LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

This may be old, but it was told to me as an unpublished story. There is a man in New York who liked to have people around him, so he used to keep open house on Sunday afternoons. It got so that a good many persons came regularly to eat, drink, smoke and talk. The man, while not rich, was pretty well off and, at various times, helped some of his visitors financially over tough spots in the road. He felt that they were his friends. Many of them didn't need any help. Sunday afternoons were gay affairs.

* * *

Then came the crash and the man was wiped out. The next Sunday he made a little speech. He said he was embarrassed, but the truth was that he had been caught out on a limb in the falling stock market and was flat broke. He hoped to get back on his feet, but he was broke now.

"But I still have this apartment," he said, "and I hate to see these pleasant Sunday afternoons discontinued. We still could meet here, but—and it isn't easy to say—I haven't money enough just now even to provide things to eat, drink and smoke. I thought, if you each would put in two or three dollars, we could buy some stuff and still continue these pleasant times."

The guests assented with enthusiasm; but the next Sunday none of them arrived. They haven't been back since.

* * *

A writer got what he thought was a fine chance to show a new play with an amateur dramatic club, in a town near New York. He induced several well-known producers to attend the try out. One big scene showed a mother discovering a man, who had been her lover, making violent love to her daughter. The mother was supposed to enter in sports clothes, but the woman who played the part had heard that there would be notables in the audience and, at the last moment, decided that she would be more effective in a negligee. When the time for her entrance arrived, she was making the change.

* * *

The pair on the stage sprang apart at the proper cue; but no mother appeared. They made love some more; still no mother. The situation grew strained. Finally, the girl improvised.

"I thought I heard mother," she said. "I'd better go see where she is," and she walked off stage.

The man, left alone, opened books, lit cigarettes and stalled for some moments, but there was no sign of mother or daughter, so he said:

"I must see what has become of them," and he walked off, leaving the stage empty.

By this time the visiting producers were in hysterics and the curtain fell on another play gone wrong.

* * *

A man never really is fat until he commences to catch his safety razor in the folds of his double chin.

* * *

There is a handsome doorman in front of a Fifth avenue apartment who looks like a German drill sergeant. He spends all day marching up and down, calling taxis and opening automobile doors. The other night an inhabitant of the apartment house discovered what the doorman did with his evenings. He saw him standing stiffly in front of an armory; probably waiting for some one to come out and put a uniform on him, so he would feel free to call a taxi.

(©, 1930, Bell Syndicate.)

KANSAS GIRL CHAMP

Miss Florence Melchert, twenty-year-old freshman in Kansas Agricultural college, has been declared the outstanding 4-H club girl in the United States. She went from her home in Franklin county, Kansas, to the International Live Stock show at Chicago to receive the trophy given by Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire.

Baby Large Income Tax Payer

Eulalia Tasso Gonzalez, an Argentine infant, who possesses a fortune which brings her $1,200,000 per annum. It was revealed by a recent government report that she is the biggest income tax payer in the Republic.

WHAT WE MOST DESIRE

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

David, all things considered, was a pretty human and a pretty successful man. It is not an easy job being king, I imagine, but David stands out with all of his human weaknesses as the ideal ruler and the ideal man. Perhaps there is a reason why. He says in one of his psalms: "One thing have I desired . . . that will I seek after." He had a high purpose and a determination to accomplish it. Most of us want too many things and so often miss getting or doing much of anything worth while.

