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HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Bits of Best News Items From Everywhere.

PUT IN CONCISE FORM

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest, and Other Things Worth Knowing.

With frost in widespread sections, record low temperatures for June 4 were reported from numerous north-eastern states Saturday.

Four deaths by gas in Everett Saturday brought the total of tragedies of that kind within a 2-mile radius of Seattle to eight since Tuesday.

The French senate ratified the Locarno security agreements Saturday after Premier Briand made a plea in their behalf. The vote was 272 to 6.

The Mosul agreement between Turkey and Great Britain was signed at Saloniki, Greece, late Saturday night. Turkey and Britain thus have effected a solution of the territorial and oil dispute of long standing.

John Ticker, 84, drowned Friday in a five-foot irrigation well in a celery patch on his farm near Burlington, six miles north of Mount Vernon, Wash. The coroner, after an investigation, pronounced the drowning to be accidental.

Anton Busato, 43, and his daughter, Fulvia, 10, were killed and a dozen towns in central Arkansas, southeast of Pine Bluff, were without electric lights or power Friday as a result of an electrical storm. Busato and his daughter were struck by lightning.

Nils Christian Nilson, six-year-old son of the noted composer, Christian Nilson, is Vienna's latest child prodigy on the stage. His first appearance in the role of the Italian boy in Hofmannsthal's "Christina's Home Journey" won him a great success and the nickname "Jackie Coogan No. 2."

Sixty young royalists in Nantes, France clashed with the police Sunday in a demonstration against the mayor for his refusal to authorize a corps christi procession in the city. The clash occurred in the courtyard of the city hall. One royalist was arrested and later released.

Application of the Inland Light & Power Co., Idaho, to the federal power commission for a water-power development license in Clearwater river was approved Saturday by the secretary of war on recommendation of the chief engineer of the commission and the chief of the army engineers.

Captain Asher C. Baker, director-in-chief of the Sesqui-Centennial exposition in Philadelphia, died in a hospital at Morristown, N. J. He was 76 and had been ill some time. He was a former navy officer and held important positions in the Panama-Pacific, Chicago and St. Louis expositions.

Herbert Wenig of Los Angeles Friday night won the third national oratorical championship. With the youth's selection as best orator of nearly 2,000,000 high school students who participated in regional contests went the right to represent this country in the first international oratorical contest to be held next October.

The inauguration of Professor Ignatz Mosicki as president of Poland Friday was marred by a communist demonstration. The president had just taken the oath before the national assembly in the historic castle of the Polish kings when communists shouted, "We want the political prisoners released. Give us work for the unemployed." The assemblage was thrown into an uproar.

Legislation for the regulation of news policies of Oregon newspapers is proposed by the Oregon state senate, which referred a resolution providing for a study of the Ohio law to its legislative committee, with a view to submitting the proposed law for initiative action by the voters at some future election. Success of the press in getting and publishing resolutions and discussions on them without approval and release by the publicity committee was said to have prompted the action. Consideration was given the proposal before the 53d annual convention of the orange cloned recently in Baker, Oregon.

Assassins Kill Two. Chicago. — Two unidentified men were assassinated Monday by fire from a passing automobile, supposedly another outbreak of gangster tactics. The victims started to run as the first shots sounded and both fell mortally wounded. The assassins escaped.

DIGS UP FORTUNE ON FARM

War-Torn Cache Discovered in Alabama After Many Years.

Demopolis, Ala. — Aided by old papers which his father left him, Gayus Whitfield of Middleboro, Ky., Monday unearthed buried gold valued at more than \$200,000 on the Whitfield farm near here. The discovery of the treasure came as the result of a search which began Saturday, May 22.

Directions for locating the gold were contained in papers left to his son by C. Boaz Whitfield, member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Alabama and descendant of the pioneer general, Nathan Bryan Whitfield.

When Gayus Whitfield began his search 35 neighbors were employed to uncover an old boundary stake on the Shady Grove farm, 18 miles from Demopolis, near Jefferson. For a week the large force worked without results, but a large cache of gold coins was discovered. They consisted of \$20 gold pieces, minted in 1850 and before, which were buried by the wealthy Boaz Whitfield during civil war days.

While the news of the discovery was confirmed, the exact amount involved was not divulged. There are eight heirs who may put in claims for the gold, all of them daughters and sons of the four Whitfield brothers, born in civil war days, themselves sons of the pioneer general, Nathan Whitfield.

