

A BALE OF RAGS.

When the Duke of Athens, one of the most wayfaring of ocean tramps, swung from Millwall docks into the river, rounded the Forelands, kept clear of Goodwin Sands and cleverly avoided numerous other marine traps and pitfalls on the route to the little south-coast harbor of Newhaven where she had to take on more freight, the only passenger was Charles Rolleston, who was taking out a pack of hounds to his Wyoming ranch, with a view to finding out whether the coyotes of that region could run as straight as the foxes of Northamptonshire. But with the numerous bales of rags shipped at Newhaven came on board a mud-colored individual, in a great state of excitement, in whom Rolleston recognized an old acquaintance, Jonathan Strange, the Lewes rag merchant. Rolleston had much difficulty in preventing his hounds from being buried beneath the musty and unsavory cargo, over the stowing of which Strange was making a great fuss. He had every bale ticketed, and nothing would suit him but that they should be stowed away in numerical order, like a child in a tidy fit over his toys. Jonathan was a many-sided personage. He owned a few racers, was a licensed pawnbroker, and the uncharitable said a fence. But rags were his staple. Lewes was not large enough for his operations, and he had acquired control of the output of Brighton, Eastbourne and other watering places. Though of pure Sussex stock, he was one of the few gentlemen who could patter Yiddish, his different occupations throwing him much among the users of thatargon, and his affinity for them often stood him in good stead. He was full of narrative after the fourth gin and ginger. "Now," he said to Rolleston, "I think I can do a bit of business in the States. It seems that they wear their clothes so long over there, or have such poor stuff to start with, that American rags are no use for making the better kinds of paper. Now, I have fine rags, beautiful, splendid."

through a short catechism, which was repeated with variations by every subsequent conductor. "You say the stuff in that car belongs to you. What is it?" "Rags." "Rags? Oh rats! what did you want to do if you did get in?" Here Strange explained that his rags were, or should be, very fine, handsome rags, but that one bale of much inferior stuff had been shipped by mistake, and being a sample shipment, he wanted to get it out before arrival, so as not to damage his future trade. This was a trifle thin, but the best he had to offer. "Well, I can't let you in. The car is sealed and billed through. It'd cost me my job on the road." To offer a large bribe was evidently inconsistent with his story. A small one was manifestly inadequate. So Jonathan reconciled himself to the prospect of chasing caboosees in the middle of the night, living on doughnuts and all-road station coffee, and enduring the joys of traveling by freight all the way to San Francisco. The conductors, seeing that he was no ordinary tramp, but one provided with good cigars and a frequent inexhaustible bottle, passed him on from one to another as a harmless crank, made mad by many rags. Thus he worked his weary way on to the Union Pacific, through Nebraska, where he already knew his car by make and shape without looking at the number—11038—past Cheyenne and over Sherman Summit, till the smoke of Laramie hung far below and distant many miles, when—Smash, Smash, Bang, Brrrrrrr. Neither more or less than a collision with the caboose of the preceding train which had uncoupled itself and was stranded with a broken axle. Engineer and fireman had jumped, the crew of the helpless caboose were at a safe distance, and the only person damaged to speak of was Strange, who was carried back to The Siding on a hand car, and, with serious concussion and a dislocated elbow, retired from active pursuit of his quest for the time. But car No. 11038 had been next to the engine, and piled on top of it, was now a blaze. Tightly-packed rags, however, are not very inflammable, and only seven bales were severely scorched. The remaining 43 were soon put in an uninjured car and sent on to their destination. While Strange was tossing anxiously and feverishly on his cot in a six room "hotel" at The Siding kindly ministered to by a stout landlady, his fellow-traveler of the Duke of Athens was scarcely 10 miles distant down the hill, on his ranch. Two days after the freight smashup, there crawled into Rolleston's main yard a dilapidated team, dragging on four wheels a great mound of rubbish, upon which two men were perched. Before they had laboriously alighted Lucy Rolleston had already chastised—if that word is allowable—one of them, Jerusalem, because he was old and full of sorrows, and the other Nineveh, because he was oiled and curled, with greasy black ringlets covering his ears, though he was on a rather small scale for an Assyrian bull. There was no doubt from whence their ancestors had come. They themselves apparently were recently from middle Europe, and their English cannot be rendered with justice to its quaintness. Nineveh did the talking, while Jerusalem gazed with rapt and prophetic air at the ash-heap. Rolleston fancied however, that Jerusalem was really in command. Nineveh's inquiries began with regard to scrap-iron and broken stoves, proceeding to bottles, for which he quoted to Rolleston a market-price of three cents per dozen, and wound up with old clothing. "Rags," quoth Nineveh, "rags ish good. Ve did great piz'nish mit rags at Tie Siding. Yes, sir, give us some more Tie Siding rags." Jerusalem, at this point, cut the communication short by dropping a large piece of old iron on Nineveh's foot, and the two junk merchants piled the Rolleston rubbish on top of their own and departed. Not many days afterward, Rolleston was at the railway station at Tie Siding and heard of an Englishman who had been injured in a railroad accident, and