THE ACTOR HORSE AND *The* PART HE PLAYS

Animals That Do the Chariot Race in Production of Ben Hur

MASTERS of modern stagecraft have found it possible and expedient to use horses in helping out the realism of a scene or in giving vitality to a "knock out" effect. Notable examples that come to view at once are "Ben Hur," "The Round Up," "In Old Kentucky," "The Girl Rangers," "'Way Down East" and "Checkers." There are 30 other plays in which the "big" scene depends on equine actors, but those mentioned serve the purpose for the moment.

Horses and Their "Turns."

In "Ben Hur" more than any other stage production horses play a tremendously importan' part, for the crux of that splendid spectacle is the race scene, in which from 8 to 20 horses are employed, according to the extent of stage room available. The scene shows a Roman arena prepared for a chariot race, in which the chief contestants are Hur and his arch enemy Messala, and the spectators know the combat for supremacy will be to the death. The scene before, wherein the Roman dandies are betting their talents on either man, as their fancy and judgment dictates, prepares the spectator for the wonderfully exciting and enthralling picture of luxury and magnificence which is to follow.

Hur, mounted in his chariot and driving four splendid horses that tug and strain their harness, is holding them carefully under control while watching his rival, and both come on with a rush and dash which never slackens until Hur has triumphed over his enemy and forever silenced that envious tongue. The horses leap forward under the lash, while foam flecks their necks and sides, and as the contest grows to its close, the nervous tension is such that people rise in their seats and shout out words of encouragement to the Judean prince, while the more timid members of the audience sit with bated breath watching and waiting for the end of the fearsome struggle. It is all very magnificent and thrilling, and once seen will never be forgotten.

Different Uses.

Far different is the use to which horses are put in "The Round Up," the latest of the successes which Klaw & Erlanger have staged, and which is now repeating en tour the triumph scored in New York at the New Amsterdam theatre and in Chicago at McVicker's theatre. As the title of the play indicates, "The Round Up" concerns itself with the wild, free life of the west, its scenes being laid in Arizona and New Mexico—and splendid pictures of the spacious ranges they are, too. It is not until the third act that horses play conspicuous roles in the development of the atmosphere—their use is principally for that purpose, as they have no special dramatic value in plot development as in "Ben Hur," but as "atmospheric" material they become very important and are about the best remembered portion of the play.

This act shows a gorge in the "bad lands," which border the Arizona line, a land infested with Apaches and teeming with reptilian life but otherwise dead, a land where the pitiless Arizona sun beats furiously, turning the blue of heaven to a dun bronze, while all vegetation, save a few scrubby cacti, shrivels and dies in the intense heat. Lava crags rise on all sides, reaching into the reddened atmosphere as if seeking to escape from the "land of dead things" which they themselves created. On one side of the scene a perilous pathway clings to the face of the declivity and as the curtain rises, down this pathway a score or more silent Indian braves, in the full panoply of war, ride their ponies, taking careful heed of the way, for a false step means death to steed and rider. The warriors disappear around a rock only to reappear at the back of the stage and ride on silently into the further depths of the valley. The effect is weird and awesome and prepares the spectators for the fierce battle which presently rages between the Indians and the United States troops.

Group of Cowboys.

Horses are again put to use in the closing act of the melodrama, when a regular "round up" is in progress and the wide expanse of plain is shown. Here a group of cowboys gives an exhibition of broncho busting and all of the characters make their entrances on horseback.

In the almost classic story of love and adventure revealed "In Old Kentucky" the horse plays a great role. Queen Bess, the pride and joy of Frank Layson's heart, and the mainstay of his fortune, is the pivot around which the plot revolves. In the second act the beautiful creature is paraded for the delight of Layson's guests; is ridden by pretty little Madge, and is finally rescued by her from the burning stable where the horse is kept. In the next act Madge sacrifices her reputation and, disguising herself as a jockey, rides Queen Bess to victory. In this act the audience is shown a glimpse of the paddock and betting ring, just as the horses are going to post and half a dozen fine animals are paraded out of the paddock. Later these same horses make a dash across the stage at the finish of the great race, which saves Layson's wealth and gives him a bride.

