PEOPLE READ THE JOURNAL

Clallam County Journal

A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

VOL. 2 PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1935 No. 1

Tex Allen, vice-president of the Progressive Democratic Club, invites the public to attend the dance at Dry Creek, December 14. He states that the Progressive Democrats plan to be active in the forthcoming local campaign.

Sought American Customs

One of the main things the Chinese wanted in their republican revolution of 1911 was to become Westernized, and to introduce American and European institutions in a day. They thought it could be done by wearing the caps of the Western world!

COMPLETELY MODERNIZED hotel GOWMAN AT A COST OF $50,000.00

ALL rooms now with bath . . tub, shower, or both. The homelike atmosphere . . the *Personality* . . for which it's famous, plus delightful newness! Rates from: Single, $2.; Double, $3.

T. H. GOWMAN—MAN. G. DIR.
SEATTLE
2ND & STEWART

A meeting will be held at Commuty hall, West Fifth tstreet next Wednesday evening at 7:45 for the purpose of organizing a Townsend Club. All who are interested are invited to attend.

NOTICE

WANT pasture land for cows. Have free and clear property to exchange. Write V. P. Evers, 970 Lloyd Bldg., Seattle, giving details. 4t-p

FOR SALE

10 Acre Tracts

On Peabody Heights

$50 Per Acre

$5 payments per month

No interest

See LEW THOMPSON, Merchants Hotel

General Hugh Johnson, ex-NRA chief, is making a tonr of the country and blasting the New Deal with caustic criticism. His attacks come with poor grace when it is remembered that the poor public is asked to pay for the pleasure of hearing his verbal outbursts.

Rumors are rolling around Port Angeles indicating a big crop of candidates for mayor and city commissioner. There are surprises in store for some of the ambitious citizenry next year. The lid may be blown off.

It is hard to tell which side is bluffing, the League of Nations or Mussolini. One thing seems assured: The powers will divide the spoils and the people will pay the bills:

The Townsend plan has now gained the attention of the politicians and predatory press of the east. Some of the hidebound selfish leaders of both parties are due for a sad awakening if they continue under the illusion that great movement among the masses is crazy and impossible. The Townsend Plan is the only logical solution to America's present problem of unemployment and business stagnation.

Locksmith's Art Shown in Rouen Museum Exhibit

An unusual museum is situated in this ancient capital of Normandy, writes a Rouen, France, United Press correspondent. It is a museum containing specimens of the art of the iron worker and locksmith through the ages.

The collection was started with the acquisition of a few curious keys by a native of Rouen, Jean Louis Le Secq, and then became a life passion with him and with his son, Henri, who continued the work after his father's death.

The museum includes primitive surgical instruments, strong boxes with complicated locks, ancient iron work signs and numerous religious relics. One of the latter is an elaborate creche, or manger, surmounted by a crown which hung on a chain from the roof of a church. On it are the words:

"This was given by Charles Le Jeune and Marie Briault, his wife, both of this said parish, and for whom a Te Deum shall be chanted every Sunday as long as the creche shall last, 1743."

Three large cases at the museum contain only English keys of all varieties, including one which bears the royal monogram and the words "Horse Guards."

Much of the collection in the museum dates back to the early days when every worker belonged to a trade guild, and before he could become a master of his craft he had to produce a masterpiece. Because of this, many of the exhibits are of particular interest from the standpoint of art and ingenuity.

English Mayor's Cottage Is Relic of Mighty Past

If cottages could talk, what tales the Lord Mayor's cottage, at Barton Mills, England, would have to tell, notes a writer in the Washington Post.

There would be stories of Viking raids in Anglo Saxon days, of the invasion of William the Conqueror, the signing of the Magna Charta and the pomp and pageantry of medieval England. Its history is British history.

The date of the cottage is not known. But certain it is that the Vikings figured in its construction. The lower beams are fashioned of chestnut, which was used in the Tenth century before oak became popular. The upper beams came from Viking ships, wrecked in the wash of the sea nearby. The shape of the gondola-like vessels can still be seen in the larger beams.

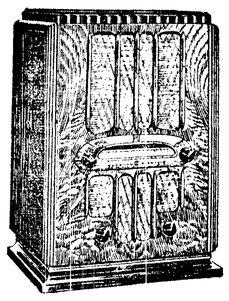
It antedates arrival of the Normans in 1066. It got its name from Sir Henry de Barton, who lived at Barton Mills and was Lord Mayor of London in the Fifteenth century.

There are eight rooms in the ancient cottage. In the hall may be seen the trunk of a small tree. The anonymous builders didn't take time to cut it down, but merely included it in the structure.

Islands of Fiji Archipelago

There are 250 islands in the Fiji archipelago, the most important of the Polynesian group, the principal one being Viti Levu, which is 98 miles long and nearly 70 miles across. All the larger islands of the group are volcanic, with hills or mountains rising to a height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, rich in the most luxuriant tropical vegetation, and with rivers everywhere.

TUBES LIKE G-E'S FAMED MONITOR TOP



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During the next 2 weeks there will be a special X-mas discount on all Crosley models up to $50.00 that will put a nice Holiday dinner on your table besides the Gift that will make your mother, father, brother, sister, sweetheart even your mother-in-law happy. We ship all sets to your beloved ones prepaid and have delivered at Christmas eve or afternoon. More than 6,000 on order in this state, so please come in and make arrangements not later than Wednesday, December 18th.

Remember that the new Crosley has 7 Tube effectiveness and will play without antenna anywhere.

If you can't afford to take advantage of this offer let us check your Radio, perhaps all it needs to make a good set out of it one or two new tubes. Service during December Free.

Our new location is just a few doors down from where it was before 110 E. First St. Tel. 71.

