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"HER MAJESTY," HAIL THE QUEEN

The following was on the back of a postal card recently received by a Kansas Cityan from a friend in Brussels. It evidently was composed during the life of the late Queen Victoria:

"No, Gentlemen, fill a' your glasses, for I'm about to bring forth 'The Queen' (Applause). Our Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman. If I may say so, she's one o' the gud and sort, nae whigwagging or faddish about her, but a dour, dour, dour. Respectable beyond a' doubt. She's brought up a grand family o' self-made lads and lasses—her eldest son was a credit to any mother, and they're a' well married—a daughter is nae less than married to the duke o' Argyll's son and heir (Cheers). Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no believe it, but I once saw the Queen. (Sensation.) I did. It was when I took my auld broon coat to the Perth Show. I mind o' her weel-sic colour! sic hair! sic (Interruptions, and cries of 'Is it the coo' or the Queen that ye're proposing!') The Queen, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I was talking o' the coo. However, as to the Queen; some body pointed her out to me at the Perth Station. And there she was, smart and tidy-like, and says I to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at home slips awa', ye needna remain a widow another hour longer.' (Cheers.) Noo, gentlemen, the whisky's gude, the night's lang, the weather's weel, and the roads are safe and will harn naebody that comes to grief. So aft' we'll ye; every glass to the bottom—'The Queen'—(Kansas City Star.)

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Englishman's Description of Life in the Andes Mountains Makes Interesting Reading.

In a recent expedition to Peru Mr. Joseph Barcroft of the University of Cambridge did some exploring in the higher Andes and made some interesting discoveries, which are told in the British Medical Journal.

At 12,000 feet cows gave milk; at 13,000 feet they gave little or none. At 15,000 feet there were no cows. At 15,000 feet fleas disappeared, though lice remained so long as there were human beings.

At these heights men have lived for many generations, having become acclimatized to the rarefied air. Many of them lived in chimneyless and windowless houses; they had a purely communal system of government, and some of their customs would hardly appeal to more civilized races. When a native was very ill, for instance, the date of his funeral was fixed without reference to his convenience, and an official saw to it that he was ready to keep the appointment.

It was remarkable what loads the people were able to carry at these altitudes. A boy of about thirteen would carry from the interior of a mine a burden of forty pounds, ascending a staircase with it from a point 250 feet below, while a full-grown man would carry one hundred pounds of metal, yet the European was out of breath if he carried his coat up a slight incline.

Stump Cutter Does Work Rapidly.

Tree stumps can be cut off at ground level, or as much as 30 inches below, very rapidly by a machine, described and illustrated in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, that does the cutting with a sort of combined band and circular saw, for though it is flat, like a hand saw, it is 1/2 inch thick, and maintains its circular shape. The saw is rotated rapidly by a small gasoline engine, and when cutting below ground, it is started some distance from the stump, and is sloped and fed downward so that it descends into the ground and strikes the stump at the desired depth. After cutting through the stump the slope of the saw is reversed, and it proceeds to cut upward, ending by having cut out a saucer-shaped section of the ground containing the tree stump.

Sarcastic.

A farm hand who had worked every day in the week from dawn till late at night, finishing his duties by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said:

"I am going to leave. You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the worker. "There are three or four hours every night when I don't have anything to do except fool away my time sleeping."

Want Library for Every Ship.

During the recent war the American Library association placed for the use of the men of the merchant marine ships a total of 250,000 books. These books were made up into libraries and shifted from one vessel to another. Recently the American Merchant Marine Library association has been organized for the purpose of organizing on this work under the slogan "A Library for Every Ship."—The Classmate.

Mankind's Failing.

We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion.—Bochefercauld.

Orphans and the Sick Now Have Priority In American Feeding Plans for Russia; Food Remittances Hope of Thousands



The motherless girls in the picture above were photographed as they took their daily walk along the Strassnoi Boulevard, Moscow. Green summer did not bring them much happiness, and only two of the group could muster smiles.

Children such as these will have right-of-way with what remains of the millions made available for Russian relief through the charity of the American people. The feeding of 10,500,000 persons a day throughout the famine crisis drained severely

by the resources of the American Relief Administration, but Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the organization, has approved a program of daily meals throughout the winter for 1,300,000 children.

The fate of countless teachers, doctors, nurses, and other professional people depends on the extent of sympathy which Americans, forgetting political differences and arguments as to blame, feel toward those who must suffer the bitter aftermath of famine.

Colonel William N. Haskell, director of the A. R. A. in Russia,

has estimated that, despite the harvest now coming in, more than 1,000,000 hangover adult sufferers present a mute but appealing case to the continued generosity of the United States.

