

Culture in Washington



The "Spirit of St. Louis" in the National Museum.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WFO Service.

MANY forces make Washington, the nation's capital, a cultural center. They flow from the government itself, concerned as it is with broad cultural problems and developing within its departments educational resources of great value; from the many scientific, industrial, and other associations located here; from the work of the diplomatic mission, and from five great universities.

Among the world's great storehouses of knowledge is the Library of Congress. It has more than 4,000,000 books and pamphlets, accumulated from the ends of the earth, including nearly every book printed in America and the most prized of foreign publications. The most complete collection of Russian and Chinese literature is preserved here.

Then there is the Smithsonian Institution's collection of the proceedings of learned societies, constituting the most complete scientific library in America, and the famous Folger collection of Shakespearean housed in a marble pile near the Library of Congress.

Other libraries have become prominent in special subjects, such as those of the State department, the patent office, the Army Medical museum, the bureau of standards, the geological survey, etc.

There are in all more than 200 libraries in Washington, where students are always welcome.

American education finds a focal point in the Interior department. Its office of education gathers data from all parts of the nation. Through experiment and experience, it converts its information into aid and advice given back to state, county and municipal school officers.

Think what it means to students to have access to the researches of the American Council of Education, the National Academy of Sciences, the National Research Council, the National Geographic Society, the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the Carnegie Institution for the Advancement of Peace, and many others.

Great Art Galleries.

Of art galleries besides the National, there is the Corcoran, exhibiting the work of prominent American artists and sculptors. It also houses the famous Clark collection of old masters and other items of European art. The Freer gallery also illuminates this combination, with works of James McNeill Whistler and oriental sculpture, paintings, bronzes and jades. There are also in Washington private galleries open to students of the arts.

In such an atmosphere it is natural that seats of higher learning should develop. Five universities now give to Washington the largest proportional student population of any city in the country.

In 1791 Georgetown university opened its doors under the jurisdiction of the Jesuit order. Second in date of founding is the George Washington university (then Columbian college), chartered by act of congress in 1821. The Catholic University of America was authorized by Pope Leo XIII in 1863, and is supported by the Roman Catholic church. It has a program of expansion to culminate in 1939-40, when the university celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. Fifteen buildings of the university already erected and 40 religious houses accommodate several thousand students.

American university, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal church, was chartered in 1863. Seven of its marble halls are already built and in use. Howard university, for the colored race, was chartered by congress in 1867. Founding of Washington University.

George Washington wished a national university built here. In his will he left 50 shares of stock in the Potomac (Canal) company for its endowment "to which the youth of fortune and talent might be sent for the completion of their education . . . and by forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves . . . from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies . . . which when carried to excess are never-failing sources of enmity to the public mind and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country."

Pursuant to that project of the

first President, Columbian college was established. The stock which General Washington willed became worthless. But in 1819 Rev. Luther Rice, a Baptist missionary, formed a group to buy land for the use of a college. With General Washington's idea in mind, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun and others became patrons of the new college and raised a fund for its use.

By 1822 the main building was in use. Two years later President Monroe, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, and Marquis de Lafayette attended its first commencement. In recent years Herbert Hoover, Calvin Coolidge, General Pershing, Ramsay MacDonald, prime minister of Great Britain; King Albert of Belgium, and King Prajadhipok of Siam have attended its commencements and addressed the university body.

Its medical school was opened in 1825; in 1826 the law school was organized, discontinued soon afterward, but re-established in 1865. It is the oldest law school in Washington and was the first in the United States to establish a graduate course of law.

In 1904 congress removed the school from denominational control and provided it with self-perpetuating trustees, empowered to change its name. That same year it was renamed "The George Washington university." Its enrollment is more than 7,500.

Oldest is Georgetown.

Georgetown university is the capital's oldest seat of higher learning. Its founding was coincident with the Constitution and the inauguration of our first President. It saw the Maryland legislature raise "George Town" to the dignity of a city. Treasured among its archives are records of three visits to it by George Washington and two by the Marquis de Lafayette.