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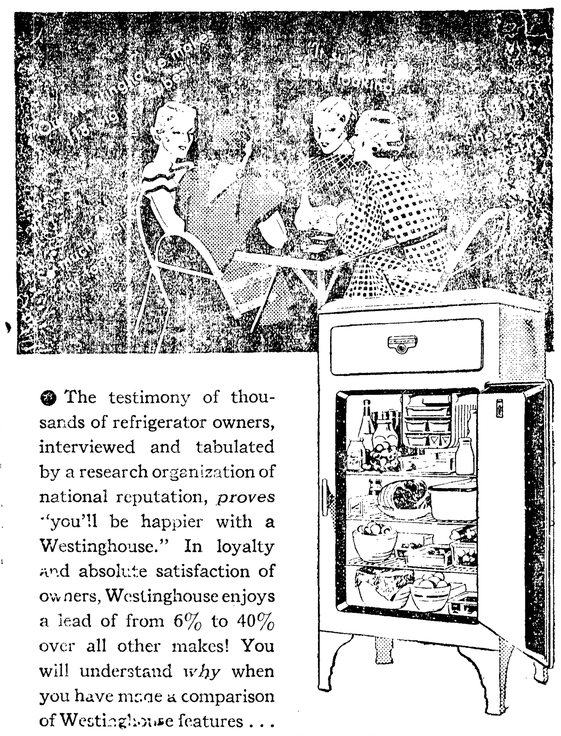

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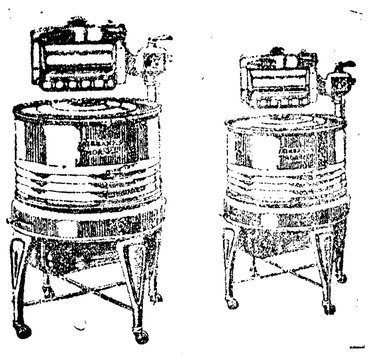

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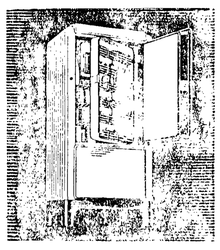

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CURRENT EVENTS IN REVIEW

By Edward W. Pickard

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Roosevelt's Speech at Georgia Homecoming

ONE hundred thousand Democrats, mostly Georgians, gathered in the stadium of Georgia Tech at Atlanta for a homecoming and heard President Roosevelt deliver a characteristic speech, full of confidence, assurance of prosperity and praise for what the New Deal has accomplished. And he did not neglect to attack warmly the critics of his administration. In reviewing the economic and social advances since his inauguration he gave out what was considered the keynote for his campaign for reelection, and definitely announced his candidacy — unnecessarily — by asserting that life in the United States has improved in the last two and a half years and will continue to improve "if I have anything to do with it."

President Roosevelt

Mr. Roosevelt promised that lavish government spending was over and that the nation could look forward with assurance to a decreasing deficit, and asserted that the government credit is higher than that of any other great nation. He bitterly criticized the treasury policies prior to his entrance into the White House, traced the relief policies as opposed to doles and declared that the peak of appropriations has passed.

The President said farm income in the United States has risen since 1932 a total of nearly three billions, and this additional farm income "has meant the rebirth of city business, the reopening of closed factories, the doubling of automobile production, the improvement of transportation and the giving of new employment to millions of people."

"The word 'progress,'" concluded Mr. Roosevelt, "is a better word than 'recovery,' for it means not only a sound business and a sound agriculture from the material point of view, but it means, with equal importance, a sound improvement in American life as a result of continuing and forceful effort on the part of our people, and, through them, on the part of their government. I am certain that that is your purpose; and that is why I continue my confidence, my faith in the people of America."

In those phrases and in his high praise of the New Deal experiments, the President made clear his intention of carrying on his program for altering and bettering the social and economic life of the American people regardless of the return of material prosperity.

Governor Talmadge of Georgia, who, though a Democrat, is a severe critic of the President and many of his policies, pointedly absented himself from the meeting at Atlanta, spending the day on his farm. Several days later he replied to Mr. Roosevelt's speech in a radio address.

Republican opinion of the President's address might be summarized in the remark of Harrison E. Spangler, director of the Chicago G. O. P. headquarters: "Gulliver has started his travels again and we'll all be hearing some more tall stories."

Situation in Europe Is Becoming Tenser

EUROPEAN diplomats, especially the British and Premier Laval of France, are exceedingly clever and resourceful, but if they are to extricate their nations from the present threatening state of affairs they will need all their smartness. Though decision as to the imposition of an oil embargo against Italy was postponed until December 9 to give Laval a chance to conciliate Mussolini, the duce refused to make any gesture toward peace. Italians were authoritatively warned not to mistake diplomatic exchanges between their premier and the representatives of Great Britain and France as "peace talk," and were told there was no reason to believe Mussolini had modified his minimum terms already presented to Sir Eric Drummond and Laval's representative. Also he has declined further to conciliate Britain by removing more troops from Libya and has repeated his warning that he will consider an oil embargo an unfriendly gesture. He and all Italians are especially resentful against Great Britain, which apparently intends to insist on the oil ban. And now they are getting very sore at France, despite Laval's efforts to maintain friendly relations between the two countries.

Sir Samuel Hoare

There were reports that Italian troops were being massed along the French frontier.

The British government was engrossed with the troublous situation. Sir Samuel Hoare, foreign secretary, received timely orders from his physician to take a rest in Switzerland, and it was announced he would stop in Paris for a conference with Premier Laval. The admiralty was preparing for eventualities and ordered officers of the royal navy reserve to report at once for duty at Plymouth. These men have been serving as officers and engineers in the merchant marine.

All members of the League of Nations, including Italy, are exceedingly anxious to know what will be the course of the United States concerning the oil embargo.

End of Federal Relief Shifts Millions to WPA Rolls

WITH the end of November direct federal relief came to an end, and it was officially announced that 3,500,000 persons had been shifted from relief rolls to the WPA pay rolls and put to work. Other millions of employables who have been receiving the federal dole but who cannot be hired by the Works Progress administration because state quotas have been filled must be cared for by the states which will be helped by the final allotments made by the FERA before it went out of existence. As for the "unemployables," numbering perhaps 4,000,000, Aubrey Williams, assistant administrator, said the problem of their care would be solved satisfactorily.

