POOR DOCUMENT

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**The Evening Times ★ Star**

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 21, 1923.

The St. John Evening Times is printed at 27 and 29 Canterbury street, every evening (Sunday excepted) by the New Brunswick Publishing Co., Ltd. J. D. McKenna, President.

Telephones—Private exchange connecting all departments, Main 2417.

The Times has the largest circulation of any paper in the Maritime Provinces.

Special Advertising Representatives—NEW YORK, Frank R. Northrup, 350 Madison Ave.—CHICAGO, S. J. Power, Manager, Association Bldg.

The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Evening Times.

## THE SOMETIMES REVERED SENATE.

Out west they are talking about Senate reform as if the Upper Chamber could be abolished overnight. The Senate's hold on life is not so fragile as all that. Not by any means. As soon as a man is translated to the second chamber he is open to a severe attack of longevity. And it is so with the Senate. It is threatened much, but it remains not only serene but confident, and at times even a bit aggressive.

The Senate needs reforming to the extent that it shall not be able to kill any decision of the House of Commons, which is elective and so represents the power and the will of the people. In time the complete power of the House will be vindicated, but anyone who expects that to be done in a hurry, however desirable it may be, is going to be disappointed. There is no reason to be afraid of the House, yet some people are afraid of it particularly if they are opposed to the government of the day. There are men in the House, in all parties, who entertain the notion that they should be in the Senate and that some day they will be. Usually they say little about it publicly but much about it to the powers that be or that are likely to be. These men are not yelling for the blood of the Senate. They want it to live. They may favor clipping its wings, but they are not violent about it. They are not in a hurry. They want to find the old Red Chamber there or thereabouts when the right time comes—and for most of these aspirants the right time will never come. The vacancies are few and far between and the number of applicants is immense. There are never enough places to go round, but there is a brand of office seeker that never loses hope.

The Senate will remain, and it will neither have equality with the House nor power to defeat the popular will as expressed by the Commons. But the Senate cannot become a mere rubber stamp or there would be no excuse for its existence. The rights which may properly be exercised by the Senate are said to be the right to be consulted, the right to propose and discuss measures in the public interest, and the right to warn. In the end it will be found that the Commons cannot hurry through important legislation in order that the Senate may debate it at length, and perhaps hold it up at the last minute. In such cases the government throws the blame on the Senate—and properly—but the country replies that it cannot punish the Senate in cases where punishment is deserved.

The Upper Chamber in a sense holds its future in its own hands. If it steps softly the character of the reform worked out will not be drastic; but if it gets into the habit of obstructing and trying to defeat the popular will, the government and the House of Commons may really proceed along lines such as would kill off a score of the older Senators from shock.

## CANADIAN GOLD.

New Brunswick does not yet appear in the gold-mining statistics—a mere case of pleasure deferred, doubtless. The Canadian gold mines produced gold to the tune of $26,116,050 in 1922, the highest on record with the exception of 1900 and an increase of thirty-six per cent. over 1921. The record made in 1900 was due to the fact that the Yukon that year reached its highest yield. Gold is reckoned at $20.67 per fine ounce, says the Bureau of Statistics which gives the 1922 returns by provinces. The Yukon has fallen from its once high place indeed, being now third on the list:

| | |
|---|---|
| Ontario | $20,678,862 |
| British Columbia | 4,286,718 |
| Yukon | 1,125,705 |
| Nova Scotia | 25,540 |
| Manitoba | 3,225 |

The cobalt product for 1922 is given as 569,960 pounds, which at $3.25 a pound would be worth about $1,852,000.

But 1922 is away back when we speak of gold. According to recent reports about armies of prospectors setting out for new fields this spring and summer, either the figures for 1923 will show a big gain or there will be bones along many a trail. The ones who get back alive will try again elsewhere. Death stops them, but nothing else. Some spend a lifetime searching but never finding more than enough for a bare living. But something tells every failure in the old-style mining that he would be rich if he could only make just one more trip.

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Another fellow has discovered that Canada is restive because of too much Imperial rule. He runs the Buffalo News, and so is a near neighbor. Imperial rule is the least of our troubles. It exists only in the minds of outsiders as a disturbing factor. We rule ourselves and, like the United States, we sometimes find that a fair-sized job, though we freely admit that on the whole we do well at it.

## SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

"Nothing in the history of the United Mine Workers of America is more creditable to that organization—or easily could be to any other organization either of labor or capital—than is the letter sent by President James L. Lewis to the district officials up in Sydney, Cape Breton," says the New York Times. One does not readily recall much that is creditable in the history of the United Mine Workers of America, but it is not difficult to place on the credit side of the ledger what Lewis wrote to the deposed president of the Glace Bay miners. Here are some extracts:

"I am not unmindful that it is perhaps a fruitless task to attempt to reason with you in the midst of your mad adventure, but in your sane moments you must recognize that the course you have been and are now pursuing violates every tenet of your organization."

"Deliberate breach of the existing contract between the operators and miners of Nova Scotia. Indefensible and morally reprehensible."

"An assault upon the laws and institutions of your country."

"I have in mind that you are a self-proclaimed revolutionist. I am familiar with the constant intrigue between yourself and your evil genius, McLachlan, and your revolutionary masters in Moscow."

Here the international president is not dealing with the merits of the dispute between employer and employed. He is denouncing breach of contract, together with the doctrines of revolution and anarchy, which will discredit any organization and range popular opinion all the more stoutly on the side of law and order. Lewis will be praised for his stand by the real friends of labor, who recognize how fatal the extremists are to their cause and how greatly that cause can be promoted not only by regard for contracts but by consideration for the public's rights as well.

The very elements and practices which Lewis denounces unsparingly have split labor in the Sydney field and will make a decent settlement easier in the end. Labor can never prosper until it proves that its councils are not dominated by the Reds, and though we have fewer of them than the United States we still have too many in our mining centres and we have been too patient with them.

## THE TRAPPERS.

Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, who is writing a series of papers on "Our Canadian Guides," a work for which he is particularly well fitted, produces some census figures regarding those Canadians who described themselves as hunters and trappers. It seems that many women, in Ontario and Saskatchewan particularly, make hunting and trapping their chief occupation. He gives these figures for the several provinces, noting that many of the men do guiding in addition to following their trap lines:

| | Male. | Female. |
|---|---|---|
| Nova Scotia | 35 | — |
| New Brunswick | 32 | — |
| Prince Edward Island | 2 | — |
| Quebec | 871 | 14 |
| Ontario | 2151 | 77 |
| Manitoba | 53 | 2 |
| Saskatchewan | 1773 | 32 |
| Alberta | 866 | 3 |
| British Columbia | 580 | 8 |
| Total | 6363 | 136 |

The Maritime Provinces have today more hunters and trappers than Mr. Gibbon's 1911 statistics indicate but the 1921 official figures were not available, he says, in his Canadian Forestry Magazine article. In this region the men have a monopoly of that sort of work and will have no trouble in retaining it. The New Brunswick woman would regard with some amazement the fact that seventy-seven of her Ontario sisters were hunters and trappers even before fur prices went to the high level.

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London newspapers foreshadow the British reparations note. They surmise that Germany's ability to pay will be submitted to an international commission, that France will be asked to reduce the scope of its occupation of the Ruhr if Germany abandons passive resistance, and that Britain will offer to cancel the war debts due her from France, Italy and Belgium. If these indeed are the British proposals they will make it very difficult for France to refuse to come half way, though the French Premier has served notice that he will not budge an inch.

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One of President Harding's advisers tells him that the country is not Democratic but is anti-Republican. He dare not believe it radical. For the moment his only hope of comfort lies in believing that his advisers don't know. And they don't. It is too far ahead of the drew.

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Retail food prices are rising in the United States, and there are more signs that the industrial boom is on the wane. All of which should be noted carefully by Maritime Province people who have been thinking of crossing the border.

## AS SAILS A SHIP.

(New York Sun.)

As foam that flowers on the bow
In tangled sprays of faery bloom
Must break against the winds that plow,
And spill its loveliness in spume—

White petals of a moment's life
Scattered upon the steadfast blue,
A largess laid to ocean strife,
And lost before its beauty's through—

So dreams that pile their lacy crest
Before our onward rushing days
Must break and sink in hopes unblest
Beneath the wake of traveled ways.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

**Saved!**

(Manitoba Free Press.)

