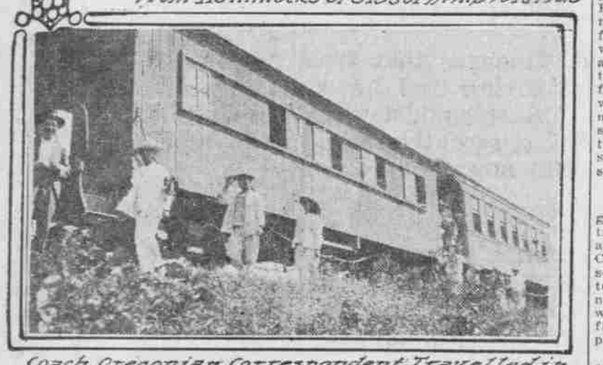
CENTRAL AMERICA HARD HIT BY COFFEE AND SUGAR CUT

Salvation for Pocketbooks in United States Is Declared Cause of Disaster in South, Practically Tying Up Trade.

Minerva Temple Built by Estrada Cabrera.

At La Union They Sell Anything from Hammocks of Sisal Hemp to Parrots



Coach Oregonian Correspondent Travelled in Through Southern Mexico.

BY LUCILE F. SAUNDERS,
Former Member of Oregonian's City News Staff.

BALBOA, C. Z., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—While the housewives of the United States are congratulating themselves on the drop in the price of coffee and sugar, along with many other staple foodstuffs, the merchants and plantation owners of Central America are aghast at the calamity this has brought upon their country. What meant some degree of salvation for the pocketbooks at home signified disaster in the south.

There is ample reason why exporters cannot dispose of their wares in Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. Nothing is moving, there is no money in these countries, and the old "watchful waiting" slogan is undergoing another period of popularity. Meanwhile exchange has gone to smash and credits are in the same state. What exports are being shipped are going largely to European markets and the steamship lines that maintain regular connections are in a position to dictate as to what shall be done with the goods.

Bills of Little Value.

Hides, hardwoods, coffee and sugar are the principal products of the west coast, four articles that are still staggering around on financial crutches and as yet exhibit no symptoms indicating approach of the convalescent stage. Revolutions, earthquakes and commercial catastrophes have played havoc with the money of these countries. In Guatemala the bootblack has his pockets stuffed with 20-peso bills, and the impoverished woman of the marketplace has hundreds of dollars worth, the proceeds of one small basket of her wares. While the writer was in that country the exchange was 44 to 1.

This currency, issued so recklessly, is anything but attractive to look upon. It is so brown and dirty that the numerals are scarcely distinguishable. Many of the smaller denominations have been completely torn in sections and pasted up on one side with strips of grimy paper. The stranger is inclined to look askance and conclude that worthless money is being thrust upon him by those who think he looks green and gullible.

It is a relief to go into Nicaragua and find the country on a gold basis and exchange even, owing to the American forces. Despite this, however, the country has its tale of woe hinging upon the downfall of prices.

Indigo Is Exported.

The west coast ports of Central America in years previous have been heavy shippers of coffee, sugar, hides, mahogany and other hardwoods. Then there are the smaller products known the world over, and yet of distinctly local origin. From La Union, Salvador, come curious looking bundles of serrones, made of hides sewed with leather thongs, inside out, and each containing 100 pounds of indigo. A steamer will pick up perhaps 20 of these on a trip.

Indigo, a plant with a leaf much resembling that of a rose, grows very high, and in the fall is ready to harvest. It is put in vats with water and permitted to ferment. A deposit forms in the bottom of the tank and this is the commercial product.

Henequen, or sisal hemp, is also exported from the same place in great balles, destined for manufacturers of rope, hats, furniture and curtains. Headgear made of hemp, anything from motor caps for men to big floppy-brimmed hats for the women, is vended at the ship's side by natives. Here and all along the coast are also sold the lovely hand-carved Spanish combs made of genuine tortoise shell.

Parrots Commercial Asset.

Among the commercial exports listed for the district of Corinto, Nicaragua, are birds—the bright green parrots that orate so pertly from the wicker cages of the north. One sees these and the tiny parokeets everywhere, for, with wings clipped, they are so tame their trainers not infrequently neglect to cage them up and simply cary them about on sticks.