Statistical charts on the relief situation, prepared by the research section of the FERA, were issued in pamphlet form and show that unemployment decreased about 3,000,000 in the first two years of the Roosevelt administration.

New Corn-Hog Program Announced by Wallace

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WALLACE announced the corn-hog program for 1936-37. Designed to maintain a balance between the interests of the producer and the consumer, this new plan will permit a 30 per cent increase in hog production next year over 1935, thus preparing the way for possible reductions in pork prices to the housewife; and to restrict corn acreage to about 95,000,000 acres, an increase of about 1,400,000 acres, over the amount harvested this year.

Sec'y Wallace

After appraisal by community committees and review by county allotment committees, a corn acreage base and a market hog base will be fixed. Co-operating producers must agree to plant corn next year on at least 25 per cent of their base acreages. They will be permitted to retire from 10 to 30 per cent of their base acreage for soil-improving or erosion-preventing purposes. Hog growers must agree to produce between 50 and 100 per cent of the base market production.

The 1936 corn adjustment payment will be 35 cents a bushel on the appraised yield times the adjusted acreage, less the pro rata share of local administrative expenses.

Corn adjustment payments will be made in two installments. The first, at the rate of 20 cents a bushel, is to be made about August 1. The second will come due about December 31, 1936, at the rate of 15 cents per bushel.

A payment of $1.25 per head will be made on each hog in the base. Deductions will be made at the rate of $2.50 per head if a producer fails to raise 50 per cent of his base numbers. The total payment to a producer will be the same for a production ranging from 50 per cent to 100 per cent of his base.

The 1937 rates will be announced by November 30, 1936, but the rate on corn will not be less than 30 cents per bushel and the rate on hogs will not be less than $1.25 per head.

President May Attend National Convention

THERE is a possibility that President Roosevelt will attend the national Democratic convention which will re-nominate him. It was reported in a Baltimore paper that he wished the convention to be held in an eastern city, and some one at the White House, when asked about this, replied:

"Maybe. The President might want to go, and he would not want to travel too far."

Philadelphia has been under consideration by Democratic leaders, it was learned, but the question of money remains a prime consideration in the choice of the host city.

Death of Dr. J. H. Breasted, Noted Orientalist

DR. JAMES HENRY BREASTED of the University of Chicago, one of the world's leading orientalists, died in New York of an illness contracted on shipboard as he was returning from a visit to research expeditions in the Near East which were under his direction. He was seventy years old. His expeditions to Egypt and eastern Asia and his excavations there added vastly to the history of civilization.

Princess Victoria, favorite sister of King George of England, died at her home in Buckinghamshire at the age of sixty-seven. She suffered from ill health through most of her life and never was married.

War Between Japan and China Draws Nearer

DOWNRIGHT war between the Chinese armies of Dictator Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese appeared almost certain when the autonomy movement in north China was revived in eastern Hopei and Chahar provinces by Yin Ju-keng, the administrative commissioner and friend of Japan. Leaders of the rest of the region were undecided on their course, but Japanese troops began to pour in by the trainload. Three thousand of them with full war equipment arrived in Tientsin, and the garrison at Peiping was more than doubled. The Fengtai railway junction a few miles from Peiping was seized, Colonel Takahashi, military attache, asserting this was necessary because the rolling stock was being moved south threatening the isolation of the Japanese forces.

Gen. Chiang kai-shek

In Nanking officials said the national government was determined to meet with force any attempt to force autonomy on the territory south of Hopei and Chahar provinces, and the executive Yuan proclaimed five sweeping reforms designed to stop the spread of the movement. Chiang was hurrying large bodies of troops to the northward. He also sought to hold the

Amnesty for Greek Rebels Decreed by King

KING GEORGE II of Greece has decreed amnesty for the participants in the abortive revolt of last March, but he specified that "persons considered dangerous" may be confined, if necessary, to certain localities. The confiscated fortunes of the leaders were returned. The king succeeded in forming a neutral cabinet with Constantine Demerdjis, a law professor, as premier, though the friends of General Kondylis, leader in the restoration coup, were displeased.

German Pastors Rebel Against Censorship

HANS KERRL, German church dictator, has stirred up another great row by placing a censorship on the Confessional synod to prevent the pastors from sending out communications which have not received his approval. The pastors resented this hotly and adopted the course of making all announcements from their pulpits rather than in pastoral letters first submitted to Kerrl. The preachers also told their congregations frankly just what they thought of Kerrl and his orders.

Potato Control Act Is Now in Effect

THE potato control act, which provides for a tax of three-fourths of a cent a pound on all potatoes harvested after December 1 and sold in excess of a national allotment, is now in effect. The first crop to which it will apply, according to AAA officials, will be harvested late in December. An allotment of 226,600,000 bushels was fixed by the AAA a month ago. Officials said this allotment was large enough to cover the amount of potatoes usually sold in a year and that few persons would be required to pay the tax.

Each grower will receive from a county committee tax exemption stamps to cover the amount of his allotment. The law says these stamps must be attached to packages when the potatoes are sold. Buyers and sellers of unstamped potatoes are liable to a $1,000 fine.

Mississippi Valley Body Adopts Resolutions

MEETING in St. Louis, the Mississippi Valley association adopted resolutions opposing any attempt to limit the "right of water carriers to establish and maintain such port to port rates as they see fit."

The convention, which again went on record as opposing the coordination of transportation agencies under the interstate commerce commission, criticized I. C. C. rulings "which have the effect of permitting railroads to cut rates . . . for the purpose of killing off waterway transportation."

The delegates, representing mid-continental agricultural shipping and industrial interests of 25 states again opposed ratification of the St. Lawrence seaway treaty.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers

Wilbur—When Joe Smith of Wilbur sneezed, recently, he suffered the refracture of several ribs that had been broken in a fall two weeks ago.

