

Bellefonte, Pa., February 15, 1907.

#### THE POEM OF ST. PETER AT THE GATE.

[Published by Request.] St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate With a solemn mien and an air sedate, When up to the top of the golden stain A man and a woman ascending there Applied for admission. They came and stood Before St. Peter, so great and good, In hopes the City of Peace to win And asked St. Peter to let them in

question.

baidly |

about it."

exclaimed :

think she-"

Why ?"

that's it."

about ?'

decision.

dren of that wretched part of town that we

tions than she could count. Her cousing

'Stop !" said Polly, holding up a warn-

"Why, I believe every one brings a pound of something instead of buying a ticket-

and then they auction off the packages un

opened. I don't remember all the details.

her cup and jumping up-"because--

"Why !" echoed Polly, setting down

"Polly Osborn, what are you talking

"That's it, Abbie, you dear, stupid old

goose. That's what we can give and raise

the money we will need for the Christmas

"Bat-Polly" objected Abbie, "I know

"Why shouldn't we make the

nothing of the details of the affair-" "And I don't want to," said Polly with

celebration-don't you see ?'

ing finger. "What is a pound party ?"

The woman was tall and lank and thin With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin. The man was short and thick and stout, His stomach was built so it rounded out His face was pleasant and all the while He wore a kindly and pleasant smile. The choirs in the distance the echoes woke, And the man kept still while the woman spok

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said she, "We two come hither, beseeching thee To let us enter the heavenly land And play our harps with the angel band, Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt, There's nothing from heaven to bar me out: I've been to meeting three times a week. And almost always I'd rise and speak.

"I've told the sinners about the day When they'd repent of their evil way, I've told my neighbors-I've told them all Bout Adam and Eve and the primal fall; I've shown them what they'd have to do If they'd pass in with the chosen few; I've marked the path of duty clear-Laid out the path for their whole career.

"I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long, For my lungs are good and my voice is strong So, good St. P. ter, you'll clearly see The gate of heaven is open to me; But my old man, I regret to say, Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way. He smokes and he swears and grave faults he'

got, And don't know whether he'll pass or not.

"He never would pray with an earnest vim, Or go to a revival, or join in a hymn, So I had to leave him in sorrow there While I with the chosen unite in prayer. He ate what the pantry chanced to afford, While I in my purity sang to the Lord, And if cucumbers were all he got It's a chance if he merited them or not.

"But, oh, St. Peter, I love him so! To the pleasure of heaven please let him go. I've done enough-a saint I've been. Won't that atone? Can't you let him in? By my grim gospel I know 'tis so That the unrepentent must try below, But isn't there some way that you can see That he may enter who's dear to me?

"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray, But the chosen expect to find some way Of coaxing or fooling or bribing you So that their relations can amble through. And say, St. Peter, it seems to me This gate isn't kept as it ought to be: You ought to stand by that opening there And never sit down in that easy chair.

"And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed, But I don't like the way your whiskers ar trimmed: They're cut too wide and outward toss,

They'd look better narrow and cut straight across.

Well, we must be going, our crowns to win, So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in." .

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff, But, spite of his office, he had to laugh. Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye, "Who's tending this gateway-you or l?

"Matter?" said Polly, "well, some-thing is the matter though possibly you may think it of little importance. You room into masses of green, with flags, tion. Polly, who knew the Judge well, bright bits of lovely color, flashing at fre-quent intervals. "Why, yes, Miss Polly," he answered, may think it of little importance.

remember Mother's Christmas celebration Polly and Abbie were at the school by for some of the poorer families over at the seven o'clock. They had hardly laid aside foundry ? Is seems as if this year everytheir wraps when a dray backed up to the thing is conspiring to make it quite imdoor of the building and the driver brought possible. Aunt Ida has been very ill with in a huge box, nearly five feet square, and typhoid and now it looks as if Mother would have to go with her to Florida for a

typhoid and now it looks as if Mother would have to go with her to Florida for a few weeks, and so her plan for a fair about the end of November is quite out of the der's name will be found on a card in the box, after it has been sold, unopened."