Nicaragua is also the home of fustic, the dyewood that supplies the khaki color for the United States army during the war. Big yellow logs from this tree come down in the mixed shipments from San Juan del Sur, where flatboats handle the most peculiar-looking timber cargoes the writer has ever viewed. Rough logs with the ends simply hacked, logs of every thickness, and from half a ocoen trees go out in a single shipment. Mahogany is sent from this point also. The logs are shaved off square and rafted in floats of about 50.

From this section come the cocobola, a hollow tree that makes excellent knife handles, ironwood for carpenters' planes, Spanish cedar for cigar boxes, lignum vitae for blocks and tools, genixaro and rosewood.

Portland Is Disliked.

Carlos Holman, the old man who founded the town, looks much like Santa Claus, and admits he doesn't know his own age. He is one of the lumber kings of Nicaragua. One of his pet topics, if he is properly wound up, is a discussion of the to him undesirable city of Portland, Or., which he has never seen.

The writer found out that a number of years ago he was persuaded to ship a quantity of hardwoods, suitable for furniture, to some unscrupulous individual in the Rose City who was recommended by a friend. The recipient of the cargo never paid for it, and Mr. Holman has never again sent his wood to Oregon.

The logs he dispatched on this particular boat were destined for New York and Amsterdam, for even in San Francisco, the old man said, his precious timbers found a slow market.

Holland is getting another slice of trade from the neighborhood of Amapala, Honduras. Here several large German firms that had previously shipped hides to the United States are finding better prices in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, where Teuton buyers send them on into the interior. One of the advantages is in the rate of exchange.

Bank Draft Unobtainable.

Honduras is another country that shows the effects of the financial crisis. The day the writer was in Amapala $15,000 in gold was awaiting shipment because it is impossible to obtain a bank draft in the republic. The government complicated matters for the mining companies by putting a 5 per cent export duty on silver bullion and 10 per cent on concentrates. In order to get around this and obtain a concession, it was necessary for the big Rosario mine near Tegucigalpa to buy up the pipe line to the capital and put in a water system, costing about $200,000.

That ever-interesting topic, last year's sugar shortage, pops up on the scene every once in a while, and the commercial man hears strange stories of the 1920 negotiations. Production of 100 pounds of sugar in Nicaragua is said to cost from $3 to $4. Six months ago the output sold at $22, later dropping as low as $5. During the entire period of high prices, the writer was told, the cost of native labor at the English refinery at San Antonio never increased more than five cents a day.

Quarantine Spoils Plans.

Yellow fever quarantine regulations in practically all of the ports between San Jose de Guatemala and Balboa made it impossible for the writer to visit there, as had been planned. Foresight prompted a shot of Noguchi serum in Guatemala, and the card issued by the "Junta de Sanidad Contra la Fiebre Amarilla" paved the way past three very yellow, very much mustached and very dirty port doctors and an equal number of barefooted policemen.

These quarantine rules are a constant source of disappointment to the traveler in Central America. Countries on either side of Guatemala were quarantined against that little nation and Costa Rica is absolutely taboo so far as the medical officials in the canal zone are concerned.

In slightly more than two weeks the writer made a pilgrimage through central Mexico, Tehuantepec, Guatemala and down the coast to the canal zone that, with the exception of steamer accommodations, she would not recommend to tourists looking for solid comfort as they travel.

Eighteen Tunnels Passed.

From Mexico City the route was over the far-famed engineering project, the Vera Cruz railway to Cordoba. Instead of the gradual climb into the uplands, such as is the case on the western side, this road accomplishes the feat in a very few miles. There are 18 tunnels on the grade and perhaps an equal number of blockhouses to guard the wonderful road from the rebels. From various points on the track above one may look down and see the rails winding back and forth down the slope to the villages the train will pass through several hours hence.

At Cordoba one must rest over night, or at least until 3 A. M., then catch the train for Santa Lucrecia, a train that is merely an accumulation of old baggage cars in which windows have been cut and benches placed. There are no first-class accommodations, and one must share a bench with the Indians and purchase his meals through the car windows from the numerous vendors that flock about each station.