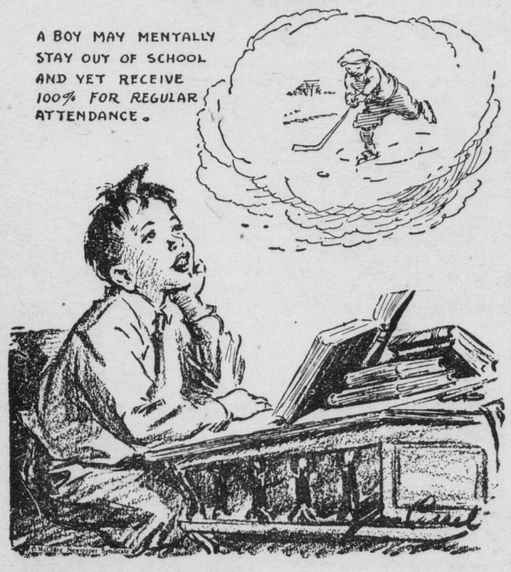
Story, whom I have known for some years, has a good mind, I think, and husky, healthy body. He has, in addition, a college degree which should have given him some balance and some training. He has drifted from one thing to another, however, for the last ten years and always with enthusiasm. When he joined church I thought he would be a power for good among our young people, but he has scarcely seen inside of the church since. He is too busy. He was going to be a teacher when he entered college—economics or accountancy or something like that. Then it was business, law, the consular service, a half dozen other things, and up to date it has really been nothing permanent, for he no sooner is possessed of one desire than he is seized with another. He has the desires, but he does not seek after them very long and so realizes nothing.

I have watched my young nephews just getting ready for high school with a great deal of interest. They are strong, healthy, active young savages full of desires of all sorts. Eating and play and adventure and new experiences all take their attention and fill up their time. But since they were ten they have been hero worshipers. They have had one idol and one great desire. Their idol is an athlete, and their one great desire is one day to gain athletic glory, to be in the game, to carry the ball, to clear the bar, to make the long plunge in the water, and then to see their pictures in the metropolitan paper the following morning and to read all about it. They train constantly, they practice winter and summer in doors and out. They run and jump and hurdle wherever and whenever they may be. They have scales in their sleeping room to weigh themselves at regular intervals to see how their physical development is coming on. They go to bed early in order that they may get a proper amount of sleep. They drink no coffee; they use no tobacco; they eschew whatever is said to be detrimental to the growing athlete. They read books on how to play the various games in which they are interested and like David they can say "One thing have I desired; that will I seek after."

One of these days you are going to read in the newspapers that Bob is captain of his college football team and that John has broken the record in the pole vault, for what we most desire and constantly seek after we are likely to win.

(©, 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

The Truant



To Restore Queen's Toy Village

Paris.—Plans made to be sent to Austria by Marie Antoinette to prove that she was falsely accused of extravagance in building her hamlet of doll houses at Versailles have been found and are to be used in restoring the hamlet to its original condition.

A favorite resort of tourists and students of history has been this fragile, imitation village of peasant houses in which the queen, bored by the formality of courts, used to play at life on the farm. But in recent years its houses, built only to serve as playthings, have been falling into ruin. And had it not been for the Rockefeller repair fund the ruin would probably have become complete.

Most of the interiors are bleak expanses of bared lath, corners black with cobwebs and floors rotting. The thatched roof of Marie Antoinette's own little cottage in the village has fallen in, and the hole is now covered with tarpaulin. Six months ago a tall poplar fell on the little imitation mill, crushing an angle of the roof and causing a whole wall to lean.

The entire hamlet just now looks as foul a wreck as anything in the warzone in 1918.

Money available for its restoration raised a new problem. How did the hamlet look when it was first built in the Eighteenth century? Nowhere in any of the archives could plans showing the color and texture of the original walls be found. It was known, moreover, that the restoration made some 40 years ago was mere guesswork and probably inaccurate.

In the library of the Duke of Ferrara in Mondene, Italy, lay a priceless "album" of original drawings of the hamlet made by Micket, the architect who built it. They were colored drawings. The queen had had the little book made to send back to her home in Austria to prove to her family that the hamlet was after all a simple little affair and not the kingdom-bankrupting folly which rumor had made it.

The book never got to Vienna. Marie Antoinette had to answer to the French revolution on the charge of reckless extravagance, and the click of the guillotine ended the argument about it.

Patrice Bonnet, chief architect of the Chateau of Versailles, has been to Italy to copy Mickel's colored drawings. It is from these that the hamlet is to be reconstructed.