"That's so," assented Abbie, "it does Such a wonderful pound as that was gave seem really impossible. I wonder if we rise to numberless conjectures from the couldn't get up something besides a fairgirls. With laughter and girlish fun they private theatricals, a concert, a masque-rade, anything whereby we could raise the placed it beside the auctioneer's platform, and an improvised screen hid it till the

necessary money. How much does it cost, Polly ? Hundreds, I suppose, judging by the joy it brings to the mothers and chil-up behind the big box. so that only h "Oh, Polly !" exclaimed Abbie, popping up behind the big box. so that only her head was visible. "What if only a baker's dozen came ! Wouldn't it be disappointsee so little of." "It would cost," said Polly, with a dis-ug ! Only a baker's dozen of bundles to auction off ! That would be just four for

tirct note of discouragement in her voice, "it would cost at least a hundred and fifty each auctioneer, and one more, for luck ! dollars to duplicate last year's celebration. And what do you suppose is in this hox? I know Mother feels sorrier than she says, It really isn't heavy if it is big. And look but I suppose it can't be helped. She will at the yards of libbon that tie it. I've a home before the first or second | good mind to buy it myself and then wear week in December and then it's too late to white satin stocks and belts till I'm a do anything but prepare the celebration, if grandmother, when, of course, I must wear she has the money." "Well," said Abbie philosophically, "if grav.'

it can't be helped, I would try not to think At that moment the maid entered with chocolate and wafers, and while will surely come. Everybody is talking about the Pound Party and ever so many she was arranging them on a taboret, placed sociably between two big easy-chairs, Abbie have told me that they were sure of win-"Polly, dear, hear the news I bring,

though it is a small budget to-day. To begin with, Dorothy Sanger is home again. She must have had great fun at her aunt's, who pretended to be greatly frightened at for she went to theater-parties and teas, and the part they were to play in the evening's dances and a pound party-whatever that fun may be-and for more drives and recep-

are great favorites and go everywhere. I filled to overflowing, and such a mass of queerly shaped bundles as were piled up on the tables, close to the auctioneers, I do believe were never seen before or since.

Five minutes after eight the fun began. The auctioneers' "turns" were decided by 'drawing lots," and so it chanced that Bayard Coleman "opened the ball." In a neat little sprech he stated the object of the Pound Party, to taise enough money to make possible a Christmas celebration for some of the poor families in the "foundry district," and added that "since their appointment all of the auctioneers bad been practising the gentle art of overestimating the value of everything they looked at,they were loaded to the muzzle with every art and wile of the genuine auctioneer, and that if the evening's pecuniary results proved all they hoped, they had determined to forsake golf, college, and even foot ball, and identify themselves forever after with the less dangerous gavel.

'details,' as you call them, to suit ourselves ? Let us ! and we'll think of all Then began the real business of the evensorts of jolly jokes to work in. A 'pound ing. The first parcel,-large and flat -was party !' Why, the very name is captivatknocked down to a prim old lady for thirty ing, for one begins to think of all the funcents. With eager fingers she untied the ny one-pound packages that could be string, opened the parcel, and took out a brought by throngs of eager people. For flaming green fan with poppies painted all instance, -- raisins, sugar, carpet tacks, rice, over it. A gay young bachelor next tried his luck, and paid seventy-five cents for a dried apricots, soap, hairpins, teapots, clothes brushes, paper weights, candy, large bundle which contained a small pair books, oranges, grapes, pictures, overof shoe-trees, tied together with pink ning away with you," said Abbie as Polly pansed for breath, "but it certainly begins to sound awfully jolly." to sound awfally jolly." "Jolly ! It will be the greatest fun ! Do seemed to promise unbounded possibilities and the owner soon gazed ruefully upon a you think your Mother would consent to double line of candles for which he had paid two dollars.

"Come and find out," laughed Abbie. Soon after came a small, ordinary-look-Twenty minutes later the two girls were ing package, not as big as your hand, which closeted with Mrs. Andrews, who entered was knocked down for eighty cents. It proved to be a gold coin, -a genuine Eng-"You see, Mrs. Andrews," said Polly, lish "pound." This was bought by a lady "we can scatter invitations broadcast, for whose means were reputed to he large. She promptly handed the coin back to the auc tioneer and requested him to anotion it off again. This time it brought six dollars. and it was freely remarked among the audience that the sender of that pound really deserved the big pound cake, which was exhibited on a table by itself. But the evening was not over, —besides, there was the huge box behind the screen Each auctioner presided for ten minutes and the friendly rivalry among them made plenty of fun. Some one had contributed a light wicker ask basket, tied with broad cherry ribbon. A slight movement within the basket made the interest rise to fever heat. It was giam. finally sold for three dollars, and when the new owner opened the basket out camenot the kitten, nor the guinea-pig, nor the rattlesnake, nor the squirrel, nor the pngdog-that the anctioneer had suggestedbut out stepped a pair of the whitest, snowiest, stateliest pigeons you ever saw. And they were very tame. They made no effort to fly away, but quietly settled on the shoulder of their new owner, and looked about as calmly as if they attended he a charming evening, and we will hope Pound Parties every evening in the week. Another package was announced as "over weight", and therefore expensive. It was evidently over weight, but of engaging ap pearance. It was sold for a dollar and fifen cents. The huyer hopefully cut the string and unrolled, from a dozen or more layers of white tissue paper-a hammer ! Wrapped around the handle was a sheet of paper on which was written :

