

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset fades in the Western sky, And the wee ones, tired of playing, go tripping lightly by I steal away from my husband, as he sits in the easy chair, And watch from the open doorway their faces, fresh and fair. Alone in the dear old homestead, that once was full of life, Ringing with girlish laughter, echoing boyish strife, We are waiting together; and oft, as the shadows come, With tremulous voice he calls me: "It is night; are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently, "they're all home long ago." And I sing in my quivering treble a song so soft and low, Till the old man drops to slumber with his head upon his hand, And I tell to myself the number, home in the Better Land, Home where never a sorrow shall dim their eyes with tears; Where the smile of God is on them through all the summer years; I know—yet my arms are empty that fondly folded seven, And the mother heart within me is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening I only shut my eyes, And the children are all about me, a vision from the skies; The babes whose dimpled fingers lost the way to my breast, And the beautiful ones the angels passed to the world of the blest, With never a cloud upon them, I see their radiant brows; My boys that I gave to freedom—red sword sealed their vows! In tangled Southern forest, twin brothers bold and brave, They fell; and the flag they died for, thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath and the vision is lifted away on wings of light, And again we two are together, all alone in the night. They tell me his mind is failing, but I smile at idle fears; He is only back with the children, in the dear and peaceful years. And still as the summer fades away in the West, And the wee ones, tired of playing, go trooping home to rest, My husband calls from his corner: "Says, love! have the children come?" And I answer, with eyes uplifted: "Yes, dear they are all at home!" —Margaret E. Sangster.

HOME.

Sweepston Quarles was standing on a front porch in the nine-hundred block on West Park Street in Butte, Montana. And that, Charlotte Cragg realized with a reality, was the climax of twenty-nine years. Her life would not be the same henceforth, could not be. This she knew as surely as she knew Quarles to be standing before her in the flesh.

She had last seen this man in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1895; had expected never to see him again. Here he was. Flanking his head in her sight, the wall of blue-black mountains to the south of Butte stood up like blurry stage-settings that might shift or fall at any moment. He was extending his right hand and smiling in a way she astonishingly well remembered.

"Why—Sweep Quarles!" It was a well-bred grasp she gave him, and a light quick handshake; the kind of greeting that glosses over, ignores, forbidden excitements pounding in the throat.

"Come in," she said. "So glad to see you. Just hang your wraps on the rack. What brings you this way?"

"Jove!" This is a cold city you live in!" he exclaimed. She had not heard a man say "Jove" in years. "Hot afternoons have been in Montana," she forced herself to quote smilingly, "but not in March with the wind off Mount Flecier. I keep the house warm, though. Come into the front room. They'd call this the parlor back home in Charlottesville, wouldn't they?"

By the time they were seated, with an electric heater spraying its rays over them, Charlotte had recovered her grip. You're Charlotte Cragg, of Butte, Montana, she had told herself; and you're forty-eight, and it's now thirty years since you were Charlotte Bainbridge, telling this man that yes, there was some one else, and though you don't feel that old by ten years or look it, either, still you mustn't have foolish thoughts about him, simply mustn't have them, do you hear?

His blue eyes were unhardened and honest still. Also, they were lighting alarmingly, and his fingers were drumming his watch-pocket. She perceived that chatter, a frustrating cloud of talk, was what she had to supply.

"Oh, I read your book, Sweep," she began; "just last week. The latest I mean—'Dreams and End.' Thought it splendid. Your big success so far, isn't it? Nine large printings in six weeks, I read in some review. You're certainly to be congratulated. I suppose your short work in the magazines is just a pastime for you, isn't it?"

Start them talking about themselves: that was the way to parry whatever romantic notions they might have brought twenty-five hundred miles with them. There was a clean crispness about his thick, slightly graying hair; the same air about his necktie, and the trouser cuff above his swinging right foot. He looked seasoned. The negroes at home would have called it "quality."

"Thank you for mentioning the book, Charlotte," he was saying uninterestedly. Here was a setback, indeed; a writer refusing to discuss his own work.