The university's origin has been traced to the little schoolhouses opened in 1634 at St. Ingoes, Md., by Rev. Andrew White and his companions, who came with Leonard Calvert in the Lord Baltimore company to found Maryland. John Carroll, in 1785, planned the founding of the school where it now stands. Three years later the first building was started, although the deed to land was dated January 23, 1789. Today the familiar towers of the venerable university dominate a pleasant, commanding position on the north side of the Potomac, called "Cohonguroton," or River of Swans, by the Indians.

Georgetown's observatories on the hills tops are world renowned. The astronomical observatory, with such directors as Secchi, De Vico and Hagen, was built in 1843. The Seismological observatory, for so many years directed by Francis A. Toudorf, was erected in 1900.

After the World war the nation needed more men trained for diplomatic service and those skilled in overseas trade; so in 1919 Georgetown set up its school of foreign service, the first of its kind in the United States. Recently this school had graduates stationed in 37 foreign countries. Its great new buildings crown the Potomac hills.

National Museum's Treasures.

Nobody has seen everything in the National museum. Nobody could. There is too much. To see its 13,000,000 different specimens—at the rate of one thing a minute, working eight hours a day—would take more than 74 years!

This museum preserves all collections of objects of science, history, industry, and art belonging to our government. It is the storehouse for specimens that range in size from the tiniest of shells and insects to airplanes, automobiles, and huge skeletons of fossil animals. The whole has been valued at more than \$12,000,000. Because of its host of odd objects that are the only ones of their kind in existence, the collection could not be duplicated at any price.

The most popular single object today is the "Spirit of St. Louis," the plane flown by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh in his lonely voyage on the first nonstop flight from New York to Paris, on May 20 and 21, 1927. You see also the original Langley flying machine; the first machine purchased from the Wright Brothers by the United States government in 1908; the "Chicago" (which in 1924 circumnavigated the globe); the first Liberty engine, and many other items in the development of aeronautics.

Bushmaster Is Deadliest Serpent in Two Americas

The bushmaster, deadliest snake in the two Americas, is also one of the most delicate. Attempts to keep it in captivity have so far failed.

Really a species of pit viper and related to the fer-de-lance and the rattlers, the bushmaster is found in South America about the Amazon and in the Guianas, sometimes ranging north to the Panama canal. It often reaches eight feet in length, and a specimen 12 feet long has been measured.

Light yellow in color with brown markings on its back, it has the rudiments of a rattle on its tail. Its poison usually causes death within ten minutes.—Washington Post.

Ethiopia on Equator

The equator runs through Ethiopia. Addis Ababa is on a line with Singapore, where the days and nights are of almost equal duration.

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and keep your paddles inboard."

They understood when a few strokes of his paddle brought the canoe to the foot of the pool. For a long time they crouched low in the bottom while the frail craft glided down the foaming, swirling torrent of white water.

At the foot of the rapids, he headed it alongside a bit of gravelly beach and helped Mr. Ramill and Lilith ashore. When he remarked that there was gold in the gravel, Huxby nearly upset the canoe in his haste to get out and look.

"Gold! Why didn't we bring the gold pan?"

Garth laughed and stretched out on the dry grass above the gravel. "Gallant gentleman, your lady is building the fire."

"Don't mind him, Vivian," Lilith chimed in on the banter. "You can use the cup for panning. I need only the pot to boil Alan's tea."

Huxby glanced sidelong at Garth and hastened to help the girl. Her father had fastened out beside Garth. With a yawn, Garth stretched up his arms and let them fall. The left one came down across the millionaire's body. The back of the hand felt a lump under the leather coat. Huxby had not again gained possession of the pistol.

The chechacos had now experienced the different phases of canoeing—days of paddling through muskeg, a portage, and the running of rapids. But all proved to be no more than a mild sample of the difficulties and hardships that followed. In the next two weeks three more rapids had to be shot and two very hard portages made. Between times, the canoe was paddled interminably through meandering channels that twisted and looped and split off in blind leads.

