

DASHING CABALLERO IS QUEBEC KEEP-OVER MAN—HE IS A MEXICAN MAN

(New York Herald Tribune)

Jack Calder is what they call him now. It may have been Juan Calder once, for he is a Mexican, though long a denizen of the forests of the Province of Ontario.

Gillis Brothers, whose timber rights in the region now known as Algonquin Park antedate by many years the park itself, have employed thousands of lumberjacks, but Calder probably is the only Mexican the firm ever hired. They draw their crews from far places, but most of the places are in Canada.

There are Frenchmen from Ontario and Quebec, Scotch and Irish from Ontario and men from the distant Gaspé Peninsula. In general the French Canadians are regarded as the best. The men from Gaspé crowd them close for proficiency, but are a more turbulent lot. A sprinkling of Gaspé men in a crew is a good thing for the morale, but a whole crew from the Gaspé is a tough proposition.

"You can't trifle with them," as a lumber boss explains it, "you got to knock down the first man that shows fight. Then the rest of 'em'll be all right and you got a good crew; but if you hesitate they'll think you're afraid of 'em and then, no matter how many you lick you got a crew of mutineers. They're good men, though—few better, if you don't trifle with 'em."

Among such men—men whose hazardous jobs of cutting, piling and loading logs in the winter reach a climax in the spring, when they drive those logs by the million feet down rapids and across lakes—Calder, the Mexican, made a name for himself. Expert at chopping and at river driving, courageous, faithful and always cheerful, he stood high on the roll of Gillis Brothers.

That is why he has a job now, when his left foot is gone. He lost it years ago between two logs. A man with a wooden stump where his left foot should be is not of much use in the "bush" or on the river, but Calder has a job. That shows he was good.

He has charge of the "keep-over" west of Burnt Lake, some fifteen miles south of the Canadian National transcontinental line on the chain of lakes which feeds the north branch of the Petawawa River. The "keep-over" is a lumber camp which is kept open during the off season between March and September.

Calder's home is at Brent, which is on the railroad, but from March to September he is the sole resident of the lumber camp whose dozen buildings and winter population of a hundred or so compare not unfavorably with the size of Brent itself, though the latter is a division point on the railroad.

His job is to clean up after the departure of the crews for the spring drive, to see that supplies are well housed, to empty countless sacks of oats into bins, to care for nineteen pigs and generally to act as custodian of the camp. For company he has seven cats and two dogs, one of the latter a portly and venerable collie, blind in one eye, and the other a grotesque, roly-poly little beast, built and colored somewhat like a short-coupled Alfredale but with a long coat and the amiability of a spaniel.

He also has a radio set, whose batteries already were getting weak a month ago, and a telephone. Occasionally one of the fire rangers drops in for a call. Except for the fire ranger, the dogs and the cats, Calder sees no one from March to September unless you count the bears.

"The bears come around some in the spring," he said. "The pigs can look out for themselves all right in the daytime, but I have to look 'em up at night. There's one big old bear, looks as big as a horse and must weigh close to 700 pounds, comes around regular every night. I had to nail cross-cut saws back of the cookery to keep him from breaking in there."

"Coley the smaller dog, does what he can, but that old bear has got used to him barking and snapping at him now and don't pay him no attention

at all. The other afternoon I was sitting here in the shop when Coley come running in barking and then ran out.

"I went out with him and he ran down to the foot of the clearing, and there was that bear ambling up toward the camp and not paying attention at all to Coley. I shouted at him and he turned and walked off. Yes, sir, bears is kind of troublesome right now, but in a little while the berries will be ripe, and then they won't bother me no more."

Mr. Calder is considerably hampered in dealing with the bears by the park regulation, which forbids the use or even possession of firearms within the park. All he is permitted to do to a bear is to reason with it. If an animal becomes particularly threatening he can report it to a park ranger, who is permitted to have a rifle and consequently, can argue more successfully.

Mr. Calder is a swarthy man with high cheekbones and slightly slanting eyes. He smiles continuously, exhibiting a most remarkable feat of dentistry. His eye teeth are solidly encased in gold and from one to the other a gold band extends, apparently binding all his upper front teeth in place.