Brady & Grismer, owners of "Way Down East," put horses into every act of the play for the sole purpose of giving it rural verisimilitude. A scraggy, scrubby animal, looking fit only to die, is used by the constable in the first act, and a comfortable looking family horse is attached to Doc Wiggins' chaise; the Bartlett spring wagon has a good piece of horseflesh hitched to it, and Lennox Sanderson, the "bad man" of the play, rides a spanking pacer when he visits the squire. In the second act and in the closing scene of the play horses are utilized to draw on and off the stage the big sleighs which make up some of the realism of the drama.

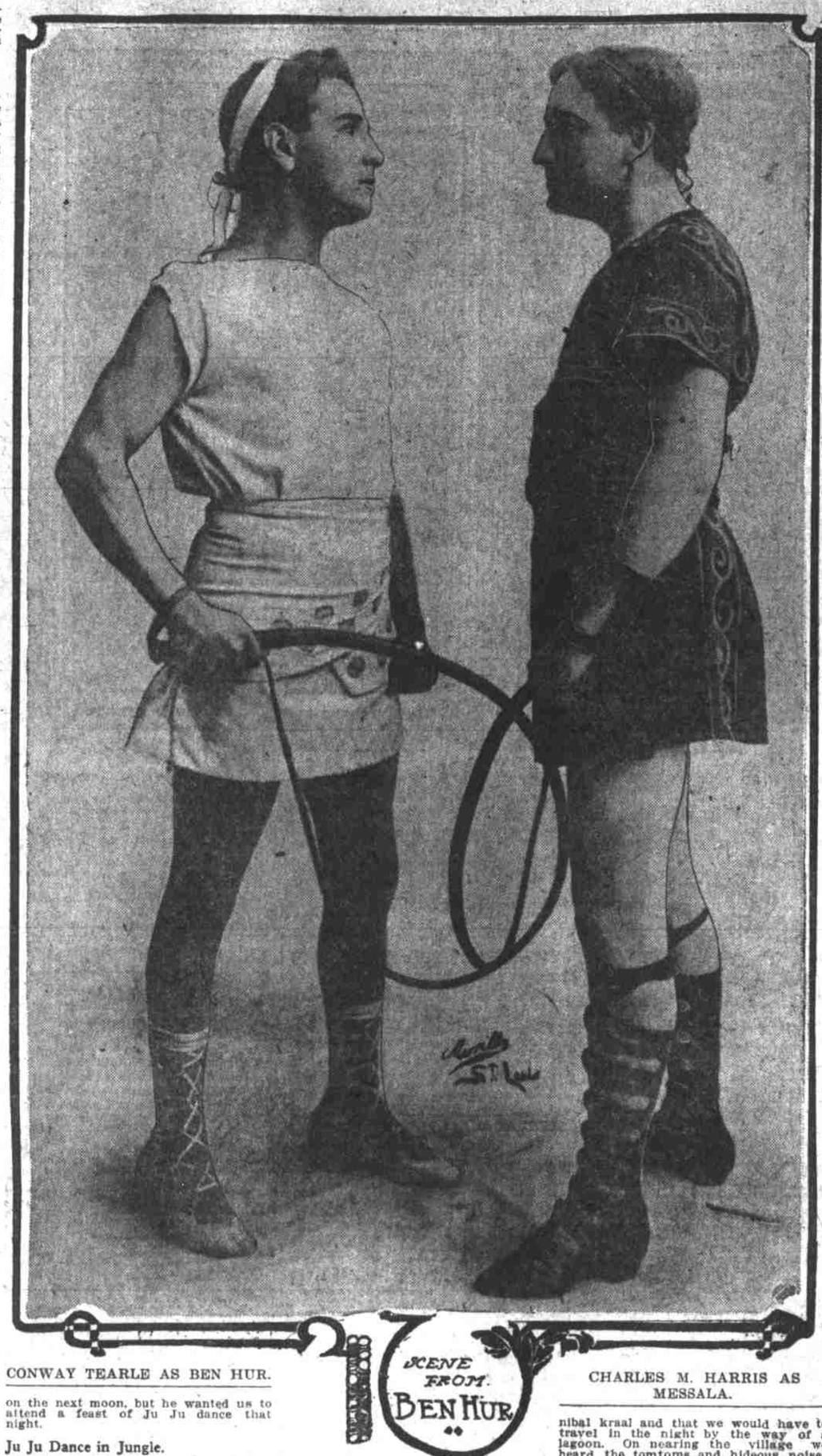
In Other Plays.