This is a line where it is unusual for the engine to fail to jump the track or face some other calamity. Although there was none of these accidents, the train on which the writer rode, scheduled to arrive at 7 P. M., pulled in at midnight, making it necessary for those who departed for Salina Cruz at 5 A. M. to remain up all night.

Band Out of Tune.

The southbound train went into the land of the beautiful Indians of the isthmus of Tehuantepec departed at a more convenient hour and wound its way through tropical jungles and down a stony canyon full of rain into the dusty village of San Geronimo in time for supper.

San Geronimo had a band, very much out of tune, but still drumming up trade in front of the motion picture theater, which, from the outside, greatly resembled a barn. Otherwise the place was quiet, that is, if one excluded the music of the mosquitoes.

The next over-night stop was Tapachula, near the southern border. Here one must call upon the Guatemaltecan consul and buy some stamps for the Mexican immigration officer, who used pomade on his mustache and wore pale blue suspenders. In the pretty plaza a large band in uniform played through the evening, while a complete marimba crew hammered the wooden bars on their instruments set up before each of the two movie houses. The town is not so extraordinarily large, but it seemed extraordinarily full of music.

Baggage Is Searched.

It requires another whole day to get across the border. One rides by train to the Rio Suchiate, which is about the width and depth of the Clackamas river and would look something like it if the Mexican custom house on the north bank were not built of palm thatch and if the women of Ayutla, Guatemala, refrained from using the stream in place of stationary wash tubs.

At the border one's baggage is carefully searched for gold. The customs officials even peering into one's purse to see if any is being carried away.

Flatboats take one across the Suchiate and manage to effect a landing only after having grounded on several sandbars in midstream and being pushed off by youthful cargadores who wade into the river and surround the skiffs, shouting their willingness to transport anything from suit-cases to sideboards.

Ayutla is principally distinguished by its mosquitoes and its cargadores, who between train times are bootblacks. They are the most persistent youngsters in all Central America, for they will linger around until midnight in some barroom picking up a few ten-peso bills while polishing the questionable footgear of some tequilla soaked dandy. Then the next morning at 5 A. M. they are standing on the balcony of the hotel before a room where they have previously negotiated business to the extent that they will transport two suitcases to the station in time for the 6 o'clock for the sum of 25 pesos.

It is a relief once more to find first-class accommodations on the railroads of Guatemala. The line is operated by Americans, which undoubtedly explains much. This particular train had been dubbed the "Sauerkraut Limited," because the engineer was a German and the conductor a Swiss. Both had been in Guatemala so long they cherished no desire to return to the old country. At the engineer's request the writer boarded the engine at Cayuteango and rode in the cab through what the trainmen called "Golden Gate park." This is a beautiful stretch of coffee plantations, palms of every sort and gorgeous foliage generously intermingled with brilliant hued blossoms. Houses through this region are all made of palm thatch and the people, particularly the children, live in nearly a naked state.

Although the writer was told she was the first woman to ride in the cab of that train in 30 years, she was in doubt as to whether to register enthusiasm or not. The engine happens to be a standard-gauge one, while the track is narrow-gauge and the combination resulted in a bump-the-bumps effect, each bump representing a black and blue spot somewhere on the writer's anatomy.

The first hint of civilization and comfort this side of Mexico City is the railroad lunch room, a little pagoda-like building with tiled floors and rest rooms and tablecloths and ice cream. It, too, is operated by Americans, in competition with the open-air market across the way, where the women sell fried chicken, tortillas, corn cakes and numerous other questionable foods.

In the heat of mid-afternoon the train ascends the slope of the volcano Agua that was responsible for the burial of the ancient capital of Antigua. At Palin on the continental divide, the extra engine taken on at Escuintla is unhooked and one races into an upland country that is dotted here and there with sugar refineries. Around Lake Amititlan and at last into Guatemala itself the train speedily carries one.

Peculiar looking, indeed, is the city. No skyscrapers here, no towers, few cathedral domes, mostly ruins. This is the land of earthquakes and the one that laid such waste two years ago taught a lesson on the subject of quakeproof walls. The structures are nearly all of one story, some few are two and there is one three-story building. From every block bricks and mortar are being removed or else employed in reconstruction work.

Industries Are Awakening.