First citizen: "I never saw money as tight as it is this year. I don't know what's going to become of the county."

Second citizen: "What's the trouble now?"

First citizen: "Last week we had to borrow $500 to get our tennis courts finished and we couldn't get a cent from a bank in town. The situation was only saved when one of the lady members, who is a stenographer, lent the club the money."

**On the Level.**

(Manitoba Free Press.)

The engineer sat in his cab,
The train was traveling fast;
The motorist, with gleaming eye,
Was hurrying to get past.
The scene was at a crossing flat,
The hour it was seven—
The engineer reached Winnipeg,
The motorist reached heaven.

**Either Variety.**

Foreigner—Over here they call silver money "chicken feed," I believe.

Wiseguy—They do. But it ain't. Try to feed one on it.

**Just One Way.**

Mrs. A.—You say you kept a cook for a whole month? How in the world did you manage it?

Mrs. B.—We were cruising on a houseboat and she couldn't swim.

**Cheaper Plan.**

"Given up the idea of moving, old man?"

"Yes, we've changed the furniture around and imagine we are living in a new house."

**Had a Real Attack.**

Employer—I thought you were ill, yesterday, Mr. Smith?

Smith—Yes, sir.

Employer—You didn't look very ill when I saw you at the races in the afternoon.

Smith—Didn't I, sir? You should have seen me after the finish of the 8.30.

**Lacked Restraint.**

"Why, Bill, ye'r blubberin'," said a boy to his chum as they watched a pathetic picture unfold on the screen.

"Well," replied Bill, mopping his sopping eyes, "I like to see a person show a little feelin'."

"Feelin'," said the first boy. "Feelin's all right, but ye don't need to wash yer face in it."

## BARNUM SAID IT.

(Boston Herald.)

A court order forbidding the further sale of stock in a film corporation brings out the fact that although the company never produced a picture it had had little trouble in disposing of $750,000 of its "securities" to gullible purchasers. For some time now wildcat film companies have been close seconds to wildcat oil companies in the competition to secure easy money from persons anxious to get rich in a hurry.

The unthinking hungerer for sudden wealth reads of thronged "movie" theaters and of great amounts earned by companies which have been long in the business, as he reads of "gushers" and fortunes made in the oil fields.

But if he ever reads about the failures in both the film and the oil industry he promptly forgets what he reads. One would think, with the recent publicity that has been given to get-rich-quick concerns and of the vast losses to reckless investors, that it would become increasingly difficult to peddle worthless stocks.

All that is necessary to market any sort of stocks is a promise of big dividends, it matters not from whom the promise comes. There will be money in the motion picture business and money in oil wells for an indefinite period, but only when they are controlled by intelligent men and operated by intelligent men and operated on business principles. This, however, is something that persons whose greed exceeds their judgment never can be made to understand.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF REFORESTATION.

(L'Evenement)

"The rural population of the old parishes of the province of Quebec, who have in the past set an example in conservation of the timber on their lands, must continue to take particular care with regard to reforestation, in view of the predicted coal famine. In the course of the next generation the improvident will be compelled to abandon their properties if they have failed in the imperious necessity to provide wood for fuel. In many places already coal has to be imported at prices ranging from $18 to $20 a ton. The price is discouraging and ruinous. Now is the time to replant the maple, the beloved emblem, which will save us from a precarious position. Reforestation ought to be a family policy as it is the policy of the great forest proprietors."

## HOW RAILWAYS CAN AID.

La Patrie, Montreal, discussing the fuel situation as it affects Canada, submits that the railway companies would do well to agree to transport coal from Alberta eastwards at cost. This would be an appreciable aid to the success of the experiment being made to make Canada practically independent of a supply of anthracite from the United States. When there has been created a regular movement of Alberta coal into Ontario during the dead season of traffic, it is safe to predict that the railway companies will reap from this service an indirect benefit, as it will have assisted to develop a domestic industry which will have an effective bearing on national prosperity.

## GAELIC IN EDEN.

If Adam and Eve could return to earth via Pictou just now they would feel too much at home to leave. Everybody knows that the Gaelic was the only language spoken in the Garden of Eden, and the Garden of Eden is now a post office in Pictou.

