

Make Their Own Right of Way



Pittsburgh has installed at busy traffic intersections a device by which the pedestrian can turn on the red light that stops vehicles and permits him to cross the street in safety. These little children are making use of it, the four-year-old boy pushing the button.

Plan Statue for Alaskan Heroine

Seattle.—Loved by the hardy Alaskan prospectors and gamblers as one woman who remained "pure and white as the snow" during the gold rush days of '97 and '98, Mollie Bell will live again when her friends erect a bronze statue of her at Skagway, Alaska.

Far different than the dance-hall girls, Mollie Bell was the angel of the camps, and her name is still spoken in hushed reverence by the old-timers. It was she who cared for the sick and friendless, who grubstaked prospectors, who lent a helping hand wherever she could.

Jack met her first when he stumbled into her tent one night suffering from a frozen hand. She administered aid to him as she had to others, and a romance began.

IMAGINATION

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

We are a tremendously practical people these days. We are avid for facts. We want to know when and where and why.

I knew an old woman years ago who gave me a new insight into the joys of life. She had been a helpless cripple for five years or so, and during that time had not been outside the walls of the little room in which she lay.

POSED FOR ACTION



Frank ("Deacon") Waite, in fighting pose, as he appears behind the puck for the New York Rangers, powerful metropolitan hockey team. Waite is in the first string of substitutes.

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

The movies have long been taking stars from the stage. Now the stage is taking stars from the movies. It really is very simple. Theatrical producers said to themselves:

"Why not make the movies help rather than hurt our business? The movies have spent huge fortunes making the pictures of certain persons known in every city, town and hamlet.

So saying, the theatrical producers proceeded to make the road to Hollywood a two-way street. I suppose they talked to the movie stars of the thrill of appearing before an audience which paid to get in, rather than an audience of camera men, who were paid to be there; of the sweet sound of applause; of flowers handed over the footlights.

There is a big difference in the two games. There are no retakes on the stage. There is no retouching. There is a prompter, but no director with a megaphone. And the perfect thing must be done night after night, not caught just once under prepared conditions.

by bankers, brokers, stars of finance and the stage, and the sort of persons who take their public amusements in a more or less dignified manner.

Although Harlemites are inveterate gamblers, there has never, so far as I can discover, been a roulette wheel there. The game of policy, now known as "numbers," is the most popular form of gambling and next to that comes dice shooting.

Those persons who find boxing bouts dull affairs, as many of them are, should try a new system. They should go to the smaller clubs and, instead of looking, listen. Here top price for seats is never more than three dollars and everything is on an intimate footing.

Love at First Sight



"Packer Jack" became a bit too sure of himself, however, and when Mike Bartlett began showering attention on Mollie, Pack ordered her to forbid Bartlett entrance to her grub tent. Mollie married Bartlett.

Mollie gradually drifted away from her direct contact with the trail, and in 1902 she was living in Seattle with her husband. Her brief life ended in October of that year when she was shot and killed.

Now Mollie's going back to Alaska to take her rightful place on the Skagway trail, a perpetual reminder that there was at least one girl of the trails who was not a "dance-hall Lou."

Happy After Paying Huge Debt

Kansas City, Mo.—Twelve years ago he was a millionaire-minus, that is, he owed a million.

And today Emory J. Sweeney of this city is a schoolman, free of debt—and he intends to stay that way.

Making the million in real estate developments was difficult enough, but paying his debts of a million was even more difficult so he has no desire for

either experience again, he is certain. Mr. Sweeney settled his debts by disposing of some of the luxuries which his fortune brought him.

Today the man lives in a comfortable home and owns a three-story building where his school is conducted. The good heart of Mr. Sweeney actually proved his undoing.

He was at the height of his prosperity at the end of the World war, when influenza swept the nation and snapped the backbone of his fortune.

"I took care of the sick boys, although I was only paid to teach them," Sweeney explains. "Influenza became the country's problem, and I made those boys my own problem. I bought and rented hospitals—and paid the bills out of my pocket."

The real estate business suddenly seemed stricken by illness, too, for Mr. Sweeney met trouble in that field also. Finally he counted his debts at the million mark, and then he began paying his obligations. The last settlement was made just a few days ago when he disposed of Indian Village, a pretentious land development from which he at once time expected to realize another fortune.

AFTER CHINESE LOAN



Judge Paul M. Lineberger, legal adviser to the Chinese Nationalist government, came to Washington as a special envoy of China to negotiate for a proposed loan of about \$300,000,000 in silver. Plans for the loan specify that the money would not be used for military purposes, but rather in returning Chinese soldiers to the pursuits of peace.

not easy, and sometimes Bacon's courage waned—he longed for the old friends, for the old scenes, for the help that comes from companionship. He came in one afternoon, from a long walk into the country, face radiant.

"Where have you been?" his wife asked him. "I have been back home for a while," he said. "I have seen the campus and our old house, and I have had a long talk with Watson, and I have shaken hands with a dozen of the old friends, and it has done me a world of good. I am not so homesick as I was."

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The Night Before Christmas

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.