Surrounded by ugliness on a scale so vast he cannot cope with it, he has made of the camp a place as neat and orderly as a ship's deck. The clearing about which the dozen or so log buildings cluster is as clean as though it had been swept. Hardly a chip remains on the baked earth. The buildings are spic and span within, and have the aromatic tang of a lumber yard in the sunshine.

Followed by his dog Coley and by one of the seven cats, he makes his rounds each day, cleaning up and putting things in order and besides, has some hundreds of bags of oats to empty into bins, the pigs to feed and secure at night against the bears, roofs to mend and chimneys to stop against the winter winds.

Piled on a shelf in the office, along with several boxes of dynamite are hundreds of magazines, many of them years old, and a dozen or so books, all in order and dustless.

"I haven't read hardly any of them," Calder acknowledged. "You see, I don't get much time to read."

COALITION OLD LONDON STORY

London, Aug. 29—It is nothing new for England to be ruled by a national government such as that which is to replace the Labor cabinet.

There was one during the world war, and there were others long before that.

In the war days party government gave way to coalition, first under Lord Asquith as premier and later under David Lloyd George. A third coalition with Lloyd George as prime minister was formed after a general election in 1918.

This government lasted until 1922 when the Conservatives withdrew, and Lloyd George resigned. At a subsequent general election the Conservatives were returned to power, and Bonar Law became prime minister.

Back in 1757 the elder Pitt combined with the Whig aristocracy represented by the Duke of Newcastle, and in 1782 a great coalition was formed when Fox, the reformist leader, joined forces with Lord North of the opposition.

There was a short coalition when Lord Derby's ministry resigned in 1853, formed under the Whigs by Lord John Russell and the Moderate Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists in 1866 could scarcely be called a coalition, for the responsibility of government rested on the former while the latter gave them general support.

FRIENDLY BEAR

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, August 29—Miss Annie Bruce was picking berries. So was a bear. Miss Bruce, without noticing it, put her hand in the bear's mouth. Both of them ran.

A SHORTER WORK WEEK IS FORECAST

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

In predicting for the future a twenty-one hour working week Secretary Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, calls attention to the fact that this would be but a logical continuance of the trend of the past thirty-five years, during which thirty-nine hours have been clipped from the standard work-week.

The union official naturally contemplates for the future earnings from twenty-one hours of labor sufficient to maintain what was regarded a year or so ago as the normal American standard of living. But there is one consideration that calls for examination in connection with the hypothesis that a man may at some time hereafter earn as much in twenty-four hours as he lately did in forty-four. The return must be reckoned in terms not of dollars, but of need.

Now, assuming the normal allowance of eight hours for sleep, an eight-hour day allows eight hours for play—less the time consumed in eating and in such tasks as almost every normal man performs not connected with the earning of his livelihood. Whatever may be the net for recreation under the existing schedule, a twenty-one hour week would add exactly twenty-three hours to it, which divided by the normal present or recent number of working days, would be three hours and fifty minutes per day.

Recreation costs money. Some forms of it are practically free of expense, but the American worker does not confine himself to entertainment derived from reading books borrowed from the library, or playing ball on vacant lots, or swimming in public pools. There is an admission charge for movies, theatres, league ball games and boxing bouts. Automobiles have to be paid for—likewise gas and oil, tires, repairs and hot dogs. Amusement is a very definite charge in the budget of every worker.

Double any man's free time and you add nothing to the cost of his shelter, his clothing, his food, his insurance or his dentistry and doctoring. But addition to his general living costs is inevitable. He is not going to spend his additional leisure sitting on the porch and twiddling his thumbs. His opportunities for spending will be increased; his needs will be increased; he will look for the means of meeting them.

There is no logical argument against the proposition that labor surplus brought about by greater individual productivity, in turn made possible by new adaptations of mechanical power to production, should result in a reminder that shortened hours at stationary pay will not fulfill the requirements of the forecast situation.

The proof lies in what has happened synchronously with the shortening of the work-week already accomplished. The scale of living has correspondingly risen, and the items which constitute the improvement are very largely recreational items. The worker with more time is going to want more playthings.

CORN ON COB ADDICT IS SUED FOR DIVORCE

Chicago, Aug. 29—Mrs. Bertha Lesh, 23, charged in a divorce suit on file today that her husband, Leo, liked corn on the cob so well he made her get up frequently in the middle of the night to boil some for him. She said once he promised to "reform," but that when corn on the cob season came again he was "just as bad as ever."

