

# HUDSON BAY COUNTRY

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

**H**UDSON BAY and its 2,500 miles of coastline are having their annual steamship contact with the rest of the world at this season. Except in the summer months the people of the bay region live to themselves, shut in by ice along their water lanes, and on the land side, by rough and frozen terrain that the transportation devices of the modern world have not yet conquered.

There are more people and more activity around Hudson bay and its supposedly dreary hinterland than is generally supposed. For two and a half centuries permanent settlements of whites have been maintained along the coast. The first, Rupert House, near the southernmost tip of the bay, was established as a post of the Hudson Bay company soon after that corporation of romantic history came into existence in 1670. Since then the trading posts have grown in number, until nearly a score are scattered along the east and west coasts. At each of the Hudson Bay company posts a Canadian, English or Scotch "factor" is in charge. Assistant factors reside at the larger posts, and many of the officials have families with them. In recent years posts of a rival fur company, Revillon Freres, a French concern, have been established beside the older posts or in entirely new locations, in charge of French managers.

The typical trading post in the Hudson bay country consists of a substantial store stocked with food supplies, fabrics, tools, guns, ammunition and miscellaneous goods; the home or homes of company officials; a church; a few cabins of settled Indians, and perhaps a mission school building where instruction in trades is given by missionaries. At the posts in spring and early summer Indian and Eskimo trappers and hunters gather to trade the furs of their winter catch for needed supplies.

**Great Sea Rather Than a Bay.**  
"Hudson bay" is a misnomer. This huge body of water, 900 miles long and nearly 600 wide, is more than a bay or even a gulf. It is really a great inland sea, an arm at once of the Atlantic and Arctic oceans, which bites deep into the vast bulk of the North American continent. It is one of the most characteristic features on the map of the continent, standing out as strikingly as the Gulf of Mexico and covering almost as great an area.

Early in August of each year steamers belonging to the fur companies, from Newfoundland and the St. Lawrence ports, push through Hudson strait north of Labrador and nose their way down into the bay. They are loaded with miscellaneous cargoes of trade goods which they distribute to several of the major posts. There sailboats from the smaller posts meet the steamers, bringing the post winter's accumulation of furs, which are to be reduced by cargoes of trade goods. When the steamers have made their rounds and are ready to steam homeward, they are loaded with furs worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The visit of the steamers from the outside world is the event of the year at the posts where they touch. The posts are not isolated at other times, however, for there is considerable movement of small boats along the coast in the open season from post to post. Even in winter sledge journeys by dog teams may be made to the nearer posts.

On the map, Hudson bay does not appear to be exceedingly inaccessible from the more settled parts of Canada to the south. The Canadian National railway, extending east and west, passes only 175 miles south of the southern tip of the bay, a distance roughly equal to that between New York and Boston. From Cochrane, one of the stations on the Canadian National, a rail line has been pushed down the Abitibi river, nearly half-way to the bay. It is extremely difficult to construct a railway over the rough, forested wilderness, however, and the completion of the line at an early date does not seem assured. This railway will eventually reach Moose Factory, near the mouth of the Moose river, one of the oldest and most important of the Hudson Bay company posts. Moose Factory gains added importance by the fact that it is one of the few Hudson Bay communities that can communicate with the outside in winter. After the Moose and Abitibi rivers are frozen over early in December they constitute highways along which dog teams sometimes make the trip to Cochrane.

**Around James Bay.**  
The southern 250 miles of Hudson bay is a narrow tongue of water known as James bay. Around James bay the fur trading posts are most numerous and there and in the country farther inland the Indian population gives way to the Eskimos who hunt in much of the country between Hudson bay and Labrador. On the west coast the Indian population persists as far north as Fort Churchill, 300 miles north of James bay.

Civilization has affected very differently the Indians and the Eskimos of the Hudson bay region. The Indians, having adopted the clothing, food and to a certain extent the housing of the whites, without their methods of sanitation, have fallen prey to the diseases of civilization and are rapidly degenerating and dying out. In the face of contacts with the whites the Eskimo has stuck pretty closely to his mode of life, and he is still a com-

petent, unstanding individual, thoroughly able to take good care of himself and his family in his bleak environment. Civilization's chief contributions to him have been firearms and steel traps.