Plenty Of Time For Christmas



Red Coals And Christmas Eve

THEY had a good time Christmas at the Mackey home; in fact they had several good times—more good times than needed.

THE children had gone to bed their stockings were all hanging by the fireplace. They were filled now. And two persons were sitting in front of the fire talking.

Mrs. Mackey was housekeeper and homemaker. She was president of the Ladies' Aid society and in addition to other duties, was organist for the church choir.

"No, we had better not sit up much longer. Let's just stay until the red coals become dull," she answered.

Christmas was coming, in fact was only a few days off. An energetic clock agent was in town selling electric clocks.

"You always polish them so beautifully for Christmas," he said. "You never grow tired of making everything as lovely each succeeding year."

The members of the Aid society were interviewed and a clock was bought for their president, Mrs. Mackey. Of course, the choir wanted to express their appreciation of their

"The andirons shine with fresh brilliancy each year," she said. "Like our love for each other," she added. And then, for fear he might think she was a little too sentimental for one whose hair already had many streaks of gray she added:

organist and they bought a clock and sent it to the Mackey home marked "Do not open until Christmas eve."

"You make me so sentimental, you darling." He put his hand on hers.

On Christmas eve all the packages were brought in and the family gathered around the tree to inspect the gifts that old Santa had brought. That generous old soul handed Mrs. Mackey five good electric clocks. There was some little tinge of chagrin, but it could not be helped.

"It's has been a hard year—all the years have their struggles, but every year, as I sit with you in front of this old fire it seems as though there is nothing that I want in this world."

The next morning, as Mr. Mackey was dressing he looked out of the window and saw the clock agent hurrying toward the depot. A hundred yards behind him came one of the Mackey neighbors. Mr. Mackey hailed the neighbor and said: "Stop that man ahead of you; I want to see him, I will be right up." When the neighbor reached the depot, the train was ready to start and the agent was climbing aboard.

"I'll give the furnace an extra poke." She waited while he went down into the cellar, and as he came up, and then went to lock the front door—the flickering lights from the stars and the bright white of the snow gleamed through at them.

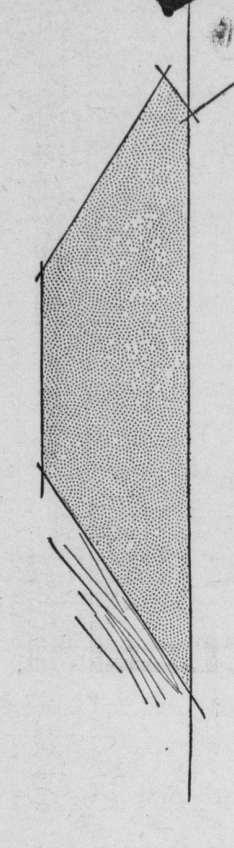
The exchange was soon made and as the train pulled out Mr. Mackey came running all out of breath. "Has that man gone?" he exclaimed addressing his neighbor. "Yes," replied the neighbor, "but that is all right, I got the clock for you. Here it is, you can hand me the money any time."

"It's so beautiful," he said. "Let's take a look at it." He put her heavy coat around her shoulders and together they stood out in front of the house for a moment.

Each of them lived up to the praise and love the other gave. The glow of the Christmas fire warmed their hearts throughout all the year.

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Only Day



By ELMO SCOTT Drawing by Ray

Some one has said that a person were a nationalist by joining the Union of the days through world, he would that he would only some during the whole 365 of which to busy himself with occupation. As American new year, they may know that 1931 holds for as many rest days as we.

By similar state laws, anywhere in the Union a day as New Year's day, as Washington's birthday.

Now let us consider if a person set out a holiday which is generally observed in the United States could begin with January, course, is New Year's day. A week later he should be in the anniversary of the day, which is not a holiday but which is widely observed beginning of their week.

Two days later, January were in Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, he could join in the of the birthday anniversary of Robert E. Lee, and then January 23, he could honor the anniversary of President William

February is the shortest year but there's only one month which has more days to celebrate. In this holiday-celebrating citizen of Ground Hog day is impossible to justify observance on he can make a quick trip and there help the citizen state celebrate Arbor day

It on the first Monday and this year it's February will have to hurry to get in time to help them celebrate Arbor day on the first February which falls on February. On February 12 he celebrate Georgia day in the though most people think as the occasion for honoring

of Abraham Lincoln's anniversary of his birth, he join in that celebration it essay for him to go north are only 14 states, all in which have made Lincoln's legal holiday. They are Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Dakota, Washington, West and Wyoming. Curiously enough, the state which gave takes no official cognizance. It is generally observed in even though not officially, the states, including some in the South.

February 14 is St. Valentine's Day and February 15 is Maine's (the Maine) day, both of can observe if he chooses. February 17 will be celebrated legal holiday in Alabama, Florida and in five parishes of Louisiana. For it is Shrove Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, which are determined by the date of Easter Sunday) celebrated as Mardi Gras day, slung, Mardi Gras or "Fat Louisiana day before Lent begins. Louisiana it utters in the tival in New Orleans. Observing traveler can spend 22 in any state he pleases. In the birthday is official in every state in the when March comes in ei



CHARLES SCHUBERT