"Er—Charlotte—" he began, in a

tone which stung her anew into head-long talk-making.

"I'm so sorry Jim isn't here today. He's off hunting another mine, as usual. This one is down near Durant, west of Butte. He's been away since yesterday morning. I told him March in Montana was no time for such trips, but he'd go in December. He has done it any number of times. There's a cabin on his claim, though, so I suppose he'll not freeze."

"A mine?" Quarles's tone said that, since she insisted, they would talk of mines for a space. "Yes, A—a mine. Jim has been developing this piece of land for a year or more, with two men and a windlass. He has a pair of mining experts with him on this trip, from one of the local companies. Hopes to interest one or another of them in the ground. I sincerely trust he may."

Behind her forced animation she was frightened by her last words. They seemed to furnish an opening for intimate questions.

"He will succeed, too, sometime," she rushed on. "Jim's a wonderful all-around mining man. 'Your husband, Mrs. Cragg,' one of the high Anaconda Company officials said to me once, 'has a nose for ore deposits—and that's the important thing in this game.' The operators come to him sometimes for his opinion when their regular staffs are puzzled. Jim makes them pay for his services, too, I assure you. Oh, he'll find a mine of his own some day!"

"He isn't on any regular staff, then?" Quarles said. "She had thought to set at rest any inward curiosities Quarles might have about the unpretentious brick house and plain furniture. He had spied the single weakness in her story. Fear of those level blue eyes was chilling her."

"Why, no. Oh, no. He's a sort of unofficial consulting expert. It's too detailed to explain. Sweep, say 'regular' again. Please."

He said it, with some bewilderment. "Delightful!" It's been years since I've heard anyone talk without tramping on his heels like a dry-horse. Tell me, Sweep—in Charlottesville, do the people still speak of the University of Virginia simply as 'the University'?"

He smiled then. With Virginians, home is the topic that cannot fail. "Yes, yes, they do, bless 'em! As if it were the only university in the world. In many ways it is, too."

"But Charlotte—" "And Sweep. Does Lewis's Mountain in October still look like a big, brilliant Indian blanket hung in the sky to the east of town?"

"It does. Hasn't changed, except that it's called Patterson's Mountain now. Charlotte—"

It had become a battle, no less. Her ears barely heard the words that streamed from her tongue.

"I'll warrant everything else has changed, though. The people, I mean. I remember how, when I was a girl, the idea most girls had of the true romance was to marry a Western man, rich—all Westerners were that, of course—come out here, bring up half a dozen children to be tall, blond mining magnates or cow-boys, grow up with the country. All most girls want nowadays is comfort and an automobile and an able bootlegger. Perhaps they're more sensible than we were. Have you ever thought of writing a book on the younger generation, Sweep?"

"No," Quarles said succinctly. He said, too: "Jim Cragg wasn't rich, then?"

Whereupon her defenses crashed. Striving like mad to hide, she had but clumsily disclosed things that fermented in her mind for years. Quarles leaped the smashed barriers, blue fires afflacker in those eyes.

"Charlotte! Are you happy, or aren't you? That is what I came to this place from Charlottesville to find out. And I don't propose to be put off."

One can always retreat to dignity. "Have you any right to ask me that, do you think?" Quarles was on his feet. She watched his burly grained oxfords shutting over the carpet from stand lamp to hall door and back while his words hammered at her bowed forehead.

"Any right? Why, what about the right of forty-nine come back to an old friend? You said we would always be friends, you may remember." Furiously ironic, the tone he used there. "Isn't that enough? Or say, if you prefer, that it must be more than friendship brings me here. I'd admit that much to Cragg himself—wouldn't hesitate a second. I suppose I'm talking like nineteen years old; but I tell you, Charlotte, there hasn't been any one else since—that time. Oh, here and there naturally. But that doesn't count. But—any right! Let me ask you this: what right have you to play-act to me? There's a real question."

He was talking about himself now, in all conscience. He waited for no answer.