The climate of Hudson bay is very cold in winter. Due to its high tides, however—about 12 feet on the average—the bay does not freeze over solidly, but has large fields of broken ice, with rough ice barriers along the shores. In summer the days become long and hot, and most of the ice has melted by August. Local navigation is possible much earlier. The bay is shallow and heats up rapidly, so that the summer water temperature is higher than that of Lake Superior.

There is good soil around James bay, especially on the east side. It is not improbable that when a railroad penetrates to the southern end of the bay, settlers move in and necessary machinery becomes available, the James bay country may become an agricultural and dairy region. Excellent gardens are grown at Moose Factory, Rupert House, East Main River and Fort George. The vegetables that thrive in these plots are potatoes and practically all root crops, cabbage, lettuce, rhubarb and berries. Oats have been grown successfully at several posts, maturing perfectly. There are no facilities in the region, however, for threshing grain. Grass grows luxuriantly near James bay and in valleys even farther north, and at several of the posts cows and horses are kept. Under the sun of July and August flowers spring up everywhere. It is no uncommon thing to see acres of wild roses, wild sweet peas, violets and other blossoms. The one dominantly important factor in agriculture in this region seems to be to drain the soil adequately.

**Whites Live Comfortably.**  
The white residents at the little fur trading posts of Hudson bay do not live in the rough way that might be supposed. Thanks to transportation through Hudson strait in summer, many of the factors have well-built houses that would not be out of place architecturally in American or Canadian towns. Within are pianos, American and European furniture, well-filled bookcases, paintings, china, silver and linen. Besides canned and bottled goods of every description, the post families have fresh vegetables summer and winter (from their root cellars in the latter case) while fish and wild game are abundant.

Christianity has taken a strong hold on the Indians and some of the Eskimos of Hudson bay. There is a modest little "cathedral" at Moose Factory, the see of a bishop of the Anglican church; and at all of the posts are churches or missions. Not every church edifice has a pastor, but there are several ministers in the region who go from place to place, and in their absence services are conducted by the lay readers. In these posts on the edge of the wilderness Sundays are scrupulously observed. The post store is closed, no journeys are started or work done, and the entire population goes to church. In the south the services are conducted in the local Indian tongue, farther north, in Eskimo. The summer visits of the bishop are events that share importance with the arrival of the annual ship.

So far Hudson bay has played the role of furrier to the world. In the years to come it may add other parts to its repertory. Agriculture, it has been seen, is not out of the question in the south. Three hundred miles north of James bay on the east coast a large river plunges 170 feet almost at the shore line. Undoubtedly there is much water power going to waste behind the great cliffs of the north-eastern coast. Some day it may be feasible to harness this power to furnish light and heat and power to the southern settlements. Reconnaissance has disclosed considerable quantities of iron ore and other minerals along the east coast that it may some time be profitable to work—perhaps with the aid of nearby water power.

Hudson bay's greatest opportunity for future service, however, seems to be as a short salt water route to Europe for the grain of the western Canadian provinces. Port Nelson and Fort Churchill, both at the mouths of rivers on the west coast, have been urged as the future great port of the bay. Shortly before the World War this project was being rushed through, and a railway, connecting with the existing system near Lake Winnipeg, was pushing toward Port Nelson. It actually reached within 93 miles of its destination when work was abandoned because of the war. Since peace came funds have been unavailable to resume work, and the track, through northern plain and muskeg, is falling into disrepair. From Regina and points west in the Canadian grain country a rail line of 1,000 miles or more would be saved by shipping grain through Port Nelson. The project would involve the erection of large elevators on the edge of Hudson bay in which to store grain and dairy products during the winter, for they would have to be ready for a short, strenuous shipping season. Under this plan scores of warehouses, preferably built to withstand ice pressure during the early and late seasons, would play in and out of the bay between mid-July and the last of October hauling foodstuffs for England where their predecessors have carried only furs.

## THE MYSTERY OF SALLY

By CHARLES S. REID

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**S**ALLY was a hired girl, the seventeenth since the baby came, about thirteen months before. But we realized that at last we had found a treasure. Sally was inventive. The kaleidoscopic repertoire of amusement which she furnished for our tootsy-wootsy was something to command the admiration of the most callous-brained pessimist of the never-smiles.

This aggregation of inventive genius had been purchased at a weekly installment of four dollars. Cheerfully, we should have made it five on demand, within a week after her arrival.

