NEW YORK HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION, 280 BROADWAY; TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

Directors and officers: Frank A. Munsey, President; Ervin Wardman, Vice-President; Wm. T. Dewart, Treasurer; R. H. Titherington, Secretary.

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	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
By Mail, Postpaid.			
DAILY & SUNDAY	$12.00	$6.00	$1.00
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THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1921.

Strike Leaders' Responsibility.

An action at law probably unique in court records has been begun in Atlanta, according to this news despatch from that city:

"Recovery of salary lost while on an illegal strike is asked in seven damage suits totalling $4,103 filed here against national officers of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees.

"The petitioners were among clerks employed by the Central of Georgia Railway when, they assert, J. W. THOMAS, grand vice-president of the Clerks Union, called a strike May 17, 1920, which the grand president later declared illegal."

Should this suit result in a decision in favor of the plaintiffs the possibilities of trouble it would open for labor leaders would be many in number. Were the promoters of strikes to be held accountable in court for loss of pay suffered by their followers the same principle would suggest that they might be held accountable for damages to a woman for the loss of her husband, in case of fatalities, and to children under similar circumstances. The suffering of strikers' families deprived of their incomes might conceivably be capitalized. Evictions and the like would give ground for action.

This suit will be closely watched, not only because of its immediate importance but on account of its potentialities. Labor leaders will be slower to call strikes if they may be made to pay the workers they call from their tasks for the losses they incur.

Brother Jonathan's Papers.

After efforts covering a period of more than seventy-five years Connecticut at last gets back the papers of her stanch old Revolutionary war Governor, JONATHAN TRUMBULL, the original of our national personification, Brother JONATHAN. It was no less a personage than GEORGE WASHINGTON himself who thus named the patriotic Nutmeg State Governor, little dreaming that in so doing he was creating an immortal allegorical personage whose fame, features, chin whiskers, swallowtailed coat and high beaver hat were to be known over all the wide world as marking the typical representative of the great country of which he, WASHINGTON, was to be the father.

When JONATHAN TRUMBULL died in 1785 he had in his possession at his Lebanon home a mass of documents of great historical value. They covered the time of his Governorship of Connecticut from 1769 to 1783. About all that Connecticut did from seven years before the Declaration of Independence to the close of the Revolutionary war was reflected in them. There were no State depositaries for public papers at that time. When incumbents of public offices went back to private life they took the public papers with which their official life was concerned to their homes and kept them there. WASHINGTON did it; HAMILTON did it. In earlier times the practice had held in England as well.

So when Governor TRUMBULL went back to his old birthplace home in Lebanon, Connecticut, there to end his days, he took these Connecticut public documents with him. There was a great mass of them and the Massachusetts Historical Society was early alert to their value. Ten years after Governor TRUMBULL'S death it sent Dr. JEREMY BELKNAP all the way—and it was a long way in those days—from Boston to Lebanon to negotiate for them. He was only four days in Lebanon, but he got the papers.

For 125 years they remained in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, although as far back as 1845 Connecticut began her efforts to recover them. In that year the General Assembly of the State passed a resolution representing the special value of the documents to Connecticut and requesting their return. The committee appointed by the Massachusetts society to investigate the matter reported adversely. The Connecticut Assembly replied with the argument that the papers were Connecticut's, and neither Governor TRUMBULL nor any of his family had authority to give them away or to lodge them in trust anywhere save in the archives of the State to which they belonged. In 1846 the Massachusetts society again refused to give up the documents.

But Connecticut persisted and finally a committee of the historical society, of which Senator LODGE is a member, reported in favor of giving up the papers. It was voted to return all of the thirty bound volumes of the papers, including one volume made up exclusively of letters to Governor TRUMBULL written and signed by WASHINGTON. On Friday, May 6, last the transfer was made. The papers were informally handed over to GEORGE S. GODARD, State Librarian of Connecticut, with the understanding that ceremonies befitting the event should be arranged for another day.

Evidently it is the handsome and the proper thing which the Massachusetts Historical Society has done. "It will be a step in the right direction in placing collections of papers where they belong," said the society's committee in its report. As to that, there can be no more question than there can be as to the absolute justice of Connecticut's plea for what is peculiarly her own.

Straw Hats.

When a note falls due on Sunday it is payable the day after. When May 15 comes on a Sunday Straw Hat Day usually is observed the afternoon before, preceded by the ceremony of purchase.