"take care of all this nonsensical stuff for me," and he untied the ribbon and wound it, in hig loops, around Polly's shoulders. Then he slowly lifted the cover, and such a chorus of happy, little astonished sounds rose, as dozens and dozens of toy halloons of all colors floated upward, blue, red, yellow, white, some with short strings

a tached, some with long. Surely, there never was a prettier transformation scene than the room presented, with the countless colored globes floating lazily upward or swinging lightly in mid-air.

The Judge himself was the first to break the spell, "Ladies and gentlemen" he an-nounced, "as the owner of all those balloons, I want to make a statement. They are all for sale ! Any one wanting a balloon to take home, must first pay ten cents to our friend, Miss Polly Oshorne. When the money has been paid, and not before, the balloons may be captured. The price will remain the same though the balloons may go higher."

And Polly, still swathed in yards and yards of white satin ribbon, received more

dimes than I would date to state. Of course, the sender of the box of balloons, who chanced to he a fun-loving here this minute and help me get these tables ready for the pound packages that will surely come. Free here is and one of the proprietors of the big foundry, received the pound cake with a suitable little note of congratula-tion from the "one and only the theory of the proprietors of the big foundry, received the pound cake with a suitable little note of congratulagrown man, and one of the proprietors of And the two girl-friends agreed that she was exactly the person for that office, for when the Pound Party was over, a dozen nave ton me that they were sure of white when the Found Farty was over, a dozen ning the prize pound-cake. Here come some people now." for an hour or more at Mrs. And rew's de-"The "prople" proved to be a dozen who lived near, and also the trio of auctioneers, he was not much over twenty-one, in spite of his iron-grav locks. And Abbie and Polly felt amply reward-

Then came another group-then more ed for all their efforts in behalf of that al-and more till the big handsome hall was most relinquished Christmas celebration. Certain it is, that on December first Polly wrote her Mother a long letter which ened in these words :

"And think, Mother dear, the money for the ree and the dinner and the numerous tons of coal is really secured. For Father (just think of it ! I am almost too happy and excited to write) has just put into the safe for me a big roll of bills-two hundred and seventy dollars ! And if all the dear girls and boys hadn't entered into the spirit and fun of the whele thing it never could

POLLY."

The Pennsylvania State College

A department of forestry, professional in

character, has been recently organized at The Pennsylvania State College, the first registrations having been made for the spring session of 1907. The department is organically arranged in the school of Agriculture, the studies of the first year being in common.

A four year course is offered leading to strip of metal is run into the machine it is year of postgraduate work leading to the Master's degree.

The first two years are occupied in preespecially in Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Geology and Soils, Botany, Biologv, Entomology, and Surveying. The last two years are occupied princi-

pally with forestry subjects, in which twelve separate courses are offered, com-prising not less than 70 hours, one-half of These courses are in Dendrology (9 hours).

## Making Collar-Buttons

It may not seem reasonable to say that collar-buttons come under the bead of staple productions, said the manufacturer, "but stuce they are at every man's fingerends every day in his life they must certainly be tucluded among 'articles in gen-eral use.' Now, here's the button we manufacture," he went on, holding up a card of his wares. "I've made ten of these buttons for every man, woman and child in the United States."

"How many a year?"

"About three hundred and sixty mil-lion," he replied, "and we are only a drop in the bucket. There are collar-buttons of wood, collar-buttons of bone, pearl, celluloid, composition, agate and various metals including gold and silver, which aggregate an industry amounting to five million dollars yearly, and our part of the business alone, the manufacture of composition buttons retailing at five cents a card, means an income of many thousands of dollars annually. The wonder is where they all go." "Probably under the bureau," I suggestrd.

