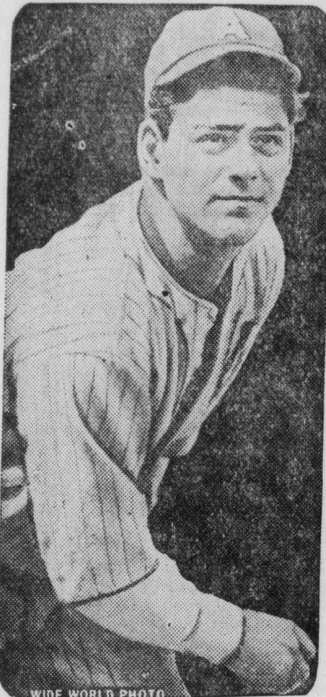


SUCH IS LIFE--Don't Be Silly!



By Charles Sughrue

CUBS GET PITCHER



Pitcher Ed Baecht, of the Los Angeles baseball club of the Pacific Coast League, whose purchase by the Chicago Cubs in a deal involving \$100,000, was announced. The Cubs will pay \$20,000 cash and seven players whose value is above \$80,000. Baecht won 23 games and lost 12 last season.

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

All a person need do to get a liberal education in "rackets" is to walk up and down such New York streets as Broadway and Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues. Somewhere between Thirty-fourth street and Fifty-ninth, you will find most of them. Almost all carry the air of legitimate business.

There are, for example, the "moving sales," and the auctions. The goods in these cheap auction places are often as announced, but the customers do not buy them cheap. Then there are the sidewalk peddlers, although they usually are around the corner on the side streets. There was one who did business in "a watch, guaranteed to keep going as long as you carried it." That is just about what it did. It kept going as long as you kept walking. It was a toy watch.

One frequent stunt is to hire a vacant store for a week and put on what is really an old-fashioned medicine show. In these places the flag always is an important decoration. Lectures are delivered on the subject of building up the health of the country. Then health books are sold.

One of the best park views in New York is from the office of Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants. The office is situated high above the center-field gate, with windows front-

ing on the ball field. Below it stretches the green carpet, carefully smoothed and tended by the ground-keeper, and the heights of Coogan's Bluff rise behind the seemingly distant grandstand. It is a great situation; especially when there is a football game in progress and snow in the air. But into each life some ruin must fall; they say the roof leaks.

Della J. Akeley recently received a letter from the king of northern Uganda. There is nothing remarkable in this, as Mrs. Akeley is on friendly terms with many African rulers. The remarkable thing is that the letter was written on a typewriter.



F. Lamont Belin has been named chief of the division of international conference and protocol in the Department of State, a post that carries with it the additional duty of director of official entertaining at the White House. Mr. Belin succeeds Warren Delano Robbins, United States minister to El Salvador, who had leave of absence from his post while serving at the White House. Mr. Belin has been in the foreign service since 1919.

SPORTS COSTUME



The knitted sports dress with accompanying cardigan jacket lends youthful charm to the wearer. Notes of interest are seen in the salvaged neckline with cord and tasseled finish, also in the tucked design appearing as a border on the skirt and jacket. A jaunty beret of the same deep purple shade belongs with the outfit.

A Load of Christmas Cheer



The Spangled Tree

By FOLGER MCKINSEY in Baltimore Sun

THERE never was a forest that bore a spangled tree. But every time that Christmas comes they're everywhere to see; And what has set them glowing, or in what land they're growing, I know not and I never knew—but I am very glad it's true!

Oh, first they have green branches just like the pines that dwell Beside the noble forest of chestnuts by the dell; And over all that beauty a gradual beauty seems To dwell among their swaying boughs in immemorial gleams.

And now that I remember an old tale told to me— It is the land of fairies where grows the spangled tree, And softly in December the loving fairies crawl Along the hard and snowy miles— All laughter and all songs and smiles— To set them in our hall.

