

OREGON NEWS ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of
the Week Collected for
Our Readers.

Buttercups are blooming in the Crooked river county. Blossoms were brought to Bend by Mrs. Letta Breeden.

A collection of hand-woven coverlets, said to be the largest at a state, was exhibited at Redmond at the silver tea given by the D. A. R. chapter. Mrs. John Fogle gave a description of these old coverlets.

Operating expenses for the city of Astoria in 1930 were \$5107 less than the amount appropriated in the city budget, according to the report of the city auditor. The total city expense for the year was \$127,525.

Certified Nettle Gem potato seed from Washington county is in demand in the Yakima valley. Last year one car of Gems was shipped and as a result most of the available stock has been sold for delivery there.

Carlton creamery butter won first place in the junior division of the Oregon Buttermakers' association contest held at Corvallis recently. Carlton butter also took first prize at the Pacific coast dairy products show at Oakland, Cal., recently.

College students and faculty car owners at Corvallis are to use a special windshield sticker "by and with the consent of" the state traffic department. The new sticker carries a special registration number to aid in controlling campus traffic violations.

The first trillium of the year at Prescott was picked in the woods by little Miss June Metcalf, who proudly bore it home to her mother. Tame violets and "primroses" have been blooming for some time, and also the tiny wildlings some call Oregon bluebells.

Theodore A. Gerdes, 39, a commercial fisherman of Tillamook, was drowned in some unexplained manner when the tide drove his boat against a sand lake dock with sufficient force to break it in two. He was found floating on top of Sand lake with a bruise over his left eye.

Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the old Elmore cannery at the foot of Bond street hill in Astoria and did damage estimated at between \$30,000 and \$35,000, the loss being partially covered by insurance. The structure, one of the landmarks of the city, was owned by the Columbia River Packers' association and has been used as a warehouse.

Central Oregon sportsmen are in favor of the creation of a vast game refuge in the Ochoco forest and the contraction of the Deschutes game reserve in the Fort Rock country to one half its present acreage. Protection of the Ochoco area is necessary, it is thought, to stop the intensive hunting of deer, which soon will be exterminated if hunting is not checked.

A delegation from the Farmers' Union of Goble district appeared before the county court at St. Helens and urged that wages or road workers be reduced. They are now paid \$4 a day for eight hours and truck drivers receive \$5 a day. The farmers pointed out that men working in the mills receive, for common labor, \$3.20 a day. The court took the matter under advisement.

The First National bank of Toledo and the Lincoln county bank came under one management at Toledo with the formation of a \$50,000 corporation. Consolidation plans were under way for two months. The banks will be operated separately for the time being, and as soon as details can be worked out the two institutions will come together under one roof, presumably as the First National bank of Toledo.

The Yamhill County Dairy Herd Improvement association's report for January shows an increase in milk production over December, a banner month in the history of the association. The 573 cows under test produced 373,808 pounds of milk in January, as against 349,587 pounds in December, when 573 cows were tested. At the same time they produced 18,613 pounds of butterfat, as compared with 17,041 pounds during December.

Two Indian boys, Shirley and Sammy Walsey, are dead and an older brother is seriously ill at Prineville because of a mistake made by a Warm Springs girl, sister of the dead youths, who was sent out to dig some wild rhubarb for medicinal purposes. By mistake the girl secured wild parsnip root. The boys, who were suffering from measles, were given medicine brewed from the parsnip root and died before medical aid could reach them. It is believed the older brother, who also was given some of the parsnip brew, will live.

A two-day run on the Aurora State bank at Aurora culminated in the board of directors adopting a resolution asking the state bank examiner to take over the institution and liquidate its assets for the benefit of its depositors.

Hatchery men, poultry men and dealers in the Albany territory have started plans for an egg show to be held some time next month. The educational program will be provided by the Oregon State college department of agriculture.

Reading of advertising is worth while.

CARD CROOKS PESTS TO SCOTLAND YARD

"Doing" Trains Now, but
Victims Seldom Kick.

London.—The only crook that can nod and smile at a Scotland Yard man one day and be free to do it again the day after is the card sharper.

And as though this situation isn't enough to plague these lean man-hunters, the gentle task of "plucking" a pigeon now has become a family affair! Authorities say it is not uncommon to find a father and son "working" the trains together.