Industries, long slumbering, are once more picking up, now that the land appears free from revolutions for a while. One of the new enterprises that is being gone into is bee culture, and it is possible to procure honey as sweet as nectar, put up in neat glass jars. Much of this is now being shipped to the United States.

If one is to continue down the west coast he leaves the land of the marimba by way of San Jose, which, with Champerico, ships much of the mahogany of Guatemala. It is through San Jose that there not infrequently passes a quantity of Oregon goods brought by the boats from San Francisco. Canned salmon and canned fruits, dried fruits and flour come in, also hops, 20 tons of them annually for the breweries. Since the earthquake a good many shingles have been imported for roofing, and some Oregon pine for general construction purposes. Guatemala grows some pine itself, and it is a peculiar sight to see the rough boards, still green, for there is no seasoning of this wood, going into houses.

At Acajutla and La Libertad, as in San Jose, cargo was removed from the ship by lighters and consisted of general merchandise. La Libertad is notable principally for its bathing beach and a surf that is like going into a warm tub. La Union has excellent dock facilities and offers as an additional attraction a section of the Salvadorian navy, one ancient tub, beached nearby for repairs or salvage.

Amapala in Honduras is reached by going around a number of volcanic islands and back again into the same bay. It has three parks, a fort on a hillside, a wooden church that is having stone banked up in front of it so that it will be a stone church, a dirty marketplace full of files and lumps of extremely dark brown sugar, and a mayor, who has been a physician and surgeon, and an American consul, and has twice been in jail. The writer found him most sociable and felt duly honored when he invited her into the alcaldia to stand on the balcony while a remnant of the Honduranean army in motley shoes and what looked like cast-off janitor's garb lined up in front and saluted when he drew in the blue and white flag.

Rowboat Hired at Corinto.

At Corinto it was possible to hire a rowboat and two oarsmen and journey into the bush to the mainland. The route was through numerous islands and channels in a placid estuary where many of the tropical birds that some day shall sit on my lady's hat make their home. The end of the five-mile journey brought the boat to Realejo, an almost forgotten town of grass huts with a very old and crude church as its main attraction. This church, besides providing a home for a numerous family of iguanas or lizards, each about two feet long and resembling healthy young alligators, housed strange and dilapidated images, an old bishop's chair and the somewhat rare figure of Saint Negro, the black saint of the colored man.

Several more days of journeying on clear blue seas flecked with porpoises and flying fish and several more nights lit with tropical starlight and phosphorescent waters brought the traveler to the canal, where a whole slice of the United States has been transplanted among the palms and bouganvillas and where there are enough cool breezes, at least in February, to allow one to forget for a few days the "manana" habit of Mexico and Central America.

TEACHING CHILD TO WORK IS DECLARED DUTY OF PARENTS

Training Before Age of Seven Is Said to Be Most Important—Putting Away Toys Suggested as First Lesson for Young.

This article by Mrs. Hargreaves is one of a series appearing in The Sunday Oregonian on the care and rearing of children. Mrs. Hargreaves, who is a Portland mother, has made a long and careful study of this subject. Questions pertaining to children will be answered. They should be addressed to Mrs. Hargreaves in care of The Oregonian.

BY SHEBA CHILDS HARGREAVES.

THE American public has been thoroughly aroused in the last few years to the evil of profiting from the labor of little children. This is as it should be: the rigid labor laws which many states have adopted are excellent. No right-minded American parent will allow his growing child to work long hours at regular employment; in fact, the average parent is apt to err on the other side and bring up his boys and girls in complete idleness. There is a happy middle ground here which foresighted fathers and mothers are taking.

I am a firm believer in the gospel of work. I take issue with certain of the clergy who affirm that work is a curse sent as a punishment on mankind. It is the greatest blessing that was given to the human race; without it the race would still be groping in darkness with civilization an impossibility.

Work Declared Joy.

The success of any individual is determined by his attitude toward work. He is happy in just the measure that he is capable of performing his tasks. The most satisfactory lasting joy in life is in work well done. I would not rob the child of this joy by allowing him complete idleness in the time which he has free.

We have here, in this generation, another reaction from the stern uncompromising discipline of the last generation. Many parents, remembering their hard and rather unlovely childhood, have resolved that their children shall not know the hard work and heavy responsibility which fell to their lot. They are determined that their children shall be happy and care-free, so they studiously relieve the boys and girls of all responsibility; and the idleness which breeds so much trouble for our young folk today is the result.