# MR. DOOLEY ON "SWEARING"

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

"Did ye see what th' Judge said to th' throlley man that bumped him?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy. "What was it?"

"I can't tell ye till I get mad," said Mr. Dooley. "Lave us go into ixicutive sission. Whisper. . . . That was it! Ha, ha! He give it to him sthraight.

"A good, honest, American blanketyblank. Rale language, like father used to make whin he hit his thumb with th' hammer. No 'With ye'er lave' or 'By ye'er lave,' but a dacint 'Damn ye, sir,' an' a little more f'r th' sake iv imphasis.

"What else wud ye have him do? 'Twas naythe th' time nor th' occasion—as th' candydate said whin they ast him where he got his money—'twas naythe th' time nor th' occasion f'r wurruds that wud be well rayceived at a Chatauqua. A throlley car had pushed him an' diplomatic relations was suspinded.

"Now, Hinnissy, no matther what a man may've been wan minyit befure he was hit be a throlley car, a minyit afther he's only a man. Th' throlley car plays no fav'rites. It bounces th' high an' th' low alike. It tears th' exalted fr'm their throne an' illivates th' lowly. So whin th' Judge got back to the earth he wasn't a judge anny longer. Nawthin' that will iver be printed in th' first reader dhropped fr'm th' lips iv th' judge. With two jumps he was in th' throlley man's hair an' spoke as follows—No, I won't say it again. But I'll tell ye this much, a barn-boss that was standin' by an' heerd it, said he niver befure regretted his father hadn't sint him to Harvard."

"I know what Wash'nton said to his gin'rals an' what Grant said to Lee an' what Cleveland said to himself. They're in th' books. But engraved forever in me heart is what the judge said to th' throlley man. 'Twas good because 'twas so nachral. Most iv th' sayin's I've read in books sounds as though they was made be a patent inkybator. They go with a high hat an' a white tie. Ye can hear th' noise iv th' phonygraft. But this here jim of emotion an' thought come sthraight fr'm th' heart an' wint right to th' heart. They do say, his remarks singed th' hair off th' head iv th' unforchnit man.

**Useful to Sailors, Not Authors.**

"I don't believe in profanity, Hinnissy—not as a reg'lar thing. Betther blue but smilin' lips anny time thin a full coal scuttle an' a sour heart. As Hogan says, a happy peasanthry is th' hope iv th' state But it has its uses an' its place. F'r instance, it is issintial to some thrades. No man can be a printer without swearin'. 'Tis impossible. I mind wanst I wint to a printin' office where a frind iv mine be th' name iv Donovan held cases an' I heerd th' foreman say: 'What gintleman is setting A thirty?' he says. 'I am,' says a pale aristocrat with black whiskers who was atin' tobacco in th' rear iv th' room. 'Thin,' says th' foreman, 'ye' blankety-blank blacksmith, get a move on ye. D'ye think this is a annyooal ineyclopejee?' he says. Ivrybody swore at ivrybody else. Th' little boys runnin' around with type prattled innocent pro-fanity an' afther awhile th' editor come in an' he swore more thin annybody else. But 'twas aisy to see he'd not larned th' thrade iv printer. He swore with th' enthusyasm an' inacc'racy iv an amachoor, though I mus' say, he had his good pints.

"Swearin' belongs to some thrades,—like printin', bricklayin' an' plumbin'. It is no help at all, at all to tailors, shoemakers, hairdressers, dintists or authors. A surgeon needs it but a doctor niver. It is a great help in unloadin' a ship an' sailor men always swear—th' cap'n an' mate whin wurruk is goin' on an' th' men befure th' mast at meals. Sojers mus' swear. They'se no way out iv it. It's as much th' equipment iv a sojer as catridges. In vigorous spoort it is nicess'ry but niver at checkers or chess an' sildom at dominoes. Cowboys are compelled to use it. No wan cud rope a cow or cinch a pony without swearin'. A sthrick bringin' up is th' same as havin' a wooden leg on th' plains. Profanity shud be uscd sparingly if at all on childher—especially girls—an' sildom on women, though I've knowed an occasional domestic: 'Damn ye'er eyes to wurruk wondhers in reg-latin' a fam'ly. Women can't swear. They have th' feelin' but nat th' means. Western men swear betther thin Eastern men though I mus' say th' mos' lib'ral swearers I'iver knew come fr'm Boston.