Before the day this form of thievery was confined mostly to ocean liners. Spasmodically commuters reported they had been "picked," but their numbers and losses did not present a serious problem.

"Sharps" Doubled.

Now, however, the situation has changed. The number of "sharps" has doubled. Railroad detectives know these men, but are powerless to catch them unless they actually catch one cheating or a victim complains.

One of the latter, however, take the trouble to report their losses. They dislike the publicity and the subsequent jibes of their friends.

Chief Inspector A. E. Earle of the London & North-Eastern railway police calls them "pests."

Then Earle ruminates upon the number of men whose keen wits enable them to win a fortune in the business world but "who fall for the time-worn" three-card trick.

Even before the potential victim is comfortably settled in his train compartment he has been marked as a stranger and an assault on his pocket book planned. One by one the sharps enter the train and as though complete strangers select seats beside the "pigeon."

Money Refused.

A few moments after the journey has begun some one suggests a game. The one stronger is invited. He accepts. And there the story ends unless he refuses to take the loss sitting down. If he makes known his intention of reporting it to police his money is hastily returned to him, according to authorities.

Once the sleek "sharps" are caught, however, they do not face the American equivalent of a \$100 fine or a month in jail. They listen to a sharp rebuke from the judge and then prepare to do months and perhaps a year at hard labor in a prison.

French Riviera Opens
Fight on "Dead Beat"

Nice, France.—The slump in world trade, and the resultant reduction of money available for pleasure purposes, has forced Riviera hotel and cafe owners to organize an all-right protective league against the many "dead beats" swarming southward this winter.

The casino, hotel and cafe managers of Nice, Cannes, and San Remo met recently and decided to unite against the scores of elite "something for nothing" who are flooding the Riviera this season.

The managers are convinced this swarm of ne'er-do-wells counts on a hard season to force hotels, casinos and cafes to give them cut rates and special advantages. They generally demand board and room in the best hotels at below cost price, free seats to Frank Jay Gould's new \$1 opera, free entrance to the casinos, and free meals while playing.

The feminine "dead beats" are even asking that their gambling losses be paid, or otherwise they will quit playing, or go to another casino or hotel. They are generally fashionably dressed customers who, when it comes to paying, mean against the world trade famine and confidentially ask for cut rates.

The trouble started when a few of the less prosperous hotels and cafes made special prices to keep the business of some of their distinguished clients.

The managers decided such practices were injurious to the trade and harmful to the self-respect. They have agreed not to cut prices below certain levels and to keep a sharp lookout and blacklist of the most notorious "dead beats."

Duck Banded in Canada
Is Found in Trinidad

Washington.—Wild ducks, according to the biological survey, are great travelers; they go far from their breeding grounds.

Red head and pintail ducks banded on the Bear River marshes at Great Salt Lake, Utah, have been recovered in fourteen states and in Mexico. Black ducks and blue winged teal banded in southern Ontario have been recovered in 29 states and in three Canadian provinces, while one blue wing was recovered on the island of Trinidad off the northern coast of South America.

Ducks of several species banded in the Cheyenne bottoms in Kansas have been reported from nineteen states, four Canadian provinces, Alaska and Mexico.

West Virginia Convicts
Stage Revue in Prison

Wheeling, W. Va.—Nearly 100 inmates of the West Virginia State prison recently staged a revue in the prison auditorium under the direction of P. F. Haberstick, Wheeling. Among the players was Paul Well, former headliner of the Keith circuit.

Mrs. Susan Arnold of Leagrave, England, lost her shoe in the mud on the main street and is suing the village board.

Miss Ellen Curtis of Oxford, England, was awarded a medal for saving a dog and three puppies at the risk of her own life.

Advertising is the oil that lubricates the machinery of business.

HIS INDUSTRIOUS DAUGHTER

By Fannie Hurst

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE president of the Colombo Gunny-sack Company had ever had time to feel sorry for himself, he might have experienced some righteous qualms of self-pity. As a matter of fact, he did not have time. The small factory of which he was president and treasurer occupied practically all of his waking hours and, alas, too many of the hours that should have been devoted to sleep. It was that kind of business; one that needed incessant coaxing, surveillance and study.

As Tom Claussion's wife Nedda did not hesitate to put it, it was one of those cussed little businesses that yielded its profits begrudgingly and then only after exacting unremitting toll and worry.