Every human being has to shoulder more or less responsibility at some time during his life, and the earlier he learns the better for his future welfare. I do not mean putting heavy burdens on slender shoulders. Duties of children must be light and fitted to their years and mental development. Thus, a very young child learns his first lesson in responsibility through his toys—he must put them away when he has finished his play. This is his first lesson in the relation between privilege and duty—as his understanding increases the lessons become more complex.

Child' Labor Unprofitable.

I hear some mother say, at this juncture, that it is easier to put away the playthings herself than it is to sit patiently by and see that the child does it. It is easier—it is right here that the mother needs training. No parent need expect to profit very much from the work of children; it requires the most infinite patience to stand over a child and see that work is done correctly—but the fact that training a child is real work is no excuse for neglecting parental obligation.

The parent who wishes to train his child wisely and well, so as to bring out the best in him and fit him for an efficient life, must see him in his cradle, not as a child, but as a potential man. The traits of character which are to show forth in the man are brought out by careful training in the young child. A boy, raised in complete idleness, will not wake up at 7 o'clock the morning when he is 21, seize a dinner pail and start off to work, and yet, this is exactly what parents and society in general expect of young men. Small wonder that we have so much trouble with our boys and very young men. The idle boy is in nine cases out of ten an idle, dissipated man.

Early Training Important.

Another excuse of parents is that the child is too young to learn to work—Just wait until he is older and understands better and it will be easier to train him. This is an absolute fallacy. The most important training is done before the child is 7 years old. If foundations are carefully laid, the after training is not so difficult, though the teaching of children is never at any stage a light task. It is not to be done by fits and starts, but is a matter that must be attended to daily or even hourly where young children are concerned.

Of course, conditions in the city are against the boy's learning habits of industry. The labor laws prohibit fixed employment through the summer vacation to boys under 14 years, that is, in factories or at any work which is considered hazardous, so that the boys simply roam the streets, where they are constantly hatching up all sorts of mischief. The life of the parents of an untrained boy of from 12 to 14 years is not exactly a round of joy. The adolescent boy under the very best circumstances is a trial to those with whom he comes in contact. But his salvation depends many times on the wise choice of his work, as well as his play.

Paper Carrying Good.

The home in the suburbs with a good-sized patch of ground where he may work off his surplus energy by raising a garden or keeping chickens has successfully solved the boy problem in many families. Even in the city if fathers are really interested in cultivating habits of industry in their offspring something may be found for them to do that will not be hazardous nor conflict in any way with the labor laws.

Carrying papers is excellent work for the growing boy; it develops the sense of responsibility—the papers must be delivered at a certain time, no matter what the weather conditions are, nor can this task be put aside for boyish pastimes; it simply must be done, or there are disagreeable consequences to follow. Then, too, the collecting and the handling of money give training in the methods of business which are of great value in after years. And yet I know parents who hold that their boys are above this menial work, supposing that it is only people in dire poverty who allow their boys to carry papers.

False Pride Scored.

This false pride is responsible for much of the idleness in both boys and girls; in other words, it is the parents' silly attitude toward labor. The girl must be brought up to be a fine lady, so mother does the menial tasks to keep daughter's hands white. By the time daughter is 14 mother's status in the family is that of a favorite slave. Daughter later pays dearly for her lack of knowledge of the simple household arts which every woman should understand, even if it is not necessary to practice them, but besides this she suffers all through life from the lack of training which the daily performance of these same light tasks would have given her.

I do not wish to be construed as favoring all work and no play. No sane parent would think of forcing a growing child to tasks beyond his strength, nor of depriving his child of the daily hours of outdoor play, which are needed for his physical and mental development. Then there is such a thing as forcing children to tasks which they naturally despise, such as washing dishes. It is far better to vary the work from day to day and from week to week in order to keep up some sort of an interest, which helps to make work seem a little more like play.

Bribing Declared Bad.

The custom of paying children for doing the common tasks about the home is to my way of thinking very bad for the children. They very soon refuse to do anything for which they are not paid and they have even been known to demand a rise in wages. The work about the home belongs to those who share the privileges of the home, and the child must understand this very early in life and so be willing to do his share that no one member of the family shall be overburdened. In other words, he must be taught to see himself in his correct relation to the family, as he later must see himself in relation to that greater family, the community at large.

