

ONE THING AT A TIME

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

There is an old saying that a man with too many irons in the fire is very likely to get some of them burned. One would understand the reference better if he had ever watched a blacksmith beating two pieces of iron so that they might be properly welded together. It was a careful process. The metal might not be taken out of the coals too soon or the welding process would be abortive or unsuccessful; it might not go too long or the iron would be burned and so rendered useless. It was enough to keep the eye on two irons at a time. So the man who attempts to manage too many jobs at once is sure to fall into difficulty.

I have seen a man in Italy playing five alleged musical instruments at once—hands, feet, mouth, and head all engaged in musical activity at the same time, but the harmony reduced

by the endeavor was not perfect. He might better have given his attention to one instrument and so possibly have learned that more perfectly. Jugglers can sometimes keep three balls and two pins in the air with out dropping any one of them, but there is danger, and it is better for us ordinary and inadequately trained mortals to content ourselves with one at a time.

I met a young fellow the other day as I was driving along the highway with one arm about his sweetheart and with the other he was guiding a motor car rather uncertainly though rapidly. Coming back the same road an hour or two later I saw the car in the ditch and I was told the lovers had been seriously injured. Love is an endeavor which demands all of the attention of any young fellow who is possessed by it, and a motor car is not a machine carelessly to be guided with one hand. The man who attempts to guide a car with one hand while he makes love with the other is pretty likely to go into the ditch and wreck both his love affairs and the machine. One thing at a time is better and always likely to furnish more real enjoyment.

Graham was not getting on very satisfactorily with his studies, and I attempted to find the reason. He seems capable enough when you talk to him, and I was puzzled at his failure.

"Well, you see," he explains to me, "I was trying to manage the political affairs of my class, and it took more time than I thought it would, and so I neglected my studies until they are

Evers Back With Braves



Johnny Evers, former star second baseman of the Cubs and Braves, who has been signed by Judge Fuchs of the Boston Braves to assist him in the management of the Hub National league team. This means that Evers will run the team from the field, under Fuchs' direction.

in a pretty hopeless tangle, I am afraid."

He was quite right in his estimate of the situation. He was headed for failure in his college work, and the political affairs of his class had been so carelessly managed that his friends had lost their election.

One thing at a time is usually enough.

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Death Ship Adrift

Port Townsend, Wash.—The waterlogged hulks of four Japanese "death ships" now missing almost two years from home ports are drifting some where in the north Pacific and mariners gaze daily across the gray wastes expecting the lost craft to turn up. According to hydrographic records, it is now time for them to escape the ocean eddies.

Five fishing vessels, each manned by about twelve men, were blown out to sea in a typhoon which raged off the Japanese islands in December, 1926.

Almost a year later in November, 1927, one of these ships, with its tragic freight of bodies, came drifting up the Washington coast.

It was the Ryoei Maru. The boat

was towed into Puget sound by the steamer Margaret Dollar. An examination here by quarantine officers revealed the fact that, in a desperate effort to live, some of the crew had turned cannibal.

A few days later another of the wandering fishing craft was sighted off the coast. The freighter that discovered the hulk let it drift, not knowing its tragic story.

Four of the vessels, stoutly built to resist the Pacific storms, still drift somewhere between the Pacific coast and Japan, say shipping men.

Charts of the United States hydrographic office here indicate that these ships may drift for years on one of two great 1,000-mile current circles.

One flows southward from the west coast of North America, then swings out into midocean, then turns north toward the Orient. The other is directly west of Hawaii. A vessel whirling into either might drift there for years without being sighted.

Hydrographers estimated the Ryoei Maru drifted 20,000 miles in endless zigzags and circles to reach the Washington coast.

Puts Color in Leaves and Finds Trick Prays

Jacksonville, Fla.—Green oak leaves take an autumnal turn in about five minutes in the factory here of Dr. Henry Dux, who rouges nature's cheeks so successfully that he finds a ready market for his goods.

In Doctor Dux's factory leaves and plants used by florists are so prepared as to make them last indefinitely without becoming brittle and without losing their natural beauty.

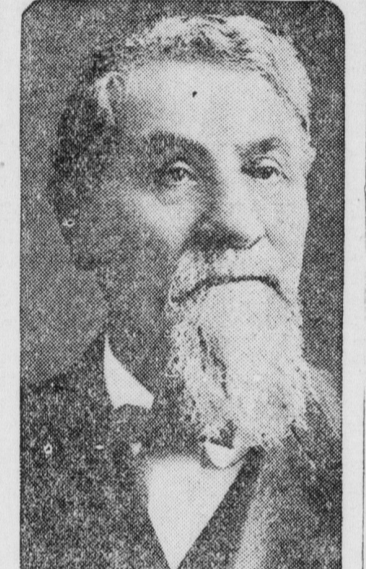
The head of the factory, a licensed physician, says the process of treatment of the leaves, plants and ferns that come to his workshop for beautification is secret.

