

THREE GIFTS.

"Courage, Love and Fun."—George Wyndham's motto.
By W. M. Letts, in the London Spectator.
Each day a beggar woman at the portal of God's high house, by urgent need emboldened.
I ask gifts for you, my well-beloved
Three gifts beyond the wealth of djinn or mortal;
Courage to stand now all the earth seems quaking
And wise men grow perplexed and kingdoms totter.
Now faith is sifted, old tradition tattered.
A broken world in need of each man's making;
Love that shall find your kith in friend and stranger,
Brother in man and beast, in saint and sinner,
And cleanse your heart or grudge or pride or grievance
Bidding you seek Christ in an asses' manger;
Fun ever quick to kindly speech and laughter,
Swift with a jest the day your heart is breaking,
Fun that shall cheer dull years and send you whistling
Clear-eyed and cool to meet the brave hereafter.
With these you shall not need men's praise or pity,
Defeat shall brace you, conquest make you humble;
So you shall fight and march and sing till moonrise
Lights up the walls of the Celestial City.

THE COMPACT.

The sun beat down upon the sandy prairie road. In places the highway had been swept bare by the wind, which had piled the sand in drifts by the roadside or in the near-by fields. There was no grass between field and road, and the long rows of corn stood withering in the mid-afternoon heat. Running parallel with the road, like a dejected companion, was the bed of a stream, its sand as innocent of moisture as the highway.
A man stood silent in the road, his head bowed like the leaves of corn, and bared to the scorching sun, his gray-felt hat crushed in his clenched fist. So he had stood, motionless, for the last ten minutes. A sudden breeze from the south sprang up and rustled the dry leaves of a cottonwood by the creek-bed. It struck the man's cheek like the blast from an open furnace, and then passed, swiftly to its real mission, blasting the already doomed corn. At the touch of the wind the man lifted his head defiantly, as though it had been a challenge, and felt, though he did not deign to see, the blight that marked the path of the wind.
There had been no rain since June, and this was August. But the prairie crop is used to drought and there had been hope for the corn until the hot winds came three days before. Since that time Enoch Cornwall had neither eaten nor slept. At night he sat brooding by his doorstep until dawn. When the heat was most intense he walked bareheaded through the fields, lifting his head suddenly whenever the wind smote his cheek. His great frame had become gaunt, and his cheeks drawn, but a fierce light burned in his eyes, bloodshot from sleeplessness and the glare from the sun. The dust and burning heat had dulled the blackness of his matted hair. The perspiration had caked the dust on his shirt. This defiant, uncared-for figure was wholly alien to the zealous, self-confident leader that had guided the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Walnut Ridge inhabitants for more than two years. (Walnut Ridge being a misnomer for a neighborhood that had never walnut-trees nor ridges, but was the namesake of some happier spot in that indefinite region known as "Back East.") For Enoch Cornwall was the shepherd of a flock that gathered to worship in the small, unpainted school house barely visible on the horizon from where he now stood. But the school house had held no service for three weeks because the flock, one by one as the dry season advanced, had gone into the lands where they came, and Enoch had put forth no hand to stay them. There had been a day—and his eyes now filled with scorn at the thought—when he had babbed foolish words to his parishioners about the providences of God and had exhorted them that, having put their hands to the plow, they should not look back. But that was before the summer when the grasshoppers had riddled the promising fields, or before the sand storms of early spring had blown out the wheat, or the hot winds had blasted the earth.
Three times had the discouraged people taken heart again, encouraged by the fair promises of a crop, and each time their faith had been mocked and their efforts returned to them fruitless. At first Enoch had preached with great fervor, assuring them that God only desired a fiery trial of their faith, and at the crucial moment he would stay the forces of destruction as God had stayed the hand of Abraham and restored Isaac. He charged their early failures to a lack of faith, and urged them with passionate zeal to greater exhibitions of trust.
