

Blind Student Achieves Fame

Mark Shoemsmith, Formerly Here, Recognized Now Among Top Artists

Blindness for 13 years, Mark Shoemsmith, once a student in the Oregon school for the blind in Salem, nevertheless has found his way to the top. Blinded at age 12 by an accidental explosion, he is now at 25 recognized as one of America's most promising young artists. One example of his work, the bust of B. F. Irvine, stands in the new dormitory, Irvine hall, on the blind school campus here.

Refusing to be daunted by fate, young Shoemsmith learned to master the art of chiseling and whitening composition stone. His sculptures, on their own merit, are considered outstanding pieces of art by famous sculptors, including Malvina Hoffman.

Mother in Salem
Shoemsmith's mother, Mrs. Ida M. Shoemsmith, is at present in Salem but is leaving soon for Colorado Springs, Colo., to be with another of her sons, Lloyd. Two of Shoemsmith's brothers, H. E. and C. E. Shoemsmith, and a sister, Mrs. H. G. Cocking, also live in Salem and take pride and interest in the career which he is literally carrying out for himself.

The following is from a New York paper:
"In an interview here Saturday at the Roerich museum on fashionable Riverside drive, where for the last five months he has been a student with a fellowship at the Master Institute of the United Arts, Shoemsmith explained that eventually he hopes to obtain his master of arts degree and then present sculpturing to other blind persons, not as a trick but as an economically practical medium for a livelihood.

Method Explored
"The slender, brown-haired, brown-eyed young man straddled a lump of stone that was gradually being chipped into the form of a shield. He held his chisel so that the edge was guided by the tip of his forefinger. After each tap of the hammer, he brushed his hand over the surface of the stone.

"When he wanted to obtain the perspective of the figure, he stood off and stretched forth his arms, running his hands and fingers over the stone. In his mind's eye, he said, he saw and remembered that alterations were necessary.

"As a child of 12, living on a cattle ranch near Welser, Ida, Shoemsmith and another boy were playing with a dynamite percussion cap. It exploded and he lost his sight. Despite this accident, he was able to go through the Oregon state blind school in Salem in three years, after which he went to the University of Oregon. In his senior year he became interested in sculpturing.

Tried Broom-Making
"For a time he earned a living making brooms. This did not appeal to him, even though he had an aptitude for manual work, having woven baskets, made cane seats for chairs, repaired and tuned pianos. At one time, he said smilingly, he had an old model car which he took apart and put together again so that the car ran.

"Largely dependent on his imagination, Shoemsmith nevertheless contrives to obtain realism in his work. He relies on 'seeing' his subject with his fingers. Falling this, he resorts to descriptions in literature. The nature of his observation or analysis is keenly developed was shown, when, after a few words of introduction, he was able to describe comparatively accurately the physical qualities of a reporter even to the general color of his hair.

Although at times he is exasperated, Shoemsmith finds it physically exhausting, as his fingers, after chiseling all day, become hard, calloused and insensitive. His wife, Marjorie, who lives with him, reads to him."

Lewis and Chrysler Shake Hands After Auto Agreement Signed



After signing auto strike agreement in Lansing, Mich., returning thousands of workers to their jobs, John L. Lewis, left, C. I. O. leader, and Walter P. Chrysler, chairman of the board of the Chrysler Motor Car corporation, shake hands as Gov. Frank Murphy, who mediated the strike, looks on. Their agreement brought to an end a four week deadlock.

No Damage, Says Rosedale Report

ROSEDALE, April 17.—The unprecipitated storm has effectively stopped farm work but has done no damage. Hilltops are a good place to be living these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Cammack are spending a few days in Idaho. Mrs. M. O. Prensell of Greenleaf, Idaho, returned with them. The Marion county Holiness association held its April meeting at the church here Tuesday. A good sized crowd, mostly from Salem, attended. The annual camp meeting at Qutnaby park will begin July 1.

Snows Disappear And Logging Will Open Up Shortly

SILVERTON, April 17.—Mill officials reported Friday morning that snow was going in the hills near the logging camps and that while logging would probably not start before the first of the month, crews might go up before then. However, there is still considerable snow in drifts in the region of the camps.

No damage more than that usually done by winter snows was experienced this year. Some of the recent rains in the valley were snows in the hills but the snow was soft and did not add greatly to that which was already there.