Other gold coins have been found on the old Whitfield place prior to this discovery. It was learned, but the matter of instituting an active search for buried treasure never received much attention from the Whitfield family until the ancient "key" left by C. Boaz Whitfield was found in Kentucky.

While definite information was not available here, citizens expressed the belief that Boaz Whitfield buried the gold to prevent its seizure by union forces during the civil war. Similar instances were recalled by older inhabitants, but in no case had so large an amount been involved.

1000 LEFT HOMELESS IN \$400,000 BLAZE

Sacramento, Cal.—More than 1000 persons were made homeless when a fire, starting in a Chinese building, totally destroyed the historic Chinatown and cannery district of Isleton, late Monday, causing damage estimated at \$400,000.

One person, Tony Berry, a cannery worker, was known to have been injured in the fire, which broke out at 3 o'clock, and which had razed nearly 100 homes in the oriental colony and cannery section at 7 o'clock.

The Isleton cannery, in the heart of the asparagus belt, was saved through the heroic efforts of a band of volunteer fire fighters and the Isleton fire department. The firemen were compelled to pump water from the Sacramento river to fight the flames.

One hour after the fire was discovered the Migratory school house, which was being attended by nearly 300 students, was laid in ruins, the damage to the school alone being estimated at \$10,000.

Bear on Berg at Sea.

New York.—A polar bear on a mammoth iceberg floating in the Atlantic 1180 miles from New York was reported by passengers of the Hamburg-American liner Hamburg which docked Monday. The iceberg, 2000 feet long and rearing its apex 100 feet out of the water, was seen when the liner was off the grand banks of Newfoundland, Friday, Commander Kiel said. The vessel was within eight miles of the berg. Passengers with field glasses said they saw the bear lumbering around the side of the berg.

Jeers Greet Fascists.

New York. — Jeers, catcalls and shouts of "Down with Mussolini!" caused by the presence of 200 fascist marchers, clad all in black, created a disturbance in New York's Memorial day parade. Mounted police charged and dispersed the disturbers.

The fascist gathering fell in behind a band of Boy Scouts. Officers of other units protested their presence, but the unruly guests insisted on their right to participate along with delegations of veterans of half a dozen foreign countries.

Charlotte, N. C.—Tals city's much heralded debate on evolution passed off tamely Monday night before an audience estimated by the Charlotte Observer to number 150 persons. The question, "Should the teaching of the theory that man evolved from a lower order of animals, be excluded from the tax-supported schools?" was debated by Dr. T. T. Martin of Mississippi, representing the Anti-Evolution league, and Howell S. England, Detroit attorney and biologist.

DAWES JUMPS INTO FARM RELIEF FIGHT

Vice-President Takes Hand in Agricultural Legislation.

OUTLOOK BRIGHTER

Conference Held to Reach Agreement on Measure President Would Approve.

Washington, D. C.—Forces supporting agricultural relief measures took a new lease on life Saturday when it was announced that Vice-President Dawes had taken economic direction of farm legislation.

The announcement was made by Senator Watson, republican, Indiana, after he had attended a conference of farm leaders in and out of congress, at which the vice-president was present. The purpose was to agree upon a farm relief measure which it was believed the president would sign.

Those attending the conference endorsed the McNary equalization fee measure now pending before the senate with several modifications. They favored reducing the revolving fund from \$250,000,000 to \$175,000,000, of which \$75,000,000 would be used for the disposal of surplus cotton.

Another amendment agreed upon would authorize the immediate operation of the equalization fee provision on all of the five basic farm commodities—wheat, cattle, swine, cotton and corn.

But the actual operation of the fee would be left in the hands of the producers of any of the commodities, who would determine by a referendum when they wished it to become effective.

The bill in its original form provides that the fee would not operate against cotton and corn until three years after its passage, and then only after congress had specifically authorized it.

The conferees decided not to include the embargo and tariff provisions in the Haugen bill, which were defeated by the house.

LEAGUE ABANDONED BY SPANISH AGENT

Geneva. — The league of nations council reorganization crisis took a new and sensational turn Sunday night through the circulation of a report that Spain would absent herself from the June session of the council. Marquis Quinones DeLeon, Spain's representative, has gone to Madrid to consult with Premier Primo de Rivera, and the league officials have not yet been informed as to who, if anybody, will sit in his place.

