

SEVEN COAL DISTRICTS

Development of the Industry in the Pittsburgh Region is Phenomenal.

MILLIONS OF TONS ARE MINED.

One Hundred Thousand Square Miles of the Finest Bituminous Coal Fields in the World.

The coal industry of the Pittsburgh district was developed in at least seven distinct districts, according to a writer in the Pittsburgh Leader. First was the limited mining at Pittsburgh for strictly local consumption; then small mining along the Monongahela river, the product being conveyed to Pittsburgh by keel boats; next the traffic down the Ohio river in flat-boats, beginning in 1817; then the great development of the upper river collieries by the slack-water system of the Monongahela Navigation Company in 1844; in the succeeding year the employment of towboats for the Ohio river trade; seven years later the beginning of railroad transportation, and, lastly, the development of coke-making.

Coal was first found in western Pennsylvania, cropping out of the steep hill on the southern side of the Monongahela river. It was noticed by the British and American soldiers soon after they took possession here in 1758. The coal made a black streak across the face of the cliff and, like a black banner, heralded the future greatness of the place.

The first soft coal mined in America was in Virginia and small pits had for many years been worked in eastern Pennsylvania.

In 1800 a man named Thomas Jones first attempted to transport coal down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. His method was crude. The coal was hauled by teams down the hillside and loaded into flat-bottom boats, the capacity of which was from five to twenty-five tons. In some instances the coal was put in bags and thrown down a crude chute to the base of the hill and later carried to the boats by laborers. After the boat was loaded it was floated down the river to the best market. Who would have thought that a beginning of this kind would develop into a system like that of the present day. Flats to-day carry 1,000 tons and sometimes more. One steamer took a tow of 50,000 tons at one trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the New Orleans market.

Employed as miners in the United States last year were 518,000 men in the bituminous and anthracite districts. The average production of each man was 520 tons of coal for the year.

In the year 1814 coal cost 12 cents a bushel, and was thought to be cheap at that price. Coke was first made in pits in the ground, but in 1841 ovens were erected in Connellsville, and the coke trade began to boom. Coke was discovered by two carpenters who did not have the money to place their invention on the market, and at that time it was impossible for them to convince the people that it made a better and hotter fire than coal.

FOR COUSIN CORNELIA.

The Girls Fled Up the Guest Room with Frilly Things.

"There," Emilie said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I believe that is the last touch. Wasn't it fortunate, Pen, that that pincushion Della Stacey gave you Christmas was yellow? It fits as if it grew here; it certainly is a beauty."

"Um!" responded Pen, doubtfully. "Emilie turned with suspicion born of lifelong acquaintance."

"Now what is it?" she asked. "It is pretty, even if it is frilly."

"Nothing. I was just wondering whether Cousin Cornelia liked pincushions in the shape of roses, and frilly whisk-broom cases, and green-ribboned hatpin cushions and carved glove cases that you can't keep the dust out of."

Emilie dropped into a chair and looked at her sister.

"Pen Merrifield, what do you mean? Haven't we put all our prettiest things into our guest room?"

"Frettiest—and fussiest. I wouldn't be hired to live with them, and have to put pins back in the same holes, and never dare sit on the bed and—Don't look so, Em! I'm a brute! It is ever so pretty, and maybe Cousin Cornelia adores such things. I deserve to be shut up in a whitewashed cell for even suggesting such horrid heresies."

Pen penitent, was always irresistible. Besides, Pen always did have queer notions. The idea of a guest room without a fancy pincushion!

boned hatpin cushion and the lace bureau cover were prominent.

"I always think it's foolishness," Cousin Cornelia remarked, "not to be comfortable if you can. I couldn't be comfortable a minute with these gimcracks. Give me a plain bedspread if you've got one—if not, I'll do without, and a hemstitched towel for the bureau, and a tray or a box—anything without ribbons, for pins. I've suffered enough trying not to spoil guest room folders in places where I couldn't speak out, but when I'm among relatives I'm going to have the relief of telling the truth."