He was gifted with the eloquence and dominating zeal of the born leader. His superabundance of physical vitality and confidence carried his flock through one hopeless period after another. They became entirely dependent on him as nature failed them, the responsibility only increasing their fervor. But when the answers to his prophecies were continued failures and the fields lay wasted and parched, doubt crept into his own heart and his message had less assurance. His body began to succumb to the constant drain on it. He stopped working on the frame house that he had been building by the side of his dugout. He even ceased writing to the girl in the East who was to

come in the early fall, and her letters to him lay unopened in the postoffice, twelve miles away, whither he had not gone for weeks. And the change in Enoch's mental state was reflected in the settled despair on the faces of his flock. Their dull, hopeless eyes accused him. He had failed as an intermediary between them and God. The culmination came one Sunday when Enoch stood before them and gave a passionate message which sounded woefully like a denunciation of Providence.
And now there was no need for exhortation, because the little flock was gone. Only a few non-church goers, single men who lived alone in the dugout, remained to neighbor with Enoch. As for the shepherd himself, he no longer prayed—he only brooded. Yesterday his best work-horse had died. The one remaining was sick. His cows were dry from lack of pasture. But he made no effort to oppose the ravages of the drought. An awful apathy possessed him. A fury was slowly gathering within him. This morning he had noticed his Bible open on the table, and he had thrust it into the stove. But some force had made him withdraw his hand, so he had only pushed the book under a chest out of sight.
Now as the wind passed over the field his eye caught sight of something on the distant horizon. It was a thunder-capped cloud, such as had often formed in the sky since the dry season came on. At the same instant a black bird came sailing across the waste, as if straight from the heart of the cloud, growing larger as it approached, until to Enoch's distorted vision, it blotted out the sky. It descended slowly and settled on a bough of the cottonwood. It was a buzzard of unusual size, and it seemed to fix its sinister attention on the man in the road. The sight touched some hidden spring which held the slow-accumulating fury of days. The man began to scream, jumping up and down in the road. He hurled violent imprecations at the bird until it became incoherent and only babbled. Then he suddenly raised his clenched fists to the sky and hissed, "You you, you." The effort exhausted him. Weak with the heat and lack of food, he began to blubber, muttering brokenly as he stumbled down the road. Instinctively he sought the shelter of some bushes and lay quiet until the storm of his emotions passed. A great calmness came over him; his nerves settled and his mind cleared. He began to speak as if to a second person, quietly and deliberately. "I have done my best, but you have deceived me. You have deceived my people. I have no more faith in you. I am under no obligations to you, and I withdraw my allegiance to you. I will depend on other help."
He felt stronger then, much as if he had prayed. Then he rose and looked about, as if to shake off his former personality he moved to another position. Then, still speaking quietly, he said: "If there be any other power that can give succor, come. I do not promise to trust until I have seen the promise fulfilled." He waited a moment, but there was no sound, not even of the wind. So he tramped steadily down the road toward his dugout. Once he thought some one came out of the corn-field, just behind him, but it was only the whirl of the buzzard's wings as it passed over his head. Again he was sure that he heard the rumble of a wagon in the road, but the highway lay bare and empty in the heat.
The clouds were piling up in the southeast, but he did not heed them. When he reached the dugout he straightened up the untidy rooms which had not been cleared out for days, working calmly, steadily, despite the increasing darkness. The wind had fallen and the prairie was oppressively still. He did his chores, looked after the horse, and sat down to supper. It was his first meal for days. He ate long and deliberately, paying no heed to the increasing thunder or the spurts of wind which sprang up now and then. He cleared away the dishes and went outside, walking between the corn-rows. It was pitch dark and ominously still.