In such plays as "Shenandoah," "Lost River," "Home Folks," "The Last of the Rohans" and "The Clansman" the horse becomes of vital interest to the plot because he is used to bring safety from peril and victory to the oppressed. In "Home Folks" a horse saves the life of the heroine's brother; in "The Clansman" horses are used to track the murderer of the little girl; in "Shenandoah" the fine black horse which brings Sheridan from Winchester saves the day for the union troops and turns defeat into victory; in "Lost River" the fleet foot of a horse saves the life of the hero, and in "The Last of the Rohans" the speed of the hero's steed enables him to protect his sweetheart from the villain and his emissaries.

Purely for purposes of race scenes the horse has been employed with much effect in "The Suburban," "Sporting Life," "The Sporting Duchess," "Checkers," "The Country Circus," "The County Fair," "The Derby Winner" and a dozen other melodramas and comedies.

Recently horses have taken a place in the cosmogony of the musical piece and in "The Girl Rangers," a musical comedy with the west as its locale, a chorus girls ride in, singing the song of the plains. The effect of the pretty women on pretty ponies is a beautiful one and the entrance of horses into musical comedy has been effected with eclat.

But it is in "Ben Hur" that the horse as an actor and as a factor in dramatic values shines with greatest glory. In that fine dramatization of the most wonderful book of a century the animals driven by Hur are a vital and pulsating part of the story, and as necessary to it as the hero and heroine. And so perfectly have Klaw & Erlanger realized the possibilities of the great chariot race there remains nothing to be asked in the matter of transferring to the stage scenes of actuality.



CONWAY TEARLE AS BEN HUR.

SCENE FROM BEN HUR

CHARLES M. HARRIS AS MESSALA.

PRESIDENT'S TRIP TO AFRICA DANGEROUS

Broken in health, and his mind teeming with the recollection of remarkable experiences through which he passed, Walter Harris Gregory is in Seattle on the way to his Australian home, after penetrating to the depths of the African jungle with Professor Lorenz, who sought to learn the monkey language. Gregory and the scientist escaped from the heart of the Dark Continent barely with their lives. They passed through the land of the ferocious pigmies and, captives in the hands of cannibals, beheld the primal natives hew their living victims to pieces, bit by bit. Gregory asserts ex-President Roosevelt will have no picnic when he reaches the swamps of the interior, and declares the present executive of the nation may consider himself fortunate if he ever reaches the outer world again.

By Walter Harris Gregory.

THE hunting trip which has been arranged for President Roosevelt will not be the picnic pictured by the press, as the obstacles which no amount of money can overcome will confront him in his travels through the jungles.

First of all is the deadly malaria fever, which malady 90 per cent of white men contract and which is fatal in 30 per cent of the cases. Second, there are the hostile tribes north of Uganda, and third, the great danger of revolt on the part of the porters or carriers. This action of the jungle men is a common occurrence, and it often leaves the hunters without food or water, to the mercy of wild natives. It is true Mr. Selous, the famous African hunter and explorer, has carefully mapped out the route to be taken, and has also arranged the necessary equipment and general plan of the trip, but Mr. Selous has mostly confined his expeditions among friendly tribes and has been escorted by a strong body guard, like Sir Henry M. Stanley on his expeditions into the interior.

After leaving Uganda the president will strike miles of swamps and marshes of decayed vegetation which are almost impassable for white men on foot. Members of the party must be carried on litters by the natives; no pleasant experience for the travelers, as the carriers fall every few minutes in the swamp. One of the obstacles the president will have to contend with will be the scarcity of water, and he will be forced to take sufficient to last his party many weeks after leaving Nairobi and Lake Victoria.

President Should Invade Congo.

It is to be regretted that the president has decided not to enter the Belgian territory, especially the Congo state, where King Leopold's dastardly atrocities are so much in evidence. The Congo is the trading base of all the African jungle. A visit to it would give Mr. Roosevelt an insight into the enormous products of the interior. Also, the Congo swarms with crocodiles and the two horned vipers; also the python may be seen along the banks. The Congo river offers a world of research to the naturalist, as the lagoons which open into the river are bedecked with palms, ferns, climbers, rubber vines and plants, lilacs and orchids of the greatest brilliancy of color.

My experience with interior Africa traveling was gained on a recent trip into the jungle to study the ape.

