

By ERNIE PYLE

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 2.—Mr. F associates only with people he likes. He can do that because, as he says, he is 78 years old and doesn't give a damn. He happens to like us.

Most of you won't remember back that far, but I wrote a column about Mr. F once before. He is the man who retired at 51 because he had all the money he wanted, and has spent the last quarter of a century (and then some) just going places.

Mr. F is off on another trip around the world. I forget what this one is. Fifth or sixth. Mr. F always travels alone. By the very nature of traveling, he spends most of his life among strangers. That, plus his deafness (he is very deaf), gives him independence and freedom. He depends on no man. He isn't aloof. He likes people. But he likes to do what he wants to do.

Mr. F has, it seems to me, more nearly approached perfection than any one I know. I have known other men who had life whipped, but they had whipped it by centering upon themselves and excluding all else. But Mr. F has kept the door open; he has invited everything in, and he is not full and so great from it that he is greater than anything around him.

Mr. F is completely innocent of sham. For example, he hates stickers on traveling bags. "You can buy every sticker in the world in a shop in New York," he says.

He hasn't a superstition in the world. "I just wish I could think of a superstition I was afraid of, so I could try it out," he says. He doesn't like "joiners." He describes "repartee" as the ability to answer right now what most people would think of two days later.

#### Believes in Higher Power

HE feels that any thinking man must believe there is some higher power that created the universe and keeps it running, but he has no idea what it is. He says that after all these millions of years the most learned man in the world has no more idea what this power is than the most ignorant man in the jungle.

Mr. F is a few pounds overweight, and the insurance company tells him to watch it, but he says he isn't going to worry about his weight. He isn't going to worry about anything. He's as healthy as Joe Louis right now, and at least half as spry.

Mr. F is not rich. He was once. But he gave most of it away. Kept just enough to assure himself a mild income.

#### Comfort Main Thing

HE thinks comfort is the main thing in life to strive for. He doesn't like to stay at people's houses. He likes freedom. He goes to such places as Kansas City (where he doesn't know a soul) and stays two months because he finds a comfortable hotel. Mr. F takes only two small handbags when he starts around the world. He is a beautiful sight as he makes his way along, taking his little steps, peering through his glasses, wearing an overcoat that sits almost to the ground, and carrying a rolled umbrella on his arm.

He likes Colombo, in Ceylon, about as well as any place in the world.

He has a family—wife and married daughters, in different parts of the United States—and they worship him and try to get him to stay, but after a few weeks he just ups and away he goes.

### Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HIDE PARK, N. Y., Sunday.—I am glad that I did not miss the column about Mrs. Roosevelt for from the moment I started out by subway to do a few errands in the early morning until we got on a train at 10:45 that night, I scarcely had time to think.

The President was to be at the Democratic National Headquarters at 10:45 in the morning and I had promised to meet him.

My daughter and I were amused later when we compared notes on our efforts to enter the Biltmore Hotel. The escort surrounding the President's car was just sweeping down Vanderbilt-av and through 43d-st when I started to cross the street at that particular point. All the nearby policemen looked at me with doubtfully. However, by dint of smiling and nodding, I got through. Sometimes the mere assumption that you have the right to go will get you there.

My daughter had forgotten that her father was to be at the Biltmore and couldn't imagine why there were so many policemen and people standing around. She had to be quite a little while before she got it. I wasn't quite sure in which room I was to meet my husband and stepped in one of the offices to ask. Only two people were there and they were on the point of going to see the President. However, I did reach the proper spot on time.

Afterwards, Mrs. Leach, Mrs. Henry G. Leach, Mrs. William H. Good, Mrs. Caroline O'Day and I attended three luncheons. As we were getting out of the third, Mrs. Leach remarked: "I think we are doing well to be so near each other."

With dry humor Mrs. Leach replied: "I never realized before that being an hour and a half late was keeping up with one's schedule."

Two more meetings and I went home, dressed and packed, had some tea and shepherded our first group of guests into Madison Square Garden at about 7:45. I took a rear seat on the platform, watched for my mother-in-law and my children who were coming later, and gazed at the great crowd of people.

It was an emotional group that Gov. Lehman, the other candidates, and later, the President, faced. Even when we came out of the Garden the people in the streets and those leaning out of the windows seemed to have caught some of the emotion over the radio, for in spite of the darkness they recognized the President and called out to him.

### Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS

DO you want to know what comprises a good "radio personality," and why naturalness is the keynote to radio success? Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., editor of the New York Times, explains both in the first chapter of his new book, **TALKING ON THE RADIO** (Greenberg, 44). It is particularly interesting at the moment to note how radio has revolutionized political campaigns and the "tricks in political oratory."

A station's license may be revoked only if it has failed in "public interest, convenience and necessity." There is no policy of censorship, broadcasting in the United States adheres to the doctrine of free speech and common sense ethics. Mr. Dunlap does not neglect the teacher's field in radio. He devotes a chapter to newscasters and commentators. Students will find the "Practical Do's and Don'ts" in the back of the book invaluable. The style of writing is as direct and pungent as the writer expects a radio message to be.

(**TALKING ON THE RADIO** is at present at Business Branch, 150 North Meridian-st., only.)

A DISTINGUISHED novelist has taken up the controversial theme of politics in **SUMMER WILL SHOW** (Sylvia Townsend Warner; Viking Press, 52). This novel shows the development of Sophia Wilton, a product of the Victorian era and heiress to a large fortune, from her position as an English lady to an active agent in the Revolution of 1847. Miss Warner's intention was to show the making of a revolutionist, but the dramatic extremes compassed by one woman's life completely overshadow the revolutionary angle.

In the character of Minna Lemul many people will see a likeness to such people as Emma Goldman and others whose revolutionary bent was largely emotional. Minna is a superb character. Mistress of Frederick, Sophia's husband, she has a great influence over Sophia when they meet, and her spell reaches also to the reader.

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## WHEN A KING LOVES . . .

Ludwig I and Lola Montez

(Fifth of a Series)

BY WILLIS THORNTON  
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

THE wildest, weirdest, waywardest woman who ever cost a king his crown was certainly Lola Montez. She had three things: great beauty, love of living, and crust.

They elevated her from an obscure soldier's daughter to be the mistress of a king, whose crown she certainly helped to topple off, and dropped her to an obscure grave in Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is quite true that the aging King Ludwig I of Bavaria might have lost his crown any way in the uprisings of the chaotic year 1848 in Europe. But Lola certainly joggled it into the final tumble.

There are so many dizzy stories about Lola Montez, many of them told by herself, that people begin to doubt even the true ones. As though the truth wasn't dizzy enough! Her story runs about like this:

Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818. Her father, a soldier, took the family to India on service, and there died of cholera.

Dolores (Lola) is the diminutive form of her half-Spanish mother when the latter tried to marry her to an aged judge. The young girl impetuously married a young Lieut. Thomas James. Morals at the Indian station left something to be desired, and the young wife was soon estranged both from her husband and her mother. From the lieutenant she got a separation, from her mother a final disownment.

WITH the settlement money she went to London, took from thence the name Lola Montez, and a fictitious Spanish ancestry, and prepared for the stage. Her debut as a Spanish dancer was a flop, partly because she couldn't dance much, partly because she was so young, and partly because she was so beautiful.

That didn't stop Lola. She told a friend: "I am sick of being told that I can't dance. I am going to carry out my original plan, that is, trying to hook a prince." With the remains of her dwindling money she started on a tour of the continent, Brussels, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, St. Petersburg. She accepted help from whatever gallant gentlemen were willing to give it in exchange for her favor, she put up a magnificent front.

At Dresden she engaged in a brief affair of the heart with Franz Liszt, the pianist and composer, from which he fled shortly, leaving her locked in a room so she could not follow.



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In Poland she repulsed the advances of the aged dictator Paskevich, started a small riot in which some 300 anti-Paskevichs and pro-Lolas were arrested, and was then run out of the country.

For a time King Henry the seventh-second of Reuss was her patron, but Lola's independent ways offended him, and again she was run out of the country. She made a brief place for herself at the court of the Czar of Russia, and then returned westward to the Paris of Louis Philippe, of Du-mas, George Sand and Gautier.

There Lola came as near to falling in love as it is likely she ever did. She took up with Alexander Henri Dujarier, a young and handsome journalist. But Dujarier became involved in a quarrel with a rival journalist, and in a stupid duel he was killed.

The restless Lola cheerfully moved on to adventures in Spain, and thence to Germany. What she had heard of King Ludwig I, the aging "liberal King" who fancied himself a connoisseur of art and beauty, she decided to try. While courtiers argued over whether she ought to be admitted, Lola simply burst into the royal presence.