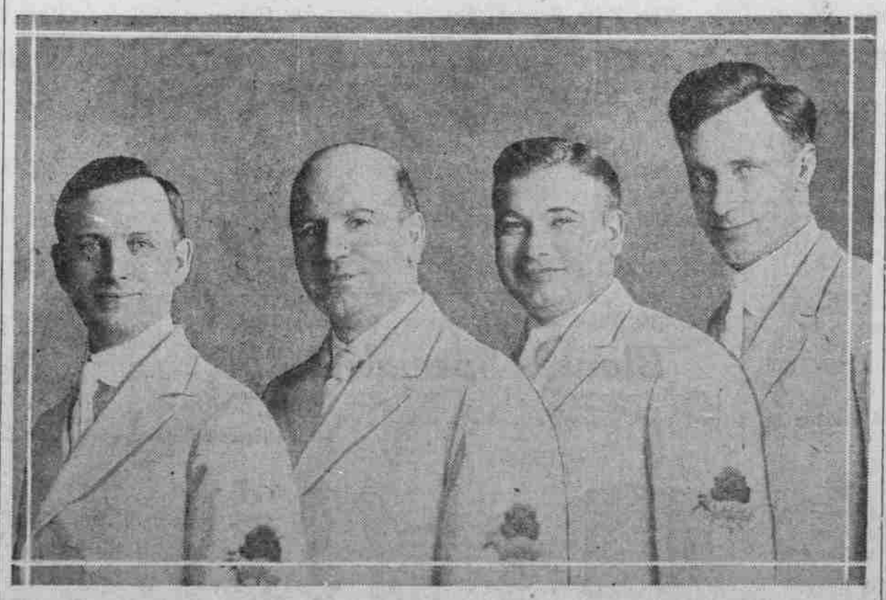
I cannot hold out the hope to young parents that teaching children to work is easy; it is the most difficult part of the training. So far as I know, no child ever worked very much unless there was outside pressure brought to bear on him. For that matter, the grown man or woman who works merely for the love of work is the exception rather than the rule.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Hargreaves: Kindly give a list of garments which should be provided for an expected baby. Will you also tell me something about how the clothes should be thing about how the clothes should be

I have prepared an article on clothing for the young baby, which I hope will meet your needs. Please let me know if you wish any further information.

ROSARIAN QUARTET, REORGANIZED, HAS BUSY SEASON.



—Davies Photo.

LEFT TO RIGHT—HARRY WHETSEL, WARREN A. ERWIN, MARK DANIELS AND WALTER R. JENKINS.

Many new and old friends of the Rosarian male voice quartet are glad to know of the continued success of these singers as public entertainers during the present busy season. This year the quartet has been reorganized and the present membership is: Harry Whetsel, first tenor; Warren A. Erwin, second tenor; Mark Daniels, first bass, and Walter R. Jenkins, second bass. Their voices harmonize and blend to a satisfactory degree, and their singing has won cordial commendation lately from large audiences. Last Sunday the quartet sang at Corvalis, Or., to students of the Oregon Agricultural college, and the songs—from rollicking to selections of quieter moods—were much appreciated. The collection amounted to about $100. The women's gymnasium—floor, balcony, bleachers and hallways—was crowded with students, who led in volleys of applause after renditions of solos and chorus, also community singing.

SANITARY SUGAR BOWL IS INVENTION OF PORTLAND MAN.

LITTLE GIRL REMOVING LUMP OF SUGAR FROM CONTAINER.

A sanitary sugar bowl, constructed especially to prevent the contamination of sugar in restaurants and public establishments, has been invented by J. H. Webb, Venable hotel, a lieutenant in the United States naval reserve. Mr. Webb has applied for a patent on the invention and expects to start the manufacture of the bowls in Portland in the near future.

The sugar is held in rotating columns over a simple trapdoor in the bottom. From this trap the cubes are easily removed, lump by lump, as desired. This prevents dust, dirt or contact with individual spoons.

The bowl as a sanitary improvement has been indorsed by Dr. George Parrish, city health officer.