The Zoological society of Berlin donated $30,000 for the purpose of paying the expenses of Professor Lorenz to investigate the monkey language. Accordingly the professor procured the latest machines and instruments for receiving sounds and recording all kinds of noises. The remainder of the equipment consisted of food for six months, arms, ammunition and a steel cage 10 by 12 feet in size, cameras, etc. I joined the expedition.

After 21 days of steaming the steamship Coomassie from Liverpool dropped anchor 135 miles up the Niger river, where we procured 100 carriers or Kroo boys, as they are called, to pack our equipment 75 miles into the heart of the jungle, a journey of four days owing to the density of the undergrowth and the marshy swamps encountered.

First Night in the Cage.

Not until we had dispensed with our carriers and found ourselves afar from the civilized world did we realize our weird position, safe for the night in our iron cage, but surrounded by immense trees which shut out nearly all light. Screeching parrots and chattering monkies added to the distant roar of lions and other animals reminded one of a zoological garden. Sleep was out of the question. We were bombarded with showers of cocoanuts by the monkeys, who were holding a council of war in the trees. Jaguars and leopards were prowling about eyeing us with curiosity. Suddenly we heard loud barking and growling above us. We discovered a huge gorilla who was evidently holding conversation with his mate. At that moment a huge black lion made a dash at the cage. We both felt somewhat nervous. The professor lighted a brilliant red lantern ball which had a most startling effect, and was certainly one of the most gorgeous sights imaginable. The illumination scared away the larger animals and caused a panic among the monkeys and parrots in the trees.

We then lay down in our hammocks, hoping to get a little rest, when we saw a hugh black form on top of the cage.

"Shine the electric lamp!" shouted the professor. Doing so we were horrified by seeing a hugh cobra about 25 feet long gradually crawling inside our cage. The professor seized his revolver and poured four shots into the beast's head. The report of the gun caused pandemonium among the other animals. Mosquites as large as flies with an occasional Tete fly kept us busy, notwithstanding we both had double mosquito bowers. The usual preventive "tar rope was of no avail. At last the light of day began to make its welcome appearance and with it we were treated to a real jungle cambat between a gorilla and a baboon, a sight I doubt ever witnessed before by any traveler or explorer of the dark continent.

Gorilla and Baboon Fight.

Breaking of branches intermixed with loud barking, grew nearer and nearer.

"What can that be?" queried the professor.

"It must be an elephant," I replied, but the professor believed it was natives. We were both deceived, as we espied a large gorilla standing erect and showing his teeth like a bull dog, snarling defiance to a baboon that stood against a tree protecting her young. With one wild spring the gorilla landed on the baboon. Then commenced the fierce battle.

The baboon received the gorilla by side-stepping like a man, and then planting her teeth in her assailant's throat. Over they rolled together, clinched, tearing chunks of flesh from each other.

Five times they broke away. At last the gorilla literally disemboweled the baboon, but not before the baboon had severed the other's wind pipe. With one last howl the baboon fell over with the gorilla on top, both dying in the heap.

The professor secured many pictures and the phonograph recorded the fight. After partaking of breakfast we decided to venture out of the cage to examine the bodies of the combatants. What to do with the bodies was the most serious question as we knew that other animals would be attracted. With great efforts, owing to the weight, we dragged them some 100 yards away. No sooner had we returned to the cage when we saw two pumas devouring the bodies.

Professor Stricken With Fever.

Just after finishing our evening meal the professor complained of a violent headache and pains in his limbs. His temperature I found registered 101. Quinine and antipyrine were administered, but to my horror he began to rave hysterically. I persuaded him to lie quiet and try to sleep. Sleeping powders I administered, but to no avail, as he was in a delirium. What was I to do? Visions of madmen flashed through my brain. I was alone. No help was near, and I was unable to leave the cage. The situation was desperate in the extreme.

Suddenly the professor jumped up, seized a repeating rifle and fired rapidly at imaginary enemies. I mad a dash for the medicine chest. Procuring one grain of morphine, I hastily mixed it in a glass of whiskey, which I managed to get him to take. Much to my relief, the medicine soon had the desired effect. With a moan the professor swooned and fell heavily, smashing valuable instruments. I then bound him securely to his hammock.

That night of anxious vigil I shall never forget. After 32 hours the professor became semi-conscious.

Five weary days passed before he was convalescent.

Captured by Natives.

As we were in the act of adjusting a phonograph, we heard a series of low whistles, which were undoubtedly from human beings. Nearer and nearer they sounded.