Down in the lower country, the pests of black gnats, mosquitoes and stinging flies became worse. At the same time the fash of grease and pitch dope began to give out. Most of the camps were on wet ground. For days the party were drenched by a steady drizzle, varied only by downpours that kept Lilith and her father bailing the canoe.

Several times fog on the water compelled Garth to put ashore. Without sight, even his training could not enable him to follow the right channel. He was not an Indian. But between the forced halts, he put in still longer hours of paddling.

Matters were coming to a pinch. After the first wetting by the rain, what remained of the meat spoiled. It became so flyblown and tainted that Lilith threw it away before Garth could prevent the wastage. He decided to give them all another lesson.

In the fast that followed, Mr. Ramill was the first to fall. Huxby came next; Lilith last of the three. By the third day they had given up all paddling. On the fourth, they lay slumped in the bottom of the canoe. Garth only tightened his belt again and dipped his paddle in his strong, steady, seemingly tireless stroke.

Whenever he found himself nearing his limit, he headed ashore, boiled tea, slept, and then put off again. The fifth day began to draw on the last reserve of his weary endurance. Towards noon he made the boggy shore, almost outspent. He dragged out the wolfskin knapsack anchor, with its load of platinum alloy. The girl and the two men lay in a stupor of starvation. He himself was so tired that he could not have lifted even Lilith ashore.

As he rested on the wet sedges he recalled the place as one of his former camp sites. A spruce-covered ridge of higher ground here thrust out into the muskeg. The first remembrance brought another. The second gave him strength to pull his rifle from the canoe and climb ascent the ridge end. There was a berry patch on the east slope. The fruit would be better than nothing. He hoped, however, for something more.

Circling to get the wind in his face, he crept through the spruce thickets until he could peer out on the open ground of the berry patch. Luck was with him. The old black bear had gone off and left her cub. He rested the rifle barrel on a spruce branch to get sure aim. That was the end of famine. Gorged upon the fat, tender meat of the bear cub, even Mr. Ramill rapidly regained strength. He was still rather weak, however, when they came to the last portage.

The approach to solid ground was across a narrow belt of muskeg. Near the far side of the swamp, the millionaire failed to jump squarely upon a tussock of niggerhead grass. He slipped and plunged headfirst into a pool.

Huxby was following close behind, alert for every move of his partner. He sprang to grasp the feet of the sinking man. A heave dragged him out, aimed and spluttering. Huxby worked over him, scraping off mud, until Lilith hastened back to help assist her father across the rest of the quagmire. Once on firm ground, the millionaire joked about his mishap.

"Haven't had a bath since the last rain," he said. "This one is higher class—equal to the mud baths at Hot Springs. How about my pack Lilith?"

She looked in his foxskin bag. "Everything there, Dad—with some mud added."

Garth had been too far ahead, with his heavy pack and canoe, to see or hear the accident. Mr. Ramill looked

again about his extra bath when they took to the canoe at the far side of the portage. But all the time until they reached the evening camp and he started to wash the mud from the leather coat, he did not notice that the pistol was missing.

At the announcement of the loss, Huxby met Garth's gaze with a stare of cold hostility. Garth walked up to him, empty-handed.

"If you've done what I think you have," he said, "I call you for a show-down."

The engineer's lips tightened in an ironical smile. He put up his hands. Not to be fooled by the seeming bluff, Garth went over Huxby's tattered clothes, from coat collar to moccasins. The pistol was nowhere on the engineer.

"This is one time I'm due to apologize," Garth admitted.

"I accept no apology from you," Huxby replied.

Lilith looked from one to the other, her own lips tightened.

CHAPTER VII

The Gaffed Wolf.

MR. RAMILL'S good-humor over his fall into the muskeg pool had not been forced. It was based upon his feeling of physical well-being.

Instead of having been broken down by the hard toll and exposure of the trip and that severe lesson in the meaning of famine, he had come through it all in even better shape than before the start from the lost valley. The days of starvation had completed Nature's raid upon the degenerate fats and poisons of his once obese body.