There was plenty to keep Tom Claussion worried. The house on Ulster Street was one of those large, rambling, pretentious affairs that even with the persons of his three grown daughters and wife in it, required more help than any other home on the street. Nedda, as you would naturally expect of a good and conscientious mother, demanded the best for those three girls and for her son Milton, who, at twenty-one, was still in college.

Nedda had a philosophy of life. That philosophy was that her children were to be reared with the instinct to get something out of life. Whatever of her own experiences, or lack of them, may have gone into this decision, she never divulged. But here was a woman with a formula. Her three daughters and her son were being reared on the principle that life was an orange to be squeezed dry of content. In other words, Nedda Claussion was like a general campaigning the lives of her children. And, strangely enough, campaigning to their satisfactions.

It kept Tom's nose to the grindstone, no doubt of that. At fifty-five, he looked ten years older and his knees were bent, but his three daughters were college graduates, his son was about to become one, and the big house on Ulster Street was one of the most exclusive social meccas of the city.

Nedda, who privately considered her life a lusterless affair of economic strife, had the satisfaction of seeing her daughters launched with impressive debut.

It had been her misfortune to marry a man destined for only the petty successes of the average. She was determined that her children should not suffer the handicap of such deterring causes.

The three daughters of the Tom Claussions, one by one, made marriages worthy of the ambitions of their mother. The eight years covering the period of those marriages were the most taxing in the life of Tom Claussion.

In its effort to meet the demands put upon it by the burdens of its president, the little gunny-sack factory staggered past one financial crisis after another. There were nights when Tom Claussion, lying beside his wife, did not close his eyes, planning, figuring, manipulating, scheming one more way to tide over what threatened to be a disastrous climax in the financial affairs of the firm.

Indeed, after the marriage of his third daughter, bankruptcy was so narrowly averted that Tom Claussion's hair committed the miracle of turning practically white within a month. And then, to cap that climax, there came upon the house of Claussion what in Nedda's eyes amounted to a blight that obliterated all three successes which she had achieved in her daughters.

Frank Claussion, college senior, eloped with a showgirl. The blow fell on Tom like a finality that was crushing. For years he had looked forward to the time when this boy of his could bring into the business a shoulder to the wheel. Money, hope and affection had been expended upon him. Tom Claussion, who was steered against complaint, felt despair.

In the end, Nedda Claussion was obliged to rescind her stern refusal ever to permit Frank and his bride to enter the house on Ulster Street. Frank fell ill of pneumonia in the college town where he was trying to earn a precarious living as a haberdasher's clerk and Nedda and Tom were sent for as the situation began to seem critical.

In the end, Frank and his bride returned with the elder pair to the house on Ulster Street.

Frank was a fair, frail and magnetic fellow and his wife, named Marigold, was just that. Her pretentious was a perfect kind of thing. It astonished old Tom Claussion. Her bright beauty had a quality to it that he had never before seen. It made the more studied perfection of his daughters pale to the commonplace.

But all in all, the coming home of Frank and his bride was at an unpropitious time for the Claussions. The business, as if reacting from the long strain of years, slumped into what was a chronic precarious state. There were days when black thoughts of suicide actually crossed the tired old brain of Tom Claussion. Nedda did not make things any easier to bear.

The homecoming of her daughter-in-law was bitter, humiliating and shameful to her. Social stigma was across the name of Claussion. Marigold had not only been notorious as a show girl, but she was the daughter of one of the most notorious women in New York. Not even her beauty or her radiance could efface the hatred from the heart of Nedda.

It was not a studied hatred. It is possible that it was not all a conscious hatred. And in the end ironically

enough it reacted most cruelly on an upon old Tom.

Nedda, with the sense of superiority that called and at the same time animated her, set out to impress Marigold with the scale of living of the family into which she had so unwelcomely projected herself.

After the advent of Frank and Marigold into the household, the regime there became more complicated and more ostentatious. There was less entertaining. Nedda was too embarrassed for that, but a new car was added to the several in the garage, and Nedda took frequent trips to town to new and expensive clothes.