One look at those lustrous eyes about whose color (blue or black?) no observers ever agreed, was enough for the King. A few days later he remarked helplessly, "I can't understand it, but I am bewitched."

Once again the old story: Ludwig's Queen had to take a back seat while workmen hammered at a new palace for Lola. Probably more by accident than by deep conviction, Lola became identified with the liberal anti-clerical party, and the cry of "St. Loyola versus St. Lola" was heard in violent argument in the streets. Under her advice, the King re-

moved education from the direction of Jesuits, and dismissed a whole ministry.

Then he named Lola Countess of Lanfeld, Baroness von Rosen-thal, and canoness of the Order of St. Theresa, gave her an income of 20,000 florins a year, and installed her in the new palace.

BITTERLY attacked by the clerical party whose power she had taken away, Lola became a perfect storm-center in the kingdom. Bodies of students, organized into pro and anti-Lola factions, wrote sly verses about her or stormed about her palace with rude serenades at night.

The rioting grew more serious, windows in her house were broken, and finally came flat petitions to the King that unless he removed the foreign dancer there would be revolution. Ludwig swore he would stick to his Lola until death.

But he didn't. Another stormy riot in which students broke down the doors of her palace, and Lola was out and over the back fence to Switzerland in boys' clothing. And within a few weeks, the mob forced Ludwig to abdicate his crown.

Lola soon turned up in London and married George Trafford Heald, a young army officer, but the lack of a final divorce from James returned to plague her. Heald was drowned soon after. It was this tendency of men, associated with Lola to come to violent ends that led Dumas to suggest that she had "the devil eye."

From time to time, Lola, who had always been on good terms with journalists and newspaper men, embroidered the legends that had woven about her by writing extensive memoirs in serial form. Collected they made up about nine volumes.

BUT in 1851 she opened a new chapter in her own life. She came to America on the same ship



While his courtiers were arguing over whether to admit her, Lola Montez (above) rushed into the presence of Ludwig I, King of Bavaria. After the informal introduction sketched at left, he told intimates he was "bewitched."

that brought Louis Kosuth, and launched on a new theatrical career.

She was introduced on the floor of the House of Representatives. But her theatrical career was checked. More than one Bronx cheer greeted her dancing at various appearances. After adventures, now verging on the ridiculous, in New Orleans and other cities, she went to the Far West. Married briefly again to Patrick Purdy Hull in Sacramento, she gravitated to Grass Valley, a mining camp, but not until another admirer, one Adler, had shot himself.

In Grass Valley, Lola was a sort of "Queen of the Camp," smoking long cigars and leading a bear on a chain. Her home burned in

a sweeping fire, she decided to try anew in Australia, in the company of a young manager named Follet. He fell or jumped overboard, adding the final touch to the "evil eye" legend.

After the Australian tour, Lola turned at last to spiritualism and, finally, just before her death, to religion. She died in 1861 at the age of 43, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn. Over her grave they wrote a strange combination of her married and maiden names — "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert."

Such is fame. When the greatest adventures of her life died, they couldn't even remember her name correctly.

Next—King Carol and Magda Lupescu.

### American Emotions Becoming Less Stable, Doctor Reports

By SCIENCE SERVICE

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—A surfacing fear, a cutting glance, or an argument thrust home . . . such expressions in our daily speech are evidence that emotion may have physical effects.

Surgeons, accustomed to rather vigorous physical treatment of disease, also recognize that emotions will cause a robust person's skin to be made powerful allies to their skill.

Before the American College of Surgeons meeting in Philadelphia, the emotional element in surgical disease was discussed by Dr. James S. McLeister of Birmingham, Ala. Because of the increase tempo of their lives, or for other reasons, he believes the American people are losing much of the poise inherited from their pioneer ancestors; in their emotional attributes they are becoming constantly less stable.

"A woman's face will cause a delicate red," Dr. McLeister said, "if fear will make a child's pupils dilate widely, if anxiety will cause a strong man's mouth to become as dry as cotton, if disgust over a nauseating sight will cause a robust person's stomach to empty itself of its entire contents, then we must recognize that the emotions profoundly disturb the working of the inner organs."