"Yes, indeed, Cousin Cornelia, I'm so glad you did," Emilie replied, meekly. She did not glance at Pen; but Pen, who was generous, gravely relieved Cousin Cornelia of the lace counterpane.—Youth's Companion.



All of the Marconi wireless telegraph stations in the British Isles have been secured by the postmaster general of the United Kingdom for that government's telegraph system.

Sombody has invented a combined electric lamp and shaving mirror in which the reflector can be arranged to throw the light only upon the face below the eyes, no light falling upon the mirror or the eyes.

From this time forward there may be a diminution in the totals of excavation reported from the Panama canal. This is due to the facts that portions of the excavation have been finished, and that as the excavation grows deeper the number of shovels that can be employed will be reduced.

Herr Knauth, the architect in charge of the cathedral of Strassburg, has awakened considerable interest by his studies of the principles of construction followed by the great cathedral-builders of former times. He shows that they are identical with those used by the builders of the Egyptian pyramids, and are based on triangulation. The same simple geometrical figure underlies all these constructions. More than this, Herr Knauth traces the architectural principle in the formation of crystals, and lays down this formula: "The laws of proportion in medieval architecture are the geometrical laws of crystallization."

Dr. R. Marloth has discovered in South Africa six species of plants that possess "window-leaves." They are all stemless succulents, and the egg-shaped leaves are embedded in the ground, only the apex remaining visible. This visible part of the leaves is flat or convex on the surface, and colorless, so that the light can penetrate it and reach the interior of the leaf below, which is green on the inside. With the exception of the blunt apex, no part of the leaf is permeable to the light, being surrounded by the soil in which it is buried. The first of these plants discovered is a species of Bulbine.

Attention of the Geological Survey having been called to a peculiar well in Hamilton County, Ohio, an investigation of it has just been completed. The well produces both fresh and salt water through two separate pumps. The explanation proved to be very simple. Two water-bearing beds, confined between layers of limestone, occur at this point, one above the other. The pipe of the fresh-water pump taps the upper vein at a depth of sixteen feet. The pipe of the salt-water pump touches the lower vein at a depth of thirty-five feet; and the brine, being heavier than the fresh water, does not mix with it, but remains at the bottom.

At a recent meeting of the Torrey Botanical Club, Dr. H. H. Rusby described his observations of the advance of spring from South Carolina to New York as indicated by the successive blooming of flowers and the state of vegetation. Between March and May the difference of time between the two extreme amounts, on the average, to seven or eight weeks; in 1909 it was between eight and nine weeks. Professor Britton remarked that the fruit-growers of Delaware have a popular belief that spring advances from south to north at the rate of thirteen miles per day, and Dr. Rusby's observations seemed to lend support to this belief.

More Exclusive in Philadelphia

The story is told of an elderly woman, a member of the "inner circle" of Philadelphia society, who was much affected by the news of the death of a man of social aspirations which had not, it is said to relate, been aided by his well known benevolence.

"Mr. Blank was in many respects an admirable character," said the old lady, "and it was a real pity that his lowly origin made impossible our recognition of him. Poor, dear, vulgar creature! We could not know him in Philadelphia, but we shall meet him in heaven!"—Lippincott's.

Absentminded.

"Wilkins is the most absentminded cuss I ever knew."

"How so?"

"The last time he got in the barber's chair he planned the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel."—Philadelphia Record.

A woman can put no greater confidence in another woman than when she confides to her that she has found a bedbug.

INTERNATIONAL WAR.

Battle Between Tars Ended by Po-Heeman's Intervention.

A sailor from a British ship stood in road street the other morning gazing at the towering buildings, the New York Sun says. Moved by the thoughts which arose in him he remarked to the world at large: "We could stand 'if your bloomin' 'Ook and smash these 'ere skyscrapers while we was 'ykin' tea."

A sailor from an American warship cruising without much seeming purpose overheard the remark, drew up alongside the speaker and said: "You couldn't hit the whole State of New York if you had smooth water and all day to find the range."

"Several people stopped; a policeman drew near.

"Why not?" asked the Britisher.

