CARBONDALE

Carbondale, Pa., March 18.—The city engineer is preparing a map of the mine fire district—a map that will be sent to the legislature to show the territory on fire, and the danger that is lurking under us. A mine fire is not a common thing. It is a condition difficult to the understanding of those not familiar with mines. It is indeed, something with which miners are not a bit too familiar. This we know, that twenty or thirty feet below our homes—there is a great fire—area of it. This fire is burning up the solid coal. It is breaking through the rocks and the surface and it fills our homes and our streets with gases that sicken and debilitate. Thousands of tons of coal are being reduced to ashes. All support to the surface is being burned away, and some day there will be a crash, and just how many homes will go down and how many lives will be lost the papers may later tell us. In the meantime the sheriff is selling the houses of the men who invested their money and their credit in the mine before it was on fire. We are not the only sufferers. There are poor men in Scranton who are pinched by this fire. The cause was neglect. There was neglect and still more and more neglect. The men who own the mines are too poor to pay for the cost of extinguishing the fire. The city can't afford to meet such a bill. That is why the state was called in. The state answered. Its committee called, and the committee said, "Tell us what to do!" We replied, "Put out the fire." The committee asked, "How?" We did not know. The committee said they jolted us and then went back to Harrisburg to wonder what could be done to get at the fire. A hundred miners will give you a hundred different theories of attack. As Mr. Cleveland once said, we are up against a condition—not a theory. The quicker the fire is extinguished the safer we will be. There are hundreds of ways to fight the fire, but each way costs money.

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H-A double R—But what's the use! Harrigan has come in out of Oklahoma and he's telling us about the road he is to build this year—between Forest City and Dunmore. "It will be the best road in the country," declared the man with the name that a shame has never been connected with. "It will be the talk of the country," shouts the man who is glad there is Irish blood in him. How poetically Harrigan'sh! "The best material in the world," says Mr. Harrigan, "is going on the road." For the best material in the world we are indebted to a chap named Coyne. This Mr. Coyne is the inspector on the job. He is a quiet, unassuming gentleman, with a knowledge of geology, chemistry and road building. The contract calls for the best material. It was Mr. Coyne who said to Mr. Harrigan, "For the novelty of it we will build this road according to the contract. There will be no substitutes." If the road is to be all Mr. Harrigan claims for it, there will be honor enough to divide between Harrigan and Coyne.

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A fire company has been organized—in a temporary way—down in Childs—the Ontario & Western town. Childs is a fast growing railroad town. People, however, observe the village is a little lacking in culture. The men of the village agreed to this, and they assembled the other day to discuss ways and means of culturizing the town. Some one suggested a library. But that was voted down. Another named a conservatory of music. This too, was knocked down. Suggestion after suggestion was frowned upon. Finally it was decided to send to this city for help and wisdom, and we sent down Attorney De Laney, with instructions to study Childs and learn what it wanted to bring it up to the social standing of adjoining communities. Mr. Delaney made the sociological study, and when he finished he called together the denizens of Childs—the old and young ones—and he assembled them in a restaurant, and he sat them before a collation that was elaborate for the size of the town of Childs.

"Smart chap," said the leading citizen of Childs.

"I wonder if he has discovered our needs?" asked the church pillar, in a whisper.

"If De Laney doesn't know no one does," said the bartender.

"Gentlemen," began Mr. De Laney. (Cheers.)

"And fellow citizens," he added. (More cheers.)

"Your beautiful town does not need a library."

"Didn't I tell you," said the bartender.

"It doesn't need music."

"No, no," shouted the assemblage.

"You have no use for a kickaleire."

"You bet we have not."

"What you need is a fire company."

Men stood on their feet and cheered the Carbondalian until the echoes rang.

"That's it! That's it," shouted the men of Childs.

"Not a bad thing," said the church pillar.

"The crying need," said the bartender.

Then and there the Childs Hose company was organized. The fire fighters will be J. J. Daffney, Mike O'Brien, M. D. Bird, E. D. Parmelee, J. Billings, J. Julman, S. Gildersleeve. "Now the next thing in order," said Mr. De Laney, "is to make the Childs fire company famous."

"We will hold a fair," said Mr. O'Brien.

"Obsolete," cried Mr. De Laney.

"These are days," he said, "when firemen must do the romantic during. Some member of this company will have to take a week off, go to Atlantic City and hang around there until some heiress gets in trouble with a balky horse. Then the Childs hero must jump from the board walk, right in front of the equine, rescue the rich and beautiful heiress. That is how Scranton did it."

"Parmeter for the job," shouted Gildersleeve.

"Excuse me," protested Parmeter.

"John O'Brien is the man," quoth Caffrey.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. O'Brien, "we will let George do it." Now that Childs has a hose company other towns may recognize it.

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Carry the news to Archbald. When it became known that eighteen miners were entombed in a mine near Tompah, Nev., the first man to volunteer to go to their rescue was an Archbald man, Dr. J. F. McDonald, an Archbald boy, who is now a successful physician of the west. He worked in the mines of Archbald and a year ago graduated from the Johns Hopkins university. At one time he was short-stop for a team of the Baltimore Eastern league.

CARBONDALEANS.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stevens, of Carbondale, is a guest.

—Ruth Pryle, a delightful Archbald girl, spent Sunday here.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Kinster, of Wilkes-Barre, were visitors this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson, of Pittston, were Mayfield visitors this week.

—Mrs. James Mack, of Mayfield, is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

—The Craftsmen entertained their wives and sweethearts at cards this evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Young, of Jermyn, buried an infant daughter yesterday.

—The funeral of the late Louis Parry, of Jermyn, was held Friday afternoon.

—Mrs. Edward Gilgannon, of Mayfield, who has been seriously ill, is about again.

—The Adelpha club was entertained Wednesday night by Mrs. William Graner, of South Church street.

—Mrs. Michael Perri, of Cliff street, died Monday at the Emergency hospital. She is survived by her husband.

—That was a close game of basket ball between our highs and the highs of Dunmore. The score was 22 to 24 in our favor. The Dunmore bunch is composed of Gainey, Payten, F. Avery, L. Avery and Fitch. Our champions were Evans, Brown, Leaber, Walker and Bryant.

—The funeral of the late Mrs. John Kenny was held this morning, with a requiem mass. Many out of town friends attended. Mrs. Kenny was born here twenty-eight years ago, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Shevlin. She was a beautiful young woman—one with a sweet, comforting nature. Four months ago she became a mother. Her health began to fail and after weeks of suffering she closed her eyes in the sleep eternal. She is survived by her husband, her babe, her father, her brother Thomas, and her sisters, Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mrs. Robert Davis, Mrs. Henry Lavey, Mrs. Joseph Bannon, of this city.

Be sure to read the Telegram's Short Story Section every Sunday.

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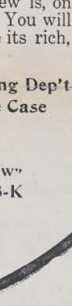

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