"Oh, everything works for the best, looking at it one way. I've knocked around the world, had an experience or two, unloaded a good many hundred thousand words of print on the public. If things had come out as I hoped they might, once, why—I'd have settled down in a Courthouse Square law office in Charlottesville and told my brain fevers through the years to you instead of to a typewriter. I'd have been an everyday person, and as happy as must. As it is, I'm a reasonable success in a hard game but I'm forty-nine—which is the part that matters. I've a little house on the Lynchburg road, out beyond Observatory Mountain. Oh, I won't commit the ancient hokum about the lonely fireside. I have a—able bootlegger, as you say, up in the Ragged Mountains, and plenty of friends to drop in when those red-clay Albemarle County roads are at all passable."

He drew breath, pounced again on his subject. "Well, at any rate, Charlotte, here I am! Seeing you face to face, I'll admit the motives I left home with seem a bit fantastic. But I think you might at least tell me whether—it's well with you, or not."

The blue fires receded from the surfaces of his eyes, and he sat down again, staring up at the picture-moulding. The blood was churning in Charlotte's throat. She was not old. Years were liars.

"Since you put it so, Sweep . . . no. Jim had a good position, for a young man, waiting for him here after he left the University. That was all. With one of the—I always think of them as pirates. They were fighting in those days to control the Butte hill and the ores underneath. Jim's pirate finally sold out; some say for ten millions, though I doubt that. Whatever it was, it was a big sum for that time, and he never tried to come back for more. Jim's position was good, but not good enough to admit him to the—shall we call it the division of the loot in the captain's cabin? The pirate's crew was set adrift."

She drew a cigarette from his proffered case. She seldom used the things, but at this moment she craved their comforting sting in her throat.

"Don't think I'm complaining, or ever did. We were young then, and I've lived in Butte too long now. It was in the game. Buccaneers all! If you won, you won. If you lost, you didn't whimper. The winners didn't crowd, you expected no one's pity, and no one insulted you by trying to extend any. That's Butte, Montana, Sweep—or what I've known of it. It's something, after all—the thought never occurred to me before—but it's something just to have lived in a place like that."

She looked over her shoulder, laughing uneasily. "I can almost feel this old town frowning in at my window," she apologized, "because I'm being weak enough to breathe my troubles to anybody."

"What happened after that?" Quarles prompted.

"Oh, we lived along. People do, you know. That's the truth, that Jim's a good mining man. He's made several stakes, as he calls them, in his time. He always puts them back, though, into another hole in the ground. 'Sometime,' he tells me, 'I'll find the big hole.' He thinks he has it now. But he's thought that so often."

"The half-don't children?" asked Quarles. "All cowgirls or whatever it was?"

"We've had two. A girl and a boy. He was overseas; rose to captaincy—was just twenty-two. We passed—he d—oh, why not say it! He was killed, in the last days of the war, just outside Sedan."

"Yes, Well, the girl, Dorothy Montana Cragg, Jim insisted on the middle name; it was fashionable here, until people realized the cold truth that Montana simply doesn't do as a girl's name. We call her Dorothy. She would study medicine, at North-western. Said that was her bent and she had to live her own life. We were able to arrange it; she helped herself considerably after the first year or so. These modern youngsters! Now she's a mayor."

"A mayor?" "A mayor. Isn't that too perfectly Western—women Governors and the like? She's mayor of Melbane, a little railroad division point over in the prairie part of this State. They elected her to fill out some man or other's term—he died, I believe. We didn't even know she was running. It happened only three or four days ago. She telegraphed us; seldom writes. She's been three years this July on the railroad hospital staff at Melbane."

"Does she ever come home?" Quarles inquired. "Why, no. It's so far. One scarcely realizes Montana distances. This is the third largest State, you know." "Ever ask you to come and visit her?"

"Why, she couldn't—entertain us. She could hardly see us. She's so busy."

"Living her own life, eh?" His tone again was sarcastic. Instinctively she went to Dorothy's defense.

