

PEOPLE OF NORWAY CELEBRATE SPRING

Festivities on Day of St. John Like Christmas.

Washington.—Dispatches telling of the popularity of Norway's winter sports, such as the famous ski derby at Holmenkollen, and of the many Americans who now visit Scandinavia, emphasize the summer events of Norway, which retain their distinctiveness and their quaintness because they attract much less attention.

A bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society describes how the quick coming of spring is welcomed joyfully with a celebration that resembles our Christmas festivities.

Their "Christmas" in June.

"Nature seems to take a boisterous part in the occasion by throwing blankets of foliage across fields that were snow-covered only a few weeks before, and by bursting forth with gorgeous flowers in crannies where icicles held sway for the past six months," the bulletin continues.

"All the excitement which marks our most generally observed holiday, attends the Day of St. John, on June 24. While it bears a Christmas name the holiday and its customs go back to pagan origin. In effect the day still is a festival of the sun. Green birch trees adorn every house and children carry evergreen branches through the streets. The analogy to Christmas breaks down, however, when younger folk crowd into boats on the fjords or hike to the mountain woods which, at twilight, are lit with bonfires. All night long these bonfires burn, as ghostly figures of the merry-makers dance and sing around them.

"Yearly more visitors are strapping on their knapsacks for walking trips through the rugged countryside of central Norway, where every rock-hewn road seems to lead to a fjord, and where the native customs defy the inroads of such dribbles of travel as now sift through.

Font Let Down From Ceiling.

"The visitor goes to church and the simple service seems stereotyped enough until a bit of statuary descends from the ceiling. The figure of an angel, supported by a rod, holds a bowl filled with water. The surprised visitor realizes this theatrical appearance is a baptismal font.

"The simplicity and modesty of the country folk in the remote and isolated sections is belittled by their promiscuous bathing. And by bathing is meant just that; not the diversion of water splashing and sand sunning, but getting oneself clean. A log hut is the village bath house. A furnace of stones is heated and water poured over the red-hot surface.

"Into this steam steps a family—men, women, children, visiting relatives and neighbors. The bathers switch each other with birch twigs to induce more perspiration and gleefully throw buckets of cold water over each other when the heat becomes too intense. All of this is nothing of an orgy—but as people as our daily bath. The rural Norwegian would see nothing immoral, nor funny, in an American hotel which inadvertently advertised '1,000 rooms and a bath.'

"Row Over and See Us."

"In a Vermont village each family once had its horse and buggy, a vehicle now supplanted by the automobile. In a Norway hamlet a boat is the principal family conveyance in summer. There fishing takes the place of farming and the houses are strung around a bend of a fjord instead of along a rambling main street. The villagers row to church, and row to the store, and row to pay his evening calls.

"Grazing herds of goats is the principal land industry of Norway's hilly north country and these stocks give rise to the picturesque goat-girl. The mountain pastures usually are far removed from the villages and each spring sees the young farm women driving their herds up the mountain paths to some lofty but sheltered valley among the glistening, snow-capped peaks. There they remain all summer long, camping in wooden huts, visited occasionally by their men folk to carry away the butter and cheese.

"These mountain pastures are known as uaseters, a word known to music lovers of many lands because of Ole Bull's song, 'The Saeter-Maiden's Sunday,' in which he expresses the loneliness of the girl goat-tenders for their families.

"Goat's cheese," a delicatessen delicacy in the United States, is a principal article of Norwegian diet. It has the rich, brown color and something of the flavor of peanut butter. It is not eaten on crackers as a supplementary course but, sliced and laid on large cross-sections of brown bread, is a staple of the meal."

A Great-Aunt at Sixteen

Morristown, Tenn.—Miss Mae Hash is perhaps the youngest great-aunt in the world. "I noticed Miss Ferda Haenne of Ohio claims to be the youngest great-aunt in the world at the age of twenty-three years," she says, "I am eighteen years old and was made a great-aunt two years ago by the arrival of a boy to my nephew, W. R. Hash of Green Cave, Va."

Ban on Petting Parties

Manitowoc, Wis.—The cemetery here has been closed to petting parties by the sexton, Edward Pasewalk. The sexton closed all roads into the cemetery when he found that motor cars bumped many trees and made marks on a number of plots.