Mrs. Simpson Elected Swegle Club President

SWEGLE, April 17.—Mrs. J. P. Thrasher was hostess to the Swegle Ladies' club at her home Thursday afternoon. Mrs. W. A. Swingle and Mrs. C. H. McCullah were assisting hostesses. Mrs. W. F. Carothers resigned as president and Mrs. J. C. Simpson was elected to fill the office. Mrs. Marion West was elected vice-president.

Perrydale Play Draws

PERRYDALE, April 17.—A mystery play, "The Black Derby," was presented by the high school students here last night with a full house.

Symphony Leader Is Honored



Latest honor to be awarded Arturo Rodzinski, noted orchestra conductor, comes from the field of radio where he has been chosen as associate director of a radio symphony. Rodzinski is regular conductor of the Cleveland orchestra, was one of three chosen to direct at the famous Salzburg festival last year, and has been guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic this season.

Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

FOLKS AND WEATHER
Folks are like weather. Mebby you've noticed it—Cool and bright and pow'tal dry, Windy, wet and dark of sky, Temper low and temper high, Can't be changed—no use to try—Folks are like weather, Mebby you've noticed it.

One night years ago I met up with a thunder storm. It was one of the first truly human thunder storms I had ever met up with. It reminded me of the pirate gentleman mentioned by the poet Byron as being the mildest mannered man who ever cut a throat.

I had at that time but recently arrived from a region where thunder storms were in the heavy class, as actors are designated who assume the roles of wicked men who bluster and threaten and otherwise deport themselves in a manner to get themselves nearly disliked and feared, although they are seldom so bad as they would have people, more particularly timid people, believe.

The stage character system seems a fair enough way in which to rate thunder storms as well as people. Dissenters may always be referred to the Shakespearean lines in "As You Like It" in which the world is mentioned as a stage and the men and women on it merely players. Shakespeare did not mention it, but thunder storms and such things are nothing more than features of the play.

In that region from which I had come to the Idaho highlands thunder storms gathered their forces before they struck, and by the time they were ready to proceed with the business in hand they were sometimes fearful to look upon. They were customarily black in color and extremely nervous in disposition, but at times they were a dark green in hue, and anybody in that region will tell you that the dark green ones were the more vicious. It was a theory amongst the third grade pupils with whom I associated that the dark green ones were blillious, and in consequence of this more frascible of disposition. These storms rumbled and flashed warnings from a distance. When they advanced they presented an impressive spectacle.

I have in the past known political speakers and preachers who were much the same—the flash of eyes, the lightning of words, the thunder of clenched hands upon a desk or table, pounding the argument home. At any rate, it is generally conceded, I believe, that pounding with the fists upon a desk or table gives emphasis to thought. And possibly it does so on occasions when thought has not sufficient force to do its own pounding. However, I who am not versed in the art of oratory do not know.

When I was a boy we heard much in our home of Wendell Phillips, whom my mother had heard from the public platform many times in the hectic days preceding the civil war. An intense abolitionist and perhaps the most effective orator of his time, Mr. Phillips seldom raised his voice to a point even suggestive of a shout, made almost no gestures with his hands, pounded no tables.

That thunder storm in the Cabinet mountains years ago was like that. The storm visited us at night. The cloud was in no place sufficiently dense to prevent us from viewing the stars through it. Its area appeared no greater than a large bedsheet—some what larger than the average large bedsheet, but—well, mebby it reached from the big dipper to the north star. It happened quite a while ago, and of course I took no measurements. The amount of territory it took in is not especially important anyway. It rumbled not, nor did it threaten. It was gentlemanly in every respect. It gave no hint of vindictiveness. But its arguments were effective. Violently so. Yet without violence.

It drifted calmly over from some storm resort in north Idaho, making not much more demonstration in the way of flashes than a Mississippi river firefly makes on a hot night and making none of a audible nature. It came slowly on, over a sky-carpet of stars. Not until it was immediately above us did it manifest a change. Not a great change. Merely one thin streak of lightning and one sharp clap of thunder. A moment later a barn 100 feet from my chamber window burst into flames, and, facilities for fighting fire not being available, burned to the ground. And I was again considering a familiar and somewhat time-worn subject—the deceptiveness of appearances and the uncertainty of life in general.

I reckon there is not much difference between that cloud and some human beings.