"Get your rifle," whispered the professor. "See those bushes moving? We are surrounded by natives." Just then I caught sight of a most hideous specimen of humanity, who was crawling on all fours, carrying a bow and arrows. I saw myself slain and eaten alive.

"Keep cool," warned the professor. "They may be from a friendly tribe."

He had no sooner spoken than some 70 natives sprang as if from the earth and ran at the cage. They first commenced dancing around, yelling and making hideous grimaces; finally one big warrior poked his spear through the bars. The professor grew deadly pale and I was shaking like a leaf.

"It is all up," said he. "Hide your revolver and let us give them food and our rifles."

He then opened the gate. The natives swarmed inside, eagerly examining our instruments, broke open boxes of provisions, tasting everything in sight. Two big bucks seized me, constantly jabbing me with a spear. The ordeal and suspense were frightful. What were they going to do with us?

Presently the chief, who was bedecked with ivory teeth round his neck and wore an elaborate regalia on his head, made signs, whereupon his followers gathered around him. They then seized hold of us and carried us for miles to their village. We were then placed in a hut with two warriors guarding the entrance. Outside we could plainly hear the fiends holding a council of war.

Much to our astonishment a warrior brought us a calabash, or bowl, filled with horrible looking meat, and a bladder of water. Then we knew they were friendly.

The chief appeared with a warrior, who, much to our satisfaction, could speak a little English, as he belonged to another tribe called the Fantees. He told us that the big chief thanked us for the guns and food, and that he would furnish us with guides to Fort Abrassa, on the next moon, but he wanted us to attend a feast of Ju Ju dance that night.

Ju Ju Dance in Jungle.

Seated round a blazing fire with a large iron pot containing monkey legs and pal moll we found the natives preparing the food for the feast. The chief and his warriors were seated, awaiting the arrival of the medicine man or Ju Ju priest. In the center of the circle stood two warriors holding two captives of a hostile tribe who were to be sacrificed for the king. At a given sign the priest with a majestic swing entered the circle and pointing to the moon made a speech. Therupon the miserable captives were tied to nearby trees with palm reeds.

The warriors began yelling and dancing around in the weird light. Suddenly the priest advanced toward the king, who in turn made signs to the warriors, who proceeded to chop off limb by limb the arms and legs of the captives. Lastly the heads were cut off and carried to the king on a spear. After this gruesome sight the whole tribe did obeisance to the moon by going on all fours, bowing their heads and beating the tomtoms or drums.

Visiting the Pigmy Tribe.

The following morning the Fantee warrior came to our kraal and notified us that he was ready to escort us on our journey to a British trading station. After taking leave of the king, our guide led us to a lagoon where we embarked in a canoe which was manned by 12 stalwart warriors who sang war songs as they paddled. Our interpreter informed us that we would have to go through the Pygmy land. The scenery we were now passing was magnificent. The foliage, and the plumage of the birds were most brilliant.

Four days of paddling brought us to the mighty Congo, where we engaged an interpreter of the Benin tribe, who contracted to guide us through the Pigmy district.

As most people are aware the Pigmies are the smallest people on earth. Some of them are black and some of them are red. They wander from place to place and sleep under a bush. Some of them sleep in small huts made like a bee hive, about four feet high. The door is only about 18 inches wide. Beds are made of sticks covered with leaves. The Pigmies live entirely by hunting, using nothing but bows and arrows, which they shoot with great rapidity.

A Pigmy will discharge four arrows, one after the other, the last being in the air before the first has hit the marsh. Elephant hunting is their favorite pastime. They dig large holes, covering them over with palm leaves; then decoy the elephant over the pit. When he falls they shoot hundreds of arrows into his head.

Although the Pigmy is small in stature he is very brave, and all the other tribes are afraid of him. His height varies from three feet, nine inches to four feet, and his weight is fifty pounds.

Leaving the Pigmy country we entered the territory of the king of Benin, who is now a captive in the castle at Cape Coast. It was in this country that the terrible massacre occurred in 1889, when 23 Englishmen were killed. After leaving Benin we entered the territory of the cannibal tribe of Ahassa. There we again narrowly escaped an untimely end.

Our interpreter told us that we had to pass within four miles of the cannibal kraal and that we would have to travel in the night by the way of a lagoon. On nearing the village we heard the tomtoms and hideous noises made by the cannibals. Just as we were passing under a dense growth of trees we discovered two canoes loaded with cannibals evidently waiting for something to appear. At first they did not seem to take any notice of us, as our canoes glided past, but we had not proceeded twenty yards when a shower of arrows flew around us, one striking our interpreter in the chest. With a yell the natives followed us, shooting arrows.