**Swearin' Keeps th' Temper.**

"But it don't do to use pro-fanity th' way ye wud ordin'ry wurruds. No, sir. Ye've got to save it up an' invist it at th' right time or get nawthin' fr'm it. It's betther thin a doctor f'r a stubbed toe but it niver cured a broken leg. It seems to deaden th' pain. Women an' childher cry or faint whin they're hurt. That's because they haven't the gift iv swearin'. But as I tell ye, they'se no good wastin' it. Th' man that swears at ivrything has nawthin' to say when rale throubles come. I hate to hear annywan spillin' out th' valyable wurruds that he ought to save to be used whin th' shtovepipe comes down. Not that it shocks me. I'm a dimmycrat. But I know th' foolish man is hurtin' himsilf. Put a little pro-fanity by f'r rainy days, says I. Ye won't miss it an' at th' end iv th' year whin ye renew ye'er lease ye'll be surprised to find out how much ye have on hand. But if ye hurl it broadcast, if ivry time ye open ye'er mouth a hot wan lapes out, th' time will come whin ye'll want to say somethin scorchin' an' ye'll have nawthin' to say that ye haven't said f'r fun. I'd as soon think iv swearin' f'r pleasure as iv lindin' money f'r pleasure. They ain't too much pro-fanity in th' wurruld. Th' governmint ought to presarve it an' prevint annywan fr'm swearin' more thin was nicess'ry f'r to support life.

"I niver knew Father Kelly to swear but wanst. 'Twas a little wan, Hinnissy. Dhropped fr'm th' lips iv a polisman it wud've sounded like a 'thank ye kindly.' But, be Hivins, whin I heerd it, I thought th' roof wud fall down on th' head iv Scanlan that he thryin' to show th' evil iv his ways. Melia Murdher, but it was gran'! They was more varchue in that wan damn thin in a fastin' prayer. Scanlan wint to wurruk th' nex' day an' he hasn't tasted a dhrop since.

"But th' best thing about a little judicyous swearin' is that it keeps th' temper. 'Twas intended as a compromise between runnin' away an' fightin.' Befure it was invinted they was on'y th' two ways out iv an argymint."

"But I've heerd ye say a man was swearin' mad," said Mr. Hennessy.

"He wasn't fightin' mad, thin," said Mr. Dooley.

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## DICKENS AND GADSHILL.

Boston's memories of the great English novelist were revived when it became known that Gadshill Place, where Dickens spent the fourteen closing years of his life, was this month to be disposed of at public auction; they will be even more pleasurably quickened when news comes that the famous homestead and grounds have been finally acquired in tribute to the man as a national memorial. Dickens visited us twice, once in the year 1842, again in 1868, and nowhere on this continent did American appreciation of him and his work outdo our own. There are many still alive who saw him in the old Tremont Temple and remember hearing him read there from his writings to an audience lavish in its applause and often deeply moved. But the greatest public honor ever done to his genius, either here or abroad, was probably that paid more than thirty years ago at the Dickens carnival in Mechanics hall, where the whole panorama of his creations was made to pass across the platform against a background realistically occupied by the figure of the novelist himself.

Americans still visit Gadshill and are always impressed with the romance of the "Place." The summit of the hill is said to have been the spot where Falstaff and his merry men took toll of travelers and then absconded. Whether the novelist knew of that story does not appear. But it is certain that coming once from Chatham with his father, Dickens passed Gadshill Place, admired it, and was told that he "might live in it if he came to be a man and should work hard enough." The auctioneer who will preside at the forthcoming sale describes it as "the Georgian residence, about 26 miles from London, two and a half miles from the city of Rochester, and containing four reception rooms, conservatory, ten bedrooms, bathroom, good offices, company's gas and water, stabling for five horses, and garage." When Dickens came into possession it had not been modernized. Soon after settling at Gadshill Place in 1856 he wrote: "I am on my little Kentish freehold, looking on as pretty a view as you will find in a long day's English ride. My little place is a grave red brick house—Cobham woods behind, the Medway, with Rochester and its old castle and cathedral, one one side."