"We're proud of the child, Sweep. Please don't think we're not. I—well, I rather wish sometimes that I'd had the common sense to live mine."

She hadn't intended to say that; she knew it meant nothing really; it came out of the desire to set Sweep right to the adored Dorothy. Altogether it was an appalling utterance; the more so because it flung Quarles from his chair once more.

"Life's not over yet!" he said, through teeth set as if they challenged time and eternity. "If you think it is, you're wrong. Twenty-five, thirty years yet, maybe forty. We can't tell. What is there you have to go for out here in this hole, Charlotte?"

She was thinking; there were big oaks and rounded hills down Lynchburg way, kindly, soft-voiced people in old Charlottesville, flowers through all that country. She had always felt herself a misfit in this West. Defeat, the boy's death, disappointments; it couldn't be that she belonged here. The front room's walls were pressing in on her like the walls in that Poe-chamber of hideous memory. She rose in her turn, as though stifled.

"I can't stand it in this house," she said, thick-voiced. "Take me somewhere, Sweep. Where we can talk."

"Anywhere!" he muttered. When they stepped forth on the porch three minutes later, Charlotte's face was composed. She knew her Butte as a gossip city for all its nerves of steel. A West Side car was screeching into Park Street at the Emmett Street curb, two blocks away.

"The very place!" Charlotte exclaimed. "Columbia Gardens. A sort of park, east of town. This car runs out there."

The high-slung yellow monster, two-thirds a Pullman length, halted convulsively at the corner of Park and Excelsior. They took a leg-cramping seat near the rear. Talk being impossible in the thunderous interior, Quarles gave himself to scanning the people who got on and off, Charlotte to watching the town

stream past the window—her town for twenty-nine years.

People walked on cement, drove on macadam, in Park Street these days. They had simply walked, on wood or in mud, when she was a young married woman. There had been a bridge at the foot of Park Hill, spanning one of the numerous gulches that gashed Butte's landscape. Smoke from sulphide ores roasting in the open on the Flat had lain like a death's blanket over the city through bitter winters. Ore trains had run up and down Montana Street, the High School was just going up, there was no Phoenix Block, no Metals Bank building, there were log houses close to Main on West Broadway.

This afternoon brick, prosperous-looking Americans bustled on the West Side. They gave way as the car rushed down East Park to crowds of the South Europeans who latterly manned the copper and zinc mines. Charlotte had come here in the era of the Irish mines, thirty-five years ago. "When Bryan Came to Butte," all those faces outside the car window, though, wore the same expression as formerly the others had worn. All were shrewd, impressive, controlled, yet full of a salty, knowledgeable humor. The mines and the mountains did not change; they ironed their philosophy into the features of whosoever came to their city.

After Gaylord Street and its stomach-aching nose-dive, the mines for a space lowered on the car on its leftward slide. A tangle of gullows—frames, chutes, bins, sheds, and red board fences the mines stepped away up-hill into a sky of aluminum brush with cotton.

She became conscious of a tenderness for this city. She wished that before leaving she might arrange somehow to put her arms around Hammerhead people and a Utah lotte genuinely believed she was about to leave Butte.

The turn at the old Butte-Duluth workings swept the city from view, and the sprawling white dance pavilion stared down at them through a notch in the hills. Behind Columbia Gardens the Main Range gleamed grayly in its patched suit of old snow. Two minutes more and the car stood in the terminal, swaying as if it panted after its climb.

The two people, arm in arm, began to walk aimlessly through the park. Green benches that in summer had held picnicking families were piled along the boardwalk; the nickel arcades were shuttered; the roller-coasters grind and thrum of the Ferris wheel were absent from the air. Charlotte had not visited Columbia Gardens since the children were little, but she missed those noises instantly. Sweep pointed to a twenty-foot circular depression in the snow.

"Looks like a fairy ring," he said, "where the little people have been."

"Why—that's what it is!" Charlotte was thrilled. "They have the merry-go-round there in summer."