A great quiet was upon Enoch Cornwall's soul, but it was not the oppressive quiet of the storm, but rather a kind of exultation, a waiting for something which was to come. Once he lifted his arms as if in invitation. Then he passed on while the wind raged through the corn. He halted suddenly, thinking a figure approached, but when he stopped it seemed to diffuse itself into the general darkness. As he walked he was conscious of a subtle change in himself. He felt as though he was assuming another personality with different motives and purposes. He walked lightly, and power surged through him until he felt there was no limit to his strength. Once he lifted his head and listened, as if to some one speaking, then he answered aloud, deliberately, "Twenty-five years." Again a figure seemed to loom before him in the road, but the next moment the storm broke with a thunder peal and lightning flash that rived the heavens and then let fall a curtain of blackness and a deluge of rain. The man stood quietly in the field, unconscious of the down-pour. When he came to himself he was sitting in his own dugout, drenched to the skin. He looked wonderingly at the window-panes down which the water was streaming. It had been raining an hour. He became conscious of his wet clothes and reached for a dry coat. In doing so he knocked something to the floor. It was a part of his accumulated mail which some neighbor had brought from the postoffice. He stooped and picked up a letter which was in Marian Warren's handwriting. One sentence as he opened the missive caught his eye and held it: "I am coming to you, Enoch, because I feel in some way you need me."
He read on:
"Maybe I feel this way because the crops have not been good. I hope I can finish a school and teach this winter. It is not fair that you should bear all the burden. The Beals family are moving into your community next month, and I can travel with them for company."
He noted the date of the letter. It was weeks back. He put the letter away without surprise or emotion,

feeling only that the long responsibility for others had fallen from him, and that his own affairs were being shaped by a superior force. He accepted the new administration, or whatever it was, with the passivity that follows prolonged exhaustion, and went to bed to sound and dreamless sleep.
The sun that waked him in the morning was not the glare of yesterday but a softened glow that might have been seen by a sun of May. That morning might have been the first that followed creation, so fresh and sparkling was the earth it saw. Men standing in their dugouts said a miracle had been wrought. The corn stood upright, rustling its slender ribbons in the breeze.
A neighbor riding past Enoch's door called, joyously, "It's the turning-point!" and so it was called ever afterward.
Enoch, looking far across the horizon, had muttered after him, "The turning-point," and wondered what that might imply.
The rain had been general. The crisis was past and the news spread quickly, covered roads and a new and hopeful immigration quickly re-peopled the abandoned communities. In the van of this immigration came the Beals family, bringing Marian Warren with them.
"And so you came, Marian, according to promise," Enoch said.
"Yes, I came as I promised," she answered, wholly alien to his meaning. "And now I am going to teach."
"Now you must marry at once. You are part of my reward."
"Of course, if you wish it," Marian answered, a little puzzled by Enoch's manner, "but we can wait until the new church is built."
At this Enoch's manner became more decisive. "There is no church now," he declared, his tone strange in spite of his precaution. Then, seeing Marian's look of astonishment, he explained that the church had been abandoned because the members had left the neighborhood and that it was not likely to be resumed again, because the incoming population were of various faiths. He could not have told why the words cost him so much effort nor why the whole explanation, though true enough, seemed like a patchwork of lies. He dared not suggest, as he wanted to do, that they be married before a justice of the peace and go straight to their own home. Marian's wedding festivities seemed much like a makeshift at best compared with the one she had once planned, so he consented to let Mrs. Beals decorate her house and prepare the wedding dinner that was too great a holiday to pass by in ordinary fashion. They were married within a month after Marian came, and the days preceding it were filled with misty glamour for Enoch. He looked up on the past summer as a bad dream stirred the curtain. A bird flew across the sky, and he rather put by all questions that arose and accepted without question such things as the gods provided.
