

THE SECRET OF THIS TRICK
DISCOVERED BY OBSERVER—IS TO
MAKE THE OTHER LAUGH

(New York Sun)

Aghast and somewhat terrified at the suddenness of the apparition, Observer mopped his brow and merely stared. There, lined against the wall stood eight youths, their face screwed into the most ludicrous manner imaginable, yet each absolutely rigid and immovable.

Flashes of headlines telling of gruesome, wholesale murder passed through Observer's brain as he seriously considered backing around the corner and dashing to notify the proper authorities of the atrocious outrage.

The boys had been to school—high school—because their books were still strewn about at the feet as if dropped when shot, stabbed, choked or whatever it was that happened to them.

Pope-eyed, Observer could not tear himself away and just as he started to feel the return of his faculties he was jolted from his temporary horror by a most unusual happening.

One of the rigid lads—the boys had been propped again the wall so that they either faced one another or were in range of vision or two or three of the youths, slowly started to relax and grin.

As a man, the remaining seven fellows snapped into action. Faces assumed normal expressions and the seven surrounded the hapless, obese lad whose face matched his plump body. With shouts and laughs they started to pummel the fat boy until he hollered, "I'm a bum!" With these words the pummeling ceased, the lads picked up their books and in mass formation walked along the street—talking, laughing, skylarking—yet obviously alert for something or other.

Felt Pulse

Observer felt his pulse, then his head. No, pulse normal, no signs of fever, he had not gone out of his mind. These boys were real, human and of the flesh. Not a hallucination. With the indomitable spirit of the adventurer, explorer and stamp collector, Observer resolved to get to the bottom of the mystery. He followed the boys at a respectful distance, yet near enough to catch their every word and scrutinize their every gesture.

He had not long to wait, however, before things began to happen. About half a block from where he first had stumbled upon the heart-wrecking scene, he noticed the little fat boy turn and yell a single word at the top of his voice, "Bum!"

Books dropped, a mad rush was made, and eight figures leaned against the nearest building in various poses, all rigid and as if carved from stone—but each lad screwing his features into very unusual, to say the least patterns. Observer watched—and eventually one of the boys could contain himself no longer.

He giggled and then laughed. Then the deluge. He was slapped and hit from all directions until he, also, yelled "I'm a bum." Observer decided to do a little questioning. He approached the boys, selected the little obese lad with the good-natured grin and asked: "What's this, fellows, some new stunt?"

"Maybe the old crumb wants to play," one of the lads muttered.

"Yeah," replied the fat boy affably. "It's a new game. You see, the guy who smiles or laughs first gets socked until he hollers 'I'm a bum!' Then he's the master and he can wait as long as he wants to before he shouts 'Bum!' and we all got to drop our junk, rush to the wall or railing or building and learn against it stiff and still. Then the first guy who laughs gets his."

"Splendid," remarked Observer, and then with perplexed air inquired, "But what's the idea of making those weird faces?"

"Holy smokes, mister," gushed the fat boy as he shouldered his books and started away, "are you that dumb? That's to make the other guys laugh!"

"Oh," muttered Observer with wounded vanity. "Thanks."

OUTLOOK FOR LUMBERING
IN NEW BRUNSWICK HAS NOW
BRIGHTENED UP SOMEWHAT

The Canada Lumberman says: The general feature of note in the lumbering industry of the province of New Brunswick at the present time is the impression that better times are ahead, and that instead of lumber being a commodity which is accumulating, it will be one which will be in demand and eventually will find the proper means between supply and demand. Various factors enter into this. The change is considered to be sure to improve conditions for the export lumber trade from the Restigouche and Miramichi sawmill centres. Historically Liverpool has been the market for that section for many years but, within the past decade, the forest industry has shown a tendency to turn from long lumber to pulp and paper. Another factor entering into the more cheerful attitude taken by the local trade is the evidence of demand overtaking supply. This is true of the local market and to some extent of the New England states. One cause for this is that the price has become depressed to such an extent, that it pays the purchaser to buy.

