

The signal cap placed on the track brought the train to a stop. Engineers John Long and Balzer Beahm, both of Altoona, on alighting from their cab were confronted by a masked man with two revolvers who ordered 'hands up.' Conductor I. R. Pofferberger of Harrisburg came up and taking in the situation started to run for the rear of the train. The robber fired five shots at him, one taking effect in the right hand. He then ordered the express car opened, threatening to blow it with dynamite if not obeyed. The car was opened and at the direction of the robber the money bags were carried to the side of the tracks. When as much money was stacked up as one man could carry the trainmen were ordered back to their positions and the train moved on. It is thought about \$1,000 was obtained. Several of the bags contained pennies which were found this morning near the scene of the hold-up. Only one man was seen by the trainmen. Later investigation disclosed six sticks of dynamite between the tracks at the point where the cap exploded. This is accepted as evidence that it was the intention of the robber to blow up the train. With practically every detective and officer employed by the railroad, assisted by special detectives of the Adams Express company, engaged in a search for the bandit, the prediction was made tonight by the Pennsylvania railroad officials that his apprehension is but a few hours off. He was traced a short distance up the mountains adjacent to the scene of the hold-up, currency dropped in his precipitous flight marking his trail. The highwayman, it is said, took \$5,000 in bullion and \$200 in pennies from the car and all of this has been found along the trail except \$65."

A WRITER IN THE Brooklyn Eagle says: "A bill passed by the lower house of the Alabama legislature proposes to legalize the arrest of any person possessing a United States license for the sale of liquor, without the formality of securing any other evidence or even of alleging any specific act in violation of state law. An old issue is thus formulated in a shape for logic to tackle it freely. We have no doubt that if the bill becomes a law, the logicians on the bench of the supreme court of the United States will do their duty. Maine made the possession of federal license certificates corroborative evidence of violation of her liquor law. At one time she sought also to use the records of the United States internal revenue department in her criminal prosecutions. In the latter effort she was thwarted. The federal courts, however, did not interfere with the 'corroborative evidence' clause of the state law. Alabama's scheme is to make the possession of United States certificates primary and presumptive, not corroborative evidence. This involves an attack on the revenue-raising laws of the nation, an attack absolutely unmasked and vital. With such a statute on the books of every state nearly \$7,000,000 of revenue would be taken from the United States in special tax certificates alone, and the collection of \$156,000,000 altogether from taxes on spirits would be seriously menaced. Whether such a state law is constitutional or not will be settled, not by Alabama, but by the nation's supreme court. That is the really significant fact."

THEY HAVE discovered that the trust magnates in Pittsburg are stockading their laborers and holding them in a state of peonage. Referring to these disclosures the New York World says: "The World's description of conditions existing within the stockade of a manufacturing plant at Schoenville, near Pittsburg, resembles the stories that are told of Siberia. An industry is carried on under guard. Armed men stand at the gates and patrol the grounds. No unauthorized person may enter and those who are within may not go out. The workers, drawn chiefly from the employment agencies of New York, are prisoners. Lawlessness on the inside of the stockade is supplemented by lawlessness on the outside, where the state constabulary holds in check dispossessed strikers who are inclined to violence. Within the stockade workmen deceived and deprived of liberty subsist upon unwholesome food, sleep on the ground, are denied decent sanitary conveniences and are the prey of petty despots and grafters. On the outside men, women and children ejected from the company houses are with difficulty held in restraint. Most of the people involved on both sides of this inhuman contest are foreigners with no knowledge of the English lan-

guage or of American institutions. Yet there is an institution now regarded as American with which they must have some acquaintance. Strikers and strike-breakers, both struggling against injustice and wretchedness, are face to face with the falsehoods of privilege. The industry with which they have come into brutalizing contact is 'protected,' subsidized and otherwise pampered by law in the name of American labor. The greatest falsehood, the one perhaps which will be the last to occur to these deluded old world victims of tyranny and greed, is to be found in the words 'American labor.' Questions of law and order and of the rights of contract and of property are involved at Schoenville, but underlying them all are the humanities and decencies of life—every one of them shamelessly disregarded by an industry which sells its products in the highest market on earth and procures its labor in the cheapest."

A DEBATE between Senator Burkett of Nebraska and C. O. Whedon of Lincoln, a staunch republican, has been proposed by leading republicans. Referring to the suggestion Senator Burkett said he would not quarrel with republicans as there was nothing to quarrel over. A Lincoln dispatch to the Omaha World-Herald says: "The challenge handed Senator Burkett to join C. O. Whedon in an open debate on the Payne-Aldrich bill has been put away by the senator, but it refuses to stay put. Senator Burkett is inclined to think that the airing of the tariff bill is something to be done behind closed republican doors within which the odorous sections of the measure will be confined to the humble and obliging nostrils of standpat republicans. Whedon does not agree with him. 'I for one,' said Mr. Whedon, 'am not content to remain silent as to the recent tariff legislation because I am a republican. It is because I am a republican and believe, as thousands of other republicans believe, that the party has not given the country the revision promised that I am entitled to criticize what has been done.' The expected refusal of the senior senator to engage in a rough and tumble debate has created some quiet pleasure among republicans who are not inclined to swallow the pretensions of the senator simply because he is a republican. It is said that the senator is only postponing a lashing, as Senator LaFollette is expected to visit Nebraska again within a few weeks."