One of the discoveries made in the album is that the hamlet when new was a faked antique. It was built not to look like a new hamlet, but like one weathered and softened by time.

Built in the reign of Louis XVI, it looked as antique as if it had been there since the time of his great-great-grandfather.

The renewed hamlet will be exactly as Marie Antoinette saw it first, with a toy wooden mill wheel in the toy mill stream, and with some of the accretions of later years removed.

Only it will be stronger, for hidden in the toy houses will be frames of reinforced concrete that will prevent any such general collapse as makes the hamlet a dilapidated ruin today.

FOR THE AFTERNOON

This creation of midas gold crepe, trimmed with black crepe and machine embroidery, makes a smart model for afternoon wear. The blouse features bell-shaped sleeves, and the flare in the skirt starts above the knee in inset panels. A black felt turban, rose beige chiffon hose and black leather pumps are worn. It is a gown formal enough for afternoon tea and not too fussy for business engagements.

Repaint Kissing Gates

Rayleigh, England.—Three of the six kissing-gates in Loveland are to be repainted.

Disasters for '31 Are Predicted

Paris.—Mme. Delmas-Fraya, famous soothsayer and confidante of several great political figures, predicts that 1931 will see the end of Fascism in Italy and a violent revolution in Germany, accompanied by economic and material catastrophes in every part of the globe.

"I see," she says, "the violent death of Italy's greatest statesman followed by a complete transformation of the political regime. Germany will be tormented by revolutions causing economic and financial ruin.

"Argentina and Brazil have not yet completed their political revolutions and there will be several violent changes, without great bloodshed, during 1931. Spain also will be tossed upon the stormy sea of political convulsions."

Madame Fraya prophesies that war is fast approaching in Europe but that 1931 will be passed under the constant panic of war without actual fighting. During this time France will continue to consolidate its position through the efforts of a "young man" whose political star has not as yet arison.

"I am afraid," she laments, "that the coming year has many unhappy events in store for the world. The United States will be even harder hit by the economic depression, but will emerge victorious from the struggle. The women of America will play a large part in the re-establishment of financial and economic order.

"Europe will be tested by violent tempests and earthquakes while similar castastrophes throughout the world will take thousands of lives."

SUCH IS LIFE--BZZZZ

By Charles Sughroe

Eternal War on Plant Insects and Diseases

On the old apple tree that used to stand by our garden gate, where we learned the mysteries of mumble-typeg and where, on moonlight summer nights, as we devoutly believed, fairies came to dance, there was never a devilish insect or ruinous wilt. The bees would swarm in April to gather future honey and in autumn golden butterflies would hold farewell flutterings there, but nothing more sinister. Year after year fruitage followed blossom without a misadventure. Little boys needed castor oil, especially when apples were green, but the tree was sufficient unto itself in all matters of physic. Sprays were unheard of. So, too, with the peach orchard and with the figs, except for an occasional plague of June bugs, many of which met with condign punishment at the end of a piece of string. Horticulture was then a pastime. Now it is a battle.

Hostile insects and plant disease entail upon our country an annual loss of $3,000,000,000. Thus report the captains of the federal Department of Agriculture, and we take their word without question. "The unfortunate thing is," they ominously add, "that the end is not yet. Each year adds new pests and new diseases at an alarming rate. Only by adoption of the most efficient methods of control and eradication can we hope eventually to triumph over these apparently insignificant enemies."

Moths, beetles, borers and what-not are swooping upon us as menacingly as Goths and Vandals upon ancient Rome. This is no rhetorical flourish, reader. Consider the Mediterranean fruit fly. What other incursion of undesirable aliens ever wrought such havoc as did that pestiferous immigrant in Florda and in southern parts of Georgia? Consider the boll weevil. Its march was more destructive than Sherman's. Potato bugs we have had always with us, but now comes the bean beetle, cutting a cleaner swath than did Attila the Hun.

Devilish insects, we say, because they strike at our creative and promotive industries, and if they took a motto it well might be Mephisto's, "I am the spirit that denies." Men have been fighting one another for thousands of years. Henceforth they must make common war on the challenging insect, or they will have no use for either their swords or their plowshares.—Atlanta Journal.