There had followed the feasts of tender bear-cub meat. He was again putting on weight, but it was hard muscle.

He was paddling as vigorously if not as skillfully as his daughter, when, mid-morning of the twenty-fourth day from the valley, the canoe neared a wooded point that rose well above the swamps. Garth called out from the stern of the canoe:

"If you want a surprise, friends, shut your eyes while we take 10 strokes."

He knew that Huxby would keep on staring ahead. But he guessed right about Lilith and her father. At the end of the tenth stroke, the girl flung up her paddle and uttered a shriek of joyous amazement:

"The river! The river!" Close upon the cry came the deep-lunged shout of her father: "By the Almighty, you've done it, Garth! We're out."

Huxby continued to stare fixedly ahead at the mighty flood of the Mackenzie. He was the last to speak: "Out of the muskegs; but a long way from out of this d—d North!"

"Long by canoe or even by steamer," Garth agreed. "Not so far, though, by air passage. We can make the emergency supply post by two or three hours' paddling downstream."

"What of it? That fellow Tobin told us planes never stop there, unless foul weather runs them short of gas."

Garth met the suddenly anxious looks of Lilith and her father with a smile.

"All pilots have orders to sight non-stop posts in passing. Tobin has a distress signal. There'll be a plane coming south from the Arctic coast within three days—probably tomorrow. You'll be lying in the lap of luxury at Edmonton within a week or 10 days."

The millionaire felt at the grease-and-pitch mat of his month-old beard. He chuckled. "A bath and



"Out of the Muskegs; but a Long Way From Out of This D—d North!"

a barber! Hand over that last cigar, Garth. Here's where I celebrate."

He opened the gold-mounted case, bit off the tip of the sole-surviving Havana, and snapped his patent lighter. It failed to flair. He tossed it over into the water, and turned to Garth, with an impatient command: "Give me a light."

"Only two matches left, sir."

"Enough to light a cigar. Pass them over."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Happiness Hard to Catch Uncle Ab says that folks who pursue happiness seldom catch up with it.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

For a long moment Lilith Ramill stood silent. She looked down at her grimy tattered sports suit, at her blood-soaked hands and broken fingerails. The dimmed glitter of the diamond in her engagement ring failed to hold her gaze. It passed on down to her foxskin leggings and moccasin moccasins.

"Squaw!" she murmured. "Dirty squaw! He certainly has put us through the mill. And more to come! We're not out of the woods. How do you still have Vivian's pistol?"

"Why, no. He asked me for it this morning. Said that the less weight I carried, the better for me."

She reached down a hand to help him to his feet.

"Listen, Dad. No matter how much we hate Alan Garth, we'll never get out of the muskegs without him. Haven't you noticed Vivian's eyes? You must ask him to give you back the pistol."

"But—it's his. And to rasp his self-esteem with such an intimation of distrust—"

"What's more important—his feelings or Alan's guidance—if anything happens to Alan—Make some excuse."

Mr. Ramill got to his feet and limped beside her down to the stream bank. Huxby stood with his mossy gaze fixed upon Garth, who was tying willow ribs on the gunwale of his canoe frame with rawhide thong.

The millionaire spoke in a casual tone: "How long will it take to put on the birch bark?"

"We'll use the moose hides, sir. They weigh more but will be much stronger. You might ask Huxby to chop down a birch and cut it into five-foot lengths. We'll have to split the wood to make paddles."

"So?" Mr. Ramill turned to his prospective son-in-law. "You may as well return the pistol to me, Vivian; it will hamper your chopping, and as we're now to be in a canoe, its weight will not bother me."

Huxby sat motionless, taken aback. Before he could think of an excuse to refuse, he met Garth's coolly inquiring gaze. He turned away and drew the pistol from inside his tattered coat, and handed it to Ramill.

Another day saw the canoe complete. The cow and bull hides, gummed and sewn together, formed the cover, hair side in. The result was a craft large enough for the party but shorter and broader than the average canoe.