Sometimes in those days he lifted his head exultantly and laughed, he knew not why. He had done this on the morning of his wedding, before he came into the house for Marian. At the sight of her, sweet and demure in all her white draperies, something in his brain snapped. Marian, the neighbors standing stiffly in funeral silence about the little room, the minister with the open book, vanished. Enoch was fighting his way through an awful blackness, battling with a wind that was destroying the world. It was only an instant or only an eternity, but when he came to himself he was mechanically repeating his part of the formal ritual, and staring through the window opposite at a cottonwood tree. A sudden hot breeze stirred the curtain. A bird flew across the sky, aiming straight for the tree. Enoch stared apprehensively, but it only dipped and passed out of sight. As early as he could do he slipped from the house into the yard and searched the sky, but there was no bird in sight and the wind was soft. Yet he heard somewhere, like the dim toll of a bell in his soul, the sound of doom. When he returned to the house a well-meaning neighbor slapped him on the shoulder and rallied him on deserting his bride.
"Remember, you're no longer a free man."
The words set all the bells tolling, and he knew in that hour that he would never again be free. He wore invisible but no less powerful shackles, the more painful in that nobody else knew of them. When he next looked at his bride it was with a sense that he must share her with an invisible presence that walked always just behind him.
How he got through the awful day, playing his role of happy bridegroom before the guests, he could not tell. How Marian could fail to see through the miserable pretense, he could not fathom. But the neighbors united in saying that they had not suspected that Cornwall was such a genuinely good fellow, and Marian noticed with surprise jokes and laughter which she had not remembered as characteristic of her rather serious preacher-lover.
The day finally closed and they drove homeward. Enoch fell into such a silence that Marian jested with him, and then became silent herself, hurt by his attitude. Enoch had looked forward to the evening for respite, but, with the necessity for being gay removed, an awful misery settled over him, the more keen because he realized that his one hope of solace had failed him. He aroused himself at length and sought to appease his bride, uttering half-hearted jests that in no wise deceived her.
In the gloom that encompassed him as he did his familiar chores he did not foresee the difficulties that were sure to arise from his anomalous position. So he sat down to their first meal together, unthinking. Marian bowed her head and waited, expectantly. Then when the silence grew unbearable she herself said grace. But she avoided Enoch's eyes, and he knew his conduct had been inexplicable to her. As head of the house and as a minister of the gospel he could not avoid leading in the family devotions. At bedtime she brought him her own Bible and sat down, waiting.

Blindly he turned the leaves and began at random on a chapter singularly inappropriate for the founding of a new home. He read the chapter about how Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and could not again find it, though he sought it earnestly and with tears. He laid the book down heavily, resolved never to read it again if it gave forth such words of torture. He sat in silence while Marian knelt and finished the family devotions.
Later he went out into the night and looked up at the quiet stars and wondered if there was in all the universe a being so tortured as he. He thought of the weary days to be lived through in the stretch of years that lay before him, and raised his clenched hands to the stars, but dropped them again—realizing the futility either of pleading curses or curses—and went into the house.
The days that followed tested his vitality and strong will-power to support an appearance of happiness before Marian. She knew in a vague way that he had fallen from grace, but by try as she might she could not penetrate the barrier which her husband imposed between her and his inner self, although in general he was more submissive to her than in the days when he had been the eloquent, domineering, spiritual leader of his flock. He was tender now where he had once been harsh and assertive, being at once more refined and less emotional, gentler and colder than the former Enoch.
After the new church was built he could not avoid attendance, and sat in stony rigidity beside Marian's absorbed worship. He was half touched, half resentful over the knowledge that this absorption was the petition of the saintly wife for her wayward husband. During the revival services, which were protracted agony to him, he knew that he was the subject of much prayer and solicitation by the congregation, and that Marian was regarded as a model of wifely piety and martyrdom. Painful as this was to his sensitive nature, it was better than the less agonizing ways of the service itself. The songs sometimes waked depths of old emotions and longing, and he was once more in fancy before his flock in fiery exhortation or tender pleading. Then he remembered the barrier that interposed between him and the sanctuary, and a feeling like ice closed about his heart.
Marian carried her burden, too. She was compelled to sit dumb and helpless before a grief she could not fathom, and unable to pierce the gloom or reach a hand to bridge the gap between herself and Enoch.