BABY ELEPHANT CAUGHT BY
FRANK BUCK IS WHOLE PET
SHOW AT THE GARDEN

(New York Sun)

Frank Buck, who brings 'em back alive, was hedgehogging through the Sumatra jungle one steaming morning when he heard a petulant squeal. It was just like the sound an indignant cat makes when you step on its tail. A whole string of falsetto cuss words. Instantly identifying that angry aria, the wild animal hunter spread out his beaters and got a big net ready. And pretty soon he had neatly enmeshed a baby elephant about three weeks old and about as big as a minute and a half.

And mad! Frank Buck says that child elephant used language that made even him blush, and he's heard all the fancy cussing from Siberia to Singapore. But the temper didn't last long. In no time at all little Buck—the name fitted like a glove—was as friendly as a kitten and ten times cuter. Ingratiating little devil. A born cuddler. A wheedler from Wheelerville. Full of tricks to amuse the customers and grab off some dainty for its greedy little self—candy or sugar or peanuts. If they don't look out little Buck will eat himself into whatever Paradise is reserved for elephants—and there must be one, for elephants are people.

chaser to buy.

One feature of New Brunswick situation is that the lath production, which has accumulated during the past year or two, has been cleaned up by buyers. The lath did not sell at any remarkable price but they moved. There also is no prospect of any overproduction in this particular line during the coming season so that in 1932 New Brunswick lath should command a respectable price. It is anticipated that any lath sawn will be from the slab as a by-product. Lath from the round is not justified by the present price. Pacific Coast lath, usually fir, enter the same market, as this line from New Brunswick, but the latter is preferred by the building trades in New England and New York State.

The purchasing also has affected spruce to some extent. Narrow widths of two-inch spruce have been in demand in the southern part of the province and some manufacturers have disposed of much of their stock. Wider widths are still in stock. In both it is expected there will be a better demand.

Although this activity has occurred there is no scarcity on New Brunswick yards and there will have to be a continued movement before reduction will get to the point where it will be very noticeable.

The cut in New Brunswick forests in the winter of 1930-31 was sixty per cent compared with the year before and in the season 1929-30 the decrease was some thirty per cent compared with the winter before. There is no prospect of the cut during the season now opening exceeding that of last year to any great extent. New operations in certain localities and increases on the part of operators are offset by no cutting for other sawmills and reduced cuts elsewhere. The Restigouche section expect more activity in the woods than any other part of New Brunswick. This will be on account of the possibility of better marketing conditions in 1932.

In the central part of the Saint John Valley small operations will be carried on by some plants notably those of the Colburn Lumber Co. at Ripples, the King Lumber Co. at Chipman, and the River Valley Lumber Co. at Oromocto. Fraser Companies, Ltd., are not to operate their plant at Fredericton, there being heavy accumulations on the yards there now.

The King Lumber Co. last winter did not cut a log and did not operate its mills at Chipman last summer. This was on account of accumulation on the yards. This winter a cut of about two million feet will be made on various waters draining into the head of Grand Lake for the mill at Chipman. This quantity is light compared with the average for the plant which usually is more than twice the quantity. Proposals made by lumbermen to the provincial government for financial assistance in connection with logging operations on Crown Lands have been rejected.

Anyway, if you are looking for a nifty watchcharm or a lavalliere for the little woman drop in at the pet show at Madison Square Garden and give little Buck the once over. I'll guarantee that somebody will have to drag you away. For Buck has IT. The little rascal is oozing with personality. He'd steal the show from Greta Garbo. People who went into a huddle around Buck this afternoon couldn't keep their hands off him. One man pulled out an obese roll of bills, skilled of ten centuries and offered the thousand to Frank Buck for the amusing infant. Buck laughed at him.

Star of the Show

The elephant child is the star of the show, right enough, but not the only interesting creature in it. It's a good show this year, better, if anything, than the two that have preceded it. If one gets tired of playing with little Buck one can move along a few feet and cuddle a tiger. Now ordinarily it's just about as safe to cuddle a tiger as it would be to hug a busy buzz-saw. But this tiger up at the Pet Show is, like Buck, still an interesting infant. All the stripes are nicely painted on in orange and black and the round eyes are sometimes golden and sometimes emerald green, and altogether, tiny as it is—no bigger than a Persian cat—it's all tiger except for the wickedness that will come with maturity. A few months from now—maybe only a few weeks the human that tried to hug Shere Khan, the baby tiger, would be carried out of the Garden—and not in one piece either.