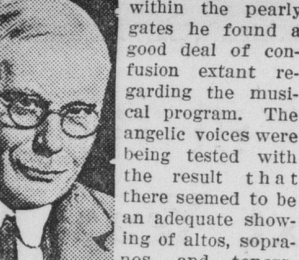
There never was a forest except a fairy one That grew a tree of greenwood all decked with moon and sun, And little stars and candles and oranges and cake, And trumpets of the Christmastide for little childhood's sake.

And so I'm glad I'm living where people are so fine That in the winter season the tree that seems a pine Comes from the fairy gardens all spangled as does this Christmas tree that gleams for little children with the lips we love to kiss!

Self-Confidence

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

The story is told of Theodore Roosevelt—I do not vouch for the accuracy of it—that when he arrived within the pearly gates he found a good deal of confusion extant regarding the musical program. The angelic voices were being tested with the result that there seemed to be an adequate showing of altos, sopranos, and tenors,



but there was a woeful shortage in bass voices. Mr. Roosevelt, to whom the matter was referred, at once solved the difficulty. "I'll carry the bass myself," he said, with modest self-assurance. In life he had never seemed to hesitate to meet an emergency no matter how critical, so why not later?

I watched Jimmy at the baseball game yesterday afternoon. Jimmy is rather undersized physically, but he knows his baseball and he knows that he knows it. He never hesitates and looks toward the bench to catch the signal as to what he should do next. He keeps his eye on the ball; he knows just when to steal second—and what is more to the point—how to do it. He knows that if he gets the pitcher sufficiently "up in the air" he

can even slide home. He has perfect self-assurance, perfect control of himself, and I have never yet seen him get caught. It will be a great asset to him when he gets out into the world—this self-assurance—if he does not overdo it.

The story is told of the late Governor Beveridge of Indiana that when he was a freshman student at DePauw university he made application to the president of that institution for a loan of two hundred and fifty dollars. It was a pretty large sum in those days, and loan funds were not unlimited. The president hesitated.

"How do you propose to pay the money back?" the president asked. "I have been looking through the catalogue," Mr. Beveridge said, "and I see that there is a total of three hundred dollars in prizes offered for excellence in oratory and debating. I propose to win these prizes, and if I do, I shall have fifty dollars to the good after paying my obligation to the college."

The president was stunned for a moment, but he recovered himself shortly and agreed to approve the loan, and the record shows that Mr. Beveridge won the three hundred dollars, paid his obligation to the college, and had fifty dollars balance to spend as he liked. It was possibly an inflated self-assurance, but he capitalized on it successfully many times during a long and successful life.

It is a good thing to believe in yourself. One can have too much faith, it is true, but too little is worse. There is good training, a strong healthy body, and a first-rate mind, but he finds it hard to get a job, and he cannot hold one. The only reason is that he loses his nerve, he doesn't believe in himself, and so no one else does.

Mistaken Judgment

THE DONKEY WHO BELIEVES THAT HE'S MAKING TROUBLE BY BALKING.



BRITONS DODGE DEATH DUTIES

London.—Taxation is dissipating some of Great Britain's oldest and largest fortunes, transferring the ownership of vast estates and discouraging the amassing of wealth.

The death duties are the most keenly felt of all taxes, and they rank second in the list of the government's sources of income. The 1930 budget revealed that more than \$4,000,000,000 was expected from estate duties.

The huge landowners have evolved several means of defeating this taxation. The most popular is to convert existing ownership into private liability companies. In this way the cost of operating the companies can be deducted from the income tax

payments, the amount of taxation reduced during life, and death duties avoided.

It likewise has the added inducement of protecting the estates from reckless heirs' extravagancies. Among those titled owners who have transferred their estates into private liability companies have been the dukes of Buccleugh, Devonshire, Grafton, Leinster, Marlborough, Rutland and Sutherland; marquis of Zetland, the earls of Berkeley, Darley, Harewood, Moray, Ossory, Roseberg, Spencer and Strathmore, and Viscounts Novar, Tiltwater and Wemborne.