As the years progressed he settled into the role of the confirmed unbeliever in the eyes of his neighbors, and church attendance was not incumbent upon him. He went only at rare intervals to propitiate Marian but the rarity of the occasions redoubled their torture.
Outwardly Enoch had prospered. He had accumulated many acres. His crops never failed, and his breed of stock was the best in the community. He came to be the model for the farmers in that part of the country. They came to him for advice about the cultivation of their farms, about the care of their stock, and every conceivable question that might arise in farm management. When he realized how his success fell to his lot, it came to be a kind of substitute for other happiness, and he engrossed himself in his work more and more as time passed. His shackles galled less, because of long usage—except at intervals, when fear caught him in its old grip.
His satisfaction in his broad acres and filled granaries was built upon a definite hope after his son's birth. Nine children were dotted with three little graves preceded this event. Marian's childlessness had been the chief sorrow of her life, and she yearned over the boy; but from the time he had first reached up tiny fists to Enoch, to the end of his life, he was his father's son. On the day of the baby's birth Enoch desisted on the tiny fist a mark that took on the faint but unmistakable outlines of a bird in his eyes. He took up his little son tenderly and said with passion, "Little son, you are mine, mine."
At last Enoch had found a companion, one who understood him and did not probe the wounds in his soul. The two were seldom separated except for the times which "Sonny," as his father called him, grudgingly gave to school and sleep. He rode the horses when he was too small to walk, and followed in the furrow, manfully holding the plow handles when he grew older. His mother complained that after she took off his long dresses she never saw him in the house except at meal time. Occasionally he played truant from school, sunny days in spring and came running joyously across the field to Enoch, whom he disarmed with a guileless smile.
"I was lonesome for you, fadder, and so I came back," he would say. After that Enoch could not hide him.
It was inevitable that Sonny should ask about the mark on his hand, putting by his mother's tender interpretation that it was the kiss which the angels had given him. Sonny was serious-minded from his long association with his father, and put no credence in such foolishness. To this question Enoch had answered:
"You know markers put their trade mark on their particular goods. You are my own particular son, and that is my trade mark on you; and nobody," he had finished solemnly, "can claim you from me."
"But did the angels put it there, fadder?"
"I don't know, Sonny. I can't say, but I hope so."
The boy ever afterward regarded the symbol with pride as his father's "trade mark," though he said nothing, realizing intuitively that it was something his father did not want mentioned. Once the boy had questioned him about God and the eternal problems that knock sometimes in every child's mind. Enoch explained to him as he had never been able to explain to any one else, without pain or effort, that it was not possible for him to discuss these questions with him, but he could learn all he wanted to know from his mother, and he must believe implicitly what she told him.

The boy understood and questioned no further. He comprehended Enoch as no other human creature did. There was a bond between them stronger than the ordinary bond of father and son. It was as if from the dank and evil swamp of Enoch's despair had sprung this rare and exotic plant. The boy was healthy enough, but he gave an impression of ephemerality, as if he were only a temporary visitor in this material world. That might have been because he inherited his mother's fairness instead of the massive masculinity of Enoch. He did not lack a boy's love of merriment, but underneath was a gravity beyond his years.
Enoch trembled with apprehension when Sonny grew old enough to be sent from home for better schooling than the neighborhood afforded. The winter of his absence was one of aching loneliness and occasional seasons of the old haunting fear, but it ended at length, and Sonny returned, taller of limb and manlier of bearing, but as eager to follow his father about as ever. Enoch came as near to peace as he had ever known those first few days of renewed companionship with Sonny. For once the days were too short for him. They did not contain enough hours to say all that wanted to be said between him and Sonny. He could not bear the boy out of his sight. Sometimes he arose in the night to look on his face as he slept. He drank in the features, absorbing the image of them for some future time when they would be denied him.