"Paddle for your lives," shouted the professor to the interpreter at the same time calling to me to be ready to give them a shot.

In the foremost canoe stood a big buck negro waving his spear frantically, encouraging his paddlers.

"Now let fly at that fellow," shouted the professor, at the same time bang went his rifle, over toppled the chief, upsetting the canoe. On came the other canoe, gaining on us rapidly. When they got about fifty yards from us we let fly and bowled over another into the water. This checked our pursuers, and they ceased paddling, to our intense relief. All night we traveled, arriving at Ahassa early in the morning, where we received a warm welcome from the British officers, who marveled at our narrow escape. They said we were the first white men to pass from the Congo to the Niger, and were surprised to hear of a water connection between the two rivers. Our arrival was cabled to England and Germany. Professor Lorenz, whose health was shattered, as well as my own, mourned the loss of his equipment and pictures, but was pacified when told that he had achieved something equally as valuable as that of learning the ape language by discovering a passage between the two rivers. We were back in England by October.

FORESTRY *and* REFORESTRATION

By C. H. Goetz, Instructor in Forestry, State College of Washington.

WITH their wonderful diversity of natural resources, Washington and Oregon are destined to become a region to which all other states of the union will look for a part of their timber supply. The conifers in the northwest reach their best and quickest development, and the future forests of this region will undoubtedly furnish timber to the east and the west.

In the early days of our national life, our forefathers looked to Europe for guidance along certain lines of governmental policy, and today foresters and conservators of the natural resources of the nation are seeking knowledge of Europe in matters pertaining to forestry and reforestration. Conditions in Europe can not in all cases be likened or applied to conditions and methods in America; nevertheless we are today learning much from the foresters of Europe and European forest plantations.

The art of forestry is 1000 years old in Europe. We can understand, therefore, that there must be in the old country, an accumulation of knowledge and experience that has been acquired in so many centuries of study and investigation. In 1368 pines were planted in Bavaria. Later, as large cities sprang into existence, and as large tracts were burned over and cleared for agricultural purposes, Europe was alarmed at the rapidly vanishing forests. Colbert, the minister of Louis XIX, saw the peril from this source which threatened France, and often said: "France perira faute des bois!" ("France will perish through lack of woods.") The same words of warning should be sounded in our national congress today, so that we might have all the tariff removed on raw timber.

In France and Germany

In 1669 France, and Germany, and other European countries adopted a system in which the forests were surveyed into "compartments," and lumbered in rotation, a system which gave each compartment a chance to recuperate naturally. More advanced methods were put in practice later, and in 1791 Hartig came forward with the modern method of exploitation and reproduction of the forest. In 1817 Cotta carried forward the work of Hartig in behalf of modern forest economy, leading up to the present development.

Natural forestration is unsatisfactory, according to the experiences of European foresters. In results it falls short by far of the maximum production of merchantable timber which a given area can be made to yield through proper methods of silvicultural work. Highly satisfactory results have been obtained in the old country by the planting of forests. There labor is cheaper, and time is not a great a factor as with us.

In Germany a planted forest may be like the primitive one grown from the seed, except that the former is seeded under control, either by a "seed spot" method, or by broadcasting and harrowing in. Nowadays, however, the latter method is almost abandoned.

Another practice is the intermediate process of raising small seedlings in garden, or nursery beds, and transplanting, or by the method of wind sown seeds from seed trees placed either throughout the area, or skillfully directed and managed from the side.

Use of Nursery.

The use of the tree nursery in connection with forest plantations is the rule in Germany today, and American foresters can well afford to pattern after the German practices. We already know that trees raised in France or Nebraska and planted in Colorado or Arizona do not thrive as well as trees raised on the site where they are to be placed permanently.

In the experience of all European countries, not Germany alone, it has been found that for nursery purposes a protected site is necessary where no late frosts strike; where no south wind causes too rapid an evaporation of moisture; where near by forests give protection against the wind, and where soil is rich enough for tree growth. As a rule seed beds are four feet wide and of various lengths, and the seed is sown in rows or broadcasted.