"Because of that," replied the Yankee.

"That" was a well-directed blow which landed on the Briton's chin and which drew a counter equally well aimed at the Yankee's chin. Neither was very swift, possibly because of a certain degree of fatigue noted in both sailors produced by over-indulgence in night-sewing.

The policeman took each sailor by a shoulder, shoved one north and one south and said: "G'wan!" The sailors g'waned a little, but, moved by a common purpose, circled the officer and presently had exchanged blows again.

The patient cop again separated and launched them in opposite directions, but now he kept an eye on their movements. Seeing them, with an exhibition of his own degree of patience, again coming to close quarters, he intervened.

"See here, lads," he said, holding them apart, "you must g'wan."

"I can knock his block off," the Yankee declared.

"He'd be doin' some'n't w'ile 'e's doin' that," declared the Briton.

"You don't want me to run you in," he copper urged. "Go back to your ships."

"I'd go, but I 'aven't a tuppence in me trousers for the tube," said the Briton.

"And I haven't a nickel in my jeans for car fare, neither," the Yankee said.

The copper sighed softly, produced two nickels and gave each sailor one. The tars locked arms and swung off toward the Wall street underground station.

"I say, Jack, your bobbies are a proper sort," remarked the Briton.

"You bet your life they are," responded the Yankee.

PROGRESSIVE ART.

Even the humblest and least valued forms of "art" may possess an adaptability which, when influenced by affection, can accomplish remarkable results. Miss Webster, from a northeastern State, sojourning in a small village in the southwestern part of the country, found herself in neighborly relations with the Widow Nafe, devoted mother of one son, Lorenzo.

Her first visit to the widow's home was almost wholly taken up in enforced admiration of the newly acquired crayon portrait of Lorenzo, accompanied by details of the cost and the negotiations of purchase. In the "enlargement" from the tintype, the mustache, the pride of Lorenzo's mother's heart, had been made to assume great prominence.

Calling again some time later, Miss Webster was even more startled by the bearded features of the portrait.

"Why, Mrs. Nafe," she exclaimed, rather bewildered, "you've been getting another picture of your son?"

"No, 'tain't new—same old picture," said Mrs. Nafe. "Since Lorenzo's grew them side horns, I got the agent man to hev 'em put in the picture, too. Cost me ten dollars, them side horns."

When, after another interval, Miss Webster again called at the Nafe residence, although for some time she had not been privileged to meet Lorenzo, she yet felt confident that she understood the situation this time.

"Ah, Mrs. Nafe," she remarked, glancing at the easel, "I have not seen your son since spring, but I know now that he has grown a handsome beard."

"No, he ain't," corrected Mrs. Nafe, smiling fondly at the picture of her boy. "I been a-pestering Lorenzo to grow a beard, like his pa uster wear, but he won't hear to it. Lorenzo won't! I just thought I'd see how he'd look, supposing he had one."

"The agent man done that beard for only eight dollars, but"—sighing—" 'tain't near so long ez his pa uster wear."—Youth's Companion.

Girls in Guatemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

He Knew.

Father—But do you think you can make my daughter happy? Sutor—Happy! Say, you should just have seen her when I proposed!—Brooklyn Life.

Animals That Never Drink.

The llamas of Patagonia and the gazelles of the far East never drink a drop of water.



FEMININE FANCIES

THINGS OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Women Who Are Disgratified.

A writer in the Baltimore Star has an excellent article on the discontent of the average woman. She says:

"Women are disgratified because they are bad losers. There is not one woman in a million that's got a drop of sporting blood in her veins. When she doesn't win out—I say it in shame for my sex—she welters. This is particularly true in matrimony.

"Most of the fretful, disgratified women are married women, and their complaint is about the monotony of domestic life. They wait out that they are always doing tasks that have to be done-right over again. That they are cooking meals that are no sooner cooked than eaten; sweeping floors that have to be swept up again; darning socks that have got holes in them the next day, and washing baby faces that have got bread and jam on them in ten minutes.