Sign reported as having been seen in an Idaho cemetery—"Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

A rancher from Tillamook county, whom I knew when he was a boy, and I chance to be aware that he was brought up to despise falsehood, was in town one day this week. He was standing in front of a South Commercial street pool palace looking as dusty as an eastern Colorado breeze. We shook hands, and I, feeling brilliant, said "Wet, ain't it?" "No," he replied bluntly. "Excuse me so much," I said; "it seems wet to me." "Yeah," said he. "Say, on my place yesterday it rained an inch in an hour. This Salem rain won't measure more than an inch in 12 hours. It's just a sort of drouth." Just then a man came out of the pool palace who said he was from Kansas, and he overheard the Tillamook man, and horned in. He said that once on the Arkansas river, south of Wichita, he got caught with a load of punkins on a truck. It rained high to eight inches in an hour, he said, and the river in front of the creek burst up something tremendous, and he'd probly have been drowned, he said, if he hadn't grabbed onto a floating punkin and kicked himself to a cottonwood tree a mile away and roosted there till some gale came along in a boat and rescued him. "Well," said I to the Tillamook man, "any remarks?" "Naw," said he, and he looked pretty sad.

It still seems to me a wet week in Salem. But I'm being a bit

more careful about mentioning it promiscuously.

I reckon some folks would only roll over and grunt even if called to witness the dawn of a new era.

News item from Kansas: A hen laid four eggs in one day. Think of the cackling she had to do! Offended the over-production experts too. And all, probably, because some other hen told her she couldn't do it.

Buzz Carkins tells me he's dug him out an old wise look he used to wear when he went to school, and he puts it on whenever anybody mentions to him the probable consequences of the Wagner act.

Information dug up by request: Gloria Swanson, movie star, now attempting a comeback, was born in Chicago March 27, 1898. . . . Helen Willis Moody, former tennis champion, is taking screen tests at 20th Century-Fox. . . . "Seventh Heaven" (Stimola Simon and James Stewart) is still on the program at the Grand. A photo-play well worth the seeing. . . . April showers in this section seem to be rather overdoing the promotion of May flowers. . . . In another week or two it will be merely another topic for reminiscence. . . . How wet is wet? The person who left three kittens in a box at the door of a doctor's office were all wet, and the doctor, who notified the police because he feared the box might contain a bomb, was all wet, and the police who donned the box in water were all wet, but the three kittens which emerged from the box when it was finally opened were the wettest of all. . . . "Gone With the Wind" continues to hold interest locally. . . . Bob Burns in "Walkie" has a big instead of a basooka. Bob can't seem to rise above a certain musical standard in his choice of instruments. . . . A news dispatch says Landon has struck oil, and Senator Soaper suggests that maybe the Literary Digest was right after all.

A small incident in my life has developed into a little story during the years, and during the past week has reached a denouement. It is a commonplace little story, and in no way reflects any light upon me, also I should not tell it. Where it happened, beyond the fact that it was a railway junction, where a branch line meets a main line, is immaterial. Nor does it matter how many years ago it was, although it may be said that it was so long ago that the memory of it is beginning to fade over with a sort of haze. I was on my way down the line to spend a Sunday. The main line train was late, and there were rumors of a bridge weakened by high water, and of track washed out. A train arrived over the branch, and the passengers filed into the waiting room. Among them was a young woman carrying a baby in her arms. This young woman made the usual inquiries at the ticket office, and was told there would be no train for two hours, possibly more. Then she and the baby came over and sat by me. Three or four men yawned and grumbled. Presently one of them suggested that they go to the store of a certain merchant whom he knew and have a little game of poker. It appeared the memory of it is beginning to fade. The others agreed. The young woman with the baby asked if

Honored

J. F. McSwain, widely known in the construction world, has just been elected chairman of the Pacific Coast Division of the American Institute. He announces that the Institute is planning a full program of educational and technical work for the coming year. Mr. McSwain is manager of Shell Oil Company's asphalt department and makes his headquarters in San Francisco.