PRECIOUS HISTORICAL RECORDS NEED FIREPROOF BUILDING

Important Documents of United States Now Scattered in Various Departments of Government.

THE most important chronicles of some ancient nations have come down to present generations engraved on porphyry and marble. The United States, however, having existed wholly in an "age of paper," has all its most precious historical records in the form of paper documents, which can easily be destroyed by fire and injured by dampness, extreme dryness or rough handling.

A recent fire which destroyed irreplaceable records in the census bureau at Washington, and an almost simultaneous fire in the state capitol of West Virginia, which practically wiped out the archives of that state, have reinforced the argument of those urging that a fireproof hall of records be built in Washington so the federal government's priceless papers may be kept in safety. What some of the most important and best known of these documents are and where they are kept is told in the following bulletin issued by the National Geographical society:

"While the constitution is the most important document possessed by the United States, the Declaration of Independence comes first among our great state papers in point of time and probably in the hearts of the American people. The original of this challenge to tyranny which, like the shot fired at Lexington, has been heard round the world, and has helped to mold monarchies and colonies into republics, is in the hands of the department of state and is kept in a steel case in the state, war and navy building, which adjoins the White House on the west. The original constitution is locked in the same case, which may therefore be considered the steel ark of the covenant of the government of the United States.

* * *

"Washington's farewell address may fairly be considered one of the greatest papers produced in the 145 years of the republic's independence. This document is not owned by the federal government, but is kept in the New York public library at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue.

* * *

"The next paper to stand out as a milepost in the shaping of a national policy is the message to congress by President Monroe proclaiming the Monroe doctrine. The original message is in the files of the senate in the capitol building at Washington.

* * *

"The Gettysburg address of Lincoln, scrawled in longhand, is in the library of congress at Washington. This address, now considered one of the great orations of the world, attracted little attention when it was delivered. In the newspaper reports of the following day it was subordinated to the long, flowery speech of Edward Everett, delivered from the same platform. The speech was published, however, as an important fact; for by the time of the civil war and to a rapidly increasing extent since, newspapers, by multiplying copies of important documents, have made their content safe from destruction, even though the prized originals may be lost. By still another step applied science has multiplied the form of famous records as well as their wording. Because of the photographic copies that have been made today even a school child may be as familiar with the appearance of the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence as the favored few who have looked upon the treasured originals.

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A legal difference between a "registered trade-mark" and a simple "trade-mark" was brought out in the supreme court decision in the suit of the Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards company of Louisiana, Mo., for damages against the William P. Stark nurseries of Stark City, Mo.

When the decision was handed down it was announced that the StarkBros. Nurseries company had lost this suit. The statement was correct, but the inference placed upon a brief report of the decision was misleading. The Stark Bros. Nurseries company had won in the United States circuit court of appeals a suit for damages against the William P. Stark nurseries and also an injunction restraining the latter from using the family name for a trade-mark. This circuit court decision limited the damages to begin from the time when notice of registration of the trade-mark was served.

Upon this limitation only the Stark Bros. Nurseries company appealed to the supreme court. It was this appeal against limiting the damages that the supreme court denied. In its decision the supreme court said:

"The infringement that is sued for is an infringement of a registered trade-mark, not infringement of a trade-mark."

The court said the plaintiff had rights in the trade-mark prior to the date of its registration, but that those rights were not involved under the statute under which the appeal to the supreme court was made.

* * *

"Lincoln's emancipation proclamation is in the library of the state department in Washington, and there, too, are all the treaties entered into by the United States from that of 1778 with the French and that of 1783, which closed the revolution, down to the present. Among these perhaps the most interesting are those which have contributed to the great territorial growth of the country.

"There is the treaty of 1803 with France, which arranged for what is probably the greatest real estate 'deal' in history—the Louisiana purchase."

* * *

For more than half a century an old brick house has towered down on passersby in H street. It has looked precisely as it looked on that dark day when Abraham Lincoln lay dead from an assassin's bullet and Mrs. Mary E. Surratt was haled forth from the old structure to pay with her life for complicity in the assassination plot.

The house was a boarding place then, a plain-faced, three-story, rambling structure said to have been branded by President Johnson, in approving the death sentence on Mrs. Surratt, as "the nest which hatched the egg" of the plot for Lincoln's murder. Through the years it has stood decaying amid its sinister memories, unmarked among historic buildings of the capital.