Another plan is transferring property to a younger member of the family. If the transfer is made six months before death, the estate is not subject to death duties.

The standard rate of income tax increased from 20 per cent in 1929 to 22 1/2 per cent in 1930. The lower incomes, however, virtually were not affected by the increase and in some cases actually pay less.

Life insurance premiums are an important factor in relieving the amount taxable. An amount equal to 10 per cent of the premium paid can be deducted from the tax otherwise payable. The maximum amount of premiums subject to this relief, however, is a sum equal to one-sixth of the total income.

HERE'S CHAMPION BIRD STORY

Hagerstown, Md.—Four years ago it was just a bird the cat dragged in. Today it's the talk of the town. Not only does it trill the airy cadenzas of its feathered kin, but actually sings—words as well as music. "Maryland, My Maryland" is one of her favorite numbers in its repertoire. And, while its natural voice is a lyric soprano, it can on occasion negotiate tenor—or bass.

Moreover, it talks! All the neighbors have heard it. Nor is that all. It takes a keen delight in animal and barnyard imitations, mimicking the "bow wow" of the family watchdog and the roisterous challenge of the sheik of the hen house.

The early history of this accomplished musician and all around entertainer is veiled in mystery. Its record dates back to a predatory stroll four years ago of Mrs. L. B. Betts' pet cat. Kitty pounced upon what appeared to be a small blackbird and was on her way to dispose of it at her leisure when a delivery boy turned the bird, more dead than alive, over to Mrs. Betts. She nursed it back to health.

The little creature was not long in expressing its gratitude in song. Under the tutelage of its mistress, she says, it has learned to sing two stanzas of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Mrs. Betts' prodigy is never at a loss for conversational topics. And when there is nobody to talk to it amuses itself whistling. If a boy of the neighborhood drops in the bird is accustomed to inquire casually, "Are you a baseballer?" or to ask, "Will your dog bite?"

Being nameless, the bird on occasion appears concerned over its origin and not infrequently startles an unsuspecting visitor with the plain-

tive query, "Say, am I a starling?" In its lighter moments it greets its audience with the invitation "Kiss your mother," followed up with a series of osculatory sounds.

The bird is believed to be a species of blackbird or starling. It has a long, pointed bill and dark, purplish, spotted wings. Its neck is devoid of feathers.

After Fish for the White House



When the fishing on the Raptan ended for the year, the Rainbow Angling club of Azusa, Calif., voted to supply President Hoover with the finest trout of his adopted state. Miss Doris Manley, the club's girl fishing champion, was selected to catch the trout for the White House table, and is seen above doing her duty.

Snowbound on Christmas Eve

By Myrtle Keon Cherryman

WE'VE been snowbound here for the rest of the day!" announced the crusty old man as he walked down the aisle of the day coach.

"Conductor says they're sending the snowplow out from Jackson, but we'll be hours getting out, in this terrible blizzard."

A chorus of groans went up from the weary passengers, and some of the children began to cry.

"What a Christmas!" some one exclaimed. "I'll be morning before we get to Grand Rapids!"

At this one of the dozing college boys at the end of the car raised his head.

"Who says it'll be morning? We've got to get there to join the Glee club for a show at eight o'clock. Gee, it's five o'clock now! Hey, there, Bozo!"

"What's that, Glim? What do we do?"

"No time! And blue devils!" Then whispering, "Lots of kids along who'll be hungry pretty soon. Let's throw a party. Get out your uke. I'll be announcer."

Five minutes later Glim was standing at the end of the long aisle announcing oratorically:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The famous Bozo and Glim Amusement company will now begin its show, opening with an orchestra number entitled 'Santa Claus on the Way.'"

With that the boys played on their ukuleles the old "Jingle Bell" song, with a "Tootletoot" obligato, and, in lieu of bells, an occasional spoken "Jingle-jingle" which greatly amused the children. Then Glim said:

"Our next number will be by the great impersonator, Bozo Boswell, who will give you a series of costume character sketches, unsurpassed on the American stage."