There were few straw hats on downtown heads yesterday. The wearers of the few were those bold fellows who keep the world on the march. Their fathers doubtless were the young men who bought the first safety razors and the earliest motor cars. Their grandfathers were those adventurous devils who put their savings into high wheel bicycles.

There is a certain strain of blood that seems to call for the first of everything, be it continent or straw hat. The men in whose veins it courses see and get the new things.

CÆSAR, MARCO POLO and COLUMBUS, were their spirits transferred to modern young Americans, would have been wearing straw hats yesterday.

Nature's One Day Programme.

A correspondent writes, as correspondents frequently do at this time of the year, that "the papers do not print stories like they used to." He may be so absorbed in German reparations, the Greco-Turkish war, Mr. EINSTEIN'S theories or Mr. EDISON'S questionnaire that he overlooks other interesting features of the news. The old world goes on much as in the past; there are the same actors, ordinary man and all his animal friends. The bills of the performances are merely changed, for Mother Nature, being the showman, produces a brand new programme every day without one old or stale act.

Arkansas, once the most dependable of all States for snake stories, furnishes no more. The *Gazette* of Little Rock is doing everything possible to destroy man's faith in the deadliness of the rattler's bite; a big snake cannot rattle its tail in play without that paper sending a man up to Yellville to investigate. Recently it got and published the statement of a professor at the State University to the effect that a rattler's bite was almost harmless—at least never fatal. But West Virginia comes forward with a fine batch of stories. A copperhead was about to bite an unsuspecting hunter when an enormous blacksnake grasped the venomous reptile and swallowed it at one gulp—and remarkable as it may seem the hunter did not kill his blacksnake rescuer. A rattler bit a prize bulldog; "in two minutes by the watch the dog was dead." Men trailed the biter to its den and found seventy-six snakes of ordinary length, from six to ten feet, and the grandfather of all rattlers, too long to mention, but with fifty rattles. The monster raised its head to strike and one of the spectators dropped dead from fright. These facts are called to the attention of that *Gazette* newspaper.

Men are still taking the romantic road to riches. An old California prospector with a mysterious Spanish document as a key to the treasure has gone into the desert to find twenty-seven mule loads of gold lost when a band of fugitives were attacked by Indians seventy years ago. Kansans are searching in Rice county for a pot of gold buried by a returning Forty-niner and a Missourian is digging in the Big Horn valley, Montana, for $83,000 hidden by a road agent forty-three years ago. Uncle BILL HOPKINS, a South Carolina negro, died the other day leaving an estate worth $15,000. He had made every cent of it by wood chopping—not so much as the value of the treasure sought, but Uncle BILL had it.

A vagabond ram walked into Calico Rock, Arkansas, some time ago and established its residence by driving the boys off the street, licking all the dogs and the town marshal. The other day it went into Mr. TALBOT'S store and began eating a bolt of gingham. "Couldn't do nothing with it," said the proprietor, "if I angered it it would smash my store cases." The Mayor asks the Governor what he can do with the "dam ram." TUCKER GIBSON, champion big game hunter of Tensas Parish, Louisiana, claims the only pig which can be used as a bird dog. He explains by saying that the pig "was adopted by a pointer dog with a litter of pups and that the pig continued to associate with its foster brothers and sisters." A Kentuckian heard of this wrote to a professor at the State Educational institution—it is wonderful the wide interest in science aroused by the discussions of the Einstein theory of relativity—and asked if a groundhog being raised by his cat will be a mouser or a weather prophet. The question flunked the professor as easily as Mr. EDISON'S questions did all other college men.

A Marysville, California, man says he will get that $1,000 offered by the Government for a black rose, that is, if the Government ever did make such an offer. A taxicab driver of Emporia, Kansas, was haled to court because he ran over a squirrel and cut off its tail; Emporia is old BILL WHITE'S town, and a city ordinance protects everything. The Seattle street car company received five cents out of which a conscience stricken patron cheated the road twenty years ago. Conscience is wonderful, but truth is mightier. One night in 1901 a Utah farmer saw a great shooting star that lit up the whole countryside drop on his farm. He told everybody what he saw, and everybody smiled incredulously and said, Show me the stone. Twenty years afterward to a day men digging a well brought up a strange looking rock. "My meteor, by gosh!" exclaimed the farmer. "If I hadn't found it I would have died with the reputation of the biggest liar in the State."

And this is only one day's programme; something like it is produced every twenty-four hours.

Oscar Roesen's Life Work.