The summer opened with fair prospects for a good season, though it was unusually dry. But as weeks passed and the dry weather continued the people realized they were facing a serious drought. Not that a single season's falling could ruin the prospects of a prosperous community, but it threw a depression over the country, and the people began to talk of the great drought a quarter of a century before. Enoch, absorbed in Sonny's presence, had not succumbed to the depression as early as his neighbors, but as the drought continued, with occasional hot winds, a strange restlessness seized him. Something in the glare of the sun on the sandy roads, and the sight of the parched fields, recalled another scene when the land lay like an unpeopled desert. As the days succeeded one another there came to him a curious sense that time was going backward. He half expected at times to see the buildings and other outward signs of the years' passage disappear. He watched with strained eyes the water in the creek that crossed his farm dwindle day by day, much as a man might watch the running of the sands in an hour glass.
Even Sonny was powerless to break the spell that was weaving upon him. Enoch no longer looked at the boy with adoring eyes, but searched the sky or sat motionless, listening, waiting for something, his eyes alert, but oblivious of the objects at which he gazed. Sonny watched his father closely, often following him at a distance on his solitary excursions into the fields. Sometimes, waking suddenly in the night with a sense that his father was not in the house, he sought until he found him, a lonely, silent figure in the moonlight. Occasionally he made his presence known by laying his hand on Enoch's shoulder, but more often he stayed apart. He divined that the sight of him tortured his father. He often caught his father's eyes on the birthmark, but no word was spoken concerning their changed relations.
It was a day in mid-August when the sky was filled with thunder-caps and Enoch wandered, without noting his direction, down an unused, sandy road. The scene took on a strange familiarity. A bare cottonwood seared by lightning stood before him, and straight from the southeast a buzzard flew across the sky and settled on the tree. The blood beat against Enoch's brain. Steps came out of the corn-field behind him, and he listened as he had done for days, feeling that his waiting was nearly over. Enoch's next moment Sonny lay his hands on Enoch's clenched fists. His muscles relaxed. His eyes met the compassion in Sonny's and became sane. The boy stooped and picked up a stone, which he aimed at the buzzard on the tree. The bird arose and flew into the far sky whence it had come, the two watching it silently out of sight. Then Sonny spoke:
"Let's go home. The heat is terrible. Enoch looked at the boy and realized that he was ill.
"Sonny, you're not well!" he cried, sharply, restoring at once their old relationship.
"It is only the heat, I think. I have not felt well lately. I'll be all right when we get to the house."
But his feet stumbled as he spoke, and Enoch put his arm around his shoulders, and the two made their slow way across the field.
Marian stood in the doorway, waiting for them. The fever she had expected was come. Sonny fell unconscious across the door-sill at her feet. They put him to bed and summoned a doctor and nurse. Through the long, oppressive hours of the hot afternoon the watchers about the bed waited. For them time was suspended and life was centered on a single fact of existence. An approaching storm made an early twilight of the late afternoon. Some subtle presence had entered with the twilight. The doctor closed his watch. His head dropped imperceptibly lower. The nurse adjusted the curtain. Thus the great intruder in the quiet room announced his presence, not with the blare of trumpets, but in apparently slight and casual acts. A great rage and despair seized Enoch. He laid hold of the framework at the foot of the bed, great beads of sweat on his forehead.
Sonny turned his head slightly, looking with clear eyes at his father, and said in a weak voice, "I'll be all right, father, when the rain begins." Then he drifted back into unconsciousness.
Enoch turned and went out into the night. Blacker than the thick darkness of the storm was the weight of his weeks of waiting. But he felt no defiance, only an awful sorrow. With a great cry he threw himself on the ground and dug his nails in the dry earth. He sought pleas for mercy, but found no words. The wind shook

the trees and the lightning increased, but the man lay groveling on the ground. At last he arose. There was no power to whom he might appeal, no help in all the world. An accusing Deity did not even arise to confront him. He was utterly desolate and alone. He returned to the house.
In the brief time of his absence the presence had installed itself in the household like an undesired guest who ignores the contempt of the hostess and remains. But something else had come, too, that seemed to check the insolence of the unbidden presence.