she might sit in. Of course she might—why not? Then she asked me if I would mind the baby for her, and because I was a natural sucker I said certainly I wouldn't mind it. I would be a pleasure. Which was a lie. Well, I knew a thing or two about babies, although I had never learned and haven't learned yet how to guard against all of the little darlings' uncertainties, and this was a nice baby and did no vocal stuff, so when the child's mother retires and about two hours later everything beyond the inevitable wetness was quite all right. The poker party was rather quiet when they returned. The men stole odd glances at the young woman and then one another, but there was not much talk. The young woman, who impressed me as being a very business-like young woman, did what was necessary in the way of changing the baby's garments. She whispered to me that she was grateful, and would tell her my name? I did so, there being no reason why I shouldn't, although I warned her that I was a busy person and could not be depended upon to respond in the event that she needed a baby-tender later. Then she told me who she was and explained that she was on her way to the bedside of her husband, who was in a hospital badly injured in a city down the line where he had gone to look for work. She had been almost penniless until—well, until she had broken into the poker party. I asked her how much her than things amounted to. She hesitated a moment before she replied. She said she was somewhat ashamed of herself, and ordinarily she wouldn't have done it, but after all, she said, it is my fault that I am a better poker player than the rest of you. How much? She asked. One hundred and six dollars, she whispered, and how much did she owe me for taking care of the baby. Of course she owed me nothing, but she insisted on giving me a dollar. She said she'd feel better if I took it. I took it. And that was the end of the story until this week, when a man and a woman, accompanied by a fine looking young man, passing through Salem looked me up. The woman said she thought I should see the baby, because he was an old acquaintance of mine. It was a happy experience. But I am still wondering where that woman learned to play poker.

Last Rites Said For Mrs. Freres

STAYTON, April 17.—The funeral services for Tressa Marie Freres, wife of Ted Freres, owner of the Freres Lumber company at Mehma, were held Monday morning from the Stayton Catholic church. Rev. Sulderhom officiating. Burial was in the Catholic cemetery under the direction of W. A. Weddle & Son.

Tressa Marie Forrette was born in Stayton May 22, 1892, and attended school here, graduating from high school in 1922. She taught school for two years at Coon Hollow and Mt. Pleasant before her marriage, November 27, 1924, to Ted Freres at Stayton.

Mrs. Freres was a popular social leader and active in the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters organization, being the first recording secretary of the lodge in 1923.

Surviving are the widower and four children, Philip, Robert, Harold and Larry; her mother, Mrs. Mary Forrette; one sister, Leona Porter of Aumsville, and four brothers, Oliver, Clarence and Edwin of Stayton and Arthur of Aumsville.

Edwin Keech Buys Tract Adjoining His Theatre; Plans Business Building

STAYTON, April 17.—Edwin Keech, Salem attorney and owner of the Star theatre here, purchased the tract of land just south of the theatre this week from Frank Lesley.

The purchase of the property gives Keech practically the entire block of land between Third and 160 feet along Third street and extending back 160 feet. Keech will erect a business building there.

Elliott and Chapins Plan Eastern Journey

PERRYDALE, April 17.—Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Rose Chapin will leave by train April 26 for Flint, Mich., where Mr. Elliott will get a new car and pick-up truck. From there they will visit Mr. Chapin's brother in New York and then to Philadelphia where they will spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Covert, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. Fay Morrison was a business caller in Dallas Friday afternoon.

Weather Fails to Dampen Enthusiasm for Meeting

MACLEAY, April 17.—Despite the stormy weather, 25 women representing Auburn, Silverton, Silver Hill, Macleay, Victor Point, Silver Cliff, Central Howell and Riekey attended the demonstration on hollyhock put on by Elie-n C. Purdus, acting clothing specialist of the Oregon State college.

Morrison Gets Post

PERRYDALE, April 17.—Carl Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison of this place, was elected to the principalship of the North Bend high school for the coming year. Morrison has taught in the junior high school at North Bend for the past ten years.

Leave for Michigan

MONMOUTH, April 17.—Mrs. H. W. Morlan and daughter, Beverly, started by stage yesterday for Jackson, Mich., where they will visit friends and relatives. They plan to go to Detroit and Chicago before returning.

How Does Your Garden Grow? Large Planter of Rhododendrons and Azaleas Finds Hog Fuel to Be Successful Mulch

By LILLIE L. MADSEN
VERY recently I visited a gardener with a large planting of rhododendrons and azaleas. The plants in a commercial venture and the plants are unusually hardy-looking. I noted he used hog-fuel as a mulch. He told me he found it very successful. It effectively kept weeds down and seemed to agree with the plants.