DECLARES ESKIMOS DO NOT LIKE FATS

Stefansson, Noted Explorer, Tells How They Live.

London.—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, writing in the London Spectator, dispels the popular misconception that Eskimos either eat fat, drink oils or rub grease upon their bodies. He points out that the error basically rests upon a truth, that food is required not only to repair waste and enable the doing of physical work, but also to keep up the body temperature, which obviously must be the more difficult the colder the weather. Because the Eskimo lives in a country considered to be colder than the lands inhabited by other branches of the human race, through deduction and induction, persons—without inquiring into the actual facts—have simply made up their minds on the subject of fats and oils as concerns this interesting people.

As an actual fact, the noted explorer holds, the Eskimo consumes less "food for power" than the average Scotsman or Norwegian, for the obvious reason that the Eskimos are really exposed to cold less.

"Some Eskimo winter houses are cold," he writes, "but the typical Eskimo house resembles more an incubator or a Turkish bath than it does an average European or American dwelling. Captain Bartlett has said that the temperature of the Eskimo houses in northeastern Siberia was at night around 100 degrees Fahrenheit; Rasmussen describes the Cape York Eskimos, the most northerly human beings in the world, as sitting in mid-winter naked in their overheated houses with streams of perspiration running down their bodies, which they mop continually with towels.

No Need to Drink Oil.

"In such overheated houses what need is there to drink oil or to consume a large amount of heat-producing fat to counterbalance radiation from the body? The proponents of the oil-drinking theory will suggest that the people do not live indoors all the time and that in winter it may be extremely cold out of doors. It is true that, although the lowest winter temperatures of the inhabited parts of Montana or Russia are lower than any in which the Eskimos live, still the average winter temperature of the Arctic climate is low. There are districts where for a month or two in midwinter you may have an average of 25 or 30 degrees below zero, and occasionally even a little lower. But when the Eskimos go outdoors they are clad in suits of fur that are practically cold proof. You might as well be dressed in a thermos bottle.

Mr. Stefansson cannot remember ever having seen an Eskimo shiver in winter, but he has seen them shiver in summer. The reason for this is that the inhabitant of the colder region of the earth is somewhat controlled by fashion. In the summer it is correct form, in Eskimo land, to dress in the most worn-out and shabby remnants of the winter garments. These naturally offer little protection from the rain, and it is not unusual for the Eskimo to get thoroughly wet—or become thoroughly cold when sitting still—as, for instance, in a boat. The fog and raw winds of the warmer season have an opportunity to penetrate to their bodies as a result.

As to Greasing the Body.

As concerns the greasing of the body among the Eskimos, Mr. Stefansson has the following to say: "Our women, used to disappearing creams, do not see the absurdity of this; but if you remember that the only oil available to the Eskimos is of the nature of lard or fish oil, neither of which evaporates, you will see the absurdity at once. It is well known that in order to be warm you must be dressed in clothes that are poor conductors of heat. Now, poor heat conduction (or good non-conduction) depends on air chambers in the clothes, whether they are wool or fur. If these air chambers were filled with grease, as they inevitably would be if the body were greased (for the clothes are in contact with the body), the garments would let the heat of the body escape somewhat as rubber boots do. If their clothes were greasy, the Eskimos would have to spend all winter in the house; for if they went out doors they would surely freeze to death, and quickly."

Concluding, the noted explorer points out the interesting fact that the Eskimos, like the peoples of warmer countries, mature very quickly. He says:

"It is commonly said, and doubtless correctly, that in Europe the people of the southern countries, such as Sicily, mature early, and the people of the northern countries, such as Scotland and Sweden, mature late. From this it has been thoughtlessly inferred that the Eskimos would mature late. Doubtless that would be so if their bodies were really exposed to the winter weather. But when you remember their Turkish-bath houses and thermos-bottle clothing, you will see that if warmth causes early maturity then development should be as rapid among the Eskimos as among any tropical people.

"That seems to be the fact, for their women occasionally bear their first child about the age of 11."

Blowing Nose Costs Man's Life

New York.—A hemorrhage brought on by blowing his nose caused the death of Michael Kelly, fifty-eight, a clerk in the city hall post office.

