

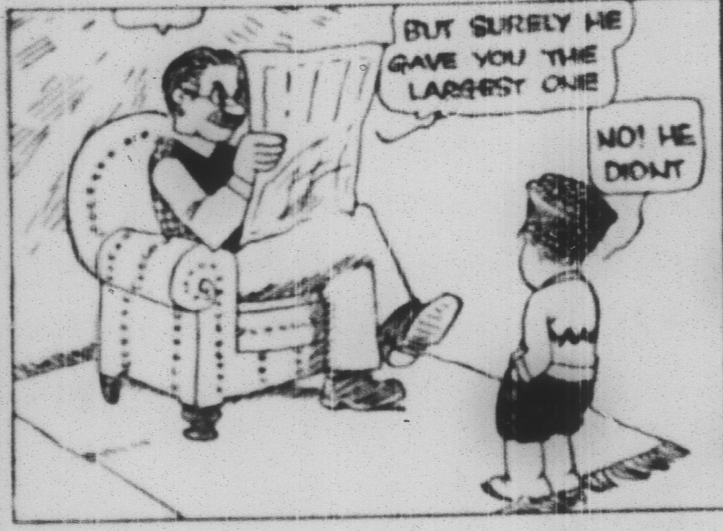
**SUCH IS LIFE**  
**JUNIOR IS STRONG FOR 'ETTICAT'**



POP, ARE YOU UP ON ETTICAT? I MEAN GOOD MANNERS.

**German Stage Filled by Employment Bureau**

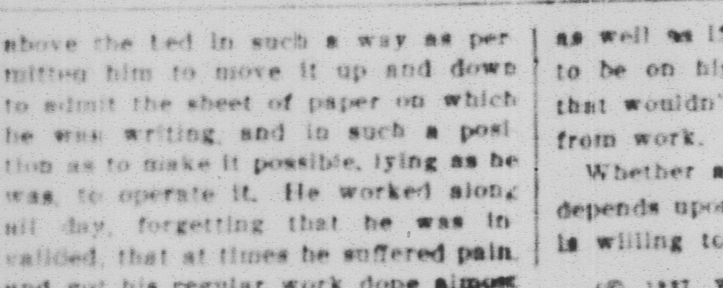
Berlin.—All theatrical contracts for employment of actors and actresses must be made after January 1 through the German national employment bureau.



POP, ROSS'S MOTHER GAVE HIM TWO APPLES. "ALSO TOLD HIM TO GIVE ME ONE." "WHAT BAD MANNERS THAT BOY HAS!"

**"Air Baptism" Marked by Certificate Reward**

Paris.—Certificates of "air baptism" are being given in France to encourage people to travel by air.



POP, BUT SURELY HE GAVE YOU THE LARGEST ONE.



POP, I HAD TO LOOK HIM DOWN AND TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM.

**DIPPING INTO SCIENCE**

**Fairy Characters Do Exist**  
 Pygmies, the little people of the fairy stories really do exist. They live in parts of Africa and Asia. All pygmies have short curly hair, large mouths, flat noses and woolly hair all over their bodies. The African pygmy is yellow or light brown while the Asiatic is dark brown or black. All have the most primitive habits.

**The Gift**

"What'll I give over in Tywoppy today?" said Tote Sazg of Sandy Mush. "They tried to give me a church."

**Perfect Physical Student**



The photograph shows Miss Dorothy Smeltzer, senior at Holyoke college, who has been awarded the annual prize silver cup for the most perfect physical student out of 200.

**Biggest Library**

New Haven, Conn.—A permit for the New Yale Sterling Memorial library to be the largest library in the world was issued at the office of Building Inspector Amia. The cost is estimated at \$5,500,000.

**Earth's Crust Settling**

London.—The earth's crust is settling, declares Sir Oliver Lodge, explaining the abundance of earthquakes, tidal waves, typhoons and hurricanes, rainstorms and floods.

**WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES**

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
 Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

"YOU'LL have to go to bed and be flat on your back for some time," the doctor said to me.

I knew his reputation and that he was no doubt right. There could be no argument. I had a tremendous lot of work that should be done—writing most of it. I had no temperature; I was not really sick, what little brain I have was working in as active and normal a way as it had ever done. It was only that an accident had made it necessary to spread me out and hang weights on my left arm to pull it back into a position which it refused to assume. I write with my right hand; even lying on my back my knee can be flexed and a pad of paper balanced upon it. I would write even if I were on my back!

The process was slow and wearisome. I had to rest at short intervals but it was amazing how much I could get done in a day, stretched though the position was. And the work made the time pass more quickly. I was more cheerful from having something to do, my back ached less because I had less time to give to pondering over my aches. In fact, as it was, I came to enjoy it, and the work got done.

A friend of mine, because of a peculiar accident was forced for a month to lie face downward on her bed. She could look over the edge of the bed which was low and near the floor, and she devised all sorts of things to occupy her time—some of them useful work, other plays—and was, while doing something worthwhile, kept herself cheerful and happy. It was not an easy condition under which to work, but she was resourceful and energetic.

I have just been told of two men lying in a hospital, neither permitted to move his body, but free to do what he wished with his hands. One was a stock broker who had a long-distance telephone installed and did business regularly during business hours. He admitted that he got on more successfully than when he was in his office in the city because, lying prone in bed, he was not interrupted, not disturbed, he gave his letters to his strong partner early in the morning and then he had all his time to himself.

The second man was a writer. He had a typewriting machine suspended

**WOMAN PREACHER WINS WAY IN WEST**

Spokane, Wash.—Across a pastorate that stretches 35 miles through the Colville valley of Washington, Rev. Gertrude L. Apel drives her car throughout the week ministering to the spiritual needs of 150 members of two Methodist Episcopal congregations. Each Sunday she preaches three sermons, one at Valley and two at Chewah.

**Cuts His Own Salary**



When William C. Horvater, cigar-maker and Socialist, was elected city treasurer of Reading, Pa., he decided not to accept all the salary allowed him and fixed his wage at \$6,000 a year. Horvater declares he wants only enough money to keep himself and family, and that \$6,000 is plenty. There are five Socialists in office in Reading now, the others being the mayor, two councilmen and the controller.

above the bed in such a way as permitting him to move it up and down to adjust the sheet of paper on which he was writing, and in such a position as to make it possible, lying as he was, to operate it. He worked along all day, forgetting that he was in bed, that at times he suffered pain, and got his regular work done almost as well as if it were possible for him to be on his feet. He was the sort that wouldn't let difficulties keep him from work.

Whether a man works or not often depends upon the difficulties which he is willing to overcome.

one other resident Protestant minister to assist her in burying the dead, baptizing the babies and marrying the young couples.

During ten years of her ministry Miss Apel has held three pastorates. The first was in Montana and the other two in Washington. All of them were frontier communities. She attends to all the usual duties of a pastor and also takes part in the civic affairs of the community.

To her ability to meet people on a common ground Miss Apel attributes much of the success of her pastoral work. She believes that success of the church's mission is dependent upon making Christianity practical.

"People recognize their need of the church when we make Jesus Christ real to them and help solve the problems of their everyday lives," she declares.

"I do not believe the young people of our times are different from those of other generations. In some cases, it is true, they have come into contact with materialistic theories in their school work and the church has offered them nothing that they felt met the situation. We must approach the people of today, young people as well as their elders, on a ground of common understanding. If we would hold their interest and loyalty."

Beginning her preparation for the

**Gold Bootlegger Is Captured**

Toronto, Ont.—Bootlegging in gold is the newest crime operated on an extensive scale in the northern Ontario mining camps.

