Frank G. Carpenter Visits Dr. Alexander Graham Bell at Midnight to Obtain an Interview

The Famous Inventor's Hundred Volumes of Recorded Notes of Experiments and Discoveries—Bell's Habits of Thought—He Works All Night and Sleeps in the Daytime—His Houseboat Retreat at Baddeck—He Tells of His Audience With the Emperor of Japan—Says That Distilled Water Is a Cure for Rheumatism, Etc.—An Intellectual Dynamo. Moved by Perpetual Motion—How One Big Man Keeps Fit.

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I WANT to tell you something about the intellectual methods of one of the greatest men of all times, to give you a peep, as it were, into that wonderful mind which, as far as human speech is concerned, has annihilated distance and has brought the hundreds of millions of the human race mouth to ear. I refer to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, whose invention of the telephone has wrapped a network of quivering iron nerves about the globe and brought men's souls together.

The actions of Dr. Bell's mind that culminated in the telephone were completed more than a generation ago. That invention was patented in 1876, and the concept then brought forth will continue to work and grow as long as time shall last.

Ever since then the same mind has been working along inventive and scientific lines. It has created many new things which are known and has produced others which will come to light when its wonderful records are published. In 1883 Dr. Bell was one of the prime factors in the creation of the graphophone. A little later on he organized the movement for the teaching of speech to the deaf along the lines of visible speech, invented by his father, Dr. Alexander Melville Bell, and to a certain extent those of his eminent grandfather, Alexander Bell, who was an authority on phonetics and defective speech.

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Later still Dr. Bell took up the investigation of matters relating to aerial flight, bringing forth new basic principles of construction which have been of great value to aviation. In addition he has made investigations and discoveries along many other lines, his work concerning which has never been published. His mind, in short, is an intellectual dynamo driven at an enormous voltage by what seems to be perpetual motion.

I have seen some of the first workings of this mind in a model which Alexander Graham Bell made when a boy, of a wax and rubber mouth, which would speak and pronounce the word "Mamma." He was working at an invention of multiplex telegraphy with wires attuned to the octaves of the piano, when he discovered the telephone, and his mental activity has continued from that time until now. He is now a half dozen years beyond that age at which Dr. Osler says all working men should be chloroformed, but his mind today is brighter and better than ever.

The records of a mind like this are of inestimable value. Dr. Bell began to make them when he was inventing the telephone, and it was the dated records he had kept which enabled him to establish beyond doubt his priority of invention. This showed him the value of such records, and from then until now his mind has, as it were, been before the moving picture camera of his note books, and its actions are filed away for the future. He has kept records and notes of everything that he has thought or experimented upon since that time, and these notes now fill several hundred volumes, giving the complete story, as it were, of his intellectual life.

I spent a great part of a recent night with Dr. Bell in his library, and during my stay took a look at these books. They are full of photographs, diagrams, sketches and figures. Some of the work has been taken down by his secretary and written out by typewriter from these stenographic notes, but there are thousands of pages in the fine penmanship of Dr. Bell himself.

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Within the past five years the manuscript volumes have been condensed into a series of digests, which have been issued from time to time in a typewritten journal, which Dr. Bell calls "The Beinn Bhreagh Recorder." Beinn Bhreagh is the name of Dr. Bell's summer home at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, and hence the name of the journal. This journal is issued in typewriting, and there are only five copies. One of these copies goes to the records of the Smithsonian Institution, and the others are distributed in different places, so that there may be no danger of loss by fire or flood.

This digest has now been issued for five years, and the work already comprises thirteen volumes, each of which is as thick as the ordinary law book having pages as large as those of an old family Bible. Each volumes contains 500 pages, and roughly estimated about 200,000 words. In the whole thirteen volumes there are more than 2,600,000 words, and these represent the condensation of the workings of Dr. Bell's mind for the past five years only. In addition are the manuscript notes of more than twenty years preceding, constituting altogether a mass of material the contemplation of which makes the mind of the ordinary man buzz like an electric fan.