"Yes, and that calls to mind a deplorable fact in connection with the collar-button. Perhaps there is no other article of man's dress that is responsible for more profanity. Haven't you seen the aggravating little things slip from the fingers and roll sud-denly out of sight? Who wouldn't wax profane over their perversity ? Some of the inventors who have contrived buttons that will not break, rumple the linen, or slip from the buttonhole ought to set their wits to work to produce one that would be warranted not to produce profanity. Indeed, the story of the collar-button from its origin up to its present flourishing condition mercantile venture."

Aside from the wood, agate and inferior tin buttons used principally in laundries, the composition or "mud button, as it is called by competitors in other lines of the given beforehand for preparation each one collar button industry, ranks, according to on the program might be asked to wear the the informant, as the cheapest button on headdress or bonnet of the period she reprethe market. It is made of a preparation of sents. clay and shellac, which is run into dies and cooled under extreme pressure. The process is simple and the number turned out by a single factory is five or six hundred thousand daily. These "mud" buttons, when perfect, are carded and sold at a fair price, while those having imperfections are disposed of as "seconds" or "thirds" by

the great gross in boxes, and are almost given away. It is a common belief that in the manufacture of this appurtenance of dress the

material is fed into a machine at one end and perfected collar buttons drop out at the other end; but such is not the case; the processes that each button passes through in the better class of goods are numerous and surprising. Take, for example, the one-piece collar-

hutton that is being made by several manufacturers throughout the east. The ma chine into which the metal (gold or gold plate) is first fed is also used in making eyelets and other similar articles. As the the degree of Bachelor of Science, a fifth cut in the form of a disc about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. This disc then passes on and is stamped into its first upright form. Thus it moves to another and another stamp, until it has been through blue candles with gilt shades. Suitable paratory and generally educational studies, another stamp, until it has been through six of these processes and resembles a diminutive high-crowned hat.

Another machine, accomplishing twice as many processes, and requiring the attention of one person for watching and feed-ing, is now supplied with the "bats" and prising not less than 70 hours, one-half of by gradual steps hammers the crown into ther see how many cherries she can cut from the head and post of a collar button. This a second there are no and the second t immature button is fed individually into a as a prize a box of candied cherries. Have These courses are in Dendrology (9 hours). Timber Physics and Wood Technology (15 hours.) Silvilculture (12 hours.) Forest Mensuration and Estimating (15 hours.) head into a flatter and more convenient Forest Management and Finance (16 shape. But after all these operations are hours, ) Forest Administration and History performed the button is not finished, for it must be burnished, and it passes through several hands, one person polishing the head, another the post and inner surface of the back, and another the outer back. It is then carded or not as the case may be, and is ready for the market at a retail price of fifteen to twenty.five cents for a plated batton, and a dollar and a balf for a solid The manufacturer of buttons of more than one piece will have a different story to tell about making his productions. while in the one instance machines do all but the feeding, in the other there is much handwork to be done. The lever buttons for example, have several parts to be ad-justed aod soldered or pressed and riveted together. There are over four million of them produced aunually. The acutal cost of each button is one and three-quarters cents, though the retail price after it has passed through the bands of the various wholesale dealers and jobbers is about ten cents. The demand for metal collar-huttons is so great that the industry in pearl buttons has never been of much extent in this country. Little heed is given to the insignificant button that comes home from the laundry every week in your shirtwaist. And yet that unnoticed little article represents an industry of large and growing proportions. Fifteen years ago the laundries were compelled to use imported agate and pearl buttons for their customers' shirts, but these were expensive, and to meet the demand some one in Chicago in-troduced a tin button. Later, iron and nickel were also employed, but these innovations did not solve the problem of cheap laundry supplies, and at last, about ten years ago, some one conceived the notion of a wooden laundry button. The machines for providing these we buttons are valued at five hundred dollars each and the factories using them are situ ated principally in Connecticut.

they are perspiring freely, scrubbing themselves all the while with small boughs cut from evergreen trees and bashes. They They do not throw these queer towels away when they have finished with them, but leave them for the next set of bathers. Don't you think the American plan of washing one's self in a sice bathtub, with

lots of soap and hot water, is a much cleaner and pleasanter one?

America.

My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died. Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

My native country thee, Land of the noble free-

Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills.

Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills

Like that above. Our fathers' God to thee

Author of Liberty,

To thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light, Protected by thy might,

Great God our King.

Washington's Birthday in the Club.

One club entertainment greatly enjoyed on last Washington's birthday was a program representing social life in the United States from the time of the Dutch in New York down to President Roosevelt's time. would make an extended history, full of Oue period was given each speaker and the domestic scenes as well as thrilling tales of time was limited to ten minutes. This formed a most interesting afternoon and

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY COMPANY.

Here are some suggestions that can be worked on. Give a "Father of Lies" party. Decorate the invitations with pictures of Mephisto and write them on red cards with big black lettering. Hang Mephisto posters over the house and procure the little Mephisto match boxes and paperweights for favors. Give a prize for the best lie told during the evening and have each one tell under what circumstances he would consider a lie justifiable. Other topics: 'The Biggest Liar I ever knew." First Lie." "Are White Lies Permissible?" "What Punishment Should Be Meted Out to the Liar?" etc. Finish the evening with an imitation supper, your own ingenuity will tell you how to plan surprises for your guests.

## FOR A PATRIOTIC LUNCHEON.

For table decoration use blue and buff. the colouial colors. Lay broad ribbon hands of these two colors across the white table cloth. Have a centre basket of white flowers tied with blue ribbon, and before each place a yellow rose tied with blue tibe topics for toasts: "The American Woman," "First Daughters of American Revolution in Our State," ' The Stars and Stripee." A suitable entertainment to finish the afternoon is to cut cherries. Give each guest a small batchet as a souvenir of the afternoon. Then blindfold each and have a small cherry tree in a given time.

have come to pass, and so made very happy, Your own loving, -By Mary V. Worstell, in St. Nicholas. partment of Forestry.

d then he arose in his stature tall And pressed a bution upon the wall And said to the imp who answered the bell, "Escort the lady around to"-well.

The man stood still as a piece of stone-Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone: A life-long settled idea he had That his wife was good and he was bad. He thought if the woman went down below That he would certainly have to go; That if she went to the regions dir There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.

Slowly he turned by habit bent To follow wherever the woman went. St. Peter, standing on duty there, Observed that-the top of his head was bare; He called the gentleman back and said: "Friend, how long have you been wed?" "Thirty years" (with a weary sigh). And then he added, "Why!"

St. Peter was silent. Then he bent down, Raised his head and scratched his crown, Then seeming a different thought to take, Slowly half to himself he spake: "Thirty years with that woman there No wonder the man hasn't any hair. Swearing is wicked, smoking not good, He smoked and swore-I should think he would.

"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp? Ho, Angel Gabriel, give him a harp-A jeweled one with a golden string; Good sir, pass in where the angels sing. Gabri-l, give him a seat alone-One with a cushion-up near the throne. Call up some angels to play their best, Let him enjoy the music and rest.

"See that on finest ambrosia he feeds, He's had about all of the bitter he needs; It isn't hardly the thing to do, To roast him on earth and in future, too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings, A glittering robe with a pair of wings, And he said as he entered the Realm of Day, "Well, this beats eccumbers, any way." And so the Scriptures had come to pass "The last shall be first and the first shall b

last."

## POLLY'S POUND PARTY.

Polly Osborn sat in a dark blue Morris chair pulled up before a crackling grate fire, and as Polly was small for her fifteen years, the big chair seemed not more than half occupied. Some matter of deep concern was occupying her mind for a little scowl was trying its best to knot up her forehead, and in her hand she held a letter which she turned, mechanically, round and round

Polly looked as wretched as-well, as if was possible for our pretty Polly to look. There is no telling to what depths of despair she might not have descended if her meditations had not been interrupted by the sound of a light footstep approaching. A tap on the door, and the next instant there appeared Polly's particular and intimate friend, Abbie Andrews. In appear-ance she was very different from Polly, for she was tall and finely proportioned, with the promise of a Juno-like beauty in the years to come.

the matter ?"

A second action of the second second

e more the merrier especially as each must bring a pound of something. "Now about the auctioneer," said Mrs. Andrews; "much of the success will depend on him. Have you thought of any one ?"

be the one and only 'Patroness ?"

beartily into the plan.

"I thought," suggested Polly, "that a certain foot ball player, who will be home for Thanksgiving, might consent to serve." Mrs. Andrews glanced affectionately at the photograph of a foot ball player, her son Frederic, in full regalia, who beamed affahly upon her from the mantlepiece.