But Sally seemed to be devoid of the graft contamination and, indeed, she spent her money like a lord, more than half of her weekly pay going for gimcracks of one kind or another for the amusement of our little one. A car ride to the park each day for the pleasure of our baby formed one of her personal extravaganzas. Baby soon became so much attached to her that "Mamma" was no longer interesting, except at certain periods during the day, and these periods Sally managed so cleverly that no disturbance came to the household serenely through baby's impatient demands.

One thing soon became apparent. Sally had the going habit. She wanted to be away from the house more than half of the time, but as our little one always came back from these little excursions in excellent spirits, and, barring the harassing fears that baby might contract some of the many contagious or infectious diseases of childhood—such as measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough or some other horrid thing—this habit of Sally's was not at all inconvenient to the household.

Another thing which recommended Sally was the habitual neatness of her person, and what became an interesting mystery to us was the matter of how she could spend from two to three dollars per week solely and unselfishly for the amusement of our little one, and dress herself with such taste on the remainder.

Finally, we decided that Sally must be getting credit somewhere, and that we should raise her wages, in order that she might be enabled to meet her obligations.

But about this time I saw Sally emerging from a bank one day. I had been some distance away and unobserved by her.

"Ah," I exclaimed under my breath, "she is borrowing of the bank."

The cashier of this bank was a particular friend of mine, and I determined to learn something of Sally's financial operations. This I had no trouble in doing, and soon learned to my amazement that Sally was not a borrower, but a depositor, to the extent of forty or fifty dollars a week.

My wife and I held a consultation over the matter, for the mystery had deepened. Why one who could indulge the daily extravaganzas of Sally, and yet deposit forty dollars per week, should hire herself out at a wage of four dollars per week was amazingly mysterious—and yet Sally was not a thief. Not the smallest item of anything of value had been missed from the house, and no coins or bills ever were kept about the place.

So the mystery of Sally deepened. But, notwithstanding this, Sally was by ineluctable odds the best nurse we ever had possessed, or ever could hope to have, and we determined that nothing should dispossess us of her services—no, not if it became necessary to raise her wages to ten dollars per week, which extravagance I could of course ill afford.

So Sally remained, keeping up her usual program, only inventing new means of amusement each day. How long we should have kept her, I do not know. But accident plays a large part in the movement of human affairs, and it was an accident which led to the separation of our Sally from us.

An employee from our mills had been seriously crushed in a dray collision over on the East side, and I had gone over to investigate the responsibility for the accident. This matter being soon concluded, I was returning to the office, when I met Jenkins, a friend of mine. Jenkins likes a faker, or a side-show performance better than anything; and the East side was noted for its attraction for fakers and showmen of one kind or another.

"Hello, old man," called Jenkins from across the street, "wait a moment."

I waited, and Jenkins came over. "Do you know," he began, "I have found one of the smoothest artists in the show line down here that I've seen in a long while."

"What's his class?" I asked.

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"Wild animal tamer, and he has been playing to crowded houses here for the past six weeks. You want to see this, especially the afternoon performance."

It was leading, and we soon came to the entrance way of a large tent which occupied a portion of the area usually taken up by the showmen. Outside were a number of big posters announcing, both by word and illustration, the wonderful feats performed by the man inside, among them being one which was especially horrifying—this being announced in big letters as the special afternoon feature. Jenkins had secured tickets and was hurrying me inside.

Our seats proved to be in a good position, and we had not long to wait for the beginning of the show. The performer soon appeared in the caged arena, and the various features of the program soon were passing before us. Tigers, leopards and lions, one after another, had been introduced, and at last King Leo, a tremendous lion, stood beside his master in the arena.

"Now we get the star performance," whispered Jenkins.

The showman advanced to the front of the cage, where he opened a small wicket window.

"Now," he began, "if some mother in the audience will bring me her baby for a few moments, I will show you that Leo will hold the little one in his great mouth as tenderly as its mother can hold it in her arms. Trust me, some mother—your little one shall receive no harm whatever."

"We have only to wait a moment," declared Jenkins. "There is a young woman in the audience who furnishes the baby each afternoon; and Torrell, the showman, pays her ten dollars on the side after each performance."

"Horrors!" I exclaimed.

And just at this moment the young woman arose from somewhere near the front and advanced, with the baby in her arms. I got one glimpse of them—and the next instant I was on my feet, though almost transfixed in my indignation. The woman was our Sally—and the baby was our boy.