I wish I could show you these books. The thirteen volumes comprise the working of Dr. Bell's mind after he had passed the Dr. Osler period. Take, for instance, volume II, giving the last three months of 1909. The index to the volume covers twenty pages, and the subjects include, among other things, experiments on aerial navigation, ideas as to the scientific breeding of sheep, and as to the utilization of waste heat, suggestions for a new metric system for the United States, experiments on preserving foods in paraffin, notes on eugenics and the detailed biological history of a cat.

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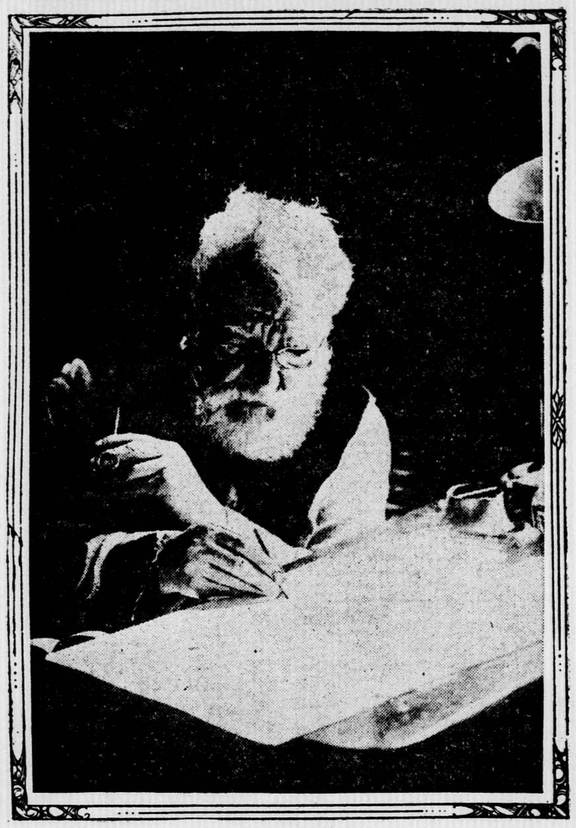
As I looked over this book, I asked Dr. Bell as to whether his mind worked as well now as in the past. He replied:

"I have never felt stronger intellectually. My mind has a greater power of concentration than it ever had. It seems to be quicker, and it does not tire along the lines in which I am interested. I sometimes work for eighteen hours at a stretch."

Later in the coversation I asked Dr. Bell as to his habits of work. He follows the same program he has always used. His afternoons and evenings are devoted to social and business engagements, and it is only some hours after dinner that he begins his intellectual work. His best work is done at night, and he tells me that his mind is at its brightest from midnight on. He is then free from interruptions and can give his soul to abstract thought and scientific invention. Until very recently he has not gone to bed until 4 o'clock in the morning, and his present time of retiring is a little after 3. He sleeps from 3 until 10 or 11 and finds that this is all that he needs. He sleeps out of doors. He has an open-air porch back of his library, and he uses this as his bedroom. He has no trouble in sleeping, notwithstanding the porch is right over a playground where a little Montessori school of boys and girls are making the usual noises of children ranging in age from four to eight years. He says that the noise affects him much the same as that of a sleeping car. One gets used to it and the mind takes no note of it.



DR. BELL'S MIND IS BRIGHTEST AFTER MIDNIGHT. HE WORKS ALL NIGHT AND SLEEPS IN THE DAYTIME.

This program for six days of the week goes on regularly, except when Dr. Bell becomes especially interested in some subject. At such times he may not go to bed at all, but will continue his work until he has completed that stage of his thought or investigation. He may work far on into the day, going for hours without sleep, and then sleeping for many hours at a stretch to make it up.

I have said "for six days of the week." He has one day in every seven which is entirely devoted to his own intellectual existence, separate and apart from every other human being. At Baddeck he has a sort of retreat consisting of an old houseboat which he has erected on posts, and which is hidden away far in the woods. He has a similar retreat in a cabin in some woods which are easily reached from Washington. On this day he leaves the madding crowd and goes off by himself to do such special work as he may have on hand. He takes some canned food, and other so-called digestibles with him and cooks his own meals, so that he is absolutely free from human interruption. This feature of his work is not generally known, but Dr. Bell tells me that he finds it of great value in the product realized, and in the maintenance of intellectual and psychical health.