If it be true that all houses wherein men have lived and died are "haunted," what literary phantoms must be gliding in and out of Gadshill Place! Crowds of them should be seen there, with no special "psychical" faculty needed in aid of vision. There one can renew acquaintance, as nowhere else, with Micawber, sententious, grandiloquent, ever ready for something to turn up; with Mr. Pickwick, expert in the theory of tittlebats, again playing his part in the court trial of Bardell vs. Pickwick; Sam Weller with his minute knowledge of London; Mrs. Leo Hunter, who doted on poetry; Oliver Twist, who asked for more, and Jo, the Fat Boy, endowed with a genius for falling asleep. Who would willingly miss new glimpses of Murdstone, Clara Pegotty, Turveydrop, the Smallwood family, the puffing Mr. Pancks, Dick Swiveller, the showwoman, Mrs. Jarley, Silas Wegg, Simon Tappertit, Little Nell, the ferocious Quilp, Fagin and Bill Sykes, the Cheeryble Brothers, Tim Linkinwater, the tyrant Squeers of Dotheboys Hall and Little Dorrit? Nor could the survey of outstanding notables be complete without Mr. Pecksniff, the morel man, so pervaded by a holy calm that his very throat was moral; or without Sairey Gamp, in her irrepressible shawl and bonnet, ready to go to a lying-in or a laying-out, but especially solicitous about having a mantelpiece not far off whence she could draw her supplies of spirits when "dispoged." It is characters like these, whatever disposition may be made of Gadshill Place, which will haunt it to the end of time.

## SYNTHETIC BREAD.

(D. C. in the Montreal Gazette)

What is perhaps one of the greatest achievements of modern science has, alas! passed almost unnoticed. It is the production of the foundation substance of human food from air and water by means of the action of light. In other words, it is the discovery of "synthetic bread." The term is used advisedly, though up till the present no bread has been produced outside of the great laboratory of nature. For what is important is not the produce but the process.

If nature can be said to have trade secrets, this was her very greatest. And jealously she guarded it. Though hundreds of workers toiled to read the riddle they had their labor in vain. We knew that the planets were able, from the air and the water and the sunshine, to create as by subtle alchemy man's staple food. But the way of creation was hidden. Every attempt to imitate nature ended in failure. The elements would not be joined together in any new form. Then, as a result of prolonged thought—but in a flash of insight—it occurred to one of the workers in this field that there had been omitted from the calculations the green coloring which is nature's proper dress for all the myriad toilers in her laboratory. And there lay the secret.

When the experiments were repeated behind suitably tinted green fluids, the miracle took place. Out of the carbonic acid gas of the air and water, there was produced, by sunlight, a new substance, the "mother stuff" as it has been called, of human food. Not only so, but it was found that even the sunlight might be dispensed with and replaced by lamps emitting the short violet rays which are one of the components of the solar spectrum. That final experiment takes bread-creating out of the fields and brings it to the laboratory, even though long years may elapse ere the first crumb of this new food is available for human consumption. In other words, man has started on a new path of progress, the end of which none can foresee. He has, as it were, "cut out" the vegetable kingdom as the essential source for his livelihood with his own hands; now he may be able to take from nature her stores. Few of us, perhaps, have ever thought that, in a sense, at present we are all "parasites" on the grass of the field. Without the wheat plant there would be for us no means of reaching the essential elements of our existence. But this discovery closes that long epoch. Food supply, should it be developed on a great scale, may come to depend no longer on broad acres or rolling prairies. And that—if it should materialize—might be the begining of a new world of a kind, perhaps undreamed of even by the boldest imagination in this era when, to say the least, many imaginations are over-fertile.

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Puddling of iron was invented in 1783 by Henry Cort.

## WELL, WHAT IS IT?

(American Legion Weekly.)

In the motion picture, "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntingdon and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small b[illegible] in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud voice.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," snapped her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."

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Alaska has about 250,000 reindeer.

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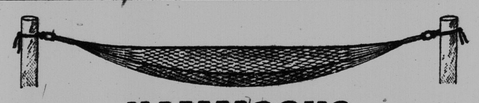

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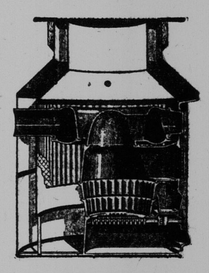

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