"True, domestic life is monotonous. So is every other kind of work in the world that one follows for a living. The bookkeeper adds up one column of figures after another the year around. The shoemaker makes thousands of pairs of shoes one after another. The merchant wrestles with the same cranky customers day in and day out. The grinding monotony of a woman's work in the house is not a bit more wearying than a man's is at his table or desk, yet men get pleasure out of their work, and women get nothing but discontent out of theirs.

"It is because they are lying down on their jobs. They are not being dead game sports. They dope it out on some fool system that, although matrimony may mean work, for them it is going to be some sort of a glided romance, and when it isn't, when they find out that they've got to do without some of the things they wanted, and do a lot of things they don't want to do, they put up a howl about what poor, persecuted creatures they are.

"Women are disgratified because they are too self-conscious. They spend their time vivisectioning their emotions. They coddle their misfortunes and make pets and playthings of their sorrows, and they are never so happy as when they are miserable.

"The minute any of us stop to ask ourselves if we are happy and satisfied, the answer is bound to be "No." Because there is no human being so blessed as not to have some sore spot in his or her heart, some void in life, some crumpled rose leaf under the forty mattresses of ease. Yet women who know this fact perfectly well aggravate whatever ingrowing trouble they have in their lives by continually harping upon it.

"What women need more than anything else in the world is to be taught the gospel of happiness. They need to have it impressed upon them that discontent is cowardice, and that if they don't like the conditions by which they are surrounded it is up to them to change things. Otherwise to shut up. To whine about a thing and still bear it is to act the part of a cur dog.

"Women also need to have it borne in upon them that the woman who goes off in the summer with the children, who visits mother occasionally, who can get off two or three afternoons a week to shop, or go to the matinee, or play bridge, and who still complains of the monotony of her lot to a man who shows up at his office as regular as a clock for 313 days a year certainly has her nerve with her.

"The remedy for the disgratified woman is to put some heart in their work, and to keep house with intelligence instead of making it a dreary round of drudgery. And, above all, to quit thinking about themselves so much. Work and unselfishness—they pace the road to happiness."

A Venomed Tongue.

In truthful numbers be she sung, The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;

Concerning whom Fame hints at things Told but in shrugs and whisperings; Ambitious from her natal hour, And scheming all her life for power; With little left of seemly pride; With venomed fangs she can not hide; Who half makes love to you to-day, To-morrow gives her guest away, Burnt up within by that strange soul She can not slake, or yet control; Malignant-lipped, unkind, unweet; Past all example indiscreet; Hectic, and always overstrung— The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue. —William Watson.

The "Dubbed" Needle.

It is unnecessary to throw away machine needles which have become dull or even broken near the point. They may be sharpened on the whetstone and made as good as new. Keep a small whetstone in the machine drawer for this purpose.

For Grass Stains.

During the summer the children will sit and roll on the grass, and frequently the grass stains are most obstinate. It is said that if the spotted portion of the garment is soaked in alcohol there is nothing more effective in removing such stains.

Woman's Inspiration.

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish and heroic in the life and spirit of man. It was for her love Mark Antony lost the world; it was for her love that Jacob of old toiled seven

years; Helen conquered Troy, and plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave the earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down to us through all ages. Poetry, music and fiction are based upon woman's love, and all the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. From the hearthstone, around which lingers the recollections of our mother, from the fireside, where our wife awaits us, comes all the home, all the purity, all the courage with which we fight the battles of life.

Stylish Foulard Gown.



Dotted wistaria satin foulard was used to make the gown from which this model was sketched. Plain satin-covered buttons are elaborately used for decoration, and the Empire waist line is defined by a band of velvet (several shades darker than ground of material) attached in front at bust line by two huge amethyst buttons. Chemise and stock are white Irish crochet lace.

Working Girls as Wives.

"The working girl makes the best wife in the world." This is the firm assertion of Miss Mary MacArthur, president of the Women's Trade Union League of Great Britain.

Miss MacArthur is a remarkable woman. Not yet 30, she has been interested in trade unionism among women for more than ten years and has practically built up the English organization, of which she is president, and now numbers fully 210,000 women. It is a very big and definite force in English labor movements.