Silver Fox Strays Into Montreal and Is Caught

Montreal, Quebec.—A silver fox strayed into the streets of Ahuntsic, a suburb of Montreal, and was captured by a policeman, who led the animal to the station as one would lead a dog.

The fox is valued at \$500. Shortly afterward it was resting contentedly in a box at the police station. There are several fox ranches on Montreal island, not far from Ahuntsic.

To Hold Herb's Hat



John W. Reeder of Tipton, Iowa, ninety-two years old, is eagerly awaiting March 4, when he will be in Washington, D. C., to hold Herbert Hoover's hat during the inauguration ceremony. This privilege the President-Elect promised him if he were elected. Mr. Reeder has known Mr. Hoover since the latter was a boy at West Branch, Iowa.

Advance Information



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Josiah Gilbert Holland
in Montreal Herald

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ayl the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperiled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ayl we greet the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.



Carrie's Merry Christmas

by Clara Ager Hays

handle men. It requires much tact." The boys roared with laughter. "You leave Carrie alone!" they shouted as they crunched out to the sleigh.

Mrs. Carson came from the kitchen, cheeks flushed. "Girls," she said, "Carrie's always been the family backbone. Let's be specially nice to her this Christmas. I don't think we ought to brag to her about our own good fortunes. Don't, above all things, let her see that we feel sorry for her."

The girls agreed. "Especially Esther's engagement. That'll make her more lonesome, poor thing," said Marion.

But Carrie was radiant when she came in. "Merry Christmas, folks!" she called, kissing each of them.

"Why, Carrie!" they gasped. She had a new dress, too.

"Am I not festive?" she said, but mysteriously she would not tell them until supper time. "I've had a talk with the principal. You're all through school, now, and I'm going to Europe next year! Oh, I've always wanted



"Merry Christmas!" She Called, Kissing Each of Them.

to!" They'd never seen her so happy. Esther and Marion forced a condescension from their congratulations. "Poor dear," whispered Esther. "She's having to let these things take the place of the love she's starved for. I'm sure her gayety isn't real." But Carrie didn't hear.

John Grey called. He'd known the family always but they were surprised that he should come on Christmas eve. It took Harry to detect the reason. "I believe he's here to see Carrie," he whispered to the astonished family. Carefully, each slipped away.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if she could land him—with all his money and—but she can't. She doesn't know how, poor thing, and he's been a bachelor too long to fall for a little drab mouse," they said.

John left at eleven and the family rushed in. "You sly lady," they all shouted, not believing themselves. "How does this happen?"

Carrie smiled and then looked serious. "Oh, John wants me to marry him, but I don't want to marry. I want to go to Europe!"

"What? You turned him down?" Esther and Marion couldn't believe it. Carrie nodded. "I just happened onto him at a convention the first day I'd found for sure that I could go next year. I acted so ridiculously happy that I thought he'd be ashamed of me. Instead, he asked me to marry him, and he's been at it ever since."

Their Carrie with a chance to marry John Grey and turning it down! The family looked at each other in confusion. The phone rang.

"Carrie!" said Father in bewilderment.

Fifteen minutes later, Carrie turned from the phone. "I've just decided to let John go to Europe with me," she said doubtfully, then looking at the clock, "Merry Christmas everybody!"

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Lone Girl Marks Claim

Toronto.—Women are "sitting on the top of the world" in many fields of activity, but to Miss Kathleen Rice, graduate of the University of Toronto, goes the unusual distinction of active operations as a mining prospector.

Mining is one of the chief topics of conversation in Canada at present, but while the home woman, the business woman and the professional woman discuss how many shares of this or that they own, Miss Rice is working her claim. Her part in the romance of mining is a definite one. At present her base camp is on an island in Herb lake, or to use the more melodious Indian name, Wekusko lake, northern Manitoba. From this base she has worked since 1921. Here she lives in a log cabin that harks back to the days of the pioneers, and here she pioneers on one of her most promising claims, a copper and nickel vein on an island, within a stone's throw

of her cabin. Hard work has been tangled up in the romance, and Miss Rice had considerable difficulty in proving the claim. Now, however, she is receiving encouragement, for engineers on the ground have pronounced the prospects good.

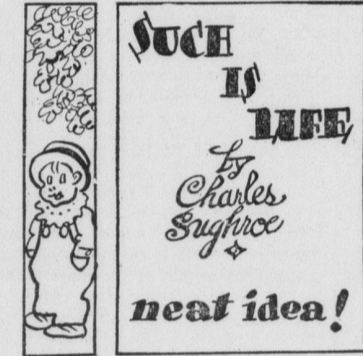
Kathleen Rice is one of those "girls of the great open spaces who tote guns," seen often on the screen as being typical of Canada, but very rare, indeed, in the Canada of real life.

ing with adventure; her richest gold quartz claim is on the shore of Herb lake, in the line of strike with the Bingo, Rex and Kinski mines. Because Starr is a family name, she calls it the Starr claim. The name connects the Rice family with the earliest New England settlement. This claim shows not only gold but other high mineral values. She was one of the first prospectors in the North to find vanadium.