As to his night work, Dr. Bell keeps this going from day to day, year in and year out. When he is traveling by train he has the drawing room of the sleeper and carries on his night work there, and he does the same in his cabin on his long ocean trips over the world. Speaking of this recalls a curious incident which happened during his visit to Japan some years ago.

We had been talking about Japan, and I asked Dr. Bell to tell me of his audience with the emperor. He replied:

"You know, an invitation to an audience of that kind is a command, and it has to be met at the exact time of the appointment. The United States minister had said he would arrange for the audience, but that there was no certainty when it could be granted. I was traveling with my wife and daughters. We had left Tokio and gone to the western part of Japan, when one day I received a telegram telling me that his majesty would receive me two days later at 10 o'clock in the morning. At that time the United States minister did not know of our whereabouts, and he only found us by telegraphing to all of the hotels in western Japan where we might possibly be stopping. At any rate, he found me, and that same night I left my family and came back to Tokio."

At this point Dr. Bell stopped and said:

"I think I had better call in Charles, who was with me at the time. He will remember the details better than I do."

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Thereupon Dr. Bell rang for his valet, and Charles, a bright-looking colored man of perhaps thirty, came in, and Dr. Bell asked him to tell me how he had gone to the emperor. Said Charles:

"You see, Mr. Bell, we were in Kioto at the time we got the telegram, and we had to come right away to Tokio. We stopped on the way at Yokohama, and it was not until the night before you were to meet the emperor that we got back to Tokio. Then you received news from the American legation that you must appear the next morning at 10 o'clock at the palace in a full dress suit, with a tall silk hat and white gloves. You had the dress suit, but you had no tall hat nor gloves. I went out and bought the gloves."

"But what did we do for a hat?"

"Oh, we hired that. It was so small that you could not wear it, but you had only to carry it in your hand."

"Well, what happened next?"

"That night, Mr. Bell, you remember you said you would go to bed early, so that you would be bright in the morning when you talked with the emperor. You promised me you would go to bed right away after dinner, but you did not. You worked all night until about 4 o'clock in the morning, and when I tried to wake you at half-past 8 I could hardly do so. You said: 'All right,' and turned over and went to sleep again. I came in at 9 and laid out your evening clothes. I waked you again, and it was along about half-past 9 that I finally got you up. You then put on your dress suit, while the man from the legation was waiting for you, and had just time to get to the palace. I remember when you got back you were not much pleased with the audience. You said that the emperor looked over your head and seemed very stiff."

Dr. Bell then said:

"The audience was something like that. We had no conversation except in platitudes, and his majesty was evidently acting according to the fixed rules upon such occasions."

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I give this story to illustrate something of the workings of Dr. Bell's mind. He could come across the whole of Japan to see the emperor, and with an audience like that in view in the morning could so lose himself in his work as to spend the whole night without knowing or thinking that there was such a thing as an emperor in existence.

It is interesting to know how a man who does as much work as Dr. Bell keeps fit. He is now in his sixty-sixth year and is the personification of intellectual and physical vigor. He is over six feet in height and must weigh considerably more than 200 pounds. He is, however, light on his feet, and his complexion is as clear and his eyes as bright as when I first met him, fifteen or twenty years ago. I have spoken of his sleeping in the open air. He has done that for more than a generation and long before the open-air cure was advocated. He is not a great eater. As we sat in the library last night at about 1 o'clock the servant brought in a tray upon which was his supper, which he takes at 3 a.m., just before going to bed. It consisted of a half dozen water-thin crackers, a bottle of Bulgarian milk or artificial buttermilk and a flask of distilled water.

The distilled water recalled to my mind a visit I had made Dr. Bell about seven years ago, just before I started out to make a long trip around the African continent. He was drinking distilled water then and I asked him why he did so. He replied:

"I have found that distilled water is a sovereign cure for rheumatism, at least as far as my own case is concerned. Some years ago I was afflicted with sciatica and was bed ridden on account of it. The doctors could not find anything to relieve me. The attack came just when I was investigating certain subjects relating to the deposits of salts. One was as to the deposits of salts in the human system. A well known scientist had written a book in which he said that old age came from such deposits, and that the ills of advancing years were due to the lack of their elimination. This man thought that when such deposits went to the joints man had rheumatism. When they went to the kidneys he had kidney trouble and stones in the urinary organs, and when they lodged in the arteries they produced what is called hardening of the arteries. In the same way, when such deposits coated the nerves they produced sciatica.