There is one certain way to send direct aid, and to the recipients, pitifully welcome aid. The A. R. A. is continuing its Food Remittance system past the actual famine emergency and money sent to American headquarters, 42 Broadway, will be transferred in the form of food either in general relief or to any designated person, or group.

Their cults, Calvin the Presbyterian and Voltaire the Atheist—Voltaire's house lies across the frontier in France, and on my way out to see it I discovered two Americans who were being held up because they had no passports, as they could speak no French I parted for them and was able to get them by, for which they insisted upon paying my return fare and vowed they would not forget the "girl from Ohio." Rousseau was born in Geneva and has a house which bears his name right in the center of the city. I spent the glorious fourth in Geneva and while I did not see any Americans or hear any crackers, I saw many lovely silk stars and stripes floating in the breeze. Some how when far from home the sight of the flag brings a lump into your throat and a mist to your eyes.

Nature has certainly given generously of her beauties to Switzerland, and her people seem to be so proud of their country that each one does his best to enhance the beauty. Everything and every where is scrupulously clean, not a vestige of debris, no stray papers or waste of any kind is to be seen anywhere, and the houses from the humblest chalet to the mansions, are covered with flowers, blooming from every window ledge, the majority of the houses are 2 to 4 floors in height, so you can imagine how attractive they look with vines and gay colored flowers, falling from one story to meet those of the next floor, no matter how high up the slopes the peasants till the soil, and they go so high up, you wonder how they manage to hang on, the land is all green and verdant with never a tree stump or sickly tree mar the beauty. Clipped with all this clean-

BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND

Miss Bess Cameron, Sister of Mrs. Ida French, of La Grande, Tells of Marvellous Country in a Family Letter.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Ida French of La Grande, the following very interesting family letter from her sister, Miss Bess Cameron, is printed by the Evening Observer. Miss Cameron is a Red Cross nurse and saw service all over Europe during the world war. The letter is written from Paris at a recent date and follows:

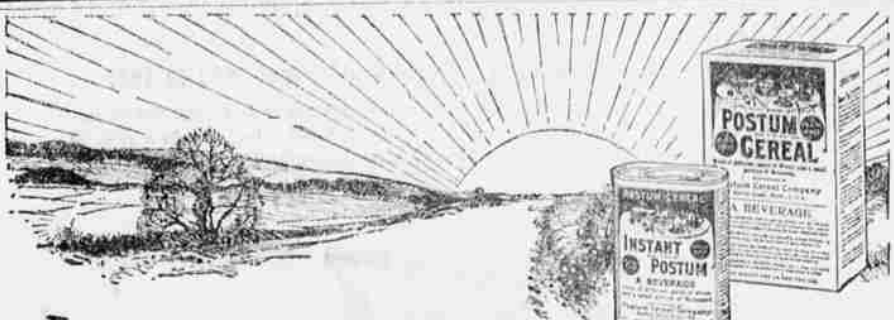
My Dear Family:—It has been some time since I've written you a real chatty letter, but while on my trip, I thought of you all and wished you were all seeing the same beautiful sights with me, and I tried to send you frequent postcards—but letter writing I find most incompatible with sight seeing.

You must have been surprised to hear from me in Switzerland, after my having made plans to go to England, but my English friends haven't gotten settled yet, and when my last patient recovered and started for home, the friend with whom she had been traveling said if I would take her to Switzerland she would pay my railroad fares and then my patient made me a present of my expenses through for a week, so why not go.

My first stop in Switzerland was at Lausanne, which is world famous for its educational advantages, its schools being very splendid. Also it has world renowned surgeons. It lies at one end of Lake Geneva

or Leman as the Swiss call it, and on either border, one of which is French soil and the other Swiss are the most lovely little villages which with the sun light over them, just seemed like wonderful splashes of an artist's coloring, so profound were the growths of trees and flowers. While behind and in the distance as if standing on guard over all this loveliness were the green and snow covered mountains, which changed colors as the hours came and went. At the other end of the lake is Geneva, famous for its watches. 'Twas here, you remember, where the first big watch was set over the mountains and unhappiness of all the world, by the formation of the Inter-National Red Cross. The room in the old city government building where this took place is proudly shown along with pictures, signatures and data pertaining to first and also subsequent meetings. In the same building one also sees the place where the old Alabama Claims were settled between England and our own country. The building where the League of Nations assembled is at present closed to the public, but in July I believe there are to be held several important congresses there.