OSCAR ROESEN, first vice-president of R. Hoe & Co. and active up to the very day before his death in his life work of building printing presses, was one of the rare types that not often coming into direct contact with, perhaps scarcely known to, the general public, yet have a very large and important share in the daily lives of the American people.

Of the millions of men, women and children who will eagerly take up their newspapers this morning the overwhelming majority will be indebted to OSCAR ROESEN for many if not most of the practical improvements and betterments which through the last quarter of a century have given the printing press so large as well as so intimate a relationship to American life. Not himself one of the great printing press inventors and not a founder of great printing press plants, he was, nevertheless, immediately and constantly responsible for innumerable developments and adaptations of printing press principles which have made it possible for newspapers to do all they now do in respect not only to stupendous editions consuming whole forests of trees which supply the paper but finer and more appealing touches of superior workmanship in the printing arts.

It was from his incessant and devoted attendance in newspaper press rooms the country over, watching the actual printing, that OSCAR ROESEN gained his inspiration for newer applications of old principles and for other changes making for practical improvements in the printing press. The theory ever was in the great construction works of R. Hoe & Co. The practice was in the throbbing press rooms of the newspapers themselves, and it was here that the press builder pictured the results and thought out the ideas which have done such marvellous things for the higher development of the printing press and have made OSCAR ROESEN so well known and so admired of working newspaper men of several continents.

Horse Show Aid to Breeding.

Horse shows are second only to racing as a stimulant to horse breeding, and it is of good augury for the industry to find men of high standing engaged in their promotion. The horse show serves as a guide to type, and as such these exhibitions, which were once confined to State or county fairs and are now general, may be regarded as educational.

Not only does the horse show serve as a means for the establishment of type but it develops love for the horse among those who are in a position to indulge in the breeding and ownership of fine animals. Through the exhibition in public of the best specimens pleasure is given to spectators who find delight in the spectacle of a daintily moving saddle horse, a bold hunter taking his fences with confidence or a lofty going horse of the harness type progressing with rhythmic tread. Bridle paths in public parks, the hunting field and the show ring are responsible for the perpetuation of the saddle horse and the hunter at their best.

The harness horse, however, has reached a point where better roads must be furnished if he is not to become a rarity. Concrete and macadamized roads are good for motor cars, but they burn the feet and legs of a harness horse, and the demand for side roads of soft dirt paralleling automobile ways is becoming more and more insistent on the part of all who drive.

Whenever horses of particularly fine show type are offered at public auction competition for them is keen. This was shown at a recent Liggett sale, when $12,000, a record price, was paid by JOHN P. CROZER of Upland, Pennsylvania, for the great saddle mare Bohemian Actress, while W. E. SHUTTLEWORTH gave $4,500 the same evening for the champion hunter Outlaw. Outlaw is a thoroughbred by Martimas, which won the Futurity Stakes for that fine old Canadian sportsman WILLIAM HENDRIE in 1898.

Men of prominence in every walk of life are on the directorates of the open air horse shows which are being held from coast to coast. The Westchester county exhibition, which will be held at Gedney Farm, White Plains, from June 15 to June 18, has for its president OLIVER HARRIMAN, while on the directorate are such well known fanciers as J. RICH STEERS, REGINALD VANDERBILT and JOHN MCE. BOWMAN. The Monmouth County Association, which has a three day show at Long Branch, New Jersey, on July 28, 29 and 30, has for its president HARRY CONTENT. On the directorate are JAMES C. BRADY, famous for the quality of his ponies at Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, New Jersey, and ALFRED B. MACLAY, who has been a factor in the success of the National Horse Show, which is a feature of social and hippic importance in this city every autumn. REGINALD VANDERBILT, who is president of the National Association of Horse Shows, and JOHN MCE. BOWMAN are also directors of the Long Branch horse show. Both are breeders as well as exhibitors of fine horses.

Other horse shows near New York are at Tuxedo and West Point. The Tuxedo show has among its moving spirits Mrs. DAVID WAGSTAFF and PIERRE LORILLARD, Jr. It will be held on June 3 and 4, while that at West Point is scheduled for June 7 and 8. Brigadier-General DOUGLAS MACARTHUR is president of the West Point show, which has for its secretary Major WILLIS D. CRITTENBERGER, a well known polo enthusiast. Interest in horses, especially those suited for cavalry and polo, is keen at West Point.