"At the same time I had been studying about the Dead sea, the Great Salt lake, and other bodies of water which have no outlets. They are, as you know, all salt. The Dead sea is one-fourth salt and the Great Salt lake is loaded with salt. Well, it occurred to me that my body was much like the Dead sea, and that it needed less salt coming in and plenty of ways to get the salt out. I knew that distilled water was pure, and with the free perspiration I always have I thought that if I drank plenty of it I might get rid of some of the salts which were covering my sciatic nerves. I tried drinking it, and it worked like a charm. Within a short time my sciatica left me, and I have been free from rheumatism from that day to this. I have kept up my drinking of distilled water, and I attribute my almost perfect health largely to it. When I am in the city I get it at the regular water supply stores, and when I am at Baddeck I have a little ten-dollar still with which I make what I need."

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I referred to this talk last night, and then told Dr. Bell of my own experiences with distilled water, which were the result of his story. I told him how when I left for Africa I had been urged to drink nothing but mineral waters, and how for the first four months of my trip I did so. I started in at Gibraltar with drinking a well known French mineral water, and kept this up during my travels in Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Tripoli. The water contained considerable salts, and the result was that when I got to Egypt, my system was in a terrible condition, and I went to a famous Cairo doctor and asked him what was the matter. He replied that I had been taking in too much salt through that water, and he advised me to drink only the juice of the Nile. I then told him about Dr. Bell's theory, when he replied:

"Dr. Bell is just right. All water which passes through the earth has more or less organic or inorganic substances in it, and being already loaded, it cannot take up the salts of the system. Distilled water is different. It is pure and it sucks up the salts like a sponge. It is a magnet which draws the salts to it and there is no doubt but that it is good for rheumatism."

To complete the story, when I returned home I found one of my friends afflicted with rheumatism, and persuaded him to try the cure. He did so and within a few weeks he was well. I recommended it to Gen. James T. Du Bois, who had just been appointed United States minister to Colombia, and who was almost wild with neuralgia. I persuaded him to turn on the distilled water and he was able to proceed to his post. I could mention several others, and I suggest the prescription to my rheumatic readers.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GOVERNMENT IS SENDING HERDS OF YELLOWSTONE ELK INTO VARIOUS STATES

Distributing the Elk Is One of Uncle Sam's Numerous Schemes. All States Will Be Allowed a Certain Number—Best Example of Saving the Vanishing Game—How Government Cares for the Animals During Severe Winters.

YOUNG ELK READY FOR SHIPMENT.

THREE vacationists were the other day riding horseback through Yellowstone Park when they bumped into a herd of 2,000 elk. Those animals, true to instinct, stampeded, and the vacationists, true to the conduct of their kind, came yelling wildly after them. It happened that the operator of a moving picture machine had been lying in wait for a month or two on a hillside for elk life, and the cavalcade scampered directly beneath his nose. He turned the crank.

This thing is possible because Uncle Sam began in time a campaign to prevent the extermination of this species of big game. The result is that there are today in the nation some 50,000 head of elk, mostly government owned. It has also come to pass that two-thirds of the states of the nation have elk within their borders. Any other states that want them may be supplied by applying to the federal government and paying the cost of transporting the animals.

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As a consequence of this forethought these proud denizens of the Rockies are becoming broadcasted from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All the nation is coming to know the elk intimately, and the generations that are to come will have a like opportunity.

The present summer has been the season of greatest activity in the distribution of elk. Though the season is yet young, these timid creatures of the wild have already been sent in carload lots to thirteen different states. A list of these states shows the wide geographical range over which this creature is being distributed. The states having already received elk this season are as follows: Montana, Wyoming, Oregon, Utah, Colorado, California, Washington, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Arizona, Oklahoma and South Dakota. This represents only the distribution of the present year, and much similar work had been done before.