It was a curious, twisted reaction that took place in Nedda. She wanted to impress Marigold and yet not to share. Day after day she set out for calls, for bridge, for visits upon her daughters, for this and that recreation without inviting Marigold. Frank's heart bled for his bride. Yet the alacrity with which she set about adapting herself to her unconventional environment was surprising. It was hard to quarrel with one who held her peace and recognized no slight. It was hard to pick dissonances with one whose capacity for sweetness was without limit.

Marigold was like that. Frank blessed her in his heart, but, with her, kept up the pretense of not noticing.

Tom Claussion, whose quandary and panic grew as his home burdens became inexplicably heavier, even with his daughters married and gone, pretended, too, not to notice.

She could keep playing under a snub, Marigold could. That was part of her. No limit to her capacity for nonsense and yet, withal, there were scars across the very being of Marigold. Her life as a child had been cruelly sophisticated. She had seen life in the raw with those clear blue eyes of hers and yet she could laugh as a child laughs.

Tom Claussion, when he could not sleep, used to like to think of that laughter. And more and more he could not sleep. Grave times were about to fall upon him and he knew it. The business was about to crash.

One day, in the midst of those terrifying times, Marigold Claussion sought out her father-in-law in his dingy office in the gunny-sack factory. He was a tired old man now and his head had begun to shake with palsy.

"Frank and I," she began without preliminaries, "want to take over the responsibilities of the business. I have succeeded in negotiating a loan for twenty-five hundred dollars, at six percent. That will avert anything immediate. It'll get us on our feet."

"What do you mean?" said her father-in-law, and looked into her eyes which were as blue as a doll's.

"You needn't be afraid that I am not capable of taking hold. I've been out in the world all my life. I've known nothing but knocks and hardship and struggle. I was a business woman before I went into the theater. I am not afraid of work. Frank has the makings of a business man. I'll make him."

"I'm tired, Marigold," said Claussion and, to his enormous humiliation and surprise, began to cry weakly with tears running down his face.

He was not accustomed to anyone being personal with him.

"I know you are, Father," said Marigold, and laid her hand on his arm, as nobody seems to have cared enough to notice it. It's time now that you were beginning to get something out of life, as well as the other members of our family. I'm going to see to it."

She did.

Meal Is Prescribed

There is a restaurant in Paris where you cannot order what you want. The waiter positively refuses to take your order. You may notice him standing and studying you closely. Possibly he calls the head waiter and the two converse in low tones, glancing at you every now and then as if they were doctors diagnosing a patient's case.

That is exactly what they are doing. They are not doctors, but food experts and they are discovering from your appearance and your personality exactly what dishes will make the strongest appeal to you. They will eventually give you, not what you think you want, but what they know you will find most delicious.

Ancient Temple

The Angkor-Vat lies a little less than a mile to the south of the ruins of Angkor, Siam, within a park surrounded by a moat, whose outer perimeter measures 6,000 yards. It is now believed that the temple was consecrated to the worship of Buddha. It consists of three stages, connected by exterior staircases, culminating in the sanctuary, a great central tower pyramidal in form. The decoration consists chiefly in the representation of gods, men, and animals which are displayed on every flat surface. The materials employed in construction were sandstone of various colors, without the use of cement and limonite.

O. K. With Mother

One day, while entertaining a guest, Edwin's mother was called to the phone. Edwin promptly disappeared from the room to return with an expensive looking box of chocolates. After giving several to the guests, Edwin selected some for himself.

"Are you sure your mother knows we're eating this candy?" the guest asked.

"Sure!" said Edwin. "Didn't you see her frown and shake her head when I came through the hall with it?"

Well, What Did You Say?

We quote the utterance of four persons of different degrees of education and greatness as they gazed into the Grand canyon:

Theodore Roosevelt—God Almighty made the Grand canyon. Man cannot even make the words to describe it.

An Author—It bankrupts the English language.

Girl, from New Jersey—Golly, what a gully.

Cowboy—It shore is a — of a hole.—Vancouver Province.

TARS ADRIFT MONTH ON WINTRY OCEAN

Seven Found Near Death
From Hunger and Cold.

New York.—Seven sailors out of Newfoundland arrived in port with a tale of a thirty-day battle with a midwinter Atlantic that seldom has been surpassed by any epic of the sea. The men were plucked out of Davy Jones' locker starving and half mad with thirst 500 miles southwest of the Azores by the German freighter Nord, taken to Panama, and transferred to the New York bound liner Carinthia, writes Tom Petty in the Chicago Tribune.