If homesickness will retard the recovery of the tuberculous patient, if the disquieting influence of visitors to the pneumonia patient will lead to higher fever and greater respiratory distress, if anger will precipitate a fatal attack of angina pectoris, and if business worry, as was abundantly evident in the financial crisis of 1929, will cause the old ulcer patient to return to his physician, then we must accept the additional fact that the emotions definitely influence the course of organic disease. But, there are cruder examples. There are other, more subtle, more elusive evidences of the part played by the emotional element in the course of disease.

IN surgery, as well as in medicine, diagnosis will be more accurate and treatment more effective if the patient's psychic and emotional reactions are given mature consideration. In every case, whatever the nature of disease, the symptoms are dependent to some extent, sometimes to a disturbing extent, upon such reactions. "The expression of the face, the intensity of pain, the acuteness of sensation, the promptness of tendon reactions, the tone and tension of the abdominal and other muscles, the behavior of the gastro-intestinal tract, the color and feel of the skin, the respiratory tempo, and the state of the circulatory apparatus, all are influenced by the emotions." The wise physician even pays attention to what his patient reads.

Dr. McLeister believes physicians should prescribe literature according to the convalescent patient's needs. The newer books are best, in his opinion, because they reawaken the patient's interest in the trend of today's thought and what people are talking about.

#### Lost City to Vanish in Boulder Lake

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Ruins of Nevada's Lost City, which archeologists have been hastily exploring before Boulder Dam swallows them forever, are due to vanish soon under waters of the great lake behind the dam.

Archeologists, however, have already salvaged much of the story buried in the sand, showing that prehistoric America once had a flourishing town where twentieth century America has raised a giant engineering project.

National Park Service archeologists, aided by CCC men, have worked against time to uncover fragments, adobe houses, and hidden relics of the ancient inhabitants. People of the Lost City are identified as Pueblo Indians who lived about 1500 years ago. Their settlement in an oasis of the Nevada desert was so extensive that excavators have found ruins spreading along the Muddy River for nearly five miles. When the ancient people abandoned the city, sand dunes buried it so deeply that it lay forgotten until recent years, when it was discovered and exploration began.

Relics from the Lost City include artistic pottery, shell and turquoise ornaments, broken clay dolls, paints, arrow and spear points. These are to be preserved in the museum at Overton, Nev., and in the Southwest Museum, which has directed much of the work at the site.

### A Woman's Viewpoint—Mrs. Walter Ferguson

WE could get along very well without noble mothers if we had a few more sensible ones. At least 57 varieties of maternal foolishness are now going on, and perhaps the worst is that which is determined to make perfect adults out of little girls.

I ran into something of the kind the other day and could have wept over the martyred baby.

She was an adorable little girl of 3, with big brown eyes, a straight, slim body and red gold curls. Did I say little girl? That was a mistake. She was not a little girl except in years, for in behavior and appearance she was a poor imitation of a grown-up stage star. Her hair had a new permanent, her nails were tinted coral and she was dolled up in frills and laces. Her manners were those of a well-oiled automaton, and Fond Mama was showing her off to a group of friends who from their ejaculations approved of the exhibition.

They called her a perfect little lady! Mechanical toy would have been a more apt descrip-

### POLITICS AS SULLIVAN SEES IT

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The commotion over the New Deal social security act arose from the fact that workers have just learned about it two months before it takes effect, next Jan. 1. It is clear that many workers resent details of it. They resent especially the compulsory feature of it, and the manner in which the tax on the workers is to be collected. If this resentment did not exist, the New Deal speakers, including President Roosevelt, would have no occasion to get as irritated as they are. Obviously, it is the effect on votes that causes the excitement at this time.

The manner of collecting from workers is this: Every employer is required by the government to deduct 1 cent (later rising to 3 cents) out of every dollar on the pay of every worker earning less than \$3000 a year. This deduction is taken from the pay before the pay is given to the worker. The amount thus collected is delivered by the employer to the government.

The whole process is compulsory. The amount deducted is a tax. There is no other word to describe it—though some New Dealers sometimes speak of it as a "contribution." Use of soft words to camouflage hard facts is a New Deal characteristic. There is an example in Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of this week of employers and Republicans who are calling attention to the social security tax. Mr. Roosevelt at Wilkes-Barre undertook to explain the system. He said:

"BEGINNING Jan. 1, for every dollar which the worker is asked to put into an old-age account for himself, employers are required under the Federal Act to contribute three dollars to protect the worker from both unemployment and old age. Three for one! There's the rub."