USE STEAM FROM MANY VOLCANOES

Craters Are Being Harnessed and Heat Is Used to Operate Machinery.

Washington.—Volcanoes have never been of much use to mankind. Awake, they are violent and inextinguishable and do nothing but harm. Asleep and idle, they are much better, and men have been glad to let them lie. Yet to engineers it has long seemed a gross waste that the tremendous energy of these giants should not be harnessed and put to work, and lately the men of science have applied their minds to the problem of taming the monsters, and have even begun to succeed at the seemingly superhuman task.

Already means have been found whereby steam from subterranean sources can be utilized for industrial purposes. In Italy electricity derived from volcanic heat is sent over wires to Florence, Leghorn, Piombino and other cities and towns for light and power. Borings for volcanic steam are now being made on the slopes of Etna, and also on the island of Vulcano, which is one of the Lipari group north of Sicily. The Lipari islands are subsidiary peaks of Stromboli, whose crater was supposed by the ancients to be the main entrance to Pluto's fiery realm. Vulcano was the headquarters of the blacksmith god.

In Bolivia the government has granted a concession for the use of steam from Mount Tatlo, in the Sud Lipex district, near the Chilean frontier. The volcano is to be made to drive turbine engines, which are expected to electrify all the Bolivian railroads.

Energy in the Yellowstone.

Important as the development of the usefulness of volcanic steam has proved in northern Italy, opportunities there are of small account compared with the opportunities that our own Yellowstone park offers. The geysers and boiling springs of that region indicate terrific temperatures to be found not far underground. In the so-called Fire Hole district the whole country seems to be on fire. Doubtless the Yellowstone was the scene of tremendous eruptive activity not very long ago.

The engineers look with wistful eyes at the possibilities of that national park as a source of electrical power. They say those possibilities are unlimited. It will be cheap power, the most attractive thing in the world to the manufacturer. Hence, perhaps before the end of the present century, new and prosperous industrial cities will arise in that part of the country, vitalized by electricity derived from the volcanic plants of the Yellowstone.

The requisite experimental work has already been done, largely, at least, in Italy. The Italian engineers have solved the chief problems. One important thing they have learned is that it will not do to use the volcanic steam direct for driving engines, because it contains corrosive chemical salts. They employ the subterranean vapor as fuel to make steam from pure water. To resist the corrosive action, the apparatus that handles the volcanic steam is provided with pipes of aluminum.

Tuscan Steam Wells.

The scene of the successful Italian operations is a region in Tuscany, northwest of Rome, where, over an area of 40 square miles, numerous natural steam wells, called "puffing holes," are found. They go down evidently to great depths, all of them presumably deriving their steam from the same volcanic source. Out of them the steam spurts in vigorous jets. Some of them form small lake-like craters full of boiling water.

The puffing holes are thickly scattered for 30 miles along a valley which, until recent years, was uninhabited. Today the valley has a number of thriving towns that owe their existence to the steam wells. The volcanic steam contains a very valuable product, boric acid, for which there is a large export demand.

The glass factories of France and other large consumers of boric acid were formerly compelled to rely for supplies mainly upon imports of borax fetched on the backs of pack animals across the Himalayas from Tibet. Discovery that the stuff could be got from the steam wells of Tuscany gave great industrial importance to the region here described, though the method at first adopted for separating it was extremely crude, the water from the puffing holes being evaporated in iron pots over wood fires.

Engineer Dies in Hole.

To increase the available supply of water, an Italian engineer named Clascchi undertook to drill artificial puffing holes. The experiment proved a big success. Clascchi lost his life by falling into one of the boiling springs which he himself had created; but the borings have been continued, and though they are now numbered by thousands, they do not seem to have diminished in the slightest degree the flow of steam from the natural holes. The wells are bored usually to a depth of about 400 feet, and are lined with iron tubes eight to sixteen inches in diameter. At the mouths of the puffing holes, both natural and artificial, the pressure of steam remains always the same, year after year, the subterranean heat supply being apparently inexhaustible. Nowadays the water is evaporated in huge lead-lined pans, beneath which live steam fresh from the depths is conducted through coils of pipe.

