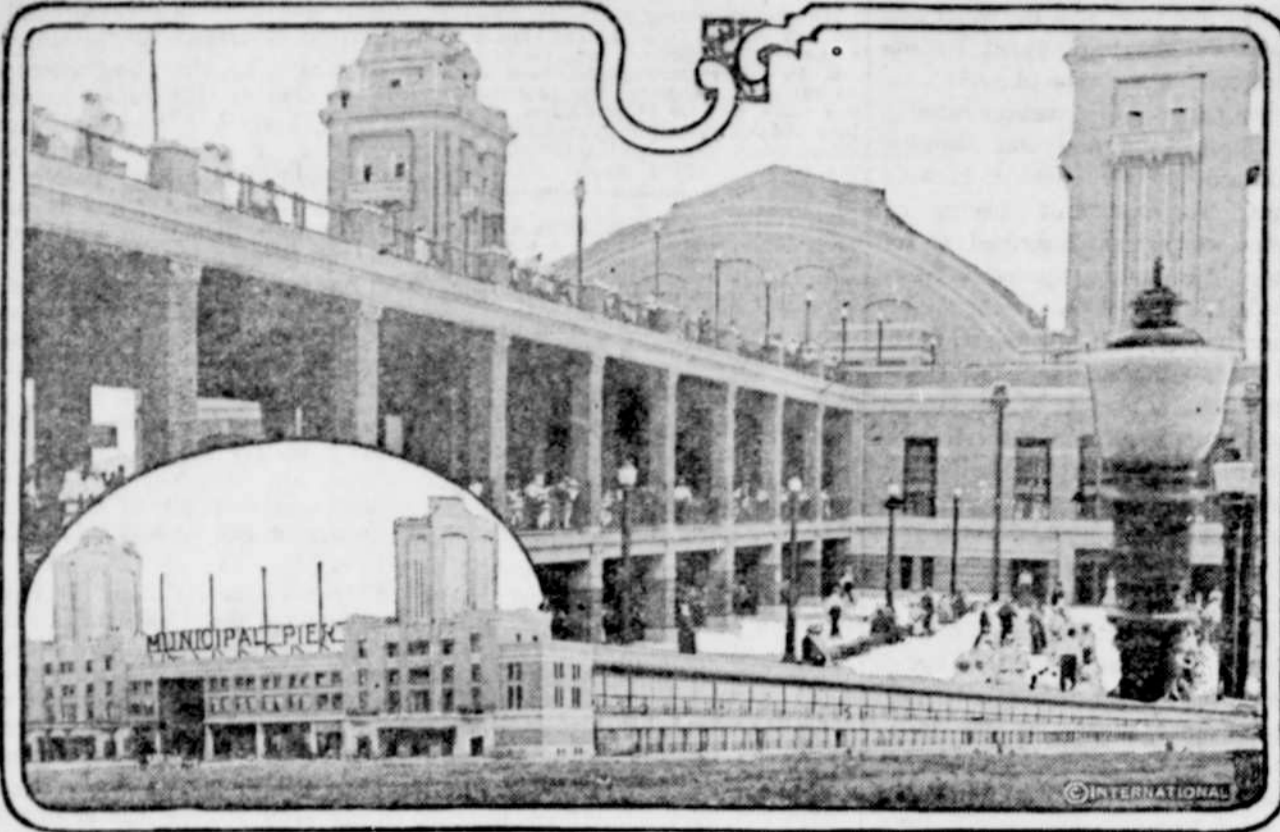
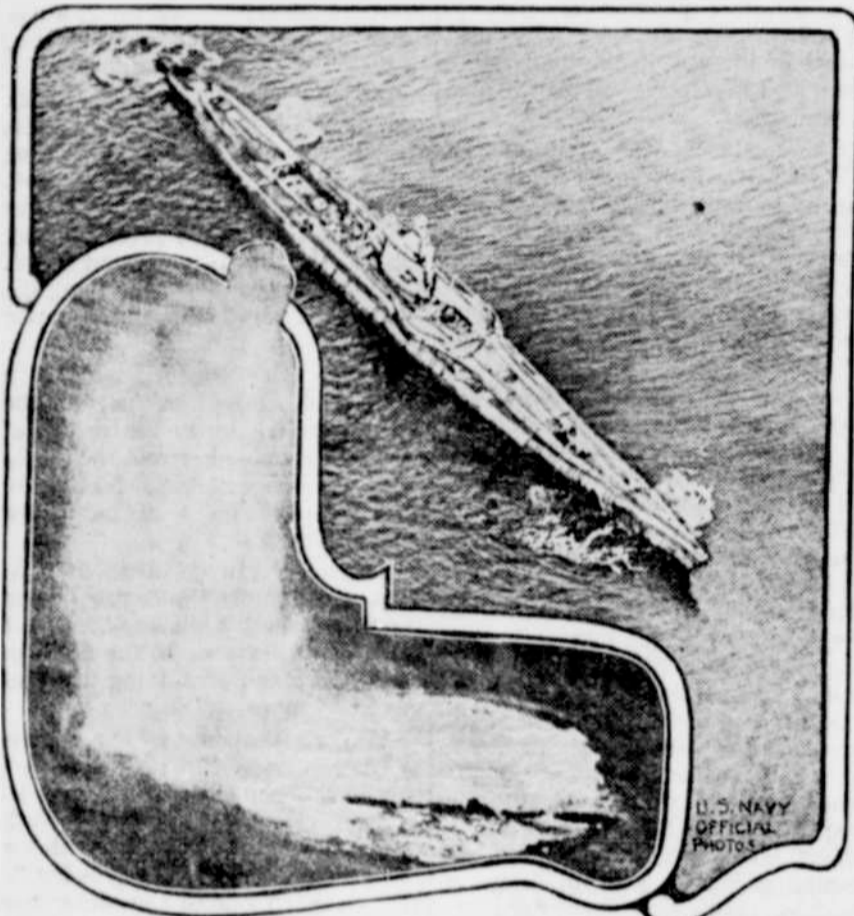