I summoned strength enough to draw my revolver, and the man who was not afraid of the whole African jungle covered before my aim. In the meantime I somehow reached the side of Sally and seized the boy in my arms, allowing Sally to make a precipitate exit.

No doubt she is now working her scheme in some other city where Torrell is showing. And we—well, we are not requiring the services of a nurse any more. Also, we are seriously thinking of calling our boy Daniel, the little one having been delivered from the lion's mouth, you know.

### Small Point About Game Jane Didn't Understand

Jane always insisted that she wanted to share all my pleasures. I was not quite so sure about it, but diplomatically I used, so I said nothing.

At length it became impossible to postpone again taking her to the ball game. I drew a long breath, muttered a prayer for guidance, and gave in.

"That man out there on the mound is called the pitcher. He pitches," I began.

"That man with the bat—with the club—is the batter. He hits the ball," she said.

"Why?" asked Jane.

"It doesn't matter," I continued. "He didn't hit it. If he had succeeded, however, he would have run toward that snick, which is called first base, and if he gets there before the ball he is safe."

"But I thought you said this game was not dangerous," Jane objected.

"Only to otherwise happy marriages," I responded.

"Oh!" said Jane.

"If a man gets to first base," I resumed, "the succeeding batters try to advance him by hitting the ball. If he goes all the way around, past second and third bases, and reaches home plate without being put out, a run is scored for his team."

"When three men are put out, the other side comes to the bat, and when each side has had nine turns at bat the game is over. The team that makes the most runs wins."

"Is that clear?" I asked.

"Perfectly," Jane assured me. "But one thing I don't understand."

"What is it?" I inquired.

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### Search for Wild Honey Costs Life

Louisville, Ky.—A hunt for wild honey cost the life of Walter Hall, farmer of New Albany, Ind.

Tying an oily cloth about his head for protection from bees, Hall thrust a torch into a hollow tree to smoke out the bees. He then stuck his head in to see what progress the smoke was making. A draft sent the flame from the torch against his head covering and ignited it. He dropped from the tree as his clothing blazed, and for several minutes his two companions tried to heat out the flames while Hall rolled on the ground. His body was seared by the fire. He died in a Louisville hospital.

### SHOWS HIS BRAVERY IN FACE OF DEATH

#### "I Won't Cry," Says Dying Boy, Pinned Under Car.

Jersey City, N. J.—Wadeslaw Kowalski, nine years old, was so busy playing at Grand and Washington streets that he did not see a surface car coming. He ran in front of the vehicle, was knocked down and caught under the forward trucks and dragged more than a hundred feet.

Fire truck No. 1, in command of Capt. Joseph Fox, came on the run. The firemen put jacks under the car and began to raise it off the boy's body. Wadeslaw was still conscious and as the trolley slowly began to rise he asked Captain Fox:

"Will you get me out?"

"We'll have you out of there in no time," said Captain Fox.

"All right, mister, I won't cry," said Wadeslaw, and a moment later a fireman lifted him in his arms and carried him to the curb. An ambulance with a doctor was on its way, but before it reached there the boy died in the arms of the fireman, after the last rites of the Catholic church had been administered.

### Demented Girl Kept in Cage by Parents

Los Angeles, Cal.—Two attendants in the psychopathic ward of the General hospital here are spending most of their time trying to keep clothes on twenty-three-year-old Josefa Saenz, Mexican girl, who was found demented, naked, and imprisoned in a wooden cage in the cellar of her parents' home.

The girl is in good physical condition, is exceptionally muscular, and shows no sign of ill treatment, but she tears off clothes as fast as they are put on.

For more than ten years Josefa had been kept in a cage, Mrs. Maria Saenz, the mother, said. They came here from El Paso a year and a half ago, carting the cage with them. Mrs. Saenz declared. The condition in the Saenz home was discovered by charity workers. Investigating officers said evidences were that the girl had received kind care. The father is a peddler.

### Boy Runs Away From Home on Skates to Escape Uncle

Waterloo, N. Y.—Arthur Davis, thirteen years old, colored, of Chicago, tired of alleged ill treatment at the hands of an uncle in New York, where his parents had left him, alternately roller-skated, walked and rode as far west toward home as Geneva. He was picked up by State Trooper C. E. Fletcher of Waterloo and turned over to the county agent, Miss Eva McCleary, who has communicated with Chicago.