And in defiance of all the doleful masculine prognostications that girls and women who work outside the home are thereby unfitted for the natural feminine functions of wifehood and motherhood, Miss MacArthur retorts: "It is the workingwomen who make the best wives—and the best mothers, too," she adds composedly.

"It is the working woman every time who first of all, starts out with a wise marriage. She marries for love and for friendship and for respect—not just for the sake of a man—any man who will bestow the light of his countenance upon her."—Kansas City Journal.

Women as Inventors.

A writer in Cassier's Magazine celebrates the inventive skill of women. He notes in the long list of mechanical devices "springing from the fertile brain of American womanhood" a machine for driving barrel hoops, a steam generator, a baling press, a steam and tumbler box, an automatic floor for elevator shafts, a rail for street railways, an electric apparatus, packing for piston rods, locomotive wheels, a railway tie, a stock car, a boring machine for drilling gun stocks, etc. That is all very well, but no woman has ever invented a machine that will button her up the back. She has to marry a man to get that done with neatness and dispatch.

For Chilblains.

A cure that is recommended for chilblains is to rub the wrists and ankles well to encourage a good circulation, and the chilblains twice or thrice a day with methylated spirits, or if preferred, with mustard liniment or camphorated oil, the last two being quite as good as and less dangerous than the first, which should never be applied near a light.

To Clean Furniture.

By pouring a little olive oil over a soft linen cloth and gently rubbing over the surface of mahogany furniture the white covering caused by dampness, also all dust, is removed and leaves the furniture as clear as a mirror, and saves having it polished.

Women in Professions.

Women in large industrial enterprises, in real estate, in mines, in agriculture, in banks, in all occupations where men make millions, are to-day also making millions. Now the professional women begins to bid fair to

rival the professional man turns from the profession. It has not been many years since the first woman lawyer, Belva Lockwood, achieved already woman lawyers are not only fame, but fees. Miss Mary E. Miller, a lawyer and suffragette, won a \$3,000,000 lawsuit over the late William Brewster, been admitted to the bar of

In Boston the women have of trade of their own. In last September the International of Business Women. There is also the Woman's League and scores of such organizations. Women are ing themselves in unions. They have invaded all but seven of the occupations enumerated in the reports.

And now they are capturing man's choicest stronghold of being a self-made millionaire.—Bookkeeper.

Needlework Notes.

Birdseye stitch is an all-line stitch.

A dainty jabot is of green a batted lace bow.

Raffa embroidery is one of the novelties of the season.

Spanish embroidery is effective on a white linen.

A color and color-number useful accessory of the season.

Ivory rings are better work than the brass ones, not tarnish.

Honiton applique, in a knot and flower design makes baby's cap.

A combination of French and embroidery is extremely dainty lingerie.

A dainty necktie end in a little flower form in shade dery.

Crossbar muslin with bordered scalloped edges makes and serviceable school apron small girl.

A fancy letter for marking is made of slanting stitches. French knots and feather stitches.

An unusual and pretty hat is of sheer white linen with a border of hemstitching forming of an even size.

For the marking of house the regular marking comes for the purpose shown. It is much more satisfactory linen thread.

"The Dollar Princess" is a charming hat.

"Merry Widow" hats are time in the hearts of those addicted to large hats, but their day are now almost ten. "The Dollar Princess" comes to take the place of "Merry Widow" hat, and it is made of draped velvet with chiffon, and the three trich tips fall forward from the back over the crown.

This is the reason Women often wonder why tails or those of net in a tern give better service than materials as fine scrim, cotton dotted muslin, and the really closely woven fabrics, being catch the sun's rays directly full force. This heat in time or burns the threads, while weaves, allowing as they do, the trace of the sun's rays through, escape much of the as they do not receive the full heat.

The maiden dropped her Later she cast her eyes on rocky slope of the mountain she had rescued them upon most branches of a nearby let them fall upon the placid lake. Then a visit to was imperative.—Judge.

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