Premiums are offered for breeding classes at many of these shows, and they should be a feature of all of them. Those offered at the Westchester county exhibition by the breeding bureau of the Jockey Club for the produce of thoroughbred stallions bring out interesting classes of young halfbreds, many of which are destined to serve as mounts for the New York State police, Troop K of which is housed at White Plains.

Poulterer and Poetess Too.

There is inspiration for the children of every rural community in the experience of Miss LOIS SULLIVAN of Poplar Grove Farm, Trimble, Tennessee, who has as the result of four years work with poultry established a bank account of $300 and accumulated $50 in War Savings Stamps.

Miss SULLIVAN was 10 years old when she embarked in the poultry business, and in 1920, when 14, in rendering her annual report to the Boys and Girls Club of which she is a member, she summed up the problems of the poultry industry in the following classic verse:

"All things considered, from beginning to ending,
Hatching and catching and feeding and tending,
Chasing and killing and scalding and pickin',
There's a great deal of work about raising a chicken.
Watching the hen while she's doing the hatching,
Watching her, too, while she's eating and scratching,
Guarding 'gainst hawks and 'possums and rats,
Driving off crows and dogs and cats,
Ready all day to give something a lickin',
There's a great deal of work about raising a chicken."

Poulterer at 10 and poetess at 14, how do these other prodigies stand beside Miss LOIS?

In honor of their comrades who fell in the war the survivors of Company C, 307th Infantry, will plant an oak tree in Central Park at 3 o'clock this afternoon, the ceremony taking place on the Mall. No more appropriate memorial to the brave could be devised; as in days to come it shelters the living who are to come after us, the story of the men in whose name it is planted will be gloriously symbolized by its spreading and protecting branches.

The new boxing commissioners are not to be paid. Why not try the unpaid system on the boxers and wrestlers? Good ditch diggers are always in demand.

Well, there is to be a film censor, and his lot may not be a happy one. Think of the poor wretch at dinner, surrounded by a family every member of which wants to know all the details of every picture that father saw to-day.

Dr. EINSTEIN says he cannot measure universe.—*Newspaper headline.*

Let him not despair; many others are in the same unfortunate situation.

The white man arrested for attempting to drug and rob a Chinese merchant reverses all the principles of detective story composition. In mystery tales it is the Oriental who puts his victim to sleep with strange potions. The integrity of our most productive school of fiction is menaced by such innovations as are included in this police court case.

In Mingo county they may not want to fight, but they have the men to do it, by Jingo!

Pursuit.

There came a call like an ethereal flute
Which led me forth, the captive of pursuit—
The rapt pursuit of Beauty. The deep sky
Unfolded far its hyacinthine dye;
The crescent stream was like a shimmering sword;
The valleys and the hills were emerald floored.
Bird wing, the gauze of dragon fly, the stir
Of fern and reed, the sheen of gossamer,
Each to my searching eyes revealed its share
And bade me know Beauty lies everywhere.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Glass of Cyprus.

"The beautiful iridescence on many of these vases is due to the decomposition of the glass in the graves."—*From the descriptive label, in exhibition cases in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of the Cesnola Collection of blown glass from Cyprus burial places, second and third centuries A. D.*

Is it mere folly that I dare with words
Attempt a record that would tax the hues
Of brushes wet from palette rainbow bright,
And draining tubes of every gorgeous stain,
To tell the dazzling marvel of this glass?
And yet I cannot rest till I have tried
With my sole implements of artistry
To bear some witness to the joy of soul
These jewelled Cyprian treasures have bestowed,
Where in the museum cases they renew
Delight that sometimes falters, color starved,
In too harsh trial of drab days and scenes.
So might I pay with gladness some slight meed
Of debt I owe to such resplendent gifts. . . .
See then this crusted plate like tropic sun
Ablaze through marshy vapors, orange gold
And smouldering rose of copper, shot with green
Of vitreous opal and great beetle wings,
Margined with blue of lapis lazuli,
And dashed incredibly with violet.
This tiny vase, one tapering emerald flame
Fed from shy fires of mauve and amethyst.
Or this of peacock azure and Nile green
That shifts its hues like wind blown changing silk.
This flagon frosted with frail chrysoprase
Like glistening gold-green scale of serpent coils.
This cup so gorgeous with sheer ruby pomp
That the dull shelf beneath it hotly glows
With blaze undimmed since Trajan's torches flared.
These bowls and phials flashing from their curves,
Patens and cruets from their variant forms,
Such lustres of bewildering array
As send the fancy questing merchantwise
Through all bazaars of vivid dyes and sheens
For symbols to set forth their gleaming spoil—
Nacre of fragile shells, glister of oils,
Fabrics that sheathe white flesh with shimmering tints,
The burnished flanks of fish in limpid seas,
The play of iris bands in sunshot spray,
The fires of dawn on throats of humming birds. . . .
And ah, the miracle that all these hues,
This iridescent wonder of the glass,
More glorious after nigh two thousand years,
Are born of what men call decay in tombs—
Beauty from darkness, splendor from the grave!
So might we learn from these irradiate forms,
That tell the resurrection mystery,
To welcome death as power transfiguring,
Where all our melancholy leaps to mirth,
The spirit's mournful vestments flash with joy,
And sombre shades of this that we call life
Endue the lustre of Eternity.