### Herder Tells of Hard Fight With Female Bear

Del Norte, Colo.—Manuel Gallegos, a sheep-herder, met a grizzly bear in a hand-to-hand encounter and lives to tell the tale. Gallegos limped into town with a broken wrist, severe body bruises and a fractured cheekbone.

While searching for a stray sheep, Gallegos stumbled on a sleeping female grizzly.

He was severely cuffed by the enraged animal before his dog distracted the bear's attention long enough to allow his master to escape.

Gallegos' wrist was broken when he plunged his hand into the bear's mouth in attempting to ward off the attack.

### Bottle Takes Five Months to Drift Across Pacific

Long Beach, Wash.—A bottle containing a note thrown into the Pacific off Tokyo, Japan, required a little more than five months to be carried to the beach here, it is indicated in a letter just received by Wellington Marsh, Long Beach business man, from N. Nemura, rear admiral in the Japanese navy.

Marsh picked up the bottle last March 30, the note inside asking the finder to return it with notation as to where and when found. Admiral Nemura's letter stated that the bottle was thrown into the Pacific October 17, 1924.

### Murderer Showed Coolness

Newburgh, N. Y.—Jansen C. Wells, deputy sheriff here, kicked his wife to death and then called the undertaker. He said that after a drinking bout in which they both participated, they quarreled. He fired at her and missed, and when she taunted him for his poor shooting he knocked her down, stripped her and beat her. He then made a ten-year-old girl, a boarder, help him dress the corpse in a wrapper, after which he notified the authorities.

### Art Works to Save for American Tourist

In Sicily a new business has developed—that of painting carts for tourists. Not that the tourists want to ride in the carts. They are not looking for locomotion, but for souvenirs. For centuries it has been the custom of Sicilian carters to have their vehicles adorned with pictures in colors as gay as the trappings they put on their donkeys. For a few lire professional cart painters would depict on the sides of a cart the entrance of Julius Caesar into Rome, or the slaughter of the Gauls, or the defeat of the Sannians, carving hideous gnomes and ravishing mermaids on the axles and filling every other bit of available space with flowers. One day, a few years ago, an American tourist started the mode for this vivacious art by buying some cast-off bits of an old cart for his dining room walls. Soon thereafter tourists were literally tearing carts to pieces and there were no more carts to be had. Now the professional painters make cart sides and axles expressly for the tourist trade, rubbing them in the mud to make them look old and selling them through local shops as "genuine."

"What is it?" I inquired.

## LIGHTING HINTS FOR CAR SAFETY

**Laws Require Adjustment and Operation to Insure Protection on Roads.**

(By S. J. Williams, Director Public Safety Division, National Safety Council.)

Laws in most states now require that 30 minutes after sunset until 30 minutes before sunrise no automobile shall be operated unless it has sufficient lights, so adjusted and operated as to make the highway safe for the public. Motor vehicle headlights should enable the driver to distinguish clearly a person, vehicle or obstruction at least 200 feet ahead. Dangerous glare or dazzle should be avoided.

**Lights to Display.**  
Cars should display: (A) Two headlights when in motion, one on each side, both lights of equal power. Headlights should be white or tinted but never red. (B) Headlights or side parking light when motionless. Lights should be visible at a distance of at least 500 feet. (C) One tail-light, red, that is visible at a distance of at least 500 feet. Lights should be displayed whether car is in motion or standing. Tail-light should be at left or center of car and illuminate license number plate with a white light.

The Illuminating Engineering society, after considerable investigation and experimentation, has formulated a table of headlight intensities at different angles which has been widely circulated. If headlights conform to this table, all dangerous or dazzling glare will be eliminated. Many states now require headlights to conform to these specifications and most manufacturers are able to furnish such headlights. Some of the patented devices now on the market, however, do not necessarily make the headlight intensities conform to the standard. When purchasing such devices, buyers should ask for a guaranty. This guaranty should state the size of the lamp to be used, the tilt of the headlight, focal adjustment required and instructions how to get these adjustments.

A home-made arrangement can be devised to give satisfactory results if lens is properly covered, frosted or painted (not red). If light is at or back of focus, paint upper half of lens; if ahead of focus, light rays cross; so paint lower half of lens.

**Sizes of Bulbs.**  
Different devices require different sizes of bulbs. Headlight bulbs in some states are not allowed to exceed a rating of 24 candle-power; in other states the maximum is 32 candle-power.