For a month they had drifted in a wrecked, leaking schooner through the ice filled northern waters with waves thirty feet high breaking over the floundering boat and making a sieve of it. No fire could be kept going in the galley and every stitch the men wore was soaking wet with freezing water. Two cases of Scotch whisky provided the only warmth aboard.

Maat Lost in Storm.

Capt. Cyril Harwood and six seamen put out from St. Johns in the John W. Miller, a ship of a schooner loaded to the guards with salt cod. They were going to "roll down to Rio," but two days out of St. Johns the schooner ran into a full gale and lost her sailing clothes. Just as darkness closed in on the second day of the storm the malmast came crashing down, injuring three men. That night the schooner almost went to the bottom for with every lash of the gale the big stick was sent crashing into the side of the vessel.

Great leaks were sprung. From then on it was pump, pump, pump to keep afloat. The seven half frozen seamen, injured and all, kept the shrieking pumps grinding day and night.

The crippled John W. Miller bucked and pitched its way through the great waves in a crazy, aimless manner with the men living on ship's biscuit, canned meat, whisky and water. Their first break of luck came, the men said, when the ship after a couple of year-long weeks felt the pull of a southern bound current. From then on it was just a case of drifting, almost always in a gale.

Food Is Exhausted.

The rudder had gone with the first blow, said Captain Harwood, and there was only the battered stub of a mast left and for sail there was not enough canvas left to make a shirt. For the last four days the crew existed on starvation rations of hard biscuit and half a cup of water a day per man. The warming whisky, for which they thanked their lucky stars, had been drained to the last drop the week before.

They had long since almost given up hope of being rescued, when one morning a thousand miles east of Nassau the lookout sighted a wisp of smoke on the horizon. A few hours later the freighter Wildo drew alongside the waterlogged schooner and sent a boat for them. Their last act was to open the schooner's sea chests and start her on its trip to Davy Jones' locker for water soaked derelicts are dangerous if left afloat.

Italians Revert to
Sails for Training

Rome.—Glant modern three-masted sailing vessels, built of iron and with a speed up to 14 knots, are being used by Italy as training craft for naval cadets and seamen.

After several years wherein steamships were employed for training purposes, the navy department has decided to return definitely to the sailing vessels. The opinion here is that the instruction the midshipman receives aboard these boats is superior to that gained aboard a steam or motor boat.

The Italian navy now has one super-three-masted, the Cristoforo Colombo, completed last year. In June of next year, the Amerigo Vesputti, will be ready.

The Cristoforo Colombo is a copy of the old Italian frigate Vittorio Emanuele, but has an auxiliary Diesel engine. Quarters for 275 and officers live with those aboard any battleship. And it carries usually 120 midshipmen.

Canadian Town of 150
Boasts 1,400 Children

Toronto, Ont.—Bonfield, just a speck on the map of northern Ontario and a short distance from North Bay, a divisional point on the Canadian National Railways, is in line for two world records, a medical survey indicates.

There are only 150 families in Bonfield. Yet Bonfield boasts 1,500 children. One mother of twenty-three children, twenty-two living, is a great grandmother at forty-six. Her youngest child was born a great uncle. So far as is known, he is the first baby to realize that distinction at birth.

How many grandchildren the mother of twenty-three has will be known after the census is completed next June.

Needy Families Adopted

Memphis, Tenn.—Memphis church congregations recently were called upon to pledge themselves to support destitute families. Each person was asked to "adopt" a needy family, the weekly contributions varying with the number of persons in each needy case.

It seems to be the theory of some of the penologists that if a person doesn't like to stay in prison, he ought to be let out, because otherwise his temper may become spoiled.

A Tennessee doctor says unless shoe styles are changed we shall all have hoofs. In that event, it will be unnecessary for the family in the flat above to keep their horse.

Reading advertisements is worthwhile.

PRINCE OF NORWAY MAY COME TO U. S.

Olav Would Lead Norwegian
Olympic Team.

Lake Placid, N. Y.—Crown Prince Olav of Norway, himself an enthusiastic winter sportsman, may visit the III Olympic winter games to be held at Lake Placid in February, 1932, coming as a good will ambassador of Norway, according to a cable received by the III Olympic winter games committee here.