Eighteen years ago Prince Gioi, Conzi, head of the boric acid works in the valley, turned the steam from a puffing hole into a piston engine. It was the first engine ever driven by volcanic power, and it ran admirably in fact, it has been running ever since. A bigger one was built in the following year, which operated a dynamo and lit the works at Lardello, the chief center of the industry.

Electricity for Many Towns.

In 1910 a turbo-generator of 2,500 kilowatts was installed, which sent volcanic electricity over wires to Volterra, a distance of 30 miles. Thus Volterra, one of the oldest towns in the world—older, indeed, than Rome by many centuries—was the first to draw electric energy from a subterranean source. Since then the plant has been vastly expanded and a larger one has been established at Lago, in the same district. From these central stations the "juice" is distributed over a wide territory, supplying light and power to Siena, Florence and west coast cities 50 miles or more away.

The towns in the valley get their light and power from the same volcanic source. One puffing hole near Lardello yields from 6,000 to 30,000 pounds of steam an hour, at a temperature of 353 degrees Fahrenheit. Eleven average borings (not less productive than the natural wells) deliver power equal to that obtainable from the burning of ten tons of coal an hour.

Great Supply at Yellowstone.

Thus it may be said that the problem of utilizing volcanic steam has been well worked out by the Italian engineers, and when we tackle the job in the Yellowstone we shall enjoy the benefit of the lessons they have learned. Apparently the conditions to be met and the difficulties to be overcome are similar; but in the Yellowstone the available supply of steam is incomparably greater, so that the puffing holes of Tuscany seem relatively insignificant.

Boring for steam has been going on for more than a year near the crater of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii; but the rock is basalt and extremely hard, so that the drills have not yet penetrated very far. It is said that the scheme in that locality does not promise very well.

But the Hawaiian government has consulted our Department of Commerce about a plan, seemingly practicable, for making bricks of molten lava from the Kilauea crater. It is proposed to extend a trolley across the crater, carrying an endless chain of buckets, which would scoop up the liquid lava, fetch it to the rim of the fiery hole, and pour it into molds.

We have a live volcano of our own in northern California, called Lassen Peak. Its latest important eruption began in 1914, and it has been more or less active ever since. The mountain is nearly two miles high, and there is enough fire inside it to run the machinery of all the factories in this country.

"Convicts" in Drug Store Scare Women and Police

Philadelphia.—Women, screaming as they fled, brought a lone Ardmore policeman from the police station to a nearby drug store. He took a look into the store, and he fled, too. Or, at least, he went away from there. Then he obtained reinforcements and went back. He and another of Ardmore's finest peered cautiously through the drug store window. They rubbed their eyes a couple of times before they were quite certain that they actually saw two hardened convicts in regulation prison garb, presumably from the Eastern penitentiary, calmly quaffing chocolate ice cream sodas.

The two cops burst through the door. "Throw 'em up, you birds!" they commanded, leveling their guns.

The convicts were thoroughly cowed. They surrendered without a struggle. Meanwhile the afternoon dress rehearsal of a play given the same night at the Merion Cricket club was delayed because when it came time for the entrance of the two convict characters they were nowhere to be found. Someone had heard them say they were going to slip out for a moment and get a soda.

The "convicts," Richard Tunk, nineteen, of Wynnewood, and John H. Wood, eighteen, of Overbrook, are students of the Montgomery school, Wynnewood, which gave the play.

Irrigation Project for India

Washington.—As a result of a recent sanction by the government, the construction of an irrigation project involving an expenditure of approximately \$30,000,000 rupees has been approved. (The rupee is worth \$0.299 at current exchange). The erection of a dam 115 feet in length across the Manjra river is proposed. The project is known as the Sangor irrigation scheme. The reservoir contemplated will irrigate an area of about 275,000 acres, according to a United States commerce report.

"Miles" of Molasses Fed to the Fishes

Norfolk, Va.—A stream of molasses miles in length was left in the wake of the American steamer Tancerville when she passed out to sea recently bound for Calabar, Cuba. After discharging a large part of her cargo of bulk molasses at a local pier the vessel's pumps became clogged with the settlings. Eighteen thousand gallons of this residue was fed to the fishes.

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