The other day a suspected couple were observed to leave the gold town of Timmins hurriedly in a motor car. They were captured, the car and their belongings searched, but nothing incriminating found. But the woman's secret, like the secret of the Black Cat in Poe's story, was too ingenious to keep. She said they were carrying "high grade." "But where?" asked the police.

She wore a specially constructed canvas brassiere in which was secreted between \$9,000 and \$10,000 worth of gold. The husband assumed all responsibility and the woman was not charged.

This capture led to the arrest of an operator who had \$29,000 in gold secreted in his premises and is credited with disposing of \$128,000 worth in the last few months. He pleaded guilty and was given the option of a \$1,500 fine.

fruit, but its profits are great and detection is difficult.

In many high-grade mining camps the custom is to have all miners strip and go under a shower bath before they change into street clothes and check out of the works. Ontario mines have hesitated to put this practice in force because of the high character of their labor. "Ninety-five per cent of our men are honest," said one manager. "We do not want to search every day if we can catch the dishonest ones any other way."

**Thieves Rarely Caught.**

But in practice the thieves within the mines are rarely caught. The "high grade" operator outside does not identify the men from whom he buys his nuggets. He probably could not if he wanted to. He knows him as "Mike" and nothing else. Where did he meet him? Probably in a pool-room.

Another difficulty in stamping out the crime is the reluctance of juries to be harsh on the accused. Mining communities find it hard to realize that treasure that is picked up out of the earth is not public property. Moreover, they regard the law against high grading as unnecessarily harsh and "un-British." Hence juries often hesitate to convict even where the evidence is convincing.

When "high grade" is once stolen it is lost forever as far as the real owner is concerned. Even if seized it cannot be identified as belonging to this or that mine. So there is never any restitution. As a consequence all "high grade" seizures are turned over by agreement to the Ontario Mining association, where it is placed in a fund to be used in fighting the traffic.

**An Alluring Outfit Is This Simple Beige Frock**



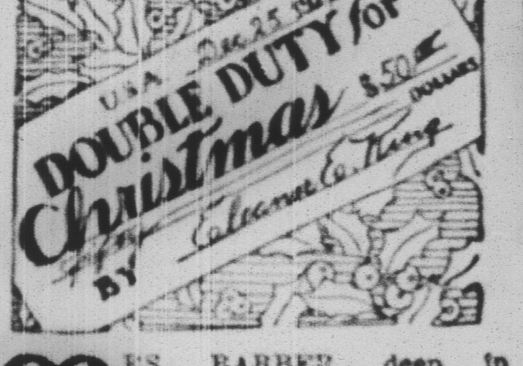
For the demure miss, Marceline Day, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is wearing a smart beige frock with a three-tiered skirt edged in brown ribbon. Collar and cuffs are of white linen also edged with the ribbon.

**To Clean Leather**

To clean a leather coat, scrub it with pure castile soap and water, using a soft scrubbing brush. Dry thoroughly and rub on a little saddle soap, which will keep the coat in good condition. Lined oil may be rubbed over the leather in order to cover up any scratches which appear.

**Father Sage Says:**

Wise is the man who does his own tree work, will that which he would otherwise shortly be compelled to do.



ES BARBER, deep in thought, seated at a broad desk, heavily laden with papers which bore evidence of her many responsibilities, planned and pondered the question at length. She was of slight build. Her hair was tinged with gray, her complexion clear, her eyes brown and sparkling, her facial expression most pleasant, although one could not help but note at the moment a trace of worry.

There were exactly one hundred and fifty old people in the institution depending upon her care and judgment. Never was this fact brought so forcefully to her attention as it was at Christmas time. To be sure, people were generous and thoughtful in remembering this group. That was exactly it. How could one put this generosity into a form which would benefit the largest number in the group? The agitation of the question had begun but today, when Mrs. Barber had received a note and a donation of fifty dollars from a group of fine, public-spirited citizens who were endowed with the true Christmas spirit. The accompanying note merely stated that its use could best be determined by Mrs. Barber, and so would be left entirely to her good judgment. She read the note once more as it lay on the desk before her.