Seedlings are taken from seed beds when 2 years old, as a rule, left in the "transplanted bed" for from 2 to 5 years. In some cases water and shade is supplied, and in other cases neither is given. The beds are kept neat and clean with all weeds carefully exterminated. In Germany, France and Italy can be seen some of the finest nurseries that are in existence.

In Europe there is no great danger from forest fires, because the forests are kept clean. The poorer classes of people pick up every twig, it allowed to do so, even gathering in all the leaves and needles. This takes away the food for ground fires, and prevents also "crown fires."

Under this method of culture, if there is thinning to be done, the wood of the forest pays the expense. The population of European countries is very dense, and even near forest sites there is no difficulty in finding plenty of help at all times to do all the forestry work that is required. Due to the abundance of labor, it is possible to prepare the soil either for a nursery, or for forest planting, so that the Europeans can practice a clear cutting and replanting from nursery stock, which gives the forester most complete control over his work.

Danger From Erosion.

Again, if the country is hilly, and danger from erosion is great, they can use the "selection method," taking all the cafe they see fit in felling trees, because of the cheap labor and the high price of timber. While there are many pure forests raised, there also exist a large number of mixed forests, such as of fir and beech, oak and beech. The former are used because of their similarity in shade requirements, and sensitiveness to late frosts and heat; the latter because of dissimilarity in the matter of shade and endurance. The beech is able to grow under the oaks.

Pine, spruce, fir, beech and oaks, one species of each, are the noble trees that make up the great cultivated forests of Europe. All are raised from seeds. Very little coppice is practiced. There are a few small areas for tanbark oak, chestnut coppice for vine props; willow for basket twigs; alder for turnery, and some others for firewood.

The price of all kinds of wood in Europe is very high, and there is therefore a ready market for forest products. The thorough utilization of the forest product is due to the good market. Everywhere there is a density of population, low wages, and good roads. All Europeans practice great economy in the use of wood; yet, in Germany, with all the economy that is practiced, and where forestry has been practiced for centuries; where the art has had its highest development, the forests which cover one fourth of the entire land area of the country, the forest lacks much of being able to supply the needed amount of timber.

In 1902 Germany imported logs and lumber to the value of $21,991,200; and the same may be said of all other countries so far as supply of timber and annual shortages are concerned. In 1906, Germany imported commodities of the same kind amounting to $66,000,000. At this rate it will not be long until the supply everywhere is exhausted.

Transportation of Timber.

Transportation of timber in Europe is very easy on account of the good roads, both rail and wagon. The sawmills are small, because the supply is small. But the mills are permanent affairs, and rely upon a yearly supply for all time to come. The difference between these mills and the mushroom mills that spring up in American forests and run for a few months or years is readily observed. European peoples have lived through centuries of economy in the matter of forest administration, and have learned the value of the forest. Such an act as seeing a forest fire and passing by it without giving the alarm is unheard of in all Europe.

Injuries and disease in the forests of the old country are very rare, due in large measure to the great experience of the foresters. Proper precautions against forest disease, and injuries to trees, are exercised with unfailing vigilance. In Europe everybody helps in such work. Even the school children are taught to watch for insects injurious to the trees, and injuries, and to report them.

Forestry in Europe has not yet reached the fullest development of the art, and the old country people may yet have to come to us Americans for some of the knowledge which we have worked out for them. But if Oregon and Washington people continue their present practice of using three or four times as much wood per year as their forests produce, and at the same time endeavor to supply the timber deficits of Europe, the time is not far distant when there will be a timber famine in America, and throughout the civilized world, and then we Americans will have no chance to teach Europe a lesson that we shall have failed to learn ourselves. After all is said, however, prospects for forestry in Oregon and Washington are much brighter than they are in Europe, for the following reasons:

Several Reasons.

1. We are beginning the work with the assurance that success may certainly be attained.

2. We have few of the handicaps which have given annoyance in other countries. We have no ancient forest rights and usages with which to contend; or troublesome property rights to settle.

3. The results which have been attained in other countries, and the accumulation of centuries of experience, are at our disposal. We have, it is true, our purely national and local forest questions; but it is undoubtedly true that the key to many of them is to be found somewhere in the experience of countries which have had generations of experience in forestry.

4. In variety combined with value, our forests are without a parallel in the world. They produce timber adapted to the greatest number of uses; so that, except to meet shortages, importations of wood are unnecessary. Transportation facilities enable us to make every forest region available. Thus, by specializing our forest management, each kind of forest may be made to yield the kind of material for which it is best adapted, and the waste due to the compulsory use of local supplies may be practically eliminated.