In one of the letters I received last week the inquirer wanted to know how my experimental mulching of sawdust was proving out and on what I had placed the sawdust. Early last autumn I mentioned in this column that I was using a sawdust mulch on my bed of acid-loving plants. It has now been on approximately seven months. Primroses, azaleas, rhododendrons, blueberry and huckleberry plants are doing very nicely in the mulch.

Of course, one can scarcely tell this early how beneficial—if it is—the mulch will be. However, it has been advised by experienced azalea and rhododendron growers that a sawdust mulch is effective.

Plants for Shady Area
Plantings in the shady part of the rock garden might include ferns (maiden hair do nicely, if the soil is well-drained, rich and given plenty of water), native bleeding heart, primroses, tuberous-rooted begonias.

"Can camellias be started from cuttings?" asks Mrs. C. A. B. of Salem.
About Camellia Planting
That is the usual method of propagating camellias. Take short cuttings—about three inches—cut them at an angle, and dip the length in sharp sand. The sand must be kept moist and warm. Cover, if possible, each cutting with a glass—a fruit jar will do—and keep them in the shade. Occasionally lift the jars to allow water to evaporate. In four or five weeks roots should have started.

When you are sure they are rooted, plant each cutting in mixture of peat, sand and good garden loam. Be sure to keep them in a cool, shady place. Another gardener wants to know why all her camellia buds fell off this year. Cold weather is likely the answer.

W. S. Jack of Silverton, who has a reputation for growing some of the finest camellias in the valley, tells me that on one large bush, loaded with at least 1000 buds, all but 150 fell off. Where the sun hit the shrubs the buds were most apt to fall, as they were advanced furthest. Buds set the preceding late summer and autumn. The shrubs also have plenty of water and care during their bud-forming period. Camellias must be planted in an acid soil.

Pampering Spoils Ferns
One gardener tells me that her ferns—out-door native ones—are dying out. They used to be pretty but are no longer so. She tells me she cuts them back each spring and keeps them well-hoed. I believe she over-pampers them. The whiddings do not like too much attention. They should not be hoed. All the little roots near the surface are thus removed. And if fronds are cut off a mulch of leaf mould should be put back around the ferns. Ferns of the woods are accustomed to standing knee-deep in cool, moist wood-soil. One cannot transplant them and treat them like cabbages and turnips and expect them to do well.

"What," asks a Woodburn newcomer, "are the funny little cup-shaped flowers of a chocolate brown with greenish spots? They are just coming into bloom now. Can I transplant them?" Let it be. They mean fritillarias or mission bells, as we commonly call them here. Their bulbs grow deep and most frequently they grow in the nearness of oaks. They can be transplanted if care is taken. Also, they can be made to gain in both size and number of flowers on a stem.

Disease Hits Lawns
I am receiving many complaints of disease which has hit the Willamette valley lawns. It goes in circles, turns brown, and beneath the grass a white mould fills the soil. I am making extensive inquiries about this. So far I have been told that a Bordeaux solution, thoroughly saturating the places affected and applied three times, a week apart each time, will prove effective. When I receive news of other remedies I shall say so through this column.

Mrs. A. D. of Salem wants to know what to do for brown spots showing on her hollyhock foliage. Fighting Hollyhock Rust
Rust is the cause of the spots and unless steps in controlling these are taken at once, she won't have a very successful hollyhock season. Remove and burn all foliage showing these spots. Be sure there are no old leaves or stalks of last year's growth lying about on the ground. Then spray thoroughly with Bordeaux. Sprayings will have to be repeated each 10 days during the season.

"I have failed to cut my rose bushes back. Is it too late now?" writes D. D. R. of Salem. This should have been done before the bushes have now done. However, I would certainly go over the bushes and remove all diseased or weak canes. Some pruning can be done now, but the bushes should not be pruned too severely at this late date. More pruning can be done when cutting the blooms.

Start Spraying Roses
The spraying or dusting campaign should be started at once and it should be repeated once a week, or at the very least, every 10 days. The market offers a three-in-one affair, which is very effective, I am told, and it saves using different sprays or dusts for different diseases and insects. Be sure to spray thoroughly on the underside, as well as the top side of the foliage.

