances.

"There is also a local custom among poor men who feel that they must reside in the city of buying an outlying patch of ground and erecting thereon a 'cabanon' of two or more rooms, where they spend Sundays and holidays. There are settlements where hundreds of these toy houses are to be found, each with a bit of a garden, deserted throughout the week and scenes of great animation on Sunday, the most intense rivalry existing to have the best garden or the most attractive 'cabanon,' the day terminating in a reunion, where poetical improvisations are listened to, songs sung and speeches made.

"The Government itself, which fosters thrift by every means, encourages working people to abandon the wretched, crowded habitations of the cities and to become householders, by loaning out the money of the savings banks ('classes d'épargne') not to the individual, but to societies patronized by the State. These societies effect the transactions with the individual. Thus, the Société des Habitations Salubres, 22 Rue Paradis, Marseilles, advances money for the construction of cottages at the rate of four and one-half per cent. As savings banks pay depositors two and three-fourth per cent., the margin is close.

"These dealings are regulated by the law of April 12, 1906. Loans are limited to 9500 francs (\$1833.50) in the city and to 7000 francs (\$1351) in the environs. At present seventy-five cottages have been constructed in Marseilles under this law, the occupants becoming owners, with a clear title, at the end of twenty years. Building plans have to be submitted to the architects of the society, and must conform to certain standard requirements as to light, ventilation and sanitary arrangements."

There are also at work on somewhat parallel lines several French building and loan associations, which differ from American associations in that they usually operate over more or less the whole of France, as do the great French banks. The attempt is made by the moving spirits in these associations to expand their utility beyond mere public service as money-lending agencies.

White depositors in these building associations are permitted to build according to their own plans, they are decidedly encouraged to adopt standard designs, of which there are many suited to all purposes. It is really surprising to discover what comfortable little houses can be erected in this country for a very small amount, sometimes \$200 and \$300. All houses are built of practically imperishable and fireproof materials, cheap frame constructions never being employed.

MAKING SODA WATER STRAWS.

A Trade Which Keeps Two Young Girls in Pocket Money.

"We make our own allowance raising soda water straws," said a young girl who came to New York the other day on a shopping trip. "Five years ago we moved to the country and father planted a rye patch for the chickens. The next summer, when the grain began to ripen, my sister and I, who were small girls, used to play hide and seek in the rye patch. Then we began to pick some of the longest straws and make 'suckers.' I don't know just how long this was going on when mother took us into town with her one day and we went to a drug store and had some soda.

"It was the first soda water my sister and I had ever tasted, and we noticed that the straws were just like the 'suckers' we had been making for our own use. One of us called mother's attention to this fact, and she very promptly recognized the opportunity for turning our play into a money making business. She sent for the head of that department of the store and learned that there was a demand for good straws at \$1.25 a thousand, done up in little bundles containing 100 straws each.

"The next day father cut an armful of straw and brought it to us on the back piazza. Then under mother's direction we cut our first soda water straws for the trade. That year and the next mother worked with us, but for the last three years sister and I have been doing it all alone and every cent we make is our own.

"For us there is no outlay besides our own work. Father plants the rye each year for the chickens and cows, and gives us as many straws as we can clean and bundle. So far as our experience goes, that is the only limit to the market.

"To make the best soda water straws the rye should be cut a little under-ripe and left loose, not tied in bundles. When allowed to dry in the field the straws will split and are worthless. The heads of the rye are cut off so there is no waste of the straw. Only about two joints of each straw can be used, as the first two are generally spoiled by cutting and the last one, the one next the grain head, is much too small. The first step after getting the straw in the work room is to clip off the joints with the scissors, peel off the outer covering; then grade them as to size and length and make into small bundles of 100 each.

"The longest straws we turn out are fourteen inches, while the shortest are seven. The straws should always be clipped with sharp scissors obliquely, because if cut straight across they are graded as machine cut, and do not bring such a good price. Another important matter is that each bundle should contain straws as nearly the same size as it is possible to get them and they should be exactly the same length.

"When we first began the work our season was very short, because the straw ripened so quickly. Now that we have learned how to keep the straw in condition by housing it in a cool and not too damp cellar the season is more than twice as long and we make about five times as much money.