Dayton—A new spring of water has appeared on the farm of Franz Romaine, near Dayton. Its appearance was coincident with the Montana earthquakes. It is the first to appear in the vicinity in many years.

Kennewick—Possibility that the spinach crop, frozen last month, might still be of sufficient size to warrant a cannery run, is reported at Kennewick. Growers report the spinach has begun to grow nicely following the freeze.

Wenatchee — Jack Columbus, apple dealer, said he was preparing a dozen boxes of the Wenatchee valley's choicest apples for Adolf Hitler, German chancellor. He received the order from a California acquaintance of the dictator.

Yakima—Leaning over a piece of wet wash, Ana Brown, 17, caught her hair in the wringer. Hair was pulled from her scalp over a space as large as a saucer. At the hospital at Yakima it was stated that the hair would grow in again.

Toppenish—F. E. Gordon, Toppenish attorney and former justice of the peace, has been acquitted of a charge of larceny by public officer. He was charged with withholding a $6 witness fee posted when an appeal was taken in his court.

Yakima — F. C. Hail, who has served as election officer in the Yakima school district for the past 28 years, will not be able to serve this year. He is in the hospital with a broken arm and a fractured leg as the result of a collision with an automobile.

Pullman—Harriet Williams Bryan, wife of Dr. Enoch A. Bryan, president emeritus of Washington State college, is dead at the family home at Pullman after an illness of several months. She was 79 years of age and until her fatal illness was active in the Presbyterian church and in women's clubs.

Wilbur—For the first time in more than 25 years, the Sherman district, about 10 miles northeast of Wilbur, decided to have no community dinner on Thanksgiving day, for the reason that so many of the old-time residents have moved away during the last year that the occasion would not be so happy.

Ritzville—Residents of Adams county are impatiently gazing at the number of people on relief—hoping that there soon will be more! A $12,000 curb street lighting project for Ritzville, under WPA has been planned and approved. Now R. B. Ott, city attorney, makes the startling announcement that WPA officials have told him there are not enough people on relief to furnish labor. Only 25 men are on relief. Forty are necessary.

Seattle—A baby and an elderly man are alive, saved by science. In the Ballard hospital, the baby was born without life. A new respirator, which forces the lungs into action, as well as pumping oxygen into them, was brought into play and within half an hour the baby gasped and lived. A few hours later the elderly man, Walter Kuenzi, "died" in the same hospital. Because of a growth in his throat, he ceased to breathe for more than four minutes. The same machine which had given life to the babe was brought into play and Kuenzi, too, came back to life.

Yakima — Last Thursday saw another chapter in the 50-year romance with the marriage of Laura A. Lashier and W. C. Scott. They were engaged to be married when she was 16 and he was 19 in Todd county, Minn. The couple met with parental objections and Miss Lashier's mother took her to Battle Creek, Mich., to forget her romance. Many years later the now Mrs. Scott moved to Oregon and through correspondence with a schoolmate, who was a cousin of Mr. Scott, learned where he was living. She came to Yakima two years ago.

Spokane — A tradition of 49 years was not broken Thanksgiving evening when Captain John C. Benson, 72-year-old mariner and deep sea miner, entertained seven street newspaper salesmen at dinner. The group represented nearly 500 years of life, the youngest being 63 and the oldest 82. Yarns and experiences were exchanged from nearly all walks of life by the venerable gathering. Forty-nine years ago, Captain Benson enjoyed his first Thanksgiving in the United States. A pledge to his wife, now dead, was made that he would never be without guests on Thanksgiving day. It has been kept.

FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club

Hello, Everybody!

"The Dead Patient"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter.

NURSES lead an adventurous life. Adventure is always just around the corner for them—on their next case. Mrs. Margaret Sweeney tells us today of the most thrilling case she ever had, and it's a pip.

"When this happened," she writes, "I was looking for adventures and thrills. I was just a prosaic nurse, nearing thirty, faced with the problem of earning a living."

Can you imagine a prosaic nurse? I can't. I think their very uniforms suggest adventure. But let's go along with Mrs. Sweeney on her strange "case."

It happened out in California in 1911. Mrs. Sweeney and a nurse friend of hers had just gone there for a change of climate. They registered at a nurses' registry in Los Angeles and were placed "on call."

It rained that night—California papers please copy—but the rains do not stop the mails or nurses and Mrs. Sweeney got her call. A Mrs. Weldon of Pasadena, the head nurse told her, was suffering from an infected hand. Her chauffeur would call for the nurse and bring her to the patient's home.

Car's Speed Arouses No Suspicions in Nurse.

The car arrived—pretty quickly to come all the way from Pasadena—but Mrs. Sweeney saw nothing strange in that. A uniformed chauffeur sat in the driver's seat. She took her nurse's bag—always packed for an emergency—and started to climb into the rear of the big limousine.

"Get up in front," the chauffeur said gruffly.

The nurse did as she was told, and as the big car slid away into the night looked her driver over curiously. He was a big, bulky, rough-looking man with a broken nose and a cold air of authority that belied his uniform.

Once out of traffic, the car sped on into the night, and soon reached the lights of Pasadena. During that half-hour run, Mrs. Sweeney says,

Mrs. Sweeney Looked at the Figure on the Cot.

the driver had not spoken a word. She began to have a strange feeling of uneasiness when he crossed the town without stopping and headed out toward the mountains.

Mrs. Sweeney Really Learns Meaning of Fear.

"Fear," Mrs. Sweeney says, "gripped me with a feeling of nausea Furtive glances at the man's profile showed me a young, grim, hard-mouthed face that suggested the hardened criminal."

Hiding her anxiety, Mrs. Sweeney says, she gathered up her courage and tried to speak casually.

"I understood," she said, "that Mrs. Weldon lived in Pasadena and—"

"You understand all wrong," he cut in roughly. "It's Mister Weldon and he's at my joint in the hills."