All-Gray Costume



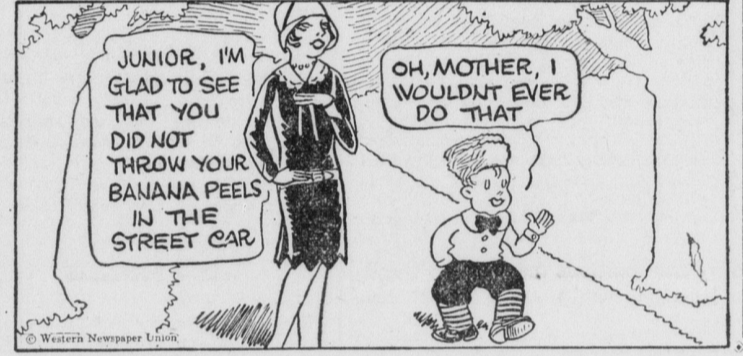
The ensemble note in fashion has been taken advantage of by Loretta Young, star of the film "Scarlet Seas," to create a stunning appearance in an all-gray costume. She wears a smart dress of gray covered by a velvet coat of gray, gray shoes and hat. To increase the importance of the color scheme a platinum fox scarf is added. It is in the popular two-fox effect.



Most women would be satisfied to gain distinction in man's field by prospecting in the summer, but Miss Rice adds further laurels to her outdoor reputation by trapping in the winter. In this way she actually is successful enough to make her stake for summer operations. While she uses a gun like a veteran, she never shoots for sport. Once, when a moose fell to her rifle she preserved the meat for future use.

Devotion to animals is one of Miss Rice's outstanding characteristics. Always, in the North, she is seen with and known by her famous dogs. Despite the unwritten law of the north country, she ignores and never uses the leash. In this matter she has the full approval of the dogs, who not only shower her with devotion but repay her by being the best trained dogs within hundreds of miles.

It is now 15 years since Miss Rice, daughter of Henry Lincoln Rice, B. A., of Toronto, went North on a lone venture. The spirit of adventure was financed by a college chum from Chicago, who staked her when she home-stayed in the name of her brother, Lincoln Rice, of St. Mary's, Ontario. The young Canadian girl was tired of cities and classrooms. She longed for the North; felt "the call of wind-swept places," so she left her position as a mathematics specialist in an Ontario high school and hiked to an unknown land. The rest of the story is teem



Find Penn's Body

Meadeville, Pa.—Near a lonely byway in rural England, unmarked save for a small stone, lies the body of William Penn, founder of the state of Pennsylvania.

The Quaker leader's burial plot, shadowed by mighty trees and surrounded by an old fence, was discovered last summer by Arthur L. Bates, former representative from Pennsylvania, who toured Europe with his family.

Bates has started a movement to have Penn's body removed to Pennsylvania and a suitable monument erected to mark his grave.

He says Penn's grave, near an unimproved dirt road 18 miles from London, is in danger of being entirely forgotten. The lettering on the tombstone, he says, is almost illegible.

The burial plot, which, Bates reports, appears to be a private one, also contains the bodies of Penn's two wives, Gulienna and Hannah, and their children.

The former congressman suggests that the condition of the state founder's resting place be called to the attention of Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania in the hope that he may recommend to the legislature the appointment of a commission to negotiate with British authorities concerning removal of the body.

Should officials of Great Britain refuse consent to removal of the body Mr. Bates suggests permission be obtained to erect a monument on the present grave.

Penn acquired what is now Pennsylvania—48,000 square miles fronting on the Delaware river—through a grant of King Charles II, to square a debt owed by the monarch to Penn's father.

Accompanied by 100 English Quak-

ers, Penn arrived at his tract in 1682 and laid out what is now the city of Philadelphia.

After watching his territory develop Penn returned to England, where he

died in 1718. His title to the state was apparently good, for as late as 1790 the property rights of his descendants were acquired by the American congress for \$530,000.

Dog Has Money in Bank



Tommy Tucker, here seen in the arms of his mistress, Miss Erika Newman, New York actress, is said to be the most photographed dog in the world. The little wire-haired terrier also is distinguished by the fact that he has a bank account. He buries his money in the Bank of America, and though he is thrifty in financial affairs he has no respect for such things as ladies' silk stockings.

At This Time of Year



MA - GIVE ME SOME STAMPS SO I CAN MAIL THESE LETTERS TO UNCLE TOM, AN' GRANDMA, AN' COUSIN BOBBIE, AN' AUNT DORIS AN' UNCLE DICK, AN' AN' - IF YOU HAVE ANY ERRANDS FER ME TO RUN I'LL DO 'EM QUICK -

DECEMBER 25
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