WESTERN HOPPER CAPTURED IN N.Y.

New York, Aug. 29—A five-inch grass-hopper of a species usually found in the west was captured on the eighth floor of the Empire State building. When captured it was moored to the 102-story mooring mast to get its bearings for a flight to Nebraska.

PASSES TEST, IS HELD AS DRUNK, ANYWAY

New York, Aug. 28—The first man given the new intoxication test" of the New York police department answered all questions with a perfect mark and the odor of liquor on his breath—but he is held on a charge of driving while intoxicated.

The test had been devised as a way to defeat the inclination of most doctors to adjudge a man sober when called upon for testimony in court, and the test as it developed in the case of Charles E. Verry, 31, served its purpose.

Verry had been arrested on complaint of Mrs. Mary Backmaster, after she and Mrs. Lillian Klein had been knocked down by Verry's automobile. Serg. John Walsh read down the questionnaire when Verry was brought in.

Verry denied he had been "drinking," "taking medicine," or that there was "anything wrong with him."

The time? "Why, 11.04 p.m."

The day? "Friday, the 14th."

Verry read "with feeling" a paragraph from the police department rules as required, so Serg. Walsh listed his speech as "normal." The questionnaire gave Walsh his choice there as "normal, thickened, slurred, blasphemous or loud."

The subject walked a straight line while spectators snickered.

For good measure, Verry bent over and touched the floor with his fingers without staggering, although he did bend one knee a wee bit. Then he made perfect contact between his nose and forefinger with his eyes shut.

Serg. Walsh wrote down on the proper dotted line:

"Clean shaven and clean; not intoxicated in my opinion."

Then Verry was locked up on a charge of driving while intoxicated, and assault in the third degree to await a hearing today.

Walsh explained the test was for the purpose of helping the police to testify; not to help the accused.

COTTONSEED WASTE HAS A FOOD VALUE

Berlin, Aug. 29—Years of research by Caspar Schmitt, a chemist of Heidelberg, has established the fact that the great masses of waste material from cottonseed after the oil has been extracted contain unparalleled human nutritive value. He has developed a process whereby that waste can be converted into a substance that can readily be utilized in conjunction with other foods to give them health-giving quantities.

His research has proved that over half of the substance of this former waste product is pure albumen, known to be a great body-building agent. The remainder of the substance contains considerable amounts of phosphoric acid and aluminum salts. Vitamins A, B, C, and E have been found in the preparation, thus giving it more vitamins than tropical fruits, such as oranges, lemons, bananas and dates.

The use of cottonseed meal, or "Florida Albumen," as Schmitt calls his product, is considered feasible because after the oil has been extracted, as that product was formerly considered waste or used for cattle fodder.

The product has already been successfully introduced in Egypt, where it is used in coffee and cocoa, giving them additional health-giving properties without affecting the original flavor and aroma, as "Florida Albumen" is tasteless and odorless.

Inasmuch as the United States produces nearly three-fifths of the world's cotton supply and dominates the position in that commodity, this discovery should arouse great interest by those individuals interested in attempting to alleviate the present crisis in the cotton situation.

SPLASH FOR JOLT

London, August 29—The whitewash special makes a fast run every so often over the lines of the Great Western railway, but carries no passengers. Observers aboard note every jolt on the track and drop a splash of whitewash to mark the spot.

GHOST HUNTER UNREWARDED

London, Aug. 26—H. Reid, of Withdean, Brighton, can have his hobby, for all his friends care. It's hunting haunted houses.

"I have been searching for a real ghost since I was 10 years old," he informs. I have never seen one, although I am now 66 and have slept in some of the best-known haunted houses in the country. I have slept in the beds of people who have been murdered and often I have visited graveyards on the darkest nights, but all to no avail."

A wise motorist is one who concedes a margin of safety for the benefit of the fool driver.

ANNUAL REPORT OF ENGLISH RAILROADS

London, England, August 29—Seventeen million animals, 200,000,000 tons of coal and 63,000,000 tons of minerals travelled by rail by Great Britain during the year ended July 1. Tons of merchandise transported came to 55,000,000, while 213,000,000 gallons of milk and 76,000,000 parcels apart from those carried in his majesty's mail bags, were carried.

It's the newspaper reporter's work to catch and tame wild rumors and lay the mon the city editor's desk.

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