There are two ways in which the various states may secure elk from the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole herds. In the first place, it is provided by the biological survey, the governmental agency having in charge the protection and propagation of game, that any state wanting to start an elk herd may be furnished with animals in numbers up to fifty upon application. Many of the states—in fact, practically all of them—have state game preserves. These are usually in wild and wooded parts of the commonwealth and are carefully marshaled, so that native game may have a chance to develop in numbers or to escape extermination.

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Most of these preserves are stocked with deer and such common game. Most of them offer favorable conditions for the development of elk herds. It is into these that the elk from Wyoming are being introduced. So it happens that these shy creatures look down into the passes of the Shenandoah that witnessed the dash of Sheridan half a century ago, peep over the rim of the Grand Canyon, or sniff the smoke of industry that rises from the busy towns of Pennsylvania.

The other conditions under which the elk finds itself in new surroundings is when handled directly by the federal government. The United States itself is sponsor for certain game preserves in national parks and forests. These are under the administration of the central government, just as is Yellowstone Park itself. Into them are being introduced the elk. It was in this way that the elk found their way to the Wichita forest and game preserve in Oklahoma, and there, under conditions rather strange to them, came to fit into a new home. It is the federal government that is looking after the herds that have recently been transferred to the national forests of Arizona, where, in the high mountains, they find a home more like that from which they came. In Glacier National Park there are also elk, but to their number are being added others from the big herd.

The home of these elk is the wildest and most romantic region in the United States. It is most remote from the toot of the locomotive, most unspoiled by the advance of eastern ways, most true to the west, as it was known to the frontiersman of a generation ago. This region is known as Jackson Hole. It lies just south of Yellowstone Park, and is a pocket in the great Rockies that may be reached only after much travel and mountain climbing.

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Here, for two decades after law and order had been spread like a blanket over the rest of the far west, outlaws were wont to flee and find security from not overzealous sheriffs' parties.

A trip of 150 miles by stage and packtrain from Rock Springs, on the Union Pacific, brings the hunter into Jackson Hole from the south. A similar distance traveled from the north reaches the wilds, with Yellowstone Park as a gateway. Forty miles over the Teton range, one of the most magnificently rugged of the Rockies, is the town of St. Anthony, in Idaho, which is actually on the railroad. Jackson lake is at the head of the valley, and here the reclamation service is putting a dam across its mouth to store its surplus flow for irrigation. The Snake river runs through the forty miles of the length of the valley, a crystal stream that sings to the solitudes and invites the fisherman to throw in a line for its speckled trout.

The whole region is a huntsman's paradise. In season he is allowed to help himself to two elk, to bear without limit, to deer, and sheep and antelope. The hunting season is the fall, and the hardy even defy the six feet of snow of the winter for a tussle with a silver tip. There are hunters' lodges throughout the region and guides who will write a guarantee of a close-in shot at a dozen varieties of big game. It is up to the hunter to hit the mark.

It was here, one September morning, that the writer stumbled upon a big game hunter from Chicago who had potted two bears in five minutes and was engaged in the undignified occupation of turning handsprings.

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Jackson Hole was first settled by outlaws and by guides who piloted huntsmen into its wilds for a fat fee. Many of these men have since become stockmen and farmers. It has been found that the region roundabout is a good grazing ground for cattle, and the lowlands may be irrigated, thus supplying hay for winter feeding. So the town of Jackson has planted itself in the middle of this isolated valley, and here its hardy citizenship congregate for the bit of a touch of the outside world that occasionally finds its way over the mountains. Maude Adams, the actress, has a ranch near here, and an uncle, who is in every respect a typical frontiersman, runs it for her.

And in the winter come the elk. The herds of this prize game drift into the mountains in Yellowstone Park and that game preserve immediately to the south of it for the summer grazing. The summer food is found at elevations above 8,000 feet. In the park no game is ever shot, and outside the hunting season is short. The herds are safe. With the coming of autumn the snows push the herds gradually off the peaks and down the slopes. By December the great plateaus are covered with four feet of snow and the elk can find no food. They push their ways into the valleys.