THE OLD SHIP is leaking now in Nebraska. The Omaha World-Herald says: "After a careful reading of the esteemed Fremont Tribune we are forced to conclude that the report that D. E. Thompson is to return to Nebraska to become a candidate for United States senator against Elmer J. Burkett is founded on fact. If it were not the Tribune would not be foaming at the mouth, the way it is. Listen: 'The ambassador to Mexico draws a federal salary four times as large as does the editor of the Tribune and he never did a thing for the party except to sell it out after he had tried in vain to get into the United States senate by scattering money among legislative candidates who, if successful, would have a senator to elect.' This is what you might call pretty middlin' venomous. And it comes from Ross Hammond, who is collector of internal revenue, which position he owes to Senator Burkett, and who is Burkett's recognized spokesman among the newspaper fraternity. When Ross Hammond spits and arches his back that way at the mere mention of the name of D. E. Thompson, it's a sure sign that trouble is brewing."

UNDER THE headline, "Love Can Not Be Bought," Winifred Black writing in the New York American says: "The little girl I know ran swiftly up the walk to the house the other day. I called to her from the window, but she did not answer. 'Something important must be happening,' I thought, 'she's always so delighted to call back again.' The little girl I know opened the door, rushed up the stairs and threw herself into my arms like a living catapult. 'Catherine is mad!' she wailed. 'Catherine is mad! She doesn't like me, and she's never going to play with me again as long as she lives.' The little girl I know cried so hard that it was some time before I could understand what she was trying to tell me, but after a while I discovered that the amazing Catherine—in the eyes of the little girl I know the most beautiful, the most wonderful and the most fascinating being

alive—didn't approve of the little girl any longer. She had approved of her the day before yesterday, but yesterday nothing the little girl did was right. 'Her hair wasn't the right color, and it was so curly that it looked mussed all the time; her eyes were too blue and her cheeks were too red—they looked common—and she was too fond of her dog.' The little girl I know was heartbroken, but after we talked a little while she cheered up and let me wash her tear-stained face and tie up her hair with new ribbons, and I thought she had forgotten all about Catherine, but in a few minutes I looked out of the window, and there was the little girl hunting for the biggest and the sweetest rose on the rose bush in the corner of the garden. 'Look,' she said, 'I'm going to give this to Catherine, and then maybe she'll like me again.' And she gave it to Catherine, and Catherine did like her again—for a few minutes. This morning Catherine was 'mad' again, and the little girl took her a little paper bag of chocolates, so she wouldn't be 'mad.' I wonder what the little girl will take to Catherine tomorrow to keep her from being 'mad,' and I wonder how long Catherine will go on getting 'mad.' As long as the little girl pays her so well for doing it, I suppose. Poor little girl I know! What a lot of heartaches she'll have before she learns that the love that has to be bought isn't worth buying! I know a man who is buying his wife's love. He gives her smart frocks and jewelry that he can't afford and takes her into places that he hates, just to keep her from getting 'mad.' Poor fellow! Why does he care whether such a shallow-hearted creature is 'mad' or not? I know a woman who works and worries and agonizes, trying to bribe her only son to love her, and he will leave her for the first pretty face and stay 'mad' all the rest of his life, until he wants something that she can give him. Some day when she's a little older I'm going to take the little girl I know in my lap and tell her about it—I'm going to tell her that friendship that is bought has no right to the name, and that love is the greatest gift in the world when it is given freely, and the most bitter mockery on earth when it is bought. I wonder if I can make her understand?"

AND A LITTLE child shall lead them" was demonstrated recently at Pittsburg, Pa. The story is told by the Associated Press in this way: "Although it sprang at the child just as it did when it killed three men and one woman, 'Conja,' the most dangerous and savage lion in captivity, only playfully and affectionately licked and pawed the hand of three-year-old Lena Meck, when she placed her arm within the beast's cage in the Highland Park zoo. While the mother and nearly all others watching the lions had turned their attention to 'Hans Wagner,' who was roaring, little Lena crawled under the bars and in an instant had her little white arm in the cage, waving her hand in welcome to the big lion. 'Conja,' his eyes still fiery with anger and jaws wide open, sprang at the child, striking against the big bars with great force. 'My child!' cried Mrs. Meck. This was followed by a series of frantic screams from others—and even men turned their backs, expecting that the big beast would tear off the child's arm. For at least five seconds the lion licked the child's hand playfully, while she stood there motionless and smiling. The big lion seemed to have forgotten the quarrel with his next door enemy and to be consoled with the knowledge that he had found a friend in the fearless little girl. Guard O'Neil was at the hyena cage. He heard Mrs. Meck's cries, ran to the cage and grabbed the child, lifting her over the bars. Little Lena manifested much surprise that the people about her should be so frightened and wondered why."

COMMERCIALISM

A New York firm was notified that one of its traveling men had died suddenly in a western town. They telegraphed back: "Return samples by freight and search body for orders." The unfeeling reply just about represents the interest the Aldrich republicans feel in the people of the west and south.

NEW DEMOCRATIC TERRITORY

Add one more state to the "sure" column of democratic states. It is reported that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the discoverer of the north pole, is a democrat.