Bozo, who really had some talent, proceeded with several dialect anecdotes, with his henna scarf about his head for the red-headed Irishman, Glim's overcoat stuffed inside his own for the fat Dutchman, etc, each attempt at costume surpassing the last in such absurd inadequacy, that even the grown-ups laughed hilariously. Then Glim sang a popular song, with ukulele accompaniment, quite acceptably, and did one or two simple sleight-of-hand tricks. While Mrs. Betts was racking his brain for more stories, a note was sent up from the teacherish looking little woman three seats down. It read:

"I am a professional story-teller. If you wish I will give a fairy tale or two."

This was manna from heaven to the young Impresario, and when Miss Hall began with "The Ugly Duckling," she chanced completely from a drab little woman, to a lively young person with magic in her voice. For

encore she told a droll Seamus McManus tale which made Bozo hide his head at memory of his vaudeville Irish brogue.

"That sounds moreish!" he exclaimed when she had finished, and Miss Hall responded, "If you'll play another orchestra piece, I'll try to think of something." They alternated in this way, first a story, then music, until they felt that even laughter would not postpone hunger much longer; so Miss Hall slipped to the boys a box of sandwiches prepared by her Detroit hostess. The boys collected fruits and nuts from their own bags and those of willing passengers, and then Glim announced:

"Our last number will be Santa Claus—in person. His sledge is stalled near here, and his reindeer lame, and he has walked across the snow purposely to attend this party."

Bozo, who had been performing miracles in the smoking car, now appeared, with a bright red handkerchief on his head, a tissue paper beard, a neighbor's fur coat, with Miss Hall's ermine collar over it, and bits of cotton from various boxes pinned on his sleeves. Then, with much jovial banter, he passed down the aisle carrying a pack looking strangely like a pair of wild-colored

paajama trousers fastened with safety pins. From this sack he dispensed to each child a parcel containing a sandwich, some nuts, fruit and a few candies.

Then it was that the crusty man appeared with a thermos bottle, saying, "My daughter put this in my bag, though I told her I despised cocoa, so if the kids—"

Glim needed no further suggestion, and soon the children were drinking hot cocoa from paper train cups; and before the feast was finished, the crusty man called out: "The Ugly Duckling!"

"Hoory! Snow plow's come! Merry Christmas!" Which was echoed all down the car.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

By ELMO S...



FOR HEALTH

WHEN you occur to interest in addition of papers of do the do boell ar...

come to your mind of these gay-colored a Christmas mack as well as the n...

this helping in a work? If not, the to a Danish post- ican Red Cross the Idea and a Christmas seal.

Back in 1903 Holboell, a postal- fice at Copenha- busy in the divis- It was Christma- literally buried in- The faster he scow-

For a moment thought; then I thought: Christma- should have an benevolent stamp price within the not call it a Chri-

"Even a two-cent stamp would create letters would cre- the plan could not minus is a time of will, when we see even to those who whole year through every greeting was be reckoned with-

He went with his postal service influ- ence and autho- rity to the first Christmas- formed, including representatives of the department, the in- employees was im-

In 1904 the coun- cess the purpose- sible income from and it was decid- ed that the erect- ing of a building for tubercular children- the income from ways be in one for- culosis, in one for-

Upon applica- tion of Christian IX, Hol- boell, in his mis- sion to have a ceased Queen L- Christmas seal, a so interested that the picture which- Naturally, Mr. I- mitte felt some a come of their priv- ety which prov- foundation. The- the winning. The fir- 000 was immedi- 6,000,000 and over-

Since that time 000 kronen has been used for numbers of tuberc- homes for Santa- boell, the modest came postmaster near Copenhagen, of Knudthoed was He died of heart-

second year on Fe- as was fitting, the seal for 1927 bore Holboell, whose ill- the entire world.

The story of how sell's name came to the Christmas seal- article by Leigh Mi- appeared in The S- which has been