Occasionally there is an especially severe season. Then it is that Jackson Hole becomes the haven of the elk. Long before Lewis and Clark, the first white men in this region, pushed their way across these mountains, the elk had known Jackson Hole as a haven when the seasons were unduly severe. Here the snows were lighter and the winds blew with less severity. Here there was rank grass in the marshes and life might be preserved in all seasons.

But now the farmer stands in the way. The grass of the marshes has been cut for hay and ricked up behind high fences. Cruel barbed wire blocks the way to former grazing grounds. Man creatures chase antlered claimants away with wicked pitchforks.

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So a condition has arisen under which, in bad seasons, the farmers are forced to allow the elk to eat up all of their valuable hay or see them die about their barnyards by the thousand. In the spring of 1911 there were to be counted about Jackson Hole the carcasses of 10,000 elk that had starved to death. S. N. Leek, a resident of Jackson Hole and the maker of many rare photographs of elk, says that he has walked for a mile upon the forms of these creatures that had starved to death.

When this happened in 1911 a mighty outcry went up. The fact that wild creatures in nature often face such conditions and that such conditions are often even needed to maintain the balance of nature was largely overlooked. The government was moved to make an appropriation with which to buy hay and feed the elk whenever such conditions recurred. Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated.

Famine conditions have not come about since and much of the money has been spent in the distribution of the animals. General conditions have been favorable since the winter of 1910 and 1911, the herds have waxed fat and their numbers have increased. There is no way of knowing just how many elk there are in the Yellowstone and in the Jackson Hole country. Estimates range as high as 50,000 and as low as 15,000, but the former number is generally believed to be nearer the right figure.

The men in the biological survey hold that the government herd should be twice as large as it is. The farmers in Jackson Hole argue that there is no reason why such a great number of these creatures should be allowed to roam in the open and eat grass that might sustain cattle and horses. But the government has in mind the great scheme of stocking all the land with this choice game and is busily going forward with the task. For the purpose it is taking about a thousand choice members from the herd each year and sending them abroad.

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The hunters who come to those sections of Wyoming and Montana adjacent to the park during the open season take a toll of the herds amounting to four or five thousand. With the ravages of the wolves there is a considerable shortage to be made up. To this shortage is at times added the deaths in time of famine. So the numbers of the herds are being kept pretty well down. They must be nursed with some care for years to come if the government is to accomplish its purpose.

And the elk are showing themselves good travelers and cosmopolitans. In the first place they are not difficult to capture. Their experiences in famine times have taught them the virtues of well cured hay and they like it as a delicacy even when the grass is abundant. The men who have their distribution in hand keep seductive amounts of hay about certain corrals and the herds come in and surreptitiously feed upon it. Some of this hay is usually on the inside of a corral that has unusually high walls. It often happens, when there is an order in for elk, that the gate of the corral silently closes while the wild creatures are browsing inside and thus captives are made.

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The captured elk are then crowded into a still smaller pen in a corner of the big one. Here they are held for some time, while they make the acquaintance of their captors, receive food from them and grow less afraid of them. Finally, if there is yet snow on the ground, a sleigh is backed up to the small pen, or in summer a wagon. Upon the sleigh there is a miniature pen and into this are put three or four elk. A series of these sleighs are filled until the desired number is acquired. Then the bells jangle and the cavalcade is away to St. Anthony, on the railroad, forty miles by way of Teton pass.

Several days are required for the trip and the elk are regularly fed and watered and cared for. Eventually the end of the trip behind horses comes, but not the experiences of these wild creatures. They find themselves loaded into cattle cars and whisked for days and days into strange, flat regions such as they never saw before.

In the end they reach a destination where they are to have a new home. Being good travelers they are all right. They have not beat against the bars and broken their legs as do their cousins, the antelopes, under similar conditions. In fact, they seem rather to have enjoyed their journeying and settle down in their new environment and multiply. So is the choicest game animal of them all being brought home to all the people.

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A YOUNG ELK FAR FROM ITS NATIVE HOME.

Gratitude in the Shape of Forty Scrawled Letters

GRATITUDE, generally speaking, is about as elusive as that fountain of perpetual youth for which Ponce de Leon looked so long. But that there is such a thing as gratitude one person in Washington will affirm, a person, incidentally, whose word can be accepted by the entire nation. That person is Vice President Marshall. As for the gratitude in question, it is contained in about forty letters, each bearing that stamp of sincerity which is so rare, especially in connection with prominent men.