Frenchman Planning to Found Tropical Utopia

A proposal to form a new colony in the South seas as a sort of tropical utopia is advocated by Alain Gerbault, famed for his world trips in his 36-foot boat, Firecrest. M. Gerbault says he will soon found his ideal community, sailing to an uninhabited island in a 34-foot boat he is having constructed at Havre, France. He will select the pick of the natives in the South seas to start his colony, with the intention of building a super race. "We shall live a harmonizing life," he said, "and will try to raise a new standard of art and culture in that faraway land. I have not as yet decided how the island shall be governed, but it will be along ideas of my own." On a recent world trip Gerbault stopped at one of the Samoan islands, he said, and was invited by 5,000 natives to remain there as king. He declined, because he preferred to set up his own kingdom.

Make Scientific Study of Scourge of Leprosy

The ancient scourge of leprosy is being intensively studied in Hawaii with a view to steady reduction in the number of cases and eventually to eradication. Gov. Lawrence M. Judd has appointed a committee which includes men who have given many years of attention to leprosy cases. Their report, just concluded but not made public, deals not only with medical treatment, but with measures for segregation of lepers and closer control of the disease. Hawaii for many years has treated leprosy without special fear, knowing that care in handling it sufficiently protects doctors and nurses from contamination. Measures suggested to the governor by the commission will be embodied in legislation by the territory of Hawaii next spring.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills contain only vegetable ingredients which act as a gentle purgative. 25c a box. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Proverb Challenged

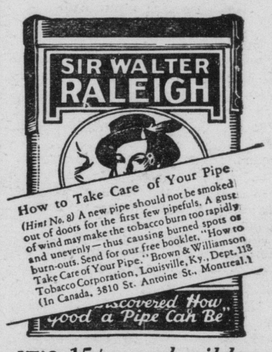
"A rolling stone gathers no moss," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corntossel, "but that's no excuse fur a man devotin' all his time to settin' in a rockin' chair, raisin' whiskers."

Love is not blind, but those whom it affects are.

People just don't distinguish

IT'S utterly unfair, of course. But if a man *will* smoke an outrageously strong pipe, nobody is going to get close enough to him to appreciate his heart of gold. Don't keep potential friends at a distance. Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend is incomparably rich and fragrant—yet so mild as to be acceptable to the most fastidious pipe-sniffer. Nor does Sir Walter lack body and real flavor. They're all there in Sir Walter Raleigh—as you'll discover when you try it.



IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

The Ideal
Vacation Land
Sunshine All Winter Long
Splendid roads—towering mountain ranges—Highest type hotels—dry invigorating air—clear starlit nights—
California's Foremost Desert Playground
Write Croo & Chalfoy
Palm Springs
CALIFORNIA

Coughing STOPS
Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly, ends irritation quickly! GUARANTEED.
with Never be without Boschee's! For young and old.
Boschee's SYRUP
At all druggists

W. N. U., Pittsburgh, No. 52--1930.

Or an Expert

A man with fishing tackle in hand stepped out of the boat to the landing.

"Catch anything?" asked a loiterer.

"Not a thing," replied the other.

"You're no fisherman. You must be an angler."—Portland Express.

Hoxsie's Croup Remedy, the life saver of children. 50 cents. Druggists or Kells Co., Newburgh, New York.

Good

"You say this hair restorer is harmless?"

"Yes, if it doesn't restore any hair it will polish up your bald head for you."

An Extinct Race

Small Son—"What are diplomatic relations, father?" Dad—"There are no such people, son."

We all know when a man is capable, but blamed if we can find out the secret of his technique.

Cuticura

Ointment → Pure, soothing and healing, it quickly banishes pimples and itching skin affections.
Soap → Pure and fragrant, it brings to the skin **Health** as well as **Cleanliness.**
Talcum → Pure and smooth, it soothes, cools and refreshes the skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.