At Garth's suggestion, Lilith had begun tanning the caribou. Ramill tended the smudge-fire. After cutting the birch billets, Huxby had at first sat around brooding. Then, suddenly he went off up the brook. He did not come back until after the canoe was finished. But he brought the abandoned blanket.

Garth was beginning to shape into paddles the slabs of wood that he had rived from the birch billets. He glanced from the blanket to the clouds overhead, and from them to Lilith's tattered skirt.

"Not half bad, Huxby. That blanket will soon be needed. Too splendid a sunrise this morning. We're in for a storm. Miss Ramill, that caribou is cured enough for you to wear. Make a skirt of it."

"How about Vivian's shoes?" she asked. "He's walking on his uppers."

"He's welcome to my old moccasins. They may last out our portages."

Though Huxby's ears reddened, he accepted the castoff footgear of the man from whom he had sought to bill a claim worth at least a million dollars.

When Garth launched the canoe, he fastened it to the bank with a line made from the trimmings of the moose hides. For anchor he used the wolfskin knapsack with its weight of platinum alloy.

"May as well make it useful," he met Huxby's look of moody protest. "You are to have the bow seat, and so can continue to guard my 50 per cent, along with—"

A clap of thunder and the wash of a wind gust through the birch trees checked Garth's banter. He spoke a quick order: "Learn the blanket on that knoll between the trees from this way."

and the heavy downpour of rain ceased, all the party were wet from the drip through the blanket. But the fire still smoldered and the half-smoked meat was dry under the canoe.

"Had you been used to canoeing," Garth said, "we need not have lost all this time. But you'll get enough drenchings later on. Writing out the blanket and fetch the meat."

He launched the canoe again, unaided, and directed the others to their places. All had to kneel, facing the narrower prow of the double-stemmed craft. First came Huxby, with his wolfskin treasure bag for knee-pad. Lilith knelt on the front part of the lengthwise folded blanket. Her father had the end of the blanket behind her. At the wobble of the unsteady craft, he squatted back on his heels and clutched the gunwales.

The others held to willow branches while Garth loaded in the meat behind his own place.



"Squaw!" She murmured. "Dirty Squaw!"

He stepped aboard and began to paddle with a steady stroke that sent the canoe gliding into the swamp stream.

A paddle lay beside each of the others. Lilith was first to dip hers overboard. At a murmured word from her, Huxby followed suit. Both of them had done a bit of amateur canoeing at the fashionable beaches. They were able to start in at once and help a little. But two days passed before Mr. Ramill gained enough balance and assurance to rise on his knees and try stroking his paddle.

Even after this, Garth had to bear the brunt of the heavy work. Much of the time the others were forced to stop off, to get the cramp out of their knees or rest their arms.

Had work been the only consideration, he would as soon have done it all. There were, however, reasons for more speed than he could make alone with the heavily loaded skin-covered craft. The summer was now far along. The days were rapidly shortening, the nights becoming colder and darker.

Delay would mean a serious chance of being caught in early autumn blizzards. Even Lilith Ramill might not be able to survive an all-day drive of sleet. Such a storm would undoubtedly kill her father and, not improbably, Huxby also. Perilous use of the paddles would continue the toughening of the three chechacos.

On the third day Lilith attempted to keep stroke with him. She paddled until so exhausted that she broke down and wept.

They had twice camped on muskeg. The third afternoon brought them to broken ridges where the stream dashed through a gorge. So far as could be seen, the rapids looked easy to shoot. But Garth said it was a portage.

He slung a pack from his tump-line and took the canoe on his shoulders. The total load was a full two hundred and fifty pounds. At sight of it, the others took on all the rest of the meat and equipment. For miles Garth led them up and down rocky slopes, through brush and bogs. Twice they skirted sheer falls that showed why he had taken to land.

At last, below the lower fall, he launched the canoe in the eddy of a deep pool. The others sank down on the bank, outspent. He built a fire and boiled tea for them. They expected to camp overnight. He ordered them back into the canoe.

"Can't chance waiting here. May be too foggy to see tomorrow," he explained. "Sit flat in the bottom,