"Our group or society has a little fund raised in various ways by its members. Each year at Christmas time, we give fifty dollars of this fund to the head of some institution, and leave it to the judgment of the person in charge as to how it will be disposed of to best advantage in their particular or peculiar situation. It has occurred to us that the children are more apt to be well taken care

of than are the institutions such as yours. We therefore wish to remember the Old People's home with our small sum. We have enjoyed accumulating this money and hope it, added to your other yearly contributions, may help to bring cheer and happiness to your home on Christmas day."

The evening failed to disclose the adequate solution for this problem. However, on the morning, Mrs. Barber awoke with a radiant face. With the clearness of the morning, the crispness of the air and the invigoration which had come through sound, restful sleep, the perplexities vanished, and Mrs. Barber saw her way clearly defined before her. Her feet and hands couldn't work fast enough to comply with the wishes of her brain. Time was limited. Plans must be drawn up quickly and executed immediately.

The first day saw the telephone as a center of interest. It was constantly in use either for outgoing or incoming calls. If Mrs. Barber had realized how many phone operators she were out, her kindness would certainly have made her spread her phone calls over two days. She was so enthusiastic and absorbed in her plans that she was not aware of her excessive tax upon these girls. The last phone call brought smiles and added energy to Mrs. Barber as she hurried off into the heart of the great smoky city. She spent perhaps an hour behind closed doors in conference with the matron in charge of the large settlement house. At the end of that time she emerged with a piece of paper bearing the names of some fifteen young boys and girls. Glancing down the list she swallowed forcefully, uttered a peculiar sound and shook her head as she said:

"Can't exactly say I am very apt at pronouncing these long foreign names."

The settlement house matron put her hand on Mrs. Barber's shoulder in an affectionate manner.

"Don't worry. They understand and are used to it. They will help you and you will soon learn their Americanized versions." The next two days were spent in the city library. From the stacks of books which Mrs. Barber went through in her two days there, but one did she select to take away with her.

For some few days after this Mrs. Barber occupied her time with the white paper with the list of unpronounceable names, the book, and last but not least, fifteen vivacious young persons, grimy and a little crude, but how sweet, earnest, happy and eager they were. The training had to be patiently undertaken. The response was altogether what might have been

**Can They Count on You?**

CAN they count on you to always do the thing that you know is right? Do they think you're sure to think when the cause demands a fight? Do they say of you "He is true blue"? In the work committed to you. Who will stick to your work and never think Till you carry your contract through? Or do they say "He'll run away In the time of need?" His dearest treasure is his selfish pleasure. His ideal is lost or good? Do they also say "He loves to play When the game goes his own way. But he gets lame when he loses the game. And is ready to charge foul play?" Do your friends all feel you'll stand like a wall When the great test comes to you; That you'll face the strife, and give your life For the cause you know is true? Or do they fear when that test draws near Shall try your utmost powers. You'll sell the Christ for a paltry price. And play the traitor's part? We're seeking men who can clearly see The things that are most worth while; Who can look ahead and forget the dead. And at unfortunes smile. For the thoughtful man who can work and plan When the unwarmed love their head; With the shielded hand at his command, Who can honestly earn his bread. They look long in the common throng For the man of faith and love. We can think and feel for his brother's need. And plan for the life ahead. We'll remember him to take the part Of the watch dog that barks in vain; Whose help is sure for the weak and poor. Who keeps the Christ within.

expected from these kind-hearted, high-spirited youngsters.

Then, lastly, there were the hoarse decorations to be attended to. There were willing hands in the home which helped hang wreaths, trim the trees and put up the little sprigs of holly and mistletoe. Melodies not familiar to the younger generation filled the house. The humming and quiet whispering told of expected joys not now far in the offing.