Afraid to speak again and now petrified with fear, the nurse sat quietly as the big car turned off the main road and jolted along a rough path through the foothills. The man turned off the lights and drove recklessly in and out of the trees through the pitch darkness of the rainy night. Before a rough-looking hut he stopped and almost dragged the nurse out of the car.

This Patient Was Beyond Nurse's Aid.

Inside the hut an oil lamp sputtered on the table. The furnishings were a dim blur. As Mrs. Sweeney's knees shook under her, the man grabbed the oil lamp and led the way to a smelly room off the kitchen. On a cot in a corner she could see a figure. The man held the lamp over the cot and then spat out a blasphemy.

"Looks like he's croaked," he growled.

Mrs. Sweeney's training overcame her fear and she looked at the figure on the cot. It was that of a young man. One arm was bandaged, but the eyes were wide open and staring—the mouth sagging in the unmistakable signs of death.

"Yes, he's dead," she said, and then her terror of the strange person who had brought her returned. She felt now that she was dealing with a dangerous criminal—perhaps he had killed the man on the cot—and perhaps, she reasoned, she herself was now an unwanted witness.

This Was No Place to Hang Around.

"Shall we be going?" she asked nervously. "It's too late to do anything for your friend."

The man's small eyes looked at her coldly. She wondered what was going on in that obviously distorted mind. Without a word he pulled off his chauffeur's coat and placed a heavy revolver on the table.

"I need you," he said. "Better stick around a few days."

Mrs. Sweeney says her heart was in her mouth.

"Heat up a little coffee," she heard him say, and she was glad of the chance to go into the kitchen and do something. She asked no questions and the man volunteered no information. She made the coffee and they drank it and smoked countless cigarettes throughout the long night.

A Faint Saves Mrs. Sweeney's Life.

As the man scowled at the ceiling thoughtfully, the nurse cleaned up the greasy place as well as her pounding heart would let her.

The end came suddenly. The man took his revolver and went out the door, after her bag in the car. As he stepped outside a fusillade of shots shattered the silence of the early dawn and Mrs. Sweeney had reached the end of her endurance. She slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

And it was on the floor that the police officers found her. It was lucky, they said, that she had fallen before the deadly fire raked through the walls of the hut. They did not know who she was and intended to kill everyone in that hut—just as the murderers who were now both dead—had done to their victims the week before!

Imagine saying that a nurse's life is prosaic!

©—WNU Service.

Jeered First Umbrella in Seventeenth Century

The umbrella, as we now know it, was probably eastern in origin. One can see it pictured in the sculptures of Nineveh and Assyria, and it was not unknown in early India.

In ancient Rome, the umbrella was used by women and effeminate men as a screen from the sun.

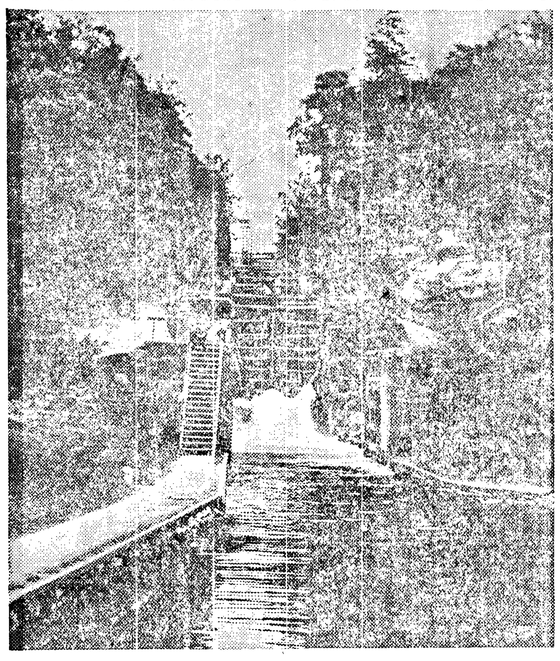
The umbrella was introduced into England early in the Seventeenth century and became fashionable among the aristocracy and the wealthy.

The first man who ventured to appear in the streets of London with an umbrella was Jonas Hanways, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. He returned to London from Persia, in delicate health, and, according to a contemporary description, "a parapluie defended his face and wig." He was subjected to considerable abuse.

As late as 1784, Couper, in describing the rising popularity of the umbrella, mentions that its adoption by the lower classes was sufficiently novel to call for comment.

In many large towns in Britain the name is known of the first citizen courageous enough to appear sheltered by an umbrella in the streets of his native town. In Edinburgh he was a physician named Spens; in Glasgow, a surgeon named John Jameson who, when traveling on the continent in 1871, noted the use of the umbrella in Paris and brought one home with him to Glasgow. He used it, much to the wonderment and admiration of his fellows.

Life in Sweden



A Lock in the Gota Canal.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

"THIS is Sweden," says the peasant of Dalarna (Dalecarlia), as he looks out upon the rolling pastures and birch-clad hills of the province dear to him as life. "Our ways are changing, of course. The good old days are no more. But you may still find a handful of us Dalecarlians who go on living as our fathers lived, tilling the same soil, hewing timber in the forests for our houses, spinning wool and flax for our clothes, hammering out copper and iron from our mines for utensils and tools."

With quiet dignity he towers in the doorway of his home, into which his gracious "Valkommen" bids strangers enter. The wind plays with the wide brim that gives his black hat a quaintly solemn Puritan air. But against the weathered gray of log walls he is a vivid figure in his long, single-breasted blue coat, his yellow buckskin breeches, red-wool stockings tasseled at the knee, low hand-made shoes adorned with gleaming steel buckles.

Overhead, slender blades of grass of apple-green lightness shoot up from the sod of his thatched roof. Behind, framing the scene, stand silver trunks of stately birches, the graceful "white ladies" of the forests of central Sweden.

"We are a proud and independent people," he continues. "Sweden, as you know, has never submitted to alien rule. Only once, for a brief century and a quarter, Sweden joined Denmark and Norway in experimenting with a joint sovereignty. But we do not like the iron hand of our Danish kinsmen.