had gone stark, staring mad. Of course he proved to be Jonathan Strange, who had then about recovered from his concussion, but was still suffering with his arm. He began to pour out his troubles to his compatriot, complaining that while he was insensible the railroad people had sold the debris of the freight wreck to a couple of peddlers, who had vanished, and with them seven bales of his rags. Then came the familiar story about the linen-rags samples and the prospective San Francisco trade which Jonathan now mourned as ruined. "Strange," said Rolleston, "I know I am a fool, but I can't swallow that. What have you got in bale 91?" Jonathan paused, and then answered hesitatingly, "Second-rate linen rags." Rolleston sniffed, and reflected. On the station platform he had met Tom Virgil, a sheep-raiser, whose ranch was about three miles from his own. He had mentioned to Tom the sale of his old junk and learned that the peddlers were in negotiation for Virgil's whole wool clip, and had demonstrated their ability to pay several thousands for it. So the next day Rolleston drove Strange over to where the peddlers were camped, and he tackled them: "I lost seven bales of rags in the wreck at Tie Siding," he said. "You bought them?" "Yes." "I would like to buy them back from you." "My friend," said Nineveh, "the railroad company will pay you full value for your loss. Those damaged bales no goot to you now; ve keep them." Strange tried a variation of the good old story about the samples and the danger of losing his trade, but the compassion of his auditors was not noticeably excited. "Have

you opened any of the bales?" he inquired, in desperation. Nineveh looked at Jerusalem, who solemnly nodded. Thus encouraged, Nineveh replied, "Yes, they vash very goot rags; but ve found some grit in one bale." Jonathan, now sworn, implored, threatened and cajoled by turns, and Nineveh was beginning to spit and become abusive, when Strange burst into a stream of Yiddish. From that time on, Rolleston could only judge the conversation by the tones and gestures of the participants, but it was evident that the new medium of communication was having its effect. Jerusalem at once began to take an active part in the discussion, and Nineveh was soon almost as much a spectator as the rancher. Strange kept up the imploring tone for a while Jerusalem shaking his head vigorously. Then the two ragmen stepped aside and held a consultation. Next, Jerusalem made a proposition to Strange, who hesitated and refused it. Another consultation, longer than the first, another proposition; a volley of questions from Strange, and then, evidently, agreement. The three men shook hands, and Rolleston drove Strange home to his ranch, where his guest surprised him by announcing that he must start for England that very night. Pumping failed to elicit anything satisfactory. "It is better for every one that you should not know what is up," he said. "But I shall not forget your kindness, and some day, when it will do no harm, I will tell you about bale 91." Dear Sir:—Pursuant to the instructions of our late client, Jonathan Strange, recently deceased, we forward to you by International Express Co., charges prepaid, a parcel to your address and we enclose herewith a sealed letter relating to it. Hoping you will favor us with an acknowledgement of the receipt of the parcel and letter, we have the honor to remain, Your obedient servants, Jones & Stratton." The letter inclosed was from Strange himself and was as follows: "As I promised you in 1916, I now take pen in hand, being about to execute my will and other important documents, to explain the occurrence about which I was unable to enlighten you at the time. Finding that my rag business and other ventures were not going to make me a millionaire any too soon, I determined to have a little flutter with the U. S. custom house. I raised \$125,000, bought diamonds and packed 'em safe and sound in bale 91. Colquhoun of New York had promised me \$175,000 for the parcel. How 91 went astray you know, and talk how I was couldn't get the peddlers to shell out. The Yiddish saved me, but the beggars hung on to the stones, and offered to start me in rags and diamonds as a regular trade, and Good Lord, what a backing they had! Since that I have been at it steady—diamonds, phenacetine and lots of other stuff—and never a custom house officer, not to mention your old man, has found that there are almost six men for every woman on the campus for the fall term. Enrollment statistics show that of the 4056 undergraduates, 3447 are men and 609 are women. The School of Agriculture continues to hold its place as one of the leaders, six of whom are women. Chemistry and Physics has 413 students, 13 of them women; the School of Engineering is again the largest in the college, with 1116 students, including six women in architecture. The School of Educational Arts has 920 students, including 133 women. The School of Mines and Metallurgy is the only one not invaded by women this year, for it has 180 men. These enrollments set a new high record of attendance at Penn State, 130 in the graduate school setting the grand total at 4186. ROAD INSTALLS CLUB SMOKER FOR LADIES American women battering instantly on the stronghold of masculine privilege, have successfully stormed another important fortification. Though women for several years have invaded the railroad club cars, thereby nullifying the male right of free speech, until now they have been definitely classed as intruders, who generally smoked their smoke and hurried away. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, however, has tacitly admitted feminine capture of this strong-hold by establishing, on its Washington-New York line, a single-standard car divided into a smoking room, both fitted with comfortable chairs and settees, library table and writing desk.