They were not talking as much as they had expected; but neither were they greatly excited or depressed. Charlotte, thought a good deal, as they walked, of the numberless Children's Days in summers gone—Thursdays, no carfairs—when she had brought Bob and Dorothy out here. They had always enjoyed and loved the place. She had always enjoyed the crowds and the Canadian poplars. That was all long past. But she was not old. She told herself several times that the years lived.

They gravitated to the conservatory, with its bulging maroon domes and its flashing glass roofs. The old German caretaker, whose most men are who work with flowers. He introduced them to the two persons who lived with them, Polly and Mike. They learned that Polly was seventy years of age, while Mike was over a hundred—on hearing which Mike laughed like a banshee and executed a giant swing around his perch.

"Up there," the old German told them, pointing with his pipe, "the fish-hatchery is. But in winter-time of this place that part gets shut down."

"Fish-hatchery?" said Sweep. "Mean hatch-fishery, don't you, my friend?"

"Both of you are wrong," Charlotte announced primly. "He means fish-hatchery."

They giggled, tear-stung eyes meeting and clinging. Sweep pressed her arm tightly to his side, whispering "My dear!"

Red and purple flowers bloomed in the conservatory, in raised beds, waist-high. The air had a fragrance, a moisture, and a warmth from softly murmuring pipes, which intoxicated the two wanderers among the flowers. One could almost believe the warmth came from the steel-brilliant sun that glittered above the roofs of glass.

They stayed long there, hating to leave. Where the flowers and parrots were endless fairs spring. At last, Charlotte's left arm swept her wrist-watch up before her eyes. "Gracious! It's a quarter after four and dinner's at six, and Jim will be starved after his trip! We must fly. Have dinner with us, Sweep."

The whole thing took place before she realized what she was doing or saying. Dinner had been at six on ten thousand of her life. Sweep made no comment; perhaps he saw then the end of all this.

As they "flew" down the long bridge from the ball park to the dancing-pavilion, Charlotte had glimpses of Butte, two miles away. The city clung to its hill, lapping over into the ancient lake-bed that was the Flat. Blue haze barred with steely sunshine hung above it. The mountains that rimmed it were hard like glass, blue like polar ice, white like refined iron. The sun glanced off sundry windows in town and dazzled her eyes. Outwardly Butte was all hard surfaces, harsh lights, smoke, stone.

On the homeward car Charlotte thought again about that city. In its way it was a famous place. Newspapers and fictionists had tackled catch-phrases to it. "The richest hill on earth," "the city of the copper collar," "perch of the devil . . . toughest town in America."

. . . What the world knew of Butte, it knew from those tags. And the world's knowledge was about as thorough

as that of the cow-county legislator who at once thundered against it in the State Capitol as "the Babylon of the Rockies." One had to live out long years in Butte to know the place it really was. Charlottesville, of course, was home.

She was still trying to tell herself what Butte was when they reached the brick house in West Park Street a few minutes after five. In the front room they discovered not only Jim Cragg, returned from his two days' questing, but also Dorothy Montana, mayor of Melbane. The two were holding hands and leaning into the warmth from the electric heater.

"Here she is!" bellowed Jim, seeing Charlotte in the doorway. She had to submit to a double smother of kissing and pawing over. You started out across the world, you got as far as Columbia Gardens, you come back to this."

"Real news, girl!" Jim shouted. Then he saw Quarles, standing uncertainly in the hall. "Why—why—"

"Surely, Jim, you remember Sweepston Quarles . . . Mr. Quarles, my daughter Dorothy. . . An old Charlottesville friend of your father's and mine, dear. . . Just—passing thru."

Charlotte carried off the situation deftly, as did Quarles. He managed, even, to throw a convincing warmth into eyes and a voice gone dull.

"Say!" Jim boomed, the amenities barely worked with—"I've got to talk. I've worked thirty years or so to be able to."

Her husband's neck, his big, rough-cut face, the scalp under his thinned hair, had all turned a coppery red. Head thrust down between his shoulders, hands planted in corduroy hip pockets, one heavy boot-toe caressing the carpet, he faced the three of them. But his eyes were on his wife, shyly.