"In the Stockholm 'Blood Bath' of 1520, King Christian II of Denmark beheaded more than 80 Swedish nobles, therewith sealing his own destiny. It was that act of tyranny which led young Gustavus Vasa, later king for 37 years, to rouse the strong men of Dalecarlia to the country's defense. So one of the most illustrious chapters of Swedish history has been written here."

The blue eyes glow with the fervor of conviction. There is a challenging ring in the sure, soft-spoken words. "Know Dalecarlia and you will know the very heart of Sweden."

But the landowner of Skone goes a step further. Within view of crumbling fortress or surviving splendor of medieval chateau, where lazy swans swim forgetfully in the encircling moat, he halts in the shade of the wide-spreading beeches that line his fields of sugar beets or grain.

Traces of Ancient Civilization.

"The ice sheet slipped off this southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula ten or fifteen thousand years ago," he begins. "Our scientists find traces of a civilization not unlike our own running back through seventy centuries and more. Our rune stones are not all deciphered; some of our Viking mounds are still unexplored. Not long ago we unearthed a grave from the Bronze age. Here in Skone"—lovingly he slurs the long o sound of the vowel a—"we turn up thousand-year-old traditions with our very plowshares!"

Were it not for his imperturbable poise, he might be off, at a signal, to search for the cradle, or one of the cradles of the human race. But quietly he turns instead to historical fact, as he would like to read it: "Once Skone was an independent kingdom in itself." . . . He checks his flow of words and, chuckling, adds: "Know Skone and you really do not need to know the rest of Sweden!"

In Stockholm the city-dweller, born into an atmosphere of Old world leisure and acquiring by choice the ultra-modern conveniences that mechanical genius contrives to our age, wanders out to enjoy the lustrous tranquility of one of the "white nights" of the northern summer.

He passes the magnificent willows of King's gardens and halts on Norrbro (north bridge) to listen to the singing, foamy waters under its span. It forms a link between the old "city between the bridges," with its medieval quaintness of narrow lanes, and the newer Stockholm, with its many public buildings impressively modern in design, which suggest something of the splendor that legend and history have cast over the age of the Renaissance.

Before him rises the facade of the house of parliament. "With the Socialists in the majority, things are in a bad way for our country," he reflects gloomily. But he catches the incongruity in his fears, too, as he faces the commanding simplicity of the massive royal palace. Within its walls, for more than a century, rulers of the Bernadotte line have held the reins of a limited monarchy, untouched by the terrors of revolution or the tumult of war.

The quivering beauty of the amethyst twilight, which before long will begin to throb with the glow of a ruby dawn, possesses his soul. And love for his capital city, of silvery waterways and emerald islands, conquers doubts.

"Courage to experiment with new forms of the changing social order, ranging widely from statecraft to architecture," he reflects, "and wisdom to direct these experiments, rooted firmly in past experience, toward evolutionary progress—something of that courage and that wisdom is the spirit of Stockholm, of Sweden, today."

In the Forest Land.

In the solitudes of the Norrland forests the frontiersman has swung his ax during the brief dusk that is high noon of the winter day. Throwing the logs on the ice-locked rivers, natural floating channels for the timber industry of the Far North, he waits for the release that comes with the thaws of spring.

Under his hand the primeval forest has almost vanished, but the regrowth of spruce and fir and pine is straight and tall. For several decades the Swedish state, stepping in to check indiscriminate waste of virgin forest, has been a zealous guardian of this its most important source of wealth.

By midsummer the rivers will have carried their cargo of logs, numbered by the millions, well down to sorting boom, near the mills, on the eastern coast, where the freighters lie in port. Hope sings in the lumberman's heart as, fascinated, he watches that silent trek of the logs toward the sea.

It is the season of light. On the upper reaches of the Norrland rivers the midnight sun blazes unrelentingly on glaciers and snow-capped peaks, converting them into rushing torrents and swift-surging rapids. Modern industry steps in and in turn converts that tremendous natural force into "white coal" for the country.

Electricity is conquering the wilderness of the North. White coal, not black, feeds the trains that in unending procession haul ore to seaports from the huge mountains of iron in the Arctic regions.

The tempo of life quickens in the Far North. The frontiersman catches the rhythm of the whir of wheels in sawmill, the roar of turbines in power plant, the click of steel rails in mountain tunnel.

"Ours are the riches of the future," he exults. "Here are iron-ore fields among the largest in all Europe. Outside of Finland, probably no other European country has such a high forest wealth (ours approximates 1,000 acres per 100 inhabitants). Excluding Norway, what European power is so lavishly blessed by nature with bounteous reserves of latent white coal? This is Sweden, the Sweden of tomorrow!"

Stockholm, the capital, turns away from the West. Sweden faces the Orient. The winds of industrialism coming from the West seem to have been tempered by the restless battling of the North sea and the lofty snow-capped fields. It is as if Sweden had looked beyond the turbulence of Russia and caught and preserved the spirit of the once serene East.

Monthly Bill

By DAPHNE A. M'VICKERS

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"WHAT," Rhoda asked in surprise, peeking around the door of the office, "is the idea of all the scenery? New suit, new blouse, brand new wave—all wasted on the office air? Coming out to lunch with me to give the tearoom a break?"

"I have some things to finish up."

"Oh, sure enough," Rhoda said. "This is the day for your monthly Bill. My error."

He had been coming now for a long time. Once a month, regularly, the office door opened and a grinning, recklessly gay face peered in. He sold office supplies and stationery and each month after he had gravely interviewed Linda's boss he had come out to stand beside her desk. She had been very sedate and formal at first, but he was persistent—and she was a stranger in a strange town, and lonely.

So she had gone out to lunch with him and the last time he had leaned across the table in the little booth of the tearoom and his mocking voice had become serious.

He had gone away bearing her ring measurement with him, and leaving behind a Linda full of dreams.