"Why not have Bayard Coleman ?" ed Abhie, in a half injured tone.

"And I." said Mrs. Andrews, laughing-ly. "had Norman MacDonald in mind." There was a moment's pause, for each was considering the claims of these candi dates for the important office of auctioneer It was Polly who cut the Gordian knot. "Why not have all three ?"

"Poliv," said Mrs. Andrews, "you are a diplomat ! I see that all details may safely be left in your capable little hands. Make all of your plans and then come and tell me about them. I am sure the result will that everybody will come with plump purses. Wouldn't it be altogether delightful if the result was-that hundred and fifty dollars ! We'll hope for it, anyhow."

A week later all preliminaries were arranged. The young men named had been duly requested, and had consented to serve as anotioneers; and invitations had been scattered broadcast. That angust personage, the President of the School Board, had been interviewed and had kindly allowed them the use of the lower floor of the High school for all of the Friday following Thanksgiving. A Committee on Decora tion had been appointed and had consulted at length on the comparative values of bunting and evergreen as embellishment for the main room. A combination of both was decided upon and numberless flags, big and little, were borrowed and safely stow ed away till Friday, November thirtieth. The invitations, --but wait-I have one right here, and I will copy it word for word (for I may as well tell you now that this Pound Party actually took place !).

Dear . . . . (then followed the name o the person invited) : Will you come to our Pound Party ? It is to be given at 8 o'clock, Friday night, November thirtieth, at the High school Instead of buying a ticket of admission, please bring a pound-package, securely wrapped, so that its contents may not be guessed. In value it must be not less than twenty-five cents (nor more than twenty-five dollars !). For the most original pound, a prize-a beautiful pound cake will be awarded. The money thus raised will be devoted to a worthy Christmas charity. We tope the wide sco e allowed in the selection of pound-packages will make the evening a memor.

able one for all who take part, as well as fo those who will eventually profit by your gen-Yours truly, POLLT OSBORNE, erosity.

ABBIE ANDREWS. MRS. JOSEPH WINTHROP ANDREWS. Patroness.

The eventful day dawned gray and cold and until noon it was an open question whether it would he cloudy or clear. Then the sun seemed to catch the spirit of gaiety "Well, Polly !" she exclaimed, "what's which animated the party who were trans-te matter ?"

OWED TO A HAMMER.

Will this win the pound-cake we all so desire And so leap to fame at a bound ? An honest old nammer, I'm surely no sham,

mer, I'll pound, pound, pound.

So take me, and welcome, new owner to be, For king of all parcels I'm crowned ; If I don't "take the cake" the echoes I'l

wake, For I'll pound, pound, pound.

These verses had been obligingly read by Fred Andrews who happened to be ano-tioneer at the time and there was a feeling, widely voiced among the bayers, that either the sender of the hammer or the doves deserved the prize. But about that time Polly remembered the huge box behind the screen, and, taking advantage of a mo ment's lull, she had the auctioneers again

"draw lots" to decide which one should

sell it. The choice fell to Norman Mac donald. After calling attention to the fact that various small articles of value had been sold, and that the buyers had expressed entire satisfaction with their purchases, with a great show of ceremony the screen was removed, and there stood the huge, rib bon-decked box. A murmur of "oh" and "ah" ran round for a few minutes before and the bidding began. And lively? You never heard anything like it. In two minutes it was up to ten dollars and going still higher. A little later it got as high as seventeen and there it seemed to stay till Judge Christy bid "seventeen and ahalf."

"And sold !" As it was quite impossible to pass the ponderous box to the Judge, he stepped forward to inspect his unwieldy acquisiald.

(5 hours,) Forest Protection (3' hours,) (5 hours, ) besides a Synoptical or Introductory Course (3 hours) designed for students of agriculture and other branches. A course in Farm Forestry is also contemplated. Special lectures are provided for various special subjects, such as fish culture. business methods, logging methods, etc. Frequent excursions to neighboring forests, occasional visits to wood-working gold one.