I have some doubt whether the President is clear about his figures. But in any event his use of words is likely to give an incorrect im-

pression. He says "the worker is asked." He says the "employers are required."

It is evident that some workers are surprised to find that they must pay half the cost of it—and that the other half, paid by the employer, must also come indirectly out of the worker's wages, or else out of the consumer, probably most workers had heard that a social security system had been set up. A great majority assumed the system was voluntary—that they could take it or leave it. But "take it or leave it" is not in the New Deal lexicon. "You gotta" is the New Deal's mandatory slogan.

TRUE, in pension systems of many private corporations the worker is required to contribute. But the worker goes to work for a corporation having a pension plan, he expects this requirement as part of his contract. He understands it, and in nearly all cases is satisfied with it. Under the social security plan, after the worker and the employer have come together on the basis of a given wage, the government, comes in and arbitrarily requires that the employer take out some of the worker's wage and hand it over to the government for insurance.

There is in the present plan, another example of compulsion. Many private employers have for many years had pension systems, some of them more satisfactory than the present government one. When the present bill was before Congress a Senator—I think it was Mr. Clark of Missouri—proposed that where private corporations had satisfactory pension plans, the government plan should not operate. But New Dealers took the attitude that there must be no such exception.

#### Insurance Firms' and Social Security Annuities Compared

BY RUTH FINNEY  
Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The Republican National Committee today made a final attempt to turn workers against the Social Security Act.

On half a dozen fronts the battle over old-age benefits continued. Frank Bane, executive director of the Social Security Board, investigated annuities for sale by private insurance companies and found that no company offers such protection for less than 9.6 per cent of the \$20-a-week man's income or a minimum premium of \$100 a year. Under the government plan the worker pays 1 per cent of his income next year and after 12 years pays 3 per cent, which is the maximum rate to be charged him.

"Now suppose the same 35-year-old, \$20-a-week man had invested the same amount, 3 per cent of his wages, in any one of the retirement annuities offered by private insurance companies. By the time he reached 65 he would have paid out exactly the same amount that he pays in taxes under the Social Security Act. What return would he get? His monthly annuity under that plan would be all of \$12.55, less than one-third of his Federal old-age benefit."

"Furthermore, the private plan offers no protection to his investment if he dies after retirement." The board investigated the status of private companies' pension plans, in response to queries about their fate, and found that there has been an actual increase in their number and coverage since enactment of the Social Law.

"SUPPOSE," Mr. Bane said, "for the purposes of comparison, we project ourselves 13 years into the future. In 1949 we will know the worst, since in that year the tax will have reached its maximum of 3 per cent. Now take an average man who is 35 years old and earning \$20 a week. Beginning in 1949, for the next 30 years, until he is 65, he is going to pay 3 per cent of his wages as a contribution under Title 8 of the Social Security Act. On his sixty-fifth birthday, provided he has continued to earn an average of \$20 a week, he will be entitled to a Federal old-age benefit of \$38.50 a month. This represents approximately half pay for the rest of his life."

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## Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

THE first mustache that appears of record in Indianapolis was the one worn by Nathaniel West. He sprouted one about 90 years ago and the reason I'm so sure about it is because a certain literary lady rushed into print with the news.

The import of her poem as chronicled by a newspaper of the period was something like this: "For fear that they should kiss him He's raised a thorn-hedge on his lip."

Everybody in town knew whom she meant, from which I gather that it couldn't have been anybody but Mr. West. Despite anything the young lady could do, Mr. West went right on wearing his mustache and gets his reward today.

The best-known wearer of the mustache, however, and "the most effective agent of its diffusion in respectable society," as Berry Sulgrove once observed, was Charles W. Cady, one of the first insurance men around here.

Mr. Cady achieved the best "buffalo horn" ever grown in Indianapolis, barring none. Considered historically, the "buffalo horn" as the precursor of what is now known as the "handle-bar." Considered aesthetically, however, there was no comparison because the "handle-bar" never developed the promise of the "buffalo horn." Indeed, the less said about the "handle-bar," the better.

Beards began to increase and multiply in acreage and number with the coming of the Civil War. By the time the war was over, we saw the end of slavery and shaving.

Which doesn't mean, of course, that we didn't have whiskers before the Civil War. We had plenty, but they weren't full beards, nor did they include mustaches. That's my point.