Shere Khan is another of Frank Buck's trophies. The tiger baby—John Curry ought to buy him and put him in a little cage down at Tammany Hall—comes from the Malay peninsula, where the bigger and better tigers are found. Whenever Dr. Blair up at the zoo wants something special in the way of tigers he sends for Frank Buck and puts in his order. And then Frank Buck takes ship for distant parts, disappears into the jungle for a few months and comes out with the goods. This time he came out with a few full-sized man-killers, but he happened to pick up the baby as a by-product and brought him along just as one would bring along a kitten. Little Buck down the corridor has to be good, I'm telling you, or the baby tiger would steal the show.

Lions Do Rhumba

Still further down the line, while we're talking about jungle cats, is the lady who has the lion act. Her name is Miss Lorraine Wallace, and you wouldn't believe the things she can do with her grumpy lions. Makes 'em stand on their heads and dance the rhumba and do a lot of stunts that lions were never meant to do by nature. And a little farther along in the jolly circus of a pet show are Capt. Engerer's trained dogs, ponies, monkeys and goats, and if those monkeys don't give you a laugh and a couple of titters then there's something wrong with your cosmos. One of the monks looks exactly like Charley Chaplin as he used to make up in his old pictures.

I don't know what the biggest thing in the show is unless it's gentle-eyed old Clover Leaf, the moo-cow, who placidly chews her cud back in a corner, but there's no doubt about what is the littlest. That distinction goes to Senor Lopez y Martinez de Mexico—and be sure to pronounce it May-heco when you say it to the Senor. You'll find him about the middle of the basement of the Garden, snugly ensconced in a wicker basket, and probably all covered over except for his head, by a softly blue silk and wool blanket no bigger than a lady's handkerchief. For Senor Lopez y Martinez is a Chihuahua dog of the most aristocratic lineage that Mexico ever turned out. He doesn't weigh more than eight or ten ounces, but he's worth as much per ounce as fine gold—more, actually. Ordinarily, I wouldn't give a nickel a gross for all the Chihuahuas south of the Rio Grande—and they outnumber the fleas—but there's something about this particular little chap—this special little rascal in his wicker basket—that gives one a glow.

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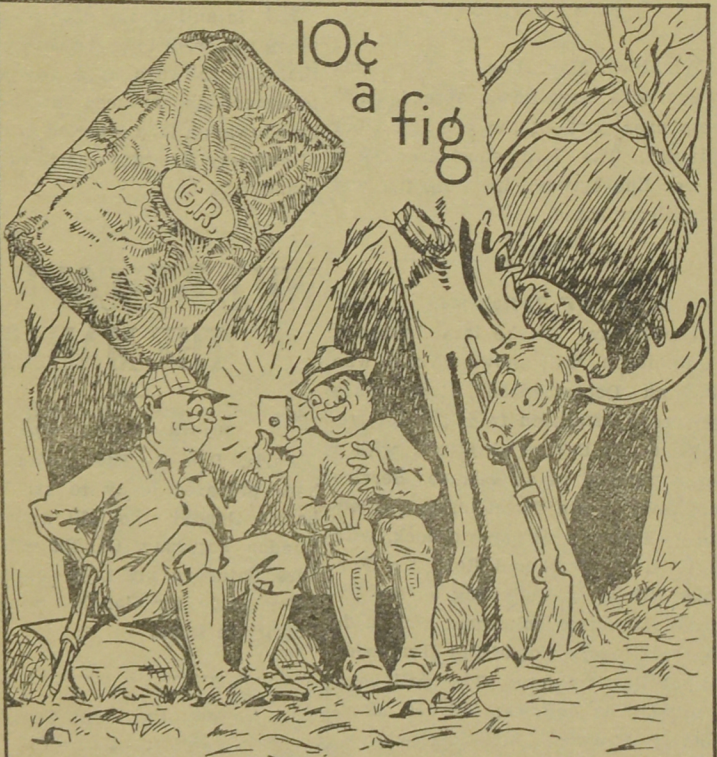
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