Spain, like Brazil, both non-permanent members, has been demanding a permanent seat in the council on the same footing as the great powers, but the reorganization commission, which has been studying the problem, is opposed to any increase in the permanent members beyond Germany.

Esperanto Makes Good.

Berlin.—Esperantists have scored a notable success in getting their international language recognized and admitted by European telegraph authorities. In soviet Russia, according to reports received by the German Esperanto association, great progress is being made.

At the Russian Esperanto congress, to be held at Minsk, a report will be made that, by means of Esperanto, the Russian peasantry have been enabled to receive direct accounts of rural life and conditions in 17 different countries.

United States Legation Bombed.

Montevideo, Uruguay.—The American legation here was bombed Friday. It was the second bombing in recent weeks of a United States legation in a South American country.

The bomb, apparently one of great power, was loaded with pieces of iron, lead, steel, wire and screws. Ten pounds of fragments were collected. Manuel Garcia, a Spaniard and a porter of the legation, narrowly escaped injury.

Gifts Worth Fortune.

Albany, N. Y.—Preceded by a fortune in gifts, hundreds of friends of Governor Smith streamed into the city for the marriage of the governor's oldest daughter, Miss Emily Smith to Major John A. Warner, superintendent of the state police. Cardinal Hayes of New York conducted the nuptial mass. The gifts received were estimated to be worth \$350,000 or more.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—Building permits issued here during May aggregated \$281,650 as against \$113,950 during May of last year. Of the May, 1925, permits, \$274,000 represents new construction.

Pendleton.—Sale of 1440 acres of wheat land in Umatilla county, involving nearly \$225,000, was announced here Saturday by W. H. Morrison, associated with G. F. Hodges of Pendleton.

Salem.—The state land department turned over to the state treasurer in May an aggregate of \$102,022.45, according to a report issued by George G. Brown, clerk of the state land board.

Silverton.—A freak foxglove plant, combining the usual spray of flowers with a circular, single-petaled flower at the top of the stem was recently reported from Dallas. A similar one also has been found at Silverton.

Albany.—Work on the second sector of the Santiam highway between Albany and Lebanon is progressing rapidly and at present most of the bridges and culverts are in and but one stretch of about 300 yards remains to be graded.

Klamath Falls.—The road to Crater Lake lodge, on the rim of Crater lake, is passable, though not in good condition. Approximately 50 cars made the jaunt from here Sunday through the Klamath entrance, the round trip occupying about four hours.

La Grande.—Approximately \$50,000 loss was suffered at Imbler, Or., 11 miles northeast of here, Sunday night when fire razed a grain elevator and its contents, two warehouses and the stockyards. The origin of the fire, which started in the J. Blackington warehouse, was undetermined.

Salem.—There were two fatalities during the week ending May 27, according to a report prepared by the state industrial accident commission Saturday. The victims were William Wyant, Portland laborer, and Merle L. Schwerdtfeld, Medford logger.

Eugene.—The year 1925 was the biggest year in the history of the Eugene water board, when net incomes of the water and electrical departments reached a total of \$224,182.95. This was the story contained in the annual report of audit submitted to the city council through the recorder Saturday.

Salem — A workman entering the employment of an employer, subject to the provisions of the workmen's compensation act, must give immediate notice of rejection of the law in order to escape its responsibilities, according to a legal opinion handed down by the attorney-general here recently.

Portland.—Portland controls its food supplies for the protection of the health of the city better than any other city in the country, according to investigations of W. Vogwell, chief health inspector of Sydney, Australia, who has written to Dr. John G. Abele, city health officer, to find out how Portland does it.

Cottage Grove.—The last freak of the vegetable world in this section of the fertile, fruitful Willamette valley is an asparagus stalk fashioned into the shape of a basket. It grew on the W. J. Thorp place. The stalk grew flat and widened to an inch and a half in thickness and then twisted itself into a circle, forming almost a perfect basket.

Albany.—Decision to improve the Halsey-Brownville road by straightening was reached by the county court after considering two petitions from Halsey and Brownville citizens. One petition was signed by 59 Brownville residents remonstrating against the improvement, but this was counteracted by a petition of 82 Halsey and Brownville citizens asking for the new route.