DUMB ANIMALS SUFFER IN FAULTY FREIGHT CAR. Mr. Philip F. Shall, who resides at Cochran, Penna., made a trip into our western States where he purchased thirty-five head of yearling horses, which were loaded and consigned for railroad shipment to his home. The shipment was unloaded, fed and watered in Wisconsin, where it is reported, the authorities of the railroad decided the car was overcrowded and the horses were shipped on to Cochran in two cars. Another unloading and feeding took place in Meadville, Penna., where information reached Mr. Shall, of awful conditions in the extra car loaded at Milwaukee, but without correcting these awful conditions, the horses were shipped on to Cochran, where the agent, Mr. Laskey was called into the case. The car used for this shipment had numerous spikes driven into the sides, apparently, for holding in place some preceding shipment of a different nature. Two veterinarians examined the horses, along with the agent and the owner, and six of them were ordered to be destroyed by the humane agent because of hopeless mutilation. Eyes were pierced and cut, and torn from the sockets; three horses had broken legs; and the sides of numerous horses were mutilated with long slits and piercings. Apparently, in instances of shifting the cars on the train, these horses were thrown back and forth, and the spikes cut deep slits, causing swelling. In some instances, the horses legs seemed as thick as the weight of an average man. In this awful condition, the horses were evidently reloaded into the same car, without as much as taking concern to remove the spikes or relieve the awful conditions of suffering. It is quite likely that the horses with broken legs were not removed from the car for feeding or watering, and therefore, remained in this serious agony with high temperature and without so much as a drop of water to quench their thirst through a period of a number of days. The exact time involved in this shipment and available facts of conditions at different points along the road have not yet been determined. Neither has it yet been determined whether a messenger accompanied this car, or who the individuals are who can be held responsible, either representing the railroad or the shipper. The legal problems involved are very complicated, but every effort will be made to go into the matter thoroughly to fix the responsibility and to prevent the repetition of such an awful experience.

THE LEAVES DIE TO GIVE THE TREE LIFE. The falling of autumn leaves is the annual sign that Mother Nature has made provision to save her trees from dying of thirst during the winter. This explanation, which may serve to soothe the ruffled feelings of home owners who are now busy raking up the leaves, comes from Martin L. Davey, president of the Davey Tree Expert Co. "On the average tree there are several acres of leaves—literally millions of them," Davey said. "Every leaf gives off water. But during the winter the tree's roots absorb very little moisture. Consequently if the leaves remained on the tree and continued to tap the water supply, the tree would die. So nature sentences the leaves to death. "The process used by nature to make the leaves fall is complicated. Weeks before the first frost she begins to extract from the leaves all the food substances which the leaves manufacture and which the tree needs, and gradually the leaves wither. Simultaneously, a thin-walled layer of cells is formed at the base of the leaf where it is attached to the twig. This layer is a zone of weakness so that eventually the leaf falls of its own weight or is blown off by the wind. "The scar left by the falling of the leaf is well protected by nature. It immediately becomes covered with a substance which is practically waterproof. Since the bark of the tree also is almost impervious to water, the entire tree is practically bottled up for the winter. "Davey said that the long drought last summer was responsible for the early falling of the leaves in many sections of the country this fall. Nature hastened the leaf-dropping process, he said, so that the tree would not be robbed, through evaporation, of the sap vital for its existence. **SYSTEM OF TAG NUMERALS** Letters will be used in place of certain numerals in Pennsylvania automobile license tags but 9390 after the 99,999 mark is passed. Twenty tags bearing only one letter each such as A, B, C, but not I, O, Q, T, W, and X will be used on the passenger car license tags. In addition there will be 400 two-letter tags which will be issued without numerals. The letter X will be used to designate dealers' tags. O will be used on taxicabs, taxis and automobiles for hire tags. W is too wide and will not be used at all. I was taken out of the usable list because it is confused with the numeral 1. No tag will have more than five numbers or a combination of more than five numbers and letters in 1930. **FARMERS KILL DEER TO SAVE THEIR CROPS** Following unprecedented slaughter of deer reported to have been destroying crops field officers of the Game Commission have been directed to investigate fully all such cases. During September 215 deer were reported killed by farmers as compared with seventy-nine in the same month last year. Farmers who kill deer and fail to report each one are liable to the same fine as an illegal hunter. Officers also have been instructed to report existence of salt licks near the borders of fields where farmers have been killing deer.