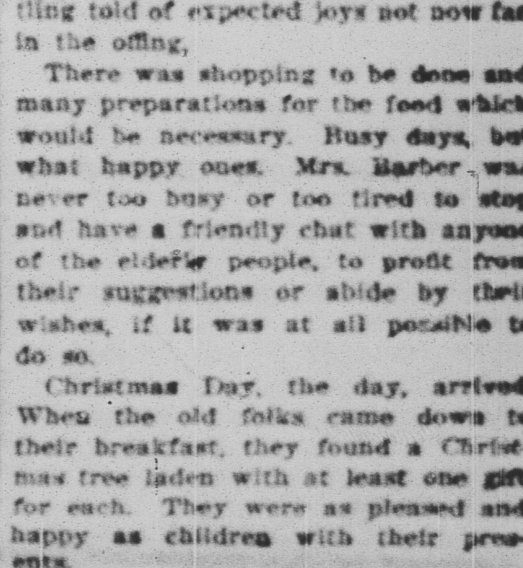
There was shopping to be done and many preparations for the feast which would be necessary. Busy days, but what happy ones. Mrs. Barber was never too busy or too tired to stop and have a friendly chat with anyone of the elder people, to profit from their suggestions or abide by their wishes, if it was at all possible to do so.

Christmas Day, the day arrived. When the old folks came down to their breakfast, they found a Christmas tree laden with at least one gift for each. They were as pleased and happy as children with their presents.

At noon the festivities took on proportion. One would never have guessed that the folks ranged anywhere from seventy to ninety-five, as they trooped in to Christmas dinner. The table was heavily laden with all the Christmas delicacies, especially good for people of their age. They also had another little surprise. They had fifteen radiant happy guests who were introduced to them. It was indeed hard to judge which was enjoying the dinner the most, the young or the old. Suffice it to say, the young folks enjoyed it the most.

Before the group left the table Mrs. Barber made a little announcement. "Our guests have come out today not only to help us enjoy our Christmas dinner, but to help us to have a delightful afternoon. They have come prepared to present a short Christmas play and to furnish us a little musical entertainment."

From the chuckles, smiles, laughter and applause, there was no doubt



There Were Willing Hands Which Helped Trim the Tree.

about the approval with which the entertainment was received. The young people were worth of all the praise which they received. The coaching had been successful. The day had been delightful and was a topic of conversation for a long time. Mrs. Barber was even happier over the occasion than the old folks, if such a thing could be possible. She realized that this vision, her scheme, had been practical. The fifty dollars had given pleasure to not only the old people but it gave these young foreign settlement-house children a chance to share in the joys of Christmas, the joy of giving of their own talents, reaping the consequential rewards of pleasure, praise and remuneration, the joy of finding the true Christmas spirit in giving freely of themselves, as well as having had a sumptuous Christmas dinner which otherwise might have been merely a thing of their dreams.

**Emma Is a Champion Milker**



Here's Miss Emma Handy, eighteen years old, of Marysville, Calif., who attracted 11.8 pounds of milk from a Jersey cow in three minutes, making a record never before equaled by a milker, man or woman. Miss Handy won the title of champion dairy maid of the West at the Pacific Slope Dairy show held at Oxnard, Calif.

**Leads to Wide Drive.**

The incident with its evidence of wide ramifications in the traffic has led to a drive against suspects on the part of the police. A dozen cases are awaiting trial.

The gold is stolen by employees of the mines. No others have access to them for all the works are surrounded by wired barricades, the only indication of possible romance in this prosaic-looking treasure house.

In some of the richer stopes gold is sometimes blasted out in flakes as large as a pigeon's egg—640 or 550 in a single lump. One thief, in such a stop, can make away with the native metal at an amazing rate.

The thief requires an accomplice on the outside to get his stuff to market. The accomplice generally assumes the role of a harmless farmer who has ample opportunity to hide the loot. A second accomplice is necessary to carry the hoardings hundreds of miles away where a market for such an unusual merchandise can be found.

This whose criminal business is dit