ELIOT WHITE.

Honoring Jack Dempsey.

One Patriotic American Would Like to See Carpentier Win.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Knowing something of the loyalty and patriotism of most of our American boys who willingly and gladly gave their services to their country at the time of the great crisis, and being the father of an American officer who lost his life on July 15, 1918, at the second battle of the Marne, I want to congratulate you on your editorial article of May 8 on "Two Men After Four Years."

I understand that Georges Carpentier fought for his country, France, during the four years of the world war, while his coming antagonist, Jack Dempsey, "fought the draft law and by wiggling escaped service."

It is regrettable that the freedom of the city was extended to Jack Dempsey by the Mayor of Atlantic City and that he was entertained at various luncheons and dinners by the citizens of Atlantic City and by other prominent people. It makes one think that these people take more pleasure in paying attention to a prizefighter and slacker than they do in upholding the dignity and loyalty of their own country.

Much as I glory in seeing the United States hold supremacy in all manly sports, I think I am voicing the sentiment of every red blooded, loyal American in hoping that the loyal Frenchman will in the coming contest decisively and thoroughly defeat his opponent.

NEW YORK, May 14. AMERICAN.

A Bet by the Court.

Justice Tim Campbell's Remark to a Long Winded Lawyer.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Reading the discussion about the late Congressman Tim Campbell and his famous inquiry "What is the Constitution between friends?" I am reminded of a story told of him when he was a district court Justice sitting on the East Side of Manhattan.

One day when Justice Tim was anxious to get away from the court to keep an engagement elsewhere a pertinacious East Side barrister delayed him by insisting on making a long argument in the closing of his case. It was in vain the Justice repeated that he fully understood the lawyer's contention and that he would give it due consideration when he came to decide the case. The budding Choate was obdurate, however, and continued his long argument, calling the attention of the court to this and that point in the testimony.

The vexed Justice finally threw himself back in his chair and said: "Go ahead, counsellor, go ahead. I've got to listen to you, I suppose, but I'll bet you $10 you lose your case." F.

BROOKLYN, May 14.

Reassuring the Examiner.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Mr. Edison's question No. 62, "How far is the earth from the sun?" was answered some years ago by an applicant under civil service examination:

"I do not know the exact distance but it is not near enough to interfere with my work if I get the job." A. D.

NEW YORK, May 14.

Arctic Circle as a Tourist's Resort

Canada's Last Expanse of Untouched Wilderness Brought Within Easy Reach of Broadway.

If you have ever crossed Canada with Baedeker you may remember a long fine print paragraph which told you that if you started in June you might in the course of five or six weeks get to the Arctic Circle and beyond and be back again in civilization before the snow fell. The route was overland from Edmonton, then a comparatively remote town in central Alberta, to Athabasca Landing, ninety-five miles north on the Athabasca River; thence by a steamer of the Hudson Bay Company, with several portages, via the Athabasca River, Lake Athabasca and Slave River to Fort Smith, and from there via Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson, 200 miles or so beyond the Arctic Circle.

The journey as far as Fort Smith could be made more than once in a season, but beyond Fort Smith there was only the annual steamer of the H. B. C., as everybody in the north calls the company, taking in mail and supplies for the trading posts and the stations of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and bringing out the winter's accumulation of furs. Baedeker was not for those who love the wild and probably few who did not have to go made the trip, but those who did found it the one great adventure in the Canadian wilderness, one which could be carried through without danger and with less roughing it than a fishing trip in Ontario or Maine might easily involve.