The hours of suffering had worn grooves in Sonny's face, but peace had come now, and he only waited for Enoch. He could not lift his hand from the bed, but Enoch saw at a glance that every trace of the birthmark was gone.
"Is all right, father," he murmured. "I am glad I could do it."
Enoch stumbled to his knees, a lost name on his lips. "My God, my God!" The rain began to fall gently outside.—By Alma G. Madden, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.
ONLY MUSEUM OF PENNA. ART AT STATE COLLEGE.
George Gray Barnard's Model of the "Kneeling Woman" Latest Addition.
The only special museum for the collection of the works of Pennsylvania artists that exists in the State, is maintained at The Pennsylvania State College, and was augmented recently by the addition of the original plaster model used by George Gray Barnard for his celebrated figure "The Kneeling Woman." The finished product of this study was made for the New York estate of John D. Rockefeller. The model is the most massive of the many articles that have been gathered together at State College, representing the handiwork of native Pennsylvanians in the field of art, and was donated to the college by the great sculptor. Widely known as the producer of the famous groups at the entrance to the Keystone State capitol building, Barnard was born and raised in Bellefonte, twelve miles from State College.
The model made by Daniel Chester French for his famous statue of Lafayette, which stands in New York city, was given to the college by the sculptor. An alumnus of Lafayette College recently presented that institution with a replica of the figure of Lafayette.
City Beautiful May be Only Skin Deep.
It is possible for the "city beautiful to be only skin deep," according to Professor A. W. Cowell, head of the landscape gardening course at The Pennsylvania State College. In teaching the theories of this movement that has swept the country in recent years he urges his students to take advantage of every chance to acquire real and lasting attractiveness in every way possible and from the practical, human and aesthetic standpoint. Several graduates of Penn State are actively engaged in city planning and public improvement, and the training there has met with such success that steps are being taken to elaborate on the "Country Beautiful."
The science of city planning has taken its place among the professions and has a present following in the United States of a hundred or more professional experts, besides the landscape architects and thousands of citizens serving on local planning boards. The principles of the city planning are studied at State College through text books and lectures by Professor Cowell, who has been a recognized authority on the subject throughout its development. Planning problems, real estate sub-division, traffic and housing problems are treated in a practical way, and in addition to its study by landscape architects, classes are frequently joined by students in civil and architectural engineering.
Hunters Should Return License Stubs.
Many sportsmen throughout the State are under the impression it is not urgent that each man who secured a hunter's license for 1920 see to it that the stub attached to the end of the license is sent to the Game Commission at Harrisburg at the close of the season, or as soon thereafter as possible. This is an entirely erroneous impression. The Game Commission earnestly requests that these stubs be sent in immediately whether any game was killed or not, and any sportsman who has up to this time neglected to send in his report should see to it that this is done at once.
The work of tabulating the data from the individual reports received is now under way but unless hunters who have not yet sent in their reports get busy, it will delay this tabulation considerably. The data already collected is producing information that will be invaluable to every resident of the State.
Do you want your county to fall down in this matter? If not get busy; send in your report and see to it that your fellow-sportsmen do the same.
Respectfully yours,
SETH E. GORDON,
Sec'y Game Commission.
Pipes to Carry Coal.
New York officials are considering a plan to keep the city supplied with fuel by means of two 14-inch pipe lines extending from the anthracite region in Pennsylvania. According to R. P. Balton, a mechanical engineer who has worked out the scheme, there is a fall in elevation of 2000 feet between Scranton and New York and this would make it easy to force coal through the pipe by water pressure. The two pipe lines, he says, would carry 7,000,000 tons of coal for the city's needs.
Time to Go.
"She said 'No,'"
"Yess," said the dejected suitor.
"Cheer up, a woman's 'No' sometimes means 'Yes,'"
"Not in this case. The door bell rang and she produced the other man."—Birmingham Age-Herald.