But the fact remains the same. Mr. Marshall has a lasting testimonial of the appreciation of some forty people. And it is a testimonial, the story of which makes interesting reading. But inasmuch as it is concerned largely with children, the tale should be unfolded child-fashion.

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Well, once upon a time Mr. Marshall went to Arizona. To be exact, the time was just after November 5 last. Furthermore, to use the words of his secretary, it was immediately after losing his job as governor, and prior to his assuming his job as Vice President.

However, he went to Arizona to find rest and quiet. While there he happened upon Scottsdale. It can be taken for granted that Scottsdale isn't any too large, for the reason that it boasts of but one schoolhouse, from the descriptions of which contains but two rooms. At any rate Mr. Marshall's interest centered about this primitive seat of learning. He visited the school and there he found Miss Grace Lopt. A word of explanation here is really necessary. Miss Lopt was an "easterner" who had gone west for her health. She had carried with her all the eastern ideas of education, and was endeavoring to apply them, but the rude implements at hand made it almost impossible. This was particularly apparent when she attempted to instill in the infant minds of her charges certain lessons on natural history.

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The family cat, or even the household dog, familiar birds, etc., are matters that can be easily explained, aided by the fertile imagination of small children, but when an attempt is made to describe the various species of birds native to this country as a whole it is another matter. Miss Lopt was dealing with native Arizonans, who, while they knew their own birds, were very skeptical as regarded those that lived elsewhere. To say that Miss Lopt had trouble is but stating the case mildly. And then Mr. Marshall happened along, both in Scottsdale and this particular schoolhouse in question.

Mr. Marshall immediately became interested. He talked to the children and Miss Lopt, and learned from her what she hoped to do. But time and tide do not wait for even a vice presidential candidate. Time moved, and tide swept Mr. Marshall from Scottsdale. Subsequently, he was again in Indianapolis. But he had not forgotten the school at Scottsdale.

With great care he considered the question of books on natural history. After choosing what he regarded as the best for the case in point he sent a sufficient supply to the Scottsdale school to make natural history a more plausible subject.

Just what joy prevailed at Scottsdale upon the arrival of these books is a matter of buried history. At any rate Miss Lopt thanked Mr. Marshall in a fitting manner, which, naturally enough, closed the matter as far as Mr. Marshall was concerned, or so he thought.

Then one morning, out of a clear sky, the official mail man of the Capitol presented at Mr. Marshall's door a long fat envelope. It looked more like a petition from a thriving village for a new post office than anything else. But upon opening it was found to contain a set of letters from every child in that Scottsdale school thanking Mr. Marshall for his gift.

In the scrawling uncertain and generally cramped hand of childhood came the message of appreciation all the way from Arizona to Washington, from a lot of little children to one of the highest men in the nation today. The sentiments of appreciation ran all the way from merely "thank you" to the more lengthy sentences of the older children. But one and all they expressed the sincere gratitude of the recipients. There was no sign of that gratitude for favors still to come. And also, there was no feeling of awe, apparently, in writing to so prominent a man. They were grateful, that was all, and they wanted him to know it.

Perhaps the best example of gratitude mixed with a childish desire to impart all the ready information at hand is the letter sent by Mary Keene Graves. Here it is:

"Dear Mr. Marshall. Thanks ever so much for the book. I don't know much to say, but one of our $5 calves bloated before we could get a doctor, and Mama gave our gobbler some castor oil. I'm glad I wasn't the turkey. Yours sincerely."

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In the same class comes the letter from James Vanderhood: "I thank you very much for the books. I think they are very nice and I am sure the rest of them like them, too. I hope you make lots of money. How is Mrs. Marshall and Mr. Wilson getting along. I am in the fifth grade and expect to be in the sixth grade next year. You won't find my writing very good. We all want you to come and visit the school again some day. Faithfully yours."

Then from one of the older girls came this: "I write to try to tell you how much we appreciate your kind attention to our little school, who are all trying to be kind to God's small creatures.

"We all offer our grateful thanks for the lovely books.