The cable advice came from Bjorn Bliz, international secretary of the games, following an audience granted him by Crown Prince Olav in Oslo. Mr. Bliz is now visiting the major capitals of Europe, aiding European groups in making arrangements for the winter Olympics.

Norwegian participation in the games is practically assured, Bliz cabled after meetings at Oslo with leading sports groups. Twenty-five contestants and five group leaders probably will comprise the Norwegian delegation, together with a substantial group of Norwegian newspaper and magazine correspondents.

The present winter will see an active sports season at Lake Placid in preparation for the 1932 games. The bobbed races which will open the great Mount Van Hoevenberg bobsled run on February 6 and 7, have been approved as the North American championship events by President Rene de la Fregoliere of the Bobsleigh federation. These races, in which teams from both Canada and the United States have been invited to compete, have already been sanctioned as the National A. A. U. championship.

W. G. Howard of the New York state conservation department, also a member of the New York State Olympic commission, has further advised that the conservation department is at once starting work on the construction of an Adirondack leanto on the summit of Mount Van Hoevenberg, which may be used by skiing parties visiting the bobsled run. Numerous shelters and sheds are being built by the commission at the base of the course.

Grave in St. Louis May
Hold Last of Bourbons

St. Louis, Mo.—Neighbors of genial and plodding George Williams believe the newly sodded grave in which his body is buried, marks the resting place of the "last of the Bourbons."

They point, for instance, to a picture of Williams, street department employee, which still hangs over a fireplace in his home.

With the picture is the inscription, "George Williams—Last of the Bourbons."

Williams believed he was the grandchild of the lost dauphin, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Legend had it that Williams' grandfather, an Indian missionary, was in reality the "lost dauphin," coming to this country in flight after the French revolution.

The story that Williams believed was that the dauphin was brought to Albany, N. Y., by two women in November, 1795. Later the child turned up at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in charge of two Frenchmen. It was left with Indians and named Eleazer Williams. Williams died in 1853, believing he was the descendant of kings.

Convicts Raise Money
for "Talkie" Machine

Columbus, Ohio.—Ohio penitentiary keeps abreast of the times.

A "talkie" machine will be installed and prisoners will be entertained with comedies, travelogues and educational features. Romances will be barred. The machine cost \$5,000, the money coming from "home talent" shows given by the convicts during the last ten years. It was originally planned to purchase an organ, but by the time the fund was large enough, a "talkie" machine was decided on.

The talking pictures will be the prisoners' sole entertainment, all other forms of amusement having been discontinued since the disastrous Easter Monday fire in which 322 convicts lost their lives.

Movies Have Put Tattoo
Artist Out of Business

Buffalo, N. Y.—The tattoo business has gone on the rocks since the movies swept the country, says John Selinski, whose business is "glidenash frank" and who sought food and lodging in a local police station.

Selinski recommended the police who put him up by displaying a well-tattooed body. Even a bald spot on the top of his head was hidden beneath blue and red pictures.

Gunn Fined for Gun

Mobile, Ala.—Convicted of a charge of carrying a concealed weapon, Bert Gunn was sentenced to ninety days in jail and fined \$250.

No Police Needed,
This Town Decides

Somerville, Tenn.—A civil district 15 miles west of here which includes 1,000 persons and the village of Hickory Withe, enjoys the unique record of having no peace officers.

This was revealed when it justifies of the peace qualified at the courthouse here, saying there was no sheriff or constable needed.

Convicted of stealing four chickens, Tom Gray of Nottingham, England, was sentenced to leave town for 10 years.

Four firemen with a pulmotor started a newly born Chicago boy baby to breathing, when his lungs failed to act naturally.

Reading of advertising is worth while.

MANY NATIONS NOW USE WOMEN SPIES

Strong Heart and Baby Face
Are Needed.

Paris.—Half of the spies in Europe today wear skirts. Spying is a profession to which many stenographers aspire, and the only stock in trade needed is a stony heart, impervious to love and flattery, beauty and the face of a baby doll, to throw the police off the track.

Many of the chiefs of Europe's underground espionage services believe that where secrets of national defense are to be wormed from young officers, one black-eyed, raven-haired beauty can do more good than a platoon of men well versed in the art