Now it is to give way to modern needs. Its walls, whose bricks seem still to whisper with almost forgotten intrigues will come toppling down and hardly a sign of the old remain in the glass fronted store the remodelers will erect from the ruins.

By an odd chance the old building has been occupied until recently by the daughter and grand-daughter of a woman who was in girlhood a close friend of Mrs. Surratt. George A. Atzerott and Louis Payne also were arrested there in connection with the plot and in later years there was some talk that the structure might serve as a museum for Lincoln relics, but it never bore fruit. Now the march of progress is to trample over it and obliterate its dark associations forever.

Mystic rites of childhood for wart removal, involving shivery midnight visits to lonesome, spook-infested graveyards, the use of a rabbit's left hind foot with proper incantations, and the like, may yet be necessary to chase warts off potatoes.

At least, the department of agriculture has not so far found other means to do the job. Its official witches have steamed, boiled, dosed and otherwise assailed the wart with inconclusive results, according to a report just published. They have not given up, however, and still hope to eradicate the plant disease from the country.

Potatoe wart infection is now limited to a small area in Pennsylvania, due to a 1912 importation of "spuds," which later proved to be undesirable aliens. The experts have tried all sorts of chemical treatment of the soil and even steamed the ground before planting, but without complete success.

* * *

A nice tasty dish of live grasshoppers is much favored in the preferred menus of 23 out of 27 species of birds of which the epicurean peculiarities have been noted by government experts. Farmers are urged to form leagues of war with any tribes of lark sparrows, meadow larks, Franklin gulls, Arkansas kingbirds, crow blackbirds and common kingbird that show up around the farm, thereby obtaining the services of a vigilant and hungry air patrol against raiding "hoppers." The farmer could show his good faith in the alliance, the experts say, by "killing stray cats and chasing off unscrupulous hunters."

"Probably there are not enough birds in the country to clean up a full-strength invasion of grasshoppers, such as western farmers have come to dread," the government bulletin says, "but the birds assist materially in efforts to control the pest."

* * *

Does anybody want a bull buffalo? If so, speak up, for Uncle Sam has 20 of assorted sizes and including a frisky, one-year calf, to give away.

"Here," says the forest service announcement, "is an excellent opportunity to get a real, live buffalo—not as gentle, perhaps, as a kitten, but, nevertheless, a nice pet if you have plenty of room to keep him, surrounded by a 12-foot double-ply, woven-wire fence, and the price of two tons of hay a year."

The buffalo are the surplus of the flourishing herd in Witchita National forest, started 15 years ago with 15 head, but now numbering 150. There are too many bulls for domestic tranquility in the herd and you can have one free by paying the cost of crating and hauling.

* * *

President Harding has played "barnyard golf" and greatly enjoyed it, according to his secretary, George B. Christian, who, in a letter to the Lake Worth Horseshoe club, announced that Mr. Harding greatly appreciated the distinction the club had conferred upon him by making him an honorary member.

ACTOR RETURNS TO NORTH

"Rag Time" Kelly, Old Time Thespian, Again in Alaska.

ANCHORAGE, Alaska. — Frank Kelly, veteran actor, who, in the gold stampede days of '98, was known in the Dawson and Koyukuk camps as "Ragtime" Kelly, has returned to the northland.

Friends of the comedian say years ago he named the town of Coldfoot, located far above the Arctic circle. There had been a rush of prospectors to the camp, then the "farthest north" mining district, and a name for the place was wanted. Kelly, one of the prospectors, suggested "cold foot" because many who went to the spot got "cold feet" as he expressed it, and turned back.

Later Kelly prospected in the Koyukuk district, he recalled, and staked a claim on what he thought was Emma creek, where it was thought gold could be found. Soon Kelly found that his claim was not on Emma creek but on a gulch far from the stream. To this day the gulch is known as "Kelly's Mistake."

Furs Worth $1,000,000.

EDMONTON, Alberta.—Raw furs, worth about $1,000,000, have reached here on their way to London, England, from the Mackenzie river and Arctic ocean posts of the Hudson's Bay and Northern Trading companies.