"Our customers are always willing to buy more straws than we have, and I have understood from them that the wholesale dealers were eager to buy at any season of the year. During the season, which now includes nearly our entire school vacation, my sister and I earn \$5 a week apiece working about five hours a day."—New York Sun.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

SOME BIG TAXPAYERS

Pittsburg Coal Company the Heaviest in Washington County.

Washington.—County Treasurer John C. Morgan has compiled a table which shows one-third of the taxes paid into the treasury comes from 30 corporations, firms or individuals. The Pittsburg Coal Company is the heaviest taxpayer, with \$44,613.28 on a property valuation of \$11,153,320.

Others whose holdings aggregate \$1,000,000 or over are: Vesta Coal Company, Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, Ellsworth Collieries Company, Mingo Coal Company, Pittsburg and Westmoreland Coal Company, Union Steel Company, Pittsburg and Buffalo Company, Josiah V. Thompson and John G. Patterson.

FIND POLLUTED SPRING

Commissioner's Scrutiny of Conditions at Morgantown Fruitful.

Canonsburg.—State Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dickson came from Harrisburg to investigate the typhoid-fever epidemic at the Pennsylvania Reform School at Morgantown. With Dr. A. L. Runtion of Canonsburg he made a thorough inspection, and a large spring which had been regarded as pure was found to contain germs.

There are several drilled wells on the farm and Dr. Dickson is having analyses made. The State Board is helping in the effort to stamp out typhoid in Canonsburg, where there are now 37 cases.

ORDERS FOR LUMBER.

H. C. Frick Coke Company Contracts for 1,000,000 Feet.

Pittsburg.—Lumber firms of this city have been awarded contracts by the H. C. Frick Coke Company for an aggregate of 1,000,000 feet of hemlock and yellow pine, and 800,000 laths, to be used in the construction of 80 six-room homes for miners near Brownsville. The contract involves more than \$20,000.

Two Hundred Miles in Canoe.

Beaver Falls.—Albert McCartney, Rev. Emmet McCartney and Rev. Clarence McCartney, brothers, of this place, returned from a 200-mile canoe trip down the Ohio river. Stephen Molitor and family returned from an automobile trip of 1,600 miles through the West.

Cut-Off Will Cost \$7,000,000.

A second cut-off is to be built by the Lackawanna between Scranton and New Milford, at a cost of \$7,000,000, and is to be completed within three years, the time within which the one from Hoptacong and Portland is to be finished.

As it will reduce the distance from Scranton to Buffalo seven miles, it means that the two cut-offs will effect a total undertaking of about 18 miles.

Greater Connellsville, Too.

Connellsville.—The New Haven council decided to take steps toward consolidation with Connellsville. Solicitor E. C. Higbee was instructed to draw up an article of agreement to be acted upon by the councils of both boroughs, after which the question will be submitted to the vote of both towns.

Expect Big Grape Crop.

Eric.—Indications throughout the grape belt are that there will be an exceptionally large crop this year and quality will be better than for several years. The weather conditions have been splendid. The harvest will be early and growers will get a good price. Already contracts have been made at \$30 a ton. All the juice factories are preparing for increased business.

All the Bowsers There.

Kittanning.—Three thousand Bowsers attended the ninth annual reunion at the Kittanning Fair grounds. An address of welcome was given by Rev. A. B. Bowser of Crafton, president of the association. Rev. D. W. Swigart of Dunbar talked on "As It Was," and J. H. Bowser of Wickbora on "Then and Now."

Will Erect New Hospital.

New Castle.—Franciscan Sisters will soon begin the erection of a \$100,000 hospital here. This follows their decision to open a hospital in the former residence of W. Phillips, which is now being remodeled. After the new structure is completed the Phillips building will be used as a home for the nurses.

Wabash Summer Park.

Washington.—Through the securing of an option by Peter K. Soffel, real estate agent for the Wabash Railroad, it has been made known that the Wabash intends next summer to open an extensive pleasure ground at Pine Flats, near Independence. It is the intention to expend \$25,000 in putting the land in shape for park purposes.

Impaled on Pitchfork.

Washington.—While stacking straw William Moredock slipped from the stack and alighted upon the pitchfork, the prongs of which entered his back and passed through one lung. His recovery is doubtful.

Democrat Is Indorsed.