FARM NOTES. —When poultrymen of western Pennsylvania visited the farm of Robert W. Lohr, in Somerset county, on their recent annual tour he explains how 1,000 growing turkeys each week ate an acre of second growth clover. Placed in a yard enclosing about three-fourths of an acre, the birds satisfied their ravenous appetite for greens by getting all the clover on the area in five days. —Growers are urged by entomologists and plant pathologists of State College to take good care of spraying equipment. Such care includes cleaning and oiling all working parts, checking to find worn or broken parts so they can be replaced, and housing the sprayer. No water should be left in the sprayer, as freezing will cause injury. —Much of the injury to fruit trees from rabbits and mice can be prevented by protecting the trees before the snow comes. The county agent can tell what measures to employ. —Leaf mold or other rich soil should be placed in a box and stored in the cellar before the ground freezes. This material will come in handy for repotting plants during the winter. Lawns should be cut until growth ceases but do not cut too short the last time. —This is just the time to lay plans for woodlot thinning work during the fall and winter. Let that riot of autumn colors henceforth cover all, straight, well-crowned, sound trees of good growth and useful kinds instead of "just trees." —The education of the foal should not be postponed until it is desired to break him as a 3-year-old. Horse specialists of State College recommend teaching subordination early to prevent the foal from becoming willful or headstrong. A foal responds quickly to kind and patient treatment applied early. —Use Barrel for Storage.—A large barrel, buried in a horizontal position in the side of a bank, makes a convenient place to store small amounts of root crops and cabbage. Soil and straw or leaves are used for covering the barrel. The barrel head makes a convenient door for this storage pit. —Shredding all corn or stover not ensiled helps to control the European corn borer. Do not let any of the insects survive. —Approximately 4 per cent of the hogs on farms in the United States died of cholera last year, says the United States Department of Agriculture. In round numbers the loss amounted to 2,250,000 hogs valued at approximately \$29,898,000. Nine States each lost more than 100,000 head of hogs from the disease. While the disease is highly contagious and is difficult to control, the losses have been much higher than they should be, since a preventive serum is available, say department experts. This serum, used before animals get sick, combined with strict sanitation and thorough disinfection after outbreaks, is the most effective known control measure. Dr. C. C. Lipp, a South Dakota veterinarian, urges a thorough clean-up if it has not already been done. All accumulations of cobs must be burned. Then remove the manure to fields where no hogs are allowed. If possible, the lots should stand vacant during the winter. Plow all yards early in the spring and give the hogs new temporary pastures for a time. Sprinkle the yards as soon as they are clear with air-slaked lime. After yards have been cleaned and disinfected the pens must be given similar treatment. Scrape out all manure, feed and dried accumulations with a hoe or spade. Then spray floors, troughs, walls and partitions with a solution of sheep dip made by adding twelve tablespoonfuls of dip to each gallon of water. Use a spray pump if possible because it drives the disinfectant into the cracks and corners. Repeat the process at frequent intervals, allowing free circulation of air and plenty of sunshine. After completing the disinfecting the entire interior of the house should be thoroughly whitewashed. Such a cleaning is not expensive and greatly reduces the probability of cholera next year. Even though no disease has been present on the place during the past season such a process is well worth while. —Geese subsist largely on grass during the growing season and use the closet of grazers," says Alfred R. Lee, author of Farmers' Bulletin 767-F, "Goose Raising," just published in a revised edition by the United States Department of Agriculture. Geese grow to much heavier weights than chickens, but the price per pound on the markets is usually several cents less than for chickens. Some of the geese are sold from the farms to specialists in the fattening of the birds, and then go to market, largely in the cities where foreign population creates a demand. The bulletin describes the principal breeds of geese found in the United States, the Toulouse, Emden, African, Chinese, Wild or Canadian and Egyptian. It gives directions for housing, selections and mating, incubation, care and feeding of the stock for market. An acre of grass will supply nearly if not all the food for from four to twenty-five geese, with perhaps ten to an acre as an average. In the South some cotton growers keep geese for the sake of their aid in keeping down weeds in cotton fields. Farmers' Bulletin 767-F may be obtained free upon request to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. —Pennsylvania farmers lose \$3,000,000 worth of property annually in fires. This is the official Fire Prevention Week but every