Klamath Falls.—Hasty action to rescue three bodies was made necessary by a fire which broke out shortly after 3 o'clock Saturday in the business section here, destroying an undertaking establishment and five other firms in a frame building near the main business district. A house adjoining was also a total loss. Damage is estimated at \$25,000. The blaze is believed to have originated in a hand laundry located in the center of the burned block.

Pendleton.—Pendleton's new water reservoir on the north side will be completed in two weeks. It was announced by officials in charge of construction work. The reservoir is down to 28 feet in several points it was announced and this will be the lowest point reached. When the reservoir is complete it will furnish an additional million gallons of water daily for the city of Pendleton and will assure additional water for fire fighting purposes on the north side.

The Valley of Voices

By GEORGE MARSH

THE FUR CANOE

SYNOPSIS.—With David, half-breed guide, Brent Steele, of the American Museum of Natural History, is traveling in northern Canada by a stream he hears Denise, daughter of Col. Hilaire St. Onge, factor at Walling River, play the violin superbly. He introduces himself and accepts an invitation to make the post his home during his stay. He finds a factor superior to himself. The "log chasers" is a real home.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"But they missed you!" laughed the Frenchman. "Yes! Our inspector, Monsieur Lascelles, in his desire to get fur ignores the conditions here entirely."

At the mention of the name Lascelles, Steele sensed a swift change in Denise St. Onge. His curious eyes caught a faint color in the girl's temples as she avoided his glance. In a moment she had control of herself but he wondered if this then was the cause of her heartache.

"My position is most difficult, you see," continued St. Onge. "Lafamme controls the upper country with his whisky. We get considerable Little Current and Drowning River trade, but Michel and I have to meet them with our goods over at Portage Lake. There are many who fear to come to the House of the Windigo, on the Spirit rapids, as they call it."

"Strange your people at Albany fail to realize this!"

"They will realize it now—this summer, for we have come to an impasse, as we say in French."

"How is that, sir?"

"Why, my Indians, except Michel, who is a hard-headed Inroquois from the Nipissing and laughs at this devil talk, will not now go into the bush alone. They are always seeing and hearing things. Our hunter, Tete-Boeuf, refuses to leave the post since he found some prodigious tracks in the muskeg and heard screaming at night. Monsieur, our people are pale-stricken." St. Onge gravely shook his head. "And now, as you say in English, the climax is capped."

Steele leaned toward his host, keenly curious of what was coming, as St. Onge finished dramatically:

"Our fur canoe, which left here early in July, with four men, never reached—Albany!"

"Never reached—Albany?" repeated the astonished listener. "They sent you word by canoe?"

"Yes, they sent a relief party upriver to find my men who were long overdue. They feared they had lost their boat in the Albany rapids and were following the shore."

"And this search party found nothing?"

"Nothing!" St. Onge lifted shoulders and hands in eloquent gesture. "Men, fur, canoe; gone, wiped out, swallowed up!"

"But there must have been something washed up somewhere," vehemently protested Steele, "the shell of the canoe—small stuff—and a paddle always comes ashore."

"Nothing!" repeated the factor. "They searched the Albany and then the lower Walling, for they had to pole and track most of the way as you know. Above the Devil's mile they found the first camp of our people, but below, not a body, or paddle, or scrap of canoe—nothing!"

To Steele this was incredible—this mysterious tragedy of the fur canoe. He wished he had known what had happened on the Walling but a few weeks before, when he and David fought day by day its stiff current on the way to the post.

"It's simply unbelievable, colonel," he vigorously objected. "A swamped canoe, broken up in a big rapid, is bound to throw something on the beach below. We noticed nothing, but we were not on the lookout."

"That there was more to this story Steele was convinced; but what personal bearing could it have on Denise St. Onge?"

"Yet those are the facts, monsieur, and our people are mad with fear. Thank Heaven! Michel had a bad ankle and was not with the boat. He tells the Indians that the canoe and bodies are held in the big eddy, but I doubt it."

Steele stared at the factor, unable to accept the sole inference to be drawn from his host's remark. St. Onge was surely facetious.

"That leaves us the Windigo theory, colonel," he laughed, but to his surprise his pleasantry was met by so grave a face that for an instant Steele was in doubt of the mental balance of the Frenchman, harassed by the misfortunes of the summer. The dark eyes of Denise St. Onge, fixed on the window, were cryptic. Then the factor smiled inscrutably as he said:

"Monsieur, I am a fur trader on a river believed to be haunted. It would be a policy most ruinous for me to admit a belief in the supernatural—in this Indian tradition. Is it not so? But, and the speaker glanced at his daughter, "as well believe it the Windigo; what other solution is left? Men and canoe disappear—like that!" and he snapped his fingers.