"We all hope you will visit us again soon. Yours very sincerely, Dora F. Simpkins."

Still another specimen runs thus:

"I thank you for the book that you gave to the school. I would like to shake hands with you at the Scottsdale school again. I will close for now. Yours truly, Robert Hurd."

And this, evidently from Robert's brother:

"I thank you very much for the animal books you sent to us. I think they were about the best thing you could have sent us. When will you be out to Scottsdale again? Yours truly, Byron Hurd."

The letters came in two parts. One, containing the foregoing, was from the older children, but the other collection makes up for any lack of worded appreciation in the number of drawings contained. The little tots of the Scottsdale school were unable to express their appreciation in words. So what better way than to draw pictures of the animals that they found in Mr. Marshall's books? Consequently, they adorned the pages of their letters accordingly.

* * *

From the frequency with which the meadow lark is depicted it is safe to assume that they were receiving information about that bird at the time of writing. But while there are several meadow larks, in various attitudes and stages of possible recognition, other birds and animals are also shown. One pupil, Mittie Vanderhood, depicted a coy brown goat in the act of securing a meal from the branches of a sea-green tree. Harold Lauderman drew a horse's head, a stiff and uncompromising beast with an evil eye, against a dark purple background. Willie Miller drew a wobbly swan, floating on indigo blue water against olive green reeds.

John Elmer, more enterprising than his schoolmates, depicted a mother-bird perched on the edge of her nest, a choice worm in her mouth, trying, apparently vainly, to coax back her family, even then in the act of flying away. And in his letter John says: "I thank you for the animal book very much. How are you all? I can remember the time you visited us. How do you like Washington? Good-bye."

There are forty letters, one from every child in the Scottsdale school. There is no doubt that Mr. Marshall smiled, and even laughed, when he read some of them. But, also, there is no doubt but that he regards them as one of his most prized possessions. Perhaps in the four years that stretch before him as Vice President he may never again receive a similar token of absolutely pure appreciation, unmixed with a desire of future favors. The children of Scottsdale expected nothing. They received a set of "beautiful animal books," therefore Mr. Marshall represents not so much the Vice President of the United States as a personal hero. And what child will neglect the opportunity to tell his chosen hero of his appreciation?

Another Point of View.

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT was talking about the London horse show, where, as usual, he had carried off the honors.

"A feature of the show," he said, "was the magnificent riding of certain Arab chiefs. These chiefs gave a dinner one evening—an Arab dinner—and they ate the first course, kous-kous, with their fingers.

"An Englishman asked for a fork for his kous-kous. When it was brought him a young chief said:

"'I beg your pardon, but I don't see how you can bear to eat with a fork.'

"'I,' the Englishman replied, 'was about to remark that I didn't see how you could bear to eat with your fingers.'

"'But my fingers,' said the Arab, 'are clean, clean. I know it. I see to it myself. But you, sir, how can you feel sure about the cleanness of your fork?'"

We All Know Him.

JUDGE GARY, in his testimony at the steel trust investigation, said of a steel man who had gone under:

"He's one of those men who are always seeing where they could make fortunes—if they only had some more money to lose."

Very Easy.

THE late Charles H. Cramp, the Philadelphia ship builder, had little sympathy with socialism, and to illustrate the socialists' pigheadedness he used to tell a story.

"I had a socialist draughtsman in my shipyard," so he would begin. "This draughtsman said to me one day:

"'The world's all wrong, Mr. Cramp. If I had my way I'd make a new law compelling the rich to divide up everything with the poor and then we'd all start equal. Wouldn't that be grand, eh?'

"'Grand? No!' said I. 'In ten years after that equal start there'd be the same inequality there is now.'

"'Then,' said the draughtsman cheerily, 'then we'd divide up again. Divide up every ten years. It's as easy as rollin' off a log, ain't it?'"

The Burden.

APROPOS of one type of American family, Dr. Charles F. Aked said in San Francisco:

"Smythe is of this type. A man said to me about him:

"'Is Smythe in business for himself?'

"'For himself?' said I. 'No, sir, Smythe is not in business for himself. Smythe is in business for an extravagant family that is at present occupying the royal suite in a twenty-dollar-a-day Atlantic City hotel.'"