week should be observed as such. Pre-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. Daily Thought. Man is a failure when he lets a day go by without making someone happier and more comfortable. **OUR HALLOWEEN PARTY** —Almost as soon as we had finished celebrating the Fourth of July the children began to talk about a Halloween party. We decided to ask nine of the most intimate cronies. Early in October we brought down the biggest pumpkin in the cornfield and the day before Halloween we went shopping for the party things needed. The invitations were written on the backs of cardboard wickets and left by hand at the different houses. The dining room was turned over to the children to decorate with the aid of crepe paper, black cats, paper skeletons and other Halloween symbols from town. Then we went down cellar and dressed up a witch. We stuffed a pair of long white gloves filled with tissue paper into the sleeves of an old black dress so that the hands showed. We drape the dress over a box topped by an inverted vegetable basket and set paper hat and mask on top, with an orange paper fichu, a white apron and a broom on which the witch appeared to lean. A little way off on an orange crate we set a tin cracker box with a candle to shed a ray of light on our witch. Before her on the floor we laid kindling wood with orange paper. On the fire we set a large cauldron. Around the cellar we placed little Jack O'Lanterns. Each lantern has a number on the back and under each was tucked a slip of paper. These slips looked perfectly plain but on each was written an amusing fortune and the directions for doing some simple stunt. The writing was done by dipping a new pen nib into a strong solution of soda and water and letting it dry carefully. We then went back upstairs, tied several apples to strings and fastened the ends to the top of a doorway, letting the apples swing in line with the children's chins. Then we washed a box of raisins and let them lie in a sieve to dry. Later we filled little candy bags with them. Cakes on a table in one corner were made for each child to take an apron, lollypops, candy bags and extra napkins. The afternoon of the party we made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Six of these with two cakes we did up in an orange paper napkin lined with oiled paper, tied bag fashion with black ribbon. We made a bag for each child to hold them down the cellar and deposit them in the witch's cauldron. Jack O'Lantern was made from the great pumpkin, stood him outside by the cellar door on orange crates wrapped in a sheet and set his candle firmly inside. The last thing to do before the witch began to arrive was to run out a light. Jack's candle. With the stroke of seven the were three raps on our cellar door answered from within by the whirrs of a watchman's rattle and jingling of a cowbell. Slowly the door opened just enough to admit a witch, a ghostly arm reached out and a voice bade the witch enter. The witch came in with a shriek. (The arm belonged to friend in sheet and mask.) This initiation ceremony was followed by each succeeding visitor, who was handed a bit of paper bearing number in the order of her entrance and directed to seek her fortune under the lantern bearing her number. She must then take lantern and turn it up to the dining-room and consult the sorceress (really Mother) in the room above an old witch was seated on the floor in one corner behind a short orange can. The young witches were invited to arrange themselves in a semi-circle and to present their fortune slips in numerical order. The sorceress would take a slip and hold it in enough for the candle flame to fix the writing turn brown so that the letters appeared as if by magic. The witches then took turns trying to bite the apples on the string two minutes being allowed for each try. The apples were washed with a clean wet cloth after each turn. Bobbing for apples came next great bowl of cold water was placed on a low table and each child on a rubber bathing cap and hair square of oilcloth pinned around her. There were three apples in a bowl and three ducks were allowed. Before supper we played the penny-in-the-four game with bright new pennies. A cup packed with flour into which a penny had been dropped and then flour was turned out on a pas board. Two children played a game, each welding in turn a taut knife to cut away the flour. The player who moved the penny in the game and the penny went to her opponent. After the flour game they all sent down to get their supply from the witch's cauldron. cocoa with generous dabs of mallow whip awaited them when they came upstairs to eat. —To clean baby's nails use corner of a piece of writing paper folded in a square. To use scissors roughens the nails. —Never turn electricity on or when you are standing on a wet even on a damp floor. —Clothes should be damper an ironing machine than for ironing by hand. —Lace, frills, intricate yokes, standing collars all relieve severity of the collar line. Newest blouses have the most feminine things imaginable, with ties, pleated ruffles hemstitch and scarfs that show some imagination has been working in the hot weather. caution and carelessness will prevent many farm fires, say State College agricultural engineers.