It was clear that St. Onge was dissembling—for some reason he was loath to give his guest the whole story. But why? What was there in this tragedy of fear and death that a stranger should not know? Why, since St. Onge had so frankly revealed the

crisis he faced at Walling River—the threatened loss of the trade and abandonment of the post, due to the superstition of the Indians—did he withhold his own solution of the riddle? Certainly there was more, much more, in this strange situation which Steele had accidentally stumbled upon, than the loss of the fur canoe. The furtive glances of father and daughter at Steele's reference to Lafamme, the free-trader; her evident embarrassment at the mention of Lascelles, inspector at Albany; and above all, her mood of despair at the rapids, voiced so poignantly by L. R. violin; these could bear no relation to the tragedy of the fur canoe—to the panic of the Indians at the ill-starred post.

"Were your men trustworthy?" he suddenly asked.

"Absolutely. They could not desert and hope to dispose of the fur. We and the Hudson's Bay people have an agreement. On the Albany at that time they would surely have run into the Fort Hope York boats and the Martin's Falls and Henley House brigades. Besides, two of them left young wives here."

"Still, I'm sure Michel is wrong about the eddy," ventured Steele, hoping to draw out the factor. "The Big Pelican whirlpool, below Lac Seul, the worst I've ever seen, always throws out the stuff stuck into it in the course of a few hours."

St. Onge lifted his heavy eyebrows in a nod of assent. "Oh, Michel is in doubt about it also, but that is what he tells the Indians. A man of parts is Michel, monsieur. He is more than my right hand here."

"Yes, he looks like a good man. Did you notice David, colonel?" Steele's face lighted as he mentioned his swarthy comrade.

"He seemed most intelligent," replied St. Onge, "and looks as if he could pack four hundred over a portage, if he wished."

"He can, colonel." Then Steele gabbled with his host's curiosity. "What worries me is how to keep him from bringing Lafamme's meek when we reach Ogoke—and, aside from getting supplies, we wish to stop at Ogoke, Colonel St. Onge."

The factor was palpably interested. His narrowed eyes seemed to search those of his guest in an endeavor to read his thoughts. Then, leaning forward, elbows on table, he asked tensely:

"Why?"

"I am sorry, but that is David's secret."

"Oh, I see! It is right, then, that you do not tell. But I was curious, monsieur, for today when he reached here, he asked at once how many days' travel it was to Ogoke lake."

That St. Onge should be vitally interested in the man, who, by the use of whisky, was winning the fur trade of the whole head-country of the Walling, was natural, but the observant Steele sensed more to the story than mere trade rivalry, in the attitude of the factor. However, he dropped the subject and returned to the lost canoe.

"It's by far the strangest case I have heard of—four men in a loaded canoe, wiped out without leaving a scrap of birchbark or a sliver of spruce as a clue, and a wonderful opportunity for the study of this Windigo superstition at first hand."

"Eighteen thousand dollars in fur!" sighed the factor, whose face was drawn and old, as they left the table.

CHAPTER II

"Will you come with me to the trade-house, monsieur? For a time my daughter will be busy with the dishes. Then we shall have some music, Denise?"

"If you wish," and addressing Steele she added suggestively: "It will be gay music tonight, monsieur. I promise you—in honor of your arrival at the 'House of the Windigo.'"

"But I like your sad music, mademoiselle," he said, "and I am clever at washing dishes, if I could be of service."

There was challenge in her black eyes as she countered: "Ah, monsieur, but you are more clever, I fear, at concealing your thoughts."

As he walked with the factor to the trade-house he wondered precisely to what she had alluded.

St. Onge was writing a lengthy report of the situation at Walling River to his chief at Albany, three hundred miles downstream, so Steele joined David and Michel seated beside the post canoes on the beach, smoking after-supper pipes. In front of the Indian shacks, a group of shawled women talked in hushed voices. Near them, three men, squatted on their heels, Indian fashion, conversed, heads to gether. No shrill shouts broke the quiet. Even the play of the dusky children seemed suppressed. Truly, thought Steele, St. Onge had not exaggerated. The air hung heavy with fear. The Indians were in a panic. Dread of the fabled Windigo had wrought its spell. At this rate it would not be long before the foxes would bark in the clearing of the abandoned post—before padded feet would roam at will in what was now a home. And the girl up there—what would become of her?