Both Edmonton and the Arctic are nearer now than they were in 1907, when the last edition of Baedeker's "Canada" was published. Two of Canada's great transcontinental railway lines converge at Edmonton, and the Canadian Pacific has come in from Winnipeg and from Calgary. The unkempt settlement of Athabasca Landing has become the flourishing town of Athabasca and a railway connects it with Edmonton, while on either side new lines of railway are pushing toward the north and the northwest. Now comes the announcement of the opening, with the present season, of regular transportation service by rail, automobile and steamer from Edmonton to Fort McPherson, passing through the Fort Providence and Fort Norman oil fields, on which for a year the eyes of fortune hunters have been set. You may buy a ticket now for the Arctic Circle.

The natural gateway to the Mackenzie River country is Fort Smith, on the Slave River, at the northern boundary of Alberta. There are two routes from Edmonton to Fort Smith. One is via the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, east of Athabasca, to Linton, sixteen miles from Fort McMurray. Through trains will probably be running this summer to Fort McMurray, but at the moment Linton is the end of steel. At Fort McMurray, which is reached from Linton by automobile, a steamer of the Alberta and Arctic Transportation Company runs down the Athabasca River, across the end of Lake Athabasca and down the Slave River to Fort Fitzgerald, a distance of 296 miles. Here a portage of sixteen miles carries you to Fort Smith.

The other route is by way of the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, west and north of Athabasca, to the town of Peace River, on the Peace River 312 miles from Edmonton; thence by steamer down the Peace River 330 miles to the upper end of Vermilion Chutes, a five mile carry by automobile around the Chutes, and on by another steamer to Fort Fitzgerald, a total distance from Edmonton of 891 miles. This route is the better of the two, partly because it is more varied and interesting and partly because the service is at the present time rather more regular than the service by rail to Linton. The running time from Edmonton by either route is from three to four days, depending chiefly upon the amount of freight that has to be handled.

To the traders of the north Fort Smith is well within the bounds of civilization; one enters the wilds when one sets out from Fort Smith for the Arctic. Beyond the sixteen mile Smith Portage there are no more carries and one travels by steamer. The route follows the Slave River to Fort Resolution, on the southeast shore of Great Slave Lake, 210 miles from Smith Portage; thence across the lake 170 miles to Fort Providence, near the first important oil well.

We have now entered the Mackenzie River, the great waterway of the Canadian Northwest Territories, connecting Great Slave Lake with the Arctic Ocean. At Fort Simpson, 175 miles from Fort Providence, we are at the mouth of the Liard River, which flows into the Mackenzie from the southwest, and up which a steamer of the Alberta and Arctic Transportation Company plies 275 miles to Fort Liard and 525 miles to Fort Nelson, an important Hudson Bay Company post 250 miles northwest of Peace River as the crow flies.

At Fort Wrigley, 160 miles beyond Fort Simpson, the Mackenzie enters the Rockies. Another 160 miles and we are at Fort Norman. A run of 185 miles brings us to Fort Good Hope, just beyond which we cross the Arctic Circle; then 240 miles to the Hudson Bay post at Arctic Red River. Sixty-five miles more and we are at Fort McPherson, 1,965 miles from Peace River, 1,651 miles from Linton. The running time from Fort Smith has consumed from seven to ten days; the return trip up stream will take twice as long.

For the round trip between Edmonton and McPherson one pays something less than $300, not including meals and steamer berth. Meals on the steamers cost $1 each. The charge for berths is from $1 to $1.50 a day. The principal drawback to the trip for the traveller who wants to buy his ticket and have everything else done for him is the necessity of carrying a blanket and a certain amount of food. No people could be more hospitable than the scattered inhabitants of the Canadian Northwest, but hotels and eating places are lacking in a region that has no towns, and while the traveller will be well cared for on the steamers and assured of a welcome at any fur trading post he may have to provide his own food at the portages, and in any case had best be somewhat independent even at the posts.

Navigation by the Peace River route as far as Fort Fitzgerald usually opens early in May and on the Athabasca route from Fort McMurray about the middle of May. Great Slave Lake is not free of ice until the latter part of June. This year the ice is reported to be disappearing early, and a departure from Edmonton by June 15 should enable one to catch the first steamer down the Mackenzie. It is not necessary to start so early, however, since the return trip can now be made as late as September, sometimes even in October.

For those who love the wilds and have time to spend, but who nevertheless prefer a train or a steamer to a canoe, there are some side trips which are inviting. From McLennan, 252 miles from Edmonton on the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway, the line goes on 140 miles to Grand Prairie, an important frontier town in the famous Peace River country. From Peace River a steamer runs up the Peace River 240 miles to Hudson's Hope.