The bulb in some headlights can be moved slightly backward or forward by adjusting a small set-screw. To focus a bulb, allow light to shine on a wall 25 feet away. Move bulb backward or forward until the circle of light on wall is of smallest possible diameter. The majority of headlight devices call for this adjustment. A few call for an adjustment either behind or ahead of the focal center; correct adjustment for either position gives largest possible spot of light without a dark or shaded center.

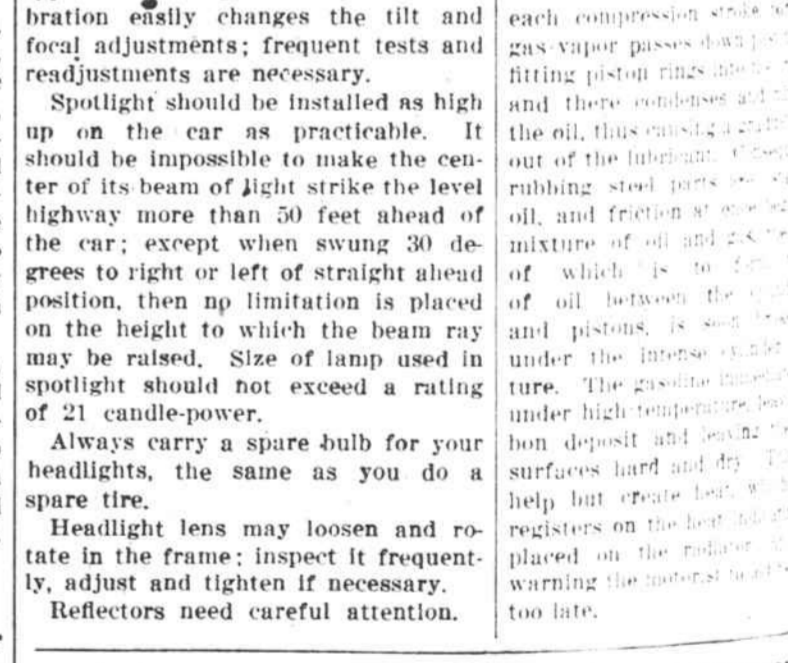
Headlights should be tilted up or down as required by the different types of headlight devices. Car vibration easily changes the tilt and focal adjustments; frequent tests and readjustments are necessary.

Spotlight should be installed as high up on the car as practicable. It should be impossible to make the center of its beam of light strike the level highway more than 50 feet ahead of the car; except when swung 30 degrees to right or left of straight ahead position, then no limitation is placed on the height to which the beam may be raised. Size of lamp used in spotlight should not exceed a rating of 21 candle-power.

Always carry a spare bulb for your headlights, the same as you do a spare tire.

Headlight lens may loosen and rotate in the frame; inspect it frequently, adjust and tighten if necessary. Reflectors need careful attention.

### SMALLEST AUTOMOBILE EVER CONSTRUCTED



A miniature motor car which can travel at 10 miles an hour. It was built by an English amateur enthusiast named Mr. Man. The engine, which is only 1 1/2 horse power, is mounted on a bicycle frame. The car shows passengers on the antiquated horse-drawn carriage. Man, much amused at this example of modern engineering.

### AUTOMOBILE HINTS

Drain the gasoline tank of sediment regularly.

There are 200,785 motor cars owned by the farmers in Iowa.

A Detroit automobile thief has been sent to Jackson prison for three years. Parked.

Crude rubber at more than a dollar a pound will call for a more elastic in-

come for their own their own and their own.

Most of the underhanded cells within.

A multi-millionaire the carbon copy of the City New York but it with the flow hogs out of their class.

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### Bad Company

Little Charles, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Frohman of Columbus, had been rather naughty early in the day and was told he was a bad boy. Later in the day he grew lonesome and asked his mother whether he couldn't find some one to play with him. After some begging his mother told him he didn't have to have anyone to play with, he could play by himself. Charles did not like this idea and quickly replied: "No, mother, I'm a bad boy and I don't think I better play with myself."

### Indian Village Unearthed

While we are interested in the excavation of ancient cities in Egypt and far places of the world, we are finding some at home. The other day C. B. Cosgrove, an American archeologist, discovered a buried Indian village on a ranch near Three Rivers, N. M. Two perfect rooms have been excavated so far. Skeletons were found in one of the rooms.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Indianapolis News.

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