It was the day for him to come. Linda bent her honey-colored head over the typewriter and tried not to jump each time the door opened. She did not jump at last when the inner door swung wide and Mr. Penny inquired, "Why in the world don't you go to lunch, Miss Beatty? Making a slave driver out of me? The codes'll get me."

It couldn't be two o'clock? But it was and she went out, drooping a little now like the gardenia that she had extravagantly purchased that morning. She went to the same tearoom. And as she read the menu she heard it.

A voice from the next booth, hoarse, like that of a man with a bad cold, but the words hideously clear and unmistakable. "That blond? Just a little typist that I've been giving a mild rush for a few weeks. It pays, you know. Half the time they have all the say on where their stuff's bought. The boss will take their word for it. And a bonus is a bonus, my boy, especially when a fellow's planning matrimony."

"So your boy friend's laid up?" Rhoda asked her a day or two later. "I heard them saying he was sick. Too bad."

"Yes, isn't it?" Linda agreed. His cold must be worse then? She wouldn't know. Two letters had arrived but she had burned them up very carefully and thoroughly.

One day was much like another. She had quite lost track of time when Mr. Penny called her one afternoon.

"Time we were re-ordering on some stuff," he said. "I wanted you to say which brands you like best. I've missed that nice young fellow who used to come in. Hear he won't lose his leg after all. I never could stand the other one who took over his territory. Fellow talks as if he had a bass fiddle in his throat."

"Mr. Penny," Linda had seized him by the shoulders and was shaking him. "What do you mean about him losing his leg? About the salesman? About Bill?"

"I supposed you knew," Mr. Penny gasped. "That young Bill had an auto smash right after he was here last time. Been in the hospital. They thought he'd lose one leg but I guess he's all right now. I guess you were out when the other fellow came in. Hoarse chap, shifty looking. Been handling part of the territory for some time."

She gained her own desk just in time to sink helplessly into her chair as the door opened. The stern look on the face of the young man who came in, leaning lightly on a cane, faded. He gasped unbelievingly, for Linda came up out of her chair, both arms out.

"All right," he said at last. "That's very nice work by way of apologizing. I came in to ask you if it was the chance of my staying smashed up that had made it impossible for you to write—or wire—or come to see me. I was a Bill rendered very unhappy, I assure you."

"I'll tell you some day," Lida said. "I'm so sorry. I jumped to a conclusion."

"Well, let's jump to another—a happy ending—" he suggested.

Rhoda opened the door and closed it again hastily.

"Linda won't be lunching with us today," she told one of the other girls. "She's settling an overdue Bill."

China's Age

Chinese traditions carry the story of civilization in eastern Asia back to about the year 2852 B. C. The story begins with a legendary ruler, Fuhsi, who is said to have been the organizer of society in the time when the people lived by hunting and fishing.

Town in 2 States, 3 Counties

The town of College Corner, Ohio, straddles the Ohio-Indiana state line and as well the Preble-Butler county line. This puts it in two states and three counties.

It's a Sweet World as Far as Desserts Go; Variety in Sugar

Honey Was First Sweetening; Maple Sugar and Corn Sirup Add Bit.

Although we do not usually consider sugar with the flavorings, if we were for any reason deprived of our customary amount of sugar we would soon realize that its special value is from the flavor angle. Actually starchy foods can replace sugar in food value, but they are so bland that they are not substitutes at all for the sugar flavor.

When we use the word sugar in terms of foodstuffs we usually mean granulated sugar made from the juice of the cane or from beets. Other forms of sweetening from cane sugar are brown sugar and molasses, which have a much more distinctive flavor than granulated sugar, although a little less sweetness. We use them particularly on account of flavor. Sometimes granulated sugar is caramelized to give it more flavor. Caramel is very easily prepared by stirring sugar in a heavy frying pan over a low fire until it melts. If we are using it at once it can be added to the dish it is to flavor in this form. If it is to be kept we will add a little water and stir over the fire until we have a smooth thin sirup.

Maple sirup and sugar have a delicate, delicious flavor. We will hope the winter will not be too open to give a good season, which starts at the first thaw after a cold winter. There is an increasingly large production of maple sirup and sugar for flavoring purposes. It is, however, a mere nothing compared to the enormous sugar production as a whole.

Another form of sweetening as flavoring which is used to some extent is a modern development. This is corn sirup made from cornstarch. It is not quite as sweet as sugar. It comes in several flavors. It is used as sirup for griddle cakes and waffles, with sugar for candies and to some extent, desserts. It is a real asset in candy making, as it makes a mixture of a creamy texture which is difficult to achieve when using sugar alone. If too much is used the candy will not harden.

Honey is another form of sugar. This is probably the first sweetening known to man. The honey industry has been greatly developed in the last four years. Strained honey is packed in jars and is sold as a "spread" and for sweetening and flavoring other foods by itself or combined with sugar. "Wild honey," which we see mentioned among the foods of primitive man, is quite different from the honey of today, with its different characteristic flavor, which depends upon the flower from which the bees draw it.

Honey Nut Bran Muffins.

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups bran
¾ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup honey
1 tablespoon melted butter
1½ cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder, soda, and salt together, add bran and walnuts. Mix honey, melted butter, and milk. Add to dry ingredients. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) twenty-five minutes.

Old-Fashioned Walnut and Date Cake

¾ pound dates
1 cup boiling water
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
½ pound shelled walnuts, chopped
1½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda

Stone and cut up dates, add water, stir once or twice and allow to cool. Cream butter and sugar together; add the egg, dates and nuts and then the flour mixed and sifted with soda. Beat well and pour into greased shallow pans or patty pans. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) about twenty-five minutes. Serve with sweetened whipped cream if used as dessert.

Maple Sugar Shortcake.