The mild climate and fertile soil of this part of Alberta hold great promise for agriculture. Then there is a steamer which runs from Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, 160 miles to Fort McRae, a Hudson Bay post on the northern arm of the lake. The side trips from Fort Simpson to Fort Liard and Fort Nelson, the latter in the northwest corner of British Columbia, have already been mentioned.

The vast territory north and northwest of Edmonton is the only considerable area still remaining in North America in which the traveller, with only a slight foregoing of the conveniences and comforts of home, can see the wilderness as it was created. To all intents and purposes the country remains untouched by the hand of man. There are no towns after you leave Peace River, no telegraphs or telephones beyond the railways, no newspapers save of ancient date, no roads save at portages.

You are in a game country, the last home of the fur bearing animals. Here at close range is the lonely, venturesome, fascinating life of the hunters and trappers of the Hudson Bay Company and its great rival, Revillon Frères, and the thrilling service of the Mounted Police. You have left behind even the frontiersman, restless if settlements come nearer than a hundred miles. Your companions are the prospector for gold or silver or cobalt or copper or oil, staking the claims which some day, he hopes, will make him rich, and with him the traders, the Indians and the missionary priests.

Here is the country which is closed to the rest of the world by ice and snow nine months of the year, except as one travels by snowshoes or dog sled, yet which ripens wheat and garden vegetables as far north as the sixtieth parallel, and is open to summer travel to any one who will visit it. This year, for the first time, you may traverse its whole vast length, a distance as great as from Boston to Denver, by train, automobile and steamer, and all in a round trip of six weeks from New York.

Before long, if the oil gushes well, there will be towns in this Arctic country, more steamers and barges on the rivers, and more miles of steel. Already a commercial air service from McLennan to the Fort Norman oil fields is planned. Then the all but untouched wilderness will have begun to disappear. The traveller who is wise will want to see it before nature has been dispossessed.

His Car.

Since Jenkins had a motor car
He's hardly ever home,
But with his family delights
The countryside to roam,
And yet he is not satisfied
But plans to change, behold!
His Classy-Six to something that
On wheels has never rolled.

He means to fit it with a stove,
A bathtub and a bed,
And make a lawn and garden patch
Upon the top o'erhead.
With lawn mower and rake and hoe
Strapped on behind, he'll call
It perfect and will never need
To visit home at all.

MINNA IRVING.

Rival of Einstein.

Mr. MacLaughlin Secured in 1914 a Patent Involving Relativity.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In 1914 I secured a patent on a centrifugal aerocycle in which was demonstrated a basic principle which Professor Einstein has lately been theoretically exploiting.

I advanced the theory that energy was not an absolute but a relative value. Stated simply my idea was this: All energy is energy of motion or kinetic energy, and as motion is relative the equation of kinetic energy has a relative factor the solution of which is always relative.

The idea of the relative value of energy may be illustrated by considering the following case: A man in the front car of a moving train walks toward the rear car at a rate of three miles an hour. The train is moving forward at the same speed. When the man reaches the rear car he is in exactly the same position he was in when he started walking, if we compare his movements with the ground, but if we compare his movements with the train he has actually walked several hundred feet. His kinetic energy is thus shown to be relative. It exists relatively with respect to the train but not actually with respect to the ground.

He now returns to the front car, walking at three miles an hour with respect to the train, but at six miles an hour with respect to the ground. Although his muscular effort is the same in both cases his kinetic energy is four times as great when he returns to the front car. The kinetic energy increases with the square of the velocity of a moving body.

The man's movements have not accelerated or retarded the train because the reaction to his backward movement is equal to the reaction to his forward movement, but he has created four units of kinetic energy at a muscular expenditure of two units of kinetic energy.

According to the time worn theory of the conservation of energy this is impossible, but it is quite true according to actual practice. The blades of the aerocycle have three different speeds, and the energy of the air current is multiplied as it passes through the machine. I thus antedated the recent publication of Professor Einstein's theory.

In my correspondence with the Patent Office examiners in 1913 I advanced the theory of the multiplication of energy and based my theory upon relative motion. ROBERT J. MACLAUGHLIN.

BROOKLYN, May 14.

The Missouri Grouch.

From the Lowry City Independent.

A kind word don't cost anything, but you would think it was some folks' last dollar.

Start the Game Earlier.