"Charlotte—old girl, I've got the Hammerhead people and a Utah lotte crowd started to bidding against each other for that hole in the ground down near Durant. Wasn't telling you about the deal till I could get it somewhere near clinched. But I've been hauling rock-peckers for one outfit or the other out there for the past three months. It'll be a mine now, I guess. Thought I—I'd give you a surprise."

As he talked Jim Cragg's voice grew more and more hoarse, chesty, he-mannish. In this, Charlotte recognized, he was following one of the ways of the West. When you laid your life's achievements at the feet of a person you worshipped, you must make believe that it was nothing, hell's bells! nothing to it at all. Otherwise you were no true Westerner.

"Oh, wonderful, Jim!" Even that was a little excessive, by Western code. "Now, you two sit down in front of the heater, and we'll get dinner."

In the kitchen the two women tied each other's aprons. Looking at her daughter's splendidly shaped head and the strong, springing curves of her back and shoulders, Charlotte was swept by a sudden wild exultance. She had achieved this. Out of the years she had wrenched this perfection, to make up for anything the years had withheld from her.

The girl must have sensed her mother's inner triumphing, for she swung about the instant the bow-knot tightened against her back. She seized Charlotte in a fierce, hungry embrace.

"It's been so long, mother," she whispered. "I've never got over wanting you. But I had to—show I was worthy of you and dad."

A no other Western humbuggery, thought Charlotte. You must put your sacredst loves and adorations on strictly moral grounds, that none might accuse you of out-and-out emotion.

She said aloud: "Dear, we're so proud, so proud"—and meant it, this time.

Altogether, Charlotte had a beautiful evening. If Jim wondered at all about Quarles's presence, his face did not show it. By dessert-time he fell to reminiscing of the wild days and times the city had seen. He told of the big explosion of 1895, of the A. P. A. riots, Bryan's visit in '97, the mine shut-down of 1903, the dynamiting of Miners' Union Hall, followed by martial law in '14, the boom days during the war, when Butte claimed to have reached the hundred-thousand mark, Bloody Wednesday on Anaconda Road, the Speculator Mine disaster. Quarles listened with interest, occasionally making rapid notes in a little pad jerked from his vest pocket. He seemed largely to have cast off the depression that had weighed on him visibly before dinner.

Red episodes all, these of her husband's telling; they appealed to men. But they were no more the real Butte than were the pictures called up by the catch-phrases. They were merely the things that got into the newspapers. What was Butte then, now that she knew what it was not?

She had grown in Charlottesville, in the mellow State of Virginia. In this serene mountain mining town, she had ridden the tides of life. She had brought forth her children here, had lost games and won them, had met death and sorrow and learned to defy those forces that could not conquer when killing her. Now at forty-eight, she was seeing her husband's eyes turning to her incessantly as he talked, that shy look in them as of one laying everything he had in the world at her feet. She was seeing her daughter well started in the way she had chosen and thanking her, Charlotte Cragg, for all she had and was. She was remembering the boy; with pain, true, but she had lived after even that frightful wound.

The place where such things came to people, she concluded, was the place that was meant by the word home. Wherever those things came to any one, would be home for that person. It might be London, Cape Town, Peoria, Unalaksa, where-not. For her, Butte was home. It must be the same for thousands of other people who were living their lives there, and who never got into the newspapers.

She was deeply saddened over her discovery. It brought a feeling of knowing at last exactly where she belonged; a very comforting feeling, she found. She began planning useful

years in her own city. Life was not over yet.

When Quarles took leave of them about nine o'clock, Charlotte accompanied him to the porch. She shut the door and walked with him to the head of the steps. Even night had brought no softness to the city; the darkness stretching away from their feet was the ghost of blued steel, stippled with diamond light-points.