#### 'Cotelettes' or 'Burnsides'

WHISKERS before the Civil War usually took the shape (and name) of "mutton chops" and "burnsides." Barbers who knew their stuff called them "cotelettes." During the Civil War they were called "burnsides," probably because of the general who gave them distinction. A "cotelette" joined up with a mustache is known in Austria as a "Kaiser Franz Josef bart." I might as well tell you the worst.

Sometimes, too, the pre-war whiskers were allowed to grow all over the face but never on the chin or upper lip. This was called the "Newgate fringe." I haven't the least idea why, because when properly done it looked like a half-moon tacked on to a bald face.

The "goatee" or "imperial," which was the first sign of a mustache in connection with a beard, came to Indianapolis some time around 1850. It couldn't help coming at that time because that was the year that Victor Emanuel II became King of Italy or something. The glory of his whiskers (and mustache) circled the world and it was hardly possible for Indianapolis to escape.

#### 'Barbiche' Arrives

WITH the coming of the Civil War the "imperial" gave way to the "barbiche," which was a short beard covering the entire chin. Which was a good thing, mustache which had a way of meeting the beard an inch or so below the mouth. The "barbiche" is coming into style again, this time with the young Fascists of Italy. At any rate, that's what I picked up watching the Ethiopian war.

You must not get the impression from anything I've said that whiskers, beards, and mustaches have got anywhere in Indianapolis. The fact of the matter is that wearers of them have always been held in low esteem.

For example, there is the historic incident of Judge William W. Wicks. Judge Wicks was sent to represent us in Congress and while there raised a very respectable set of whiskers. Which he got home and had his best to make them fashionable in Indianapolis. He got laughed at for his trouble. In fact, he got the same treatment Mr. West and his mustache did. Some smart alec rushed to the new paper and accused him of:

"Using 'Columbia's Balm' to make his whiskers grow. As forked as three W's all standing in a row."

### Hoosier Yesterdays

NOVEMBER 2

TWENTY-TWO years ago today residents of Petersburg and surrounding country were raising a storm of protest over the announcement that, after 107 years, the old fort on the farm of Wirt King, a half mile west of the city, was to be razed. Despite objections, the dilapidated old structure was torn down, having been declared unsafe.

Is history was interesting. The building housed the first white inhabitants who came to Pike County. It was erected by Woolsey Price, pioneer settler of that part of the state, at the White Oak Springs, where at that time was one of the principal stopping points along the old Kaskaskia-Louisville trail. It later became one of the most noted watering places of the state.

The old Kaskaskia trail, long since obliterated, extended through Indian Vincennes to a point near Decker, across White River, thence by way of White Oak Springs, French Lick and Paoli to Louisville.

Pride's building was first used as a residence and later as a tavern, but when the War of 1812 was declared and the early settlers gathered there, a stockade was built around the building. The springs also were inclosed. Portholes were cut in the upper story and the structure changed to a fort, becoming an outpost of Fort Vincennes.

After the war it became the district Courthouse, and was used in that capacity for many years.—By F. M.

### Watch Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, Amer. Medical Assn. Journal

SYMPTOMS of mushroom poisoning include acute pain in the stomach and intestines. Aid may be given by eliminating these poisons through vomiting and bowel action.

If, however, the poison is not ejected, the victim becomes jaundiced after a few days, and then, as he becomes weaker, gradually lapses into unconsciousness, turning blue because of damage to the circulation. In every case, the first thing to do is to get as much of the poisonous material as possible out of the stomach. The doctor, when called, may inject drugs, such as atropine, which help to overcome the dangerous symptoms.

Dr. W. G. Farlow of Harvard University offers to mushroom gatherers the following suggestions:

1. Avoid fungi when in the button or unexpanded stage; also those in which the flesh has begun to decay, even if only slightly.

2. Avoid all fungi which have death cups, stalks with a swollen base surrounded by a sac-like or scaly envelope, especially if the gills are white.

3. Avoid fungi having a milky juice, unless the milk is reddish.

4. Avoid fungi in which the cap is thin in proportion to the gills, and in which the gills are nearly all of equal length, especially if the pleura is bright colored.

5. Avoid all tube-bearing fungi in which the flesh changes color when cut or broken, or where the mouths of the tubes are reddish. In the case of other tube-bearing fungi, experiment with caution.

6. Fungi which have a sort of spider web, or ring around the upper part of the stalk should, in general, be avoided.