'Twas here in Geneva that two great minds, opposed to each other in beliefs both settled and formed



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ly beauty you meet a kindly courteous, even tempered people who are always polite, never arrogant, and who treat you as if you were a guest in their land, and not at a prospective victim. Prices were high, but one always felt they were getting good value. Exchange was a little over 5 francs to our dollar, but it took 2 1/4 French francs to make one Swiss. All countries it seems have paid their debts to Switzerland in gold and one would acquire Swiss, Italian and French gold in the course of a day's travel, but it was all the same value. Food was excellent, especially butter, cream cheese, milk and cherries, which were so large and so abundant that they went begging. Pears and apples were growing and ripening almost up to the snow line on the mountain sides.

From Geneva I went to the famous French resort Chamonix where one gets a wonderful near view of lovely snow covered Mont Blanc. The large glacier "Mer de Glace" out of Chamonix is surely one of nature's beauties and wonders and well repaid my visit. It's hard to believe but the rocky slopes going up to the glacier were a mass of blooming forget-me-nots, Alpine roses (pink) and violets. Trips on lake Geneva to all the villages on its borders were delightful excursions as the boats were so clean and well managed and the lake like a mirror.

After leaving Lausanne I went to Berne, which has nothing of special interest, then on to Lucerne. I don't believe there can be any spot on earth more beautiful than this lake, bordered by its ancient and modern villages and surrounded by the majestic and glorious snow capped mountains, when we arrived there was rather little snow, but upon awakening one morning, we found all the high peaks gleaming and glistening with a fresh snow fall. Engineering skill has brought all these peaks within the reach of busy tourists. And after a delightful trip across the lake, you can take cog railroads, which take you up to the very summits, where one gains a slight idea of their own smallness, and the wonder of the infinite. The "lucerne man" is catered to also and one always finds a nice hotel with good meals, awaiting them at the top. You wonder how they have been able to get up all the material necessary to make you so comfortable. Mount Pilatus, the highest peak is very close to 7000 feet and in making the trip up and down hanging between earth and air, your past with its sins sort of looms up before you, like they say it does to a drowning person. At the top we could see the Jungfrau and Matterhorn and many other high points whose names were too German for me to remember. The temperature was just zero, and we had much fun snow-balling. All around below us we could see the cows grazing and hear the tinkle tinkle of their bells. An old mountaineer on the top interested us and also extracted money from us by blowing on his horn which was 7 feet long and which he had made himself from a young tree. The echoes were so plaintive.

I made 4 of these thrilling trips and then finished up by a perfectly ripping automobile trip through 2 of the biggest and highest mountain passes of the Alps up to the Rhone glacier. We climbed steadily upwards from 7:20 a. m. until 2 p. m., when we reached the huge mass of blue glistening ice, from which the Rhone river has its source, 8000 feet above sea level. The large grotto has been hewn into the interior and one takes quite a trip into a literal ice house. The ice is so blue, that one assumes the most peculiar color, within. The peaks here were absolutely gray and barren and so smooth that even the grass couldn't get a foothold. The roads up to this point were a wonderful piece of workmanship, very winding and narrow, but smooth as could possibly be. All the way we passed lone mountaineers' tiny huts, with doors for the cows below and the family above, hanging on to such tiny ledges you couldn't understand how life and its necessities could be carried on in them and after seeing the hills where they were cutting and raking hay, I thought a person growing up in Swiss mountains could make his living anywhere. Our trip down the mountain was equally exciting, passing the opening of the famous Gotthard Tunnel, and coming through many villages which are still untouched by the present panic (ex-

cept you did hear and see automobiles). We stopped for tea at a village on the lake, where tradition and Schiller say is the place where William Tell shot the apple off his son's head. In fact the vicinity of Lucerne is the home of the Tell legend or fiction which ever it may be, and the Swiss are very proud of Schiller, who has given it to the world in poetry, although he was not a Swiss. I believe they have never produced any truly wonderful writers of their own nationality. 'Twas also along the shores of the lake that 3 brave Swiss men met in early centuries and formed a pact to free themselves of the tyranny of their Austrian rulers and from this germ, has grown the republic which is I understand a very model and satisfactory government.

Every tourist is catered to in Lucerne. Hotels are plentiful and splendid a "Kursaal" gives two daily concerts, a mighty vaudeville and two roulette wheels keep money in circulation, besides tea saloons, tennis, motor boating and promenading. It's amusing over here, one is always being greeted by the signs, "American Bar," "American Drinks," but I must say one never sees an intoxicated person. Weather was not perfect at all times but it was a delightful trip and one long to be remembered. Now I am back in Paris and find it hot one day and very cold and rainy on the next. If it stays cold Miss Breckon and I may go on to Italy now instead of waiting until fall as doctors are away now.

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