Butler.—The Prohibition party executive committee indorsed Edwin W. Humphrey of Portersville, Democratic candidate for the Legislature, and his name will be put on the ticket in place of that of Attorney W. H. Martin, who has withdrawn.

LOOT FARMER'S SAFE AND HOME

Three Masked Men Bind and Gag Victim and Force Him to Open Strong Box.

Freeport.—Three masked men shortly after midnight entered the home of Brady Arp, a farmer who lives alone near McVillie, Armstrong county, and while two leveled revolvers at his head the third bound and gagged him. The men ransacked the house and then forced him to open a safe, in which he had \$100 and other valuables. These the burglars added to their loot.

Leaving Arp bound, the robbers warned him if he raised an alarm they would kill him. They told him they had hunted work unsuccessfully and must have something to live on. Arp soon worked himself loose, but remained in the house all daylight. No clue to the robbers has been found.

The residence of Frank St. Clair at Schenley was entered by burglars Saturday night and ransacked.

BODY IS FOUND BY SONS

Jeannette Man's Midnight Trip Home Has Fatal Termination.

Greensburg.—As Amos Myers of Jeannette, left his home at midnight, members of his family awoke and upon his failure to return, two sons, Fuller and Clifford, started a search for their father. They found his mangled body lying beside the Pennsylvania railroad tracks in the rear of the house.

Myers, who was 47 years old, had been down town during the evening, and had just returned to the house when he again went out. It is believed he was killed by a train passing through Jeannette at 1:25 a. m. Myers was a carpenter and well known.

COMPANY I WINS MATCH

Rifle Team Has Total Lead of 72 Points Over Fifth Regiment.

Greensburg.—The rifle team of Company I, tenth Regiment, N. G. P., defeated the Fifth regiment in a rifle match at Blairsville. Captain Wade T. Kline and Sergeant Ray Hickard did some of the best shooting for Company I.

Rain curtailed the match and prevented the shooting of the 600-yard range. Company I led the Fifth in the rapid fire match by 26 points; at 200 yards, slow fire, by six points, and at 500 yards, slow fire, by 40 points, a total of 72 points.

Coke Plant Will Resume.

The Fairmont Coal Company has issued orders to blow in at once 100 coke ovens at the Monongahela plant which have been idle for nearly a year. Most of the coke laborers in that field have moved elsewhere and the officials are trying to secure others to take their places. It is said that the company has recently received some large orders for coke which necessitates the immediate operation of this plant.

The President Declines.

Wilkes-Barre.—President Roosevelt is making no political engagements, according to a letter received from him by the committee having a charge the annual convention of the State League of Republican Clubs, which is to be held here next month. Congressman Nicholas Longworth and possibly Mrs. Longworth are to be here, as well as Senators Knox and Penrose and Vice Presidential Candidate James S. Sherman.

One Thousand Dollars Reward Offered

Windber.—The Somerset county commissioners will offer a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Simon J. Rosenbloom, whose mutilated body was found in a trunk near Camden, N. J., last week. The United States is now being secured for Alex. Rosenbloom, a son of the Windber merchant. He is charged with the murder of his father.

Makes Record Payment to State.

Harrisburg.—The Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company paid into the state treasury \$452,541.11 as part of the state tax on the capital stock and loans of the railway and its subsidiary companies. This is the largest payment to be made this month at the state treasury.

Opium Dens Are Raided.

Altoona.—Chief of Police B. J. Clark and a squad of officers raided the Chinese quarter and captured the Chinese opium layouts. Altoona's Chinese population has grown rapidly during the last year and to this fact the police attribute a marked increase in the number of dope victims.

Drowns in Kiskiminetas River.

Leechburg.—While swimming in the Kiskiminetas river here, Frank Brayn, aged 14, of Pittsburg, was drowned. He had come here at noon to visit his aunt, Mrs. J. G. Bolsyer. The body was recovered and his parents were notified.

Jelly Causes Shooting.

Leechburg.—A quarrel between father and son over several jars of jelly ended when the son, William Evans, Jr., of New Kensington, received a charge of buckshot in his right side and arm. The son is in a serious condition and the father is being held to await the outcome of the shooting. The elder Evans, who made no effort to escape, was arrested several hours after the shooting and taken to the lockup at Hyde Park.