establishments and mills, and longer visits to lumber camps and forests reservations for practical work form part of the pro-Entrance requirements are the same as for all students entering The Pennsylvania State College. It is, however, urged that good eyesight and physical strength are requisites of a forester. To the usual expenses the students will have to be prepared to add at least \$50 for traveling ex-Students of other institutions and sne-

cial students having the requisite prepara-tion will be admitted to such classes as their preparation warrants. The forestry courses proper can be readily completed in

two years. The profession of forestry, although practiced in Europe for more than a century and a half, is quite new in this conn-try, the first professional school havin; been established less than a decade ago, yet the need of foresters bas grown more rapidly than the several schools which followed the first have been able to provide. At present the largest demand is made by the Federal Forest Service, but the various States, and especially the State of Pennsylvania, as well as private owners and corporations are bound to call for the serv-ices of fully equipped foresters in larger

numbers, as the needs and advantages of a hetter treatment of our woodlands becomes recognized. The State of Pennsylvania has set aside state forest reservations to the extent of nearly one million acres, and adds annual ly more. It is only fair to assume that

graduates of The Pennsylvania State Colege must ultimately find a field of usealuess in their management. For further particulars adddrss.

B. E. EERNOW, Professor of Forestry, State College, Pa

A lawyer while conducting his case cited the authority of a doctor of law yet alive. "My learned friend," interrupted the judge, "you should never go upon the authority of any save that of the dead. The living may change their minds."-Nos Loisirs.

The First Thought.

"What would be your first thought if you were to strike oil or in some other way become suddenly wealthy?" "Well, I suppose, like all the rest of em, my first thought would be con-

cernin' the shortest and quickest way to New York."-Chicago Record-Her-

## A Queer Kind of Bath.

The Finns, who inhabit that part of northern Europe which is marked Finland on the map, have a way of bathing that American boys and girls would think deoidedly funny and not very pleasant. A bath house is built of wood, and is

shout ten feet square, with a peaked roof. There is only one bath house in a village, and everybody uses it. At the entrance there is a small vestibule, with benches on two sides of it, and here the bathers take off their clothes. The bathroom opens out of this room, and in it there is a big stone furnace, with a circular bole in the top which is filled with smooth stones from the seashore. When the people arrange to come for their bath the fire is lighted in the furnace, and after a while the stones get sizzing hot. Then the bathers come in and take their

seats on a wide bench that is placed high up on the side of the room, close under the roof, resting their feet on a plank placed at a convenient distance below. Then the door and window are tightly closed, and water is poured over the hot stones. In stantly the little room is filled with scald-ing steam, and in this the bathers sit until

others guess who the heroes are. MENU FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON BAN-QUET. Here is a menu for an elaborate banquet for Washington's birthday: Blue Points, Celery, Olives, Radishes, Clear Green Turtle, Lobster Farcie, Turkey Cutlets and Asparagus, Potatoes Surprise, Roman Punch, Reed Birds or Duck Watercress or Lettuce Salad, Cheese, Wafers, Fancy Cakes, Ices, Fruits, Bonbons, Coffee.

**Apples** Spread Moths

Germany has found a peril in apples. They are the principal medium for the propagation and spread of the destructive house moth (glycyphagus domestions) according to observations recently made. The dis-

covery was the result of a plague of moths at Gries and the villages surrounding it. The larvae were traced to the stores of apples kept in the houses and thence to the trees themselves.

The larvae are found first of all in the apple blossoms. As the fruit grows they cluster in the conical depresion about the stem of the apple.

When the fruit is taken to the house it is laden with eggs. The propagation of the eggs is said to be prodigious.

When the fruit is taken to the house the eggs find their way into clothing, hang-ings, carpets and upholstered furniture and the insect is hatched out, with the well known rainous results. The eggs are also said to be the cause of the white mottling that is often noticed on dried fuit.

As a result of the discoveries it is urged that apples never he taken in dwellings without careful cleausing, and even then they should never be kept in living rooms, and the peelings should be promptly removed .- New York Sun.

#### Localized Him.

A stranger wishing to play golf at North Berwick saw some one in authority upon the matter.

"What name?" asked the dignified official in charge.

"De Neufeldt," the stranger replied. "Mon," said the official in a tone of äisgust, "we canna fash oorsels wi' names like that at North Berwick. Ye'll stairt in the morn at ten fifteen to the name of Fairgusson."-Blackwood's Magazine.

Two Kinds of Foolhardiness. Some of the men who laugh when a woman gets off a car backward would pull the muzzle of a loaded gun toward them when crawling through a fence .--Washington Post.

Villains in the play have to be awfully bad in order to make good .- Daily (Okla.) Ardmoreite.

# The Danger.