"Well, David, has Michel told you of the fur canoe?" demanded Steele. David's broad face wrinkled in a grin. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he spat deliberately before he answered with another question.

"How long we stop here?"

"I don't know. Why?" Steele was interested.

"Wal, Michel an' Daveed lak to drop down to de beeg strong water. We strike back in seven-eight sleep, maybe."

"What's your idea? It's not just to make another search on a mere chance of finding something. There's something else cooking under that black hat of yours."

But David was noncommittal. "We tak a look at de las' camp fur canoe made, an' shore below, for little piece." Steele was secretly delighted at the excuse this expedition of David's would give him for prolonging indefinitely his stay at Walling River. As a student of Indian mythology and worship of the supernatural, the probing of this mystery—the study of its effect on the post Indians—demanded his best efforts. It was a rare opportunity for an ethnologist, a student of folklore, to gather data at first hand. But over and beyond that was the riddle of this girl whose hands of an artist were now busy with the dishes up there in the factor's house.

"But what do you expect to find, Michel? There have been two canoes over the ground. The Windigo have swallowed canoe, fur and men."

The small eyes of the Indian snapped. "Daveed and Michel nevaire see M'sieu Windigo. We lak to hav' look at heem. Tete-Boeuf, with a gesture toward the three men grouped in front of the shacks, "he hear Windigo one, two, many tam. He far track een muskeg—yer beeg. But he hav' bear to tak Michel to de track. Maybe down on de beeg rapids, Daveed an' Michel shake han' wid de Windigo. Maybe we fin' he is hongree—den we feed heem—some lead." And the smile faded, while the swart features of the Indian set stiff with hate.

"Ah, ha!" thought Steele. "These two old foxes have got something in their heads."

But knowing his people, he did not press them for an explanation. Later, alone with David, he would be told. So he filled his pipe and sat down. "Michel," he asked, "why did the Revillon Feres build this place at the head of these rapids instead of up at Ogoke lake where they could buck Lafamme, face to face, for the trade of the whole country?"

For a space Michel smoked, ignoring the question; then he grunted through the stem of his pipe:

"You see M'sieu Lascelles at Albany?"

"No, I stopped with the Hudson's Bay people. Why?"

"Wal, eef you see M'sieu Lascelles maybe you know why," was the reply. "Where were you before you came here?" asked Steele.

"At Albanee."

"You know him, then. But he can't be a good fur man to build here—in the bad-lands, at these Spirit rapids of the Ojibways."

"De man who build dees pos' die, M'sieu Lascelles ees no fool; he not keep eet for fur—he keep eet for 'noder reason.' After which startling statement Michel became a sphinx to Steele's further questioning.

More than ever mystified by what he had heard, he left the men on the river shore, and rejoined his host.

In the warm candle light of the factor's quarters Steele soon lost himself in the playing of Denise St. Onge. There was no trace of the troubled eyes, of the reserve of the girl who had sat mute through the evening meal, listening to the talk of the men, in the gay creature who now conjured with her violin mad dances of the Polish and Hungarian peasants, love songs of Italy, French and German opera. Here was rare temperament, technique, training—all wasted in this wilderness. It was monstrous—unpardonable! What could have brought them here?

"It is superb, mademoiselle—your playing," he cried impulsively, "you have appeared professionally, of course, in France?"

The culmination of the missing fur canoe is serious for St. Onge. What a mystery!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jenny Lind, Genial Friend

Jenny Lind came again and yet again to the Taylors' congenial home; her kindness, "sensitive, capricious and restless as it is, her humanities and impetuosities" won the affections of mother and boy alike, says the Christian Science Monitor. "Great impulses, a humble Christian heart watching and praying to bring her into subjection of God's will, she is a great addition to my life," wrote Alice Taylor. . . . Nor was it to him (James Spedding) only that the great cantatrice of the world's worship brought her message of beauty and joy. In many a letter of that date we catch glimpses of her shining presence in that quiet home.

She Didn't Get It

"You kissed me last night and mother didn't like it."

"How can she dislike what she didn't sample?"