Baseball or a Cold Dinner the Choice of Some Fans Now.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I can go to any racetrack from Jamaica to Yonkers, see all the races and get back home in time for dinner. So also I can attend a matinée at any theatre in Greater New York or go to a field meet, a golf match or any other afternoon event and get home without a reprimand. But if I go to a baseball game I am invariably late and the result is riot, recriminations and rebellion.

Now, why should this be so? The players are on the ground before 3:30. The umpires are always there and 98 per cent. of the spectators are in their seats at 3. Why is it, then, that games are not called at 3 P. M.? Ah! The Wall Street crowd, sometimes as many as twenty or twenty-five men, can't leave their offices before 3, and for these twenty or twenty-five spectators thousands of others are kept waiting.

By the present plan thousands face the alternative of staying away or eating a cold dinner. I am confident that the attendance on week days would be increased at least 10 per cent. were the games started and finished thirty minutes earlier. Why not give it a trial for a month? A. D. P.

NEW YORK, May 14.

Two Teachers.

An Appreciation and a Reminiscence From a Maryland Reader.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I enclose my check for the renewal of my subscription. The paper of Friday, April 29, was of itself worth the price of the subscription.

The editorial articles of THE NEW YORK HERALD are the most instructive literature on real Americanism and your paper is to-day a mighty power for spreading sound and patriotic information and giving inspiration to better citizenship and real, unselfish service to the Republic, which means the most beneficial, civilizing, humanizing service to humanity.

The letters of reminiscences and of recollections of great New Yorkers which appear on your editorial page are a source of perpetual delight. I regretted the end of the correspondence about Grammar School No. 20 and its great principal who moulded so many fine characters in New York. I wonder what has become of the great army of boys of No. 35, which under Dr. Thomas Hunter, the greatest teacher that ever blessed any country, developed so many of New York's leaders in law, medicine, finance and commerce and accomplished so much for the city, State and nation. Dr. Hunter still lives in the influence for good which was the fruit of his morning talks. J. H. SHEPHERD.

BERWYN, Md., May 14.

An Altruistic Schoolboy.

He and His Father Want His Education to Stop at 13.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: "W. G. M.'s" letter on "Boys' Chances Now" is the truest thing ever said on the subject. It hits home, as I have a thirteen-year-old boy who is very altruistic in the matter of giving up his seat in school to a boy who wants it more than he does.

I myself am a high school graduate and also attended college, but I have had occasion to tell the superintendent of the school where my son attends—so unwillingly—that several times in my life I should have been willing to swap my education for a ham sandwich. Thomas Edison is not so far wrong as some would have him appear. The school of experience is a good school always, the public school sometimes.

Those who know my son assure me that I need not worry; that he will make his way. But it is a shame that he must lose several years of earning on account of a law that crams a lot of useless education down his unwilling throat when the same throat may be crying for food perhaps. But his school will not help him earn his food.

NEW YORK, May 14. JULIUS REICH.

Lowering the Thermometer.

It Is Found to Work as Well as Setting the Clock Ahead.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: You ask, "Why not, as well as setting the clock ahead, put the thermometer up a few degrees?"

If you say "put the thermometer down a few degrees" I will agree with you. During the last few years, with help uneasy and hard to please, we have been troubled every hot day by workers asking to go home early in the afternoon or stay out because of the heat, but after we dropped the bulb of the thermometer so it registered six degrees less than the actual a girl would simply glance at it, see it was not as hot as she thought and hustle for the rest of the day.

For the last two summers, since the change in the registration, we have not had a single request to quit work because it was too hot.

Was it Mrs. Partington who said she could not understand how a little machine like a thermometer could make the weather hot or cold? MORTIMER POND.

WINSTED, Conn., May 14.

Fifth Avenue Suggestions.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: I submit the following:

Suggestion No. 1—Discourage the idea that Fifth avenue is the only street for a parade and thus end a great deal of discomfort and confusion.

No. 2—Discourage the idea that the only use of the Public Library terrace is for advertisements of drives and other money collecting enterprises. A.

NEW YORK, May 14.

Potatoes a Treasure From Peru.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In your editorial article on "Peru, a Land of Treasure" I find no mention of the humble potato.

Descendants of this modest purplish tuber of the Andean highlands have produced more wealth and benefit to humanity than was ever dreamed by the greediest conquistador.

JOLY DE MANQUEROIS.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 14.

Troubles of an Arkansas Correspondent.

Sumpter correspondence of the Warren Eagle Democrat.

We will not attempt to chronicle who has been visiting of late, for it continues to rain and everybody seems to be visiting and nobody at home.

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