"Do you understand, Sweep?" she asked him. "Yes, I understand," he said. "Well, at forty-nine, a man lives along, no matter what happens. This was a fool's errand I came on—though I don't regret it, Charlotte."

"Shall I see you again?" "I think not. Spring should be on the way up from Lynchburg. It's warm now, or will be soon, at home—my home. Good-by, Charlotte."

By Reuben Maury in "Home."

Pennsylvania Farmers Are Best in the Union.

Harrisburg.—In spite of bad weather conditions existing during several of the most important spring and summer months, Pennsylvania farmers, in 1927, proved themselves among the best farmers in the United States, says the Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg. The total value of crops produced was estimated at \$249,084,000, which is \$560,000 more than that of all the New England States and New Jersey combined.

While the average yield of corn 39.5 bushels—well below the five year average, still this year is three bushels more than was produced in Iowa and 9.5 bushels more than in Illinois.

The winter wheat crop, which with one exception was the lowest since 1911, was produced at the rate of 7.3 bushels more per acre yield than in Iowa and 10.5 bushels more than in Illinois.

The potato crop was the most valuable produced in any State of the Union, excepting New York, and the acre yield of 120 bushels was the largest on record in Pennsylvania excepting 1923 when the yield was 123 bushels. The 1927 acre yield was 28 bushels more than in Wisconsin, 19 bushels more than in Minnesota, 40 bushels more than in New York—all of which are leading potato producing States.

The acre yield of tame hay—1.65 tons—is the highest on record for Pennsylvania and the total crop with the exception of 1916, was the largest since the Civil war.

The buckwheat crop was the largest since 1921 and the acre yield the highest since 1913, giving the State first place in the production of this crop.

The acre yield of tobacco—11360 pounds—was the highest of any State, being 136 pounds more per acre than in Connecticut.

Pennsylvania's rank among all the States in crop production is as follows:

- First in buckwheat
- First in cigar-leaf tobacco.
- Fourth in potatoes (second in value).
- Fifth in grapes.
- Seventh in all tobacco.
- Eighth in commercial apple crop.
- Eighth in tame hay
- Eighth in pears
- Ninth in pears
- Ninth in winter wheat.
- Ninth in rye.
- Ninth in peaches.
- Twelfth in oats.
- Sixteenth in value of all crops.

State Hunters Kill 15,000 Legal Deer.

Final figures on the large game kill in Pennsylvania will show the greatest number of deer on record. John B. Truman, secretary of the commission has said.

At the meeting of the commission preliminary figures submitted indicated that final results would show 15,000 legal bucks, 3,000 more than in 1926, and 25 elk, also a new total.

The bear kill during the past season was little in excess of 300, only one-half of last year's kill. Scarcity of food and resultant scattering of the animals is blamed.

The rabbit kill, the figures indicated, will exceed 3,000,000 and that of the squirrels was estimated at 1,200,000. The wild turkey total may reach 10,000 as a result of the 1926 closed season.

Hunting fatalities totaled 67, an increase of 20 over the previous year, decreasing the hazard of hunting. The commission discussed methods of several members suggesting longer seasons to prevent concentration during short periods.

The new license law will make available \$200,000 for land purchase by the commission during the present year. Option already has been taken on 61,500 acres.

The commission elected Ross L. Leffer, McKeesport, as chairman, and J. M. Reis, New Castle, vice president.

Origin of "Passport."

"Porta" is the Latin for gate, the word turning into "porte" in French, the language of diplomacy, and, as it were, the international tongue for travelers. We have plenty of traces of it in our own English, as, for instance, in the word "portal."

Passport originally, then, was a "passe port" and meant "pass the gate," or in other words, a safe conduct either out of or into a country. Which is just about what our modern passport really is now.

"He was always full of quips," a Boston banker said, speaking of the late Thomas Lawson. "A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those high financiers whose low methods Lawson loved to turn the light on. I arrived at the funeral a little late. I took a seat beside Lawson and whispered, 'How far has the service gone?' Lawson, nodding toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely, 'Just opened for the defense.'"—Boston Transcript.</