2 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. salt
4 tbsp. sugar
5 tbsp. fat
½ to 1 cup milk

Mix and sift the dry ingredients and rub in the fat. Make a hole in the flour at the side of the bowl and add a half cup of liquid. Stir in enough flour to make a ball of soft dough. Remove this from the bowl and add to the remaining flour enough liquid to make a soft dough. Divide the dough in half and roll each half the same size and shape. Place one layer on a greased pan, butter slightly, and place the other layer on top of the first. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit). Split and cover with shaved maple sugar and chopped nuts. Place the other layer on top and cover with sweetened whipped cream. Garnish with shaved maple sugar and whole nuts.

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Out of Our Weakness Comes Lasting Strength

Is is true of a human life that it finds its highest enjoyment in the consciousness of progress. Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some higher peak of difficulty, trodden under foot some evil, refused some pleasant temptation for truth's sake, been swept out of ourselves by love, and felt day by day in such high labors so sure a growth of moral strength within us, that we cannot conceive of an end of growth.—Stopford Brooke.

Little People

Thirty-two passengers went to Talihina, Okla., in a five-passenger motor car to win a Sunday school attendance prize. The runnerup conveyance arrived with 25 aboard.

DR. J. C. GEIGER, City Health Director of San Francisco, states:

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Editorial Comment

The important announcement promisued for this issue will be a little later. However, we desire to state that the Journal will continue publication and will be greatly improved in the near future.

Bert Lyons, who has been acting as temporary editor of the Journal announces that he has resigned.

FLORIDA'S CANAL TO JOIN GULF AND SEA

Mother Nature Has Made Work an Easy Task.

Washington.—Steam shovels are chugging where helmeted Spaniards once pushed through silent, tangled jungles in search of the Fountain of Youth and tall masts eventually may mingle with the tall pines in Florida's northern forests; for the new ship canal there has been begun.

"If the canal is completed as planned, squat freighters, proud passenger liners, and even grim war craft from the seven seas will steam through inland waters on which in bygone days keen-eyed Indians and gold-crazed white men paddled primitive canoes," says the Natoinal Geographic society.

"Churning engines and deep-throated whistles will break the silence in quiet bayous where once only the occasional splash of an alligator or the brilliant flight of a flamingo colony disturbed the solitude.

"Furnishing a convenient short cut for vessels between the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, the canal is designed to utilize the channels of three picturesque Florida rivers—the St. Johns, the Ocklawaha and the Withlacoochee. Therefore, although the trans-peninsular waterway will be nearly 200 miles long, less than half its length will have to be dug by human agencies. Mother Nature, the great engineer, already has excavated a large proportion herself. Boats have plied for many years on all three rivers, and the canal simply will connect and deepen them.

To Be Sea-Level Route.

"Like the 100-mile waterway at Suez, the Florida canal will be a sea-level route, with none of the huge locks and mountain-slicing 'cuts' necessary at Panama. Canal building is comparatively easy in Florida, for the highest point in the peninsula is less than two-thirds the height of the Washington monument, and most of the state is only a few feet above the ocean.

"From the Atlantic, ships will enter the canal at bustling, versatile Jacksonville, whose exports range from pine boards to ground oyster shells, the latter to aid chickens' digestions! Jacksonville, only 25 miles from Florida's northern border, is the state's largest city, its industrial center, and a leading lumber shipping point.

"Through this city, the gateway to Florida's vast winter playground, a huge traffic rolls down to Miami beach on the east and St. Petersburg on the west coasts, and to other southern resorts when winter's first chills appear 'up North.' In some years this 'sunworshiper' travel has reached as high as a motor car a minute.

"From Jacksonville south, ocean vessels already navigate 64 miles of what is planned to be part of the canal route. This is the St. Johns river, which strangely enough in so flat a region, flows due north 125 miles before reaching the sea.

"A sluggish stream—it drops only 70 feet in 100 miles—the St. Johns carries a large water-borne commerce to Jacksonville.

"Patlatka, busy little shipping center on the upper St. Johns, is now the head of navigation for ocean vessels. Palatka's lumber piles, seen from the air, resemble a city in themselves, and the city boasts what is believed to be the only camphor plantation in the United States. Farther up-stream, near Welaka, the new canal will turn southwestward along the narrow, winding course of the Ocklawaha river, a tributary of the St. Johns.

Through Pine Forests.

"Much of the country through which the canal will pass consists of pine forests, many already cut over, for lumbering is a leading Florida industry.

"Leaving the Ocklawaha, the canal will cut across to the Withlacoochee, 'Little Big River' of the Indians, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico. Navigable now for 60 miles by boats of shallow draft, the Withlacoochee carries cargoes of fish, oysters, farm produce and lumber down to the sea.

"Happy days may be in store again for Port Inglis, at the Withlacoochee's mouth, scheduled to be the canal's Gulf terminus. Part Inglis prospered in past days when large cargoes of phosphate rock moved down the Withlacoochee, but in late years the rock has been largely shipped East by rail, and the town has declined."

Dog Jumps From Fifth Floor and Walks Away

Hollywood, Calif.—Attempted suicide, police reported after a large, unidentified police dog made a running jump from the fifth floor of Radio Station KGFJ, landed in a truck of rubbish parked at the curb, recovered his composure, walked away.

Find Perfect Recruit

Kansas City, Mo.—After a search of many years, naval recruiting officers here have found the "perfect recruit." He is Charles H. Petefish, twenty years old—physical rating 100 per cent, mental rating 100 per cent. Petefish has been working on his father's farm near Webb City, Mo.

Few Roses Are Fragrant

Of the 7,000-odd varieties of roses, not more than 30 are fragrant and only three contain enough oil to warrant their use in the making of attar of roses, a perfume that has, as times, been worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. L. L. Thomas, Portland, Ore., in Collier's Weekly.

One of Fastest Tides

One of the fastest tides in the world ebbs and flows off Mount Saint Michel, France. After receding almost eight miles and exposing 100 square miles of ocean floor, writes S. D. Miller, II, Indianapolis, Ind., in Collier's Weekly, it comes rushing back at a speed faster than a horse can gallop.

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