"I was advised to give my lawn and flower beds a good top-dressing of lime this spring. Is this a good idea. How often should it be done? What kind of lime should I use?" asks L. O. of Woodburn.
Factors in Lime Use
Well, I don't believe in scattering lime over everything in an indiscriminate manner. Whether or not to use lime would depend upon what variety of grass, what kind of plants, trees and shrubs you have. If you have a clover lawn, then lime is all right. If you have bent grasses on the lawn lime would not be suitable. Neither is lime suitable on your broad-leaved evergreens. Delphiniums, lilacs, figs are some of the shrubs which enjoy lime. Hydrated lime or ground limestone are convenient ways of using it. Some suggest using lime every spring, and others say every two years is sufficient.

"What fertilizer do the following items furnish: Sulphate of ammonia, bone meal, wood ashes, sheep guano, nitrate of soda, phosphate, muriate of potash, dried blood?"—T. B. Salem. Nitrogen comes from sulphate of ammonia, sheep guano, nitrate of soda, dried blood. Phosphorus comes from bone meal and phosphate. Potash from muriate of potash and wood ashes. To control aphids which are already attacking snowballs, use some sort of nicotine spray such as nicotine sulphate or any other of the nicotine sprays. Add a little soap to the water and nicotine. The spray must strike the insect.

Tulips whose foliage turns yellow prematurely should be pulled up and burned. Inspect your garden frequently, and be ruthless when disease strikes. Also do follow a strict spray program. From now on a rigid-once-a-week spraying program must be carried out to eradicate aphids.
To Kill Root Insects
To kill insects attacking the roots of plants use carbon bisulphide. This is highly inflammable and great care should be used to keep it away from fire. Not even a lighted cigarette should be held in its vicinity. To apply make a hole about a foot deep near the affected plant, then pour a tablespoonful of the carbon bisulphide into this and refill with soil at once. The poison should be used at intervals of every 13 inches or two feet.
"I have some borers at work on some of my lawn trees. How can I get rid of them?" asks E. L. A. of Albany.
There is a nicotine paste on the market which is said to care for these pests. The paste is simply squeezed into the holes and the borers are suffocated.

Symphony Concert Has Enthusiastic Audience In Civic Club Program

MONMOUTH, April 17.—The community symphony orchestra of Monmouth and Independence presented in concert Thursday night by the Monmouth Civic club in the auditorium of the Oregon Normal school, offering a splendid program to an appreciative audience.

The three soloists: Max Dietrick, Warren Elliott and Miss Dora Henry, were enthusiastically received. F. T. Ellerson of Independence is director. Mrs. R. D. Elliott, Monmouth, is pianist. Between 30 and 40 musicians participated.

More Hazel Green Homes Enjoy Electrical Services

HAZEL GREEN, April 17.—Mrs. Alice Aspinwall and Leonard Kinkaid are having electricity installed. Mrs. Fred Chapman, sr., and daughter, Mrs. Maurice Dunigan, attended the funeral of Mr. Chapman's sister, Mrs. Kate Morgan, 85, at McMinnville Monday.

Polk County Will Give 4-H Program Over KOAC

DALLAS, April 17.—Polk county will present a 4-H club program over KOAC Monday night, April 19, at 7:30 o'clock. W. C. Leth, county agent, and Josiah Willis, county school superintendent, are arranging the program.

Book Nook

(Continued from page 4)

Miss Davis assures us there is no fallacy in the concept of work as a form of unemployment relief. The failures we have experienced in this country have been, as we have discovered, the result of haste and lack of considered planning.

For the unemployables, which will be "with us always," Miss Davis recommends the automatic dole system of England.

It is high time, this able reporter concludes, for us to admit that "under our present economic and political system, unemployment relief is going to be an ordinary function of government in common with the postoffice and the navy. Therefore it is essential to accept the burden and to deal with it rationally, with justice to the victims of our progress and to ourselves." She insists "we need a national system of unemployment insurance, and our need of it is great. Only a constitutional amendment will make it possible. Let us have that amendment by all means."

An Artist's Herbal. By Louise Mansfield. Macmillan company. 1937. \$2.50.

In this slim artistic book, Miss Mansfield presents 28 plates from her pencil drawings of herbs and flowers with each plate a brief description of the growth, color and uses of the plant. The plates are beautifully designed and exquisitely drawn.

Miss Mansfield is special artist of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. She has exhibited with the American Water Color Society, New York Water Color Club, Brooklyn Society of Artists, and the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors.

The End