MAN GETS 361 POLICE SUMMONS

LONDON, Dec. 19.—Summoned 361 times before the magistrates of the little town of Gigh Wycombe, England, Jacob Popp claims the distinction of being the most prosecuted person in the world. In fact, his case has achieved a national reputation. Every week there is a summons against Popp. It is always for the same cause: breaking the Sabbath by selling tobacco and confectionery. But, despite all his summonses, Popp continues on his career, defying chief constables, summons servers, magistrates and the dignity of the law in general.

Jacob Popp is not a law breaker from choice, but from principle. It seems the same law does not prevail all over England. In London, for instance, tobacconists and confectioners may keep open on Sundays—that being, in fact, their best trading day—but in the little village of High Wycombe, in the midlands of England, things are different. High Wycombe seems to have a conscientious objection to tobacconists anyway; and that they should defame the Sabbath by selling their unholy wares is not to be borne. Consequently, the chief magisterial dignitaries of the village have put their august feet down on tobacconists who break the Sabbath. As Popp is the most flagrant Sabbath breaker, he has had summonses almost equal in number to the famous leaves of Vallombrosa, and still he doesn't seem to care. Popp has one of those peculiar temperaments that can laugh even at a police summons. He laughs outright, which, of course, makes the magisterial bench that issues the summons quite angry. They would hang Popp, but, fortunately for him, the law does not allow a person to be hanged for selling tobacco on Sunday. Unfortunately—from the magistrate's point of view—the law does not allow the imposition of a fine of more than about $2, and this Popp pays quite willingly every time he is called upon to do so. Even at this rate, his 361 summonses have cost him the tidy sum of about $850, including fines and costs.

In the course of a recent interview, Popp was asked to explain how it was that he could tolerate this constant legal persecution.

"Well, Sunday is my best day for trade," he said quite frankly. "Besides this, I do not see why I should be persecuted—not prosecuted—under an old law passed in the time of Charles II. Sunday trading in my line is allowed in various parts of England, and it will be allowed in High Wycombe, too, before many years have passed. Most of the trade of the village is given up to making of chairs, but the manufacturers do not object to their goods going by railway on Sundays, nor do they object to the running of trains, nor the working of railway officials. My trade is perfectly justifiable, and I am going to keep my shop open on Sundays if they issue summonses until the crack of doom.

"Furthermore," he continued, with a cheery smile, "I might let you into a secret. A very large portion of my trade has come from these very summonses. I do not mind paying a $2 fine on Monday morning if I do $10 worth of business on Sunday. My name has become known all over the country, and I have had more advertisement out of these summonses than I could possibly have obtained by any other means. The fact that I have just had my 361st summons does not worry me at all. I am sure I would miss them if they did not come."

Popp's conflicts with the authorities have been turned by him to good account in the form of various funny posters and cards ridiculing the local officials. One of these shows a huge crowd gathered about his shop, on the window of which are the words, "Open on Sunday as usual," and underneath it the words:

"The sequel you'll be pleased to learn,
Although they fine him still,
Is that this nonsense only puts
More money in his till."

In another advertisement he prophesies that the fame which has come to him through the summonses will bring him a knighthood, and he predicts that High Wycombe will some day appoint "Sir" Jacob Popp one of its chief magistrates.

It is certainly not often that people are able to make a fortune or achieve distinction by a persistent defying of the law. But Popp has done it, and, as he jokingly says, added immensely to his own "popp-ularity."

Chicago's Christmas Postcards.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Mail carriers of the Chicago postoffice worked all day Friday on the single delivery which was scheduled, and then they could not finish it. The great congestion was upon Christmas postcards.

"The number of Christmas cards mixed in with the first class mail," said Colonel Leroy T. Steward, "seriously handicapped the whole situation, and without that we would have been entirely up with the work of delivering Christmas mail. There were more than 5,000,000 of these cards originating in Chicago, and probably as many more from outside delivery in Chicago."

Thursday all previous records in the mailing division were broken, when 2,994,000 letters were handled. The amount of second, third and fourth class mail was 362.6 tons and 1,700,000 1 cent stamps sold.

Present figures show that 9,500,000 pieces of first class mail were handled Christmas day and the four preceding days. The number of pieces during the same period last year was 8,075,000, showing that the increase is 1,425,000 pieces.