## Site of Chicago's Pageant of Progress Exposition



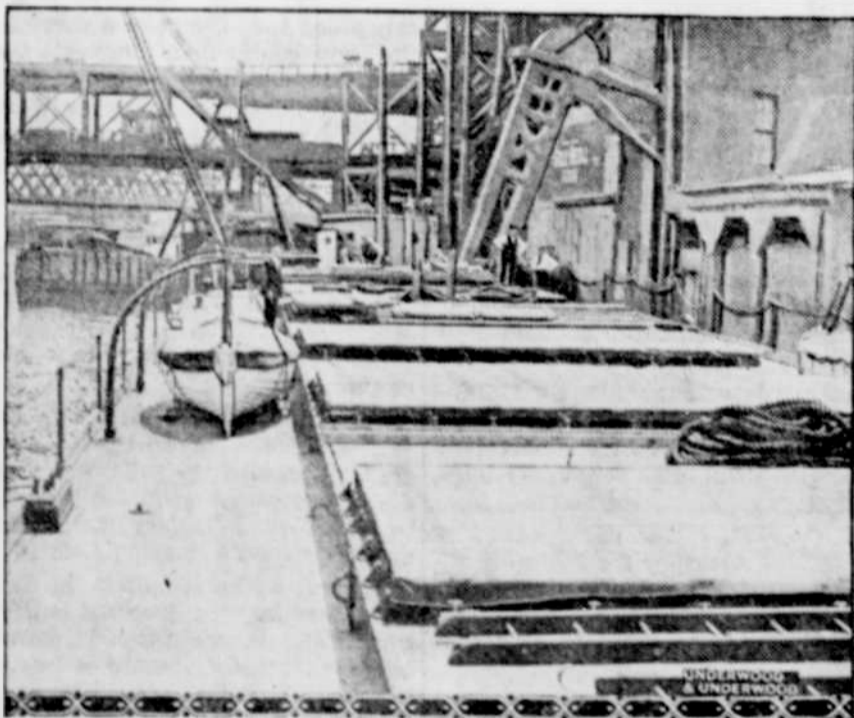
Two views of Chicago's immense municipal pier, the site of the Pageant of Progress exposition for which the city has been preparing for months.

## Bombing Test on a Submarine



Aerial photographs showing the former German U-boat U-117, just before she was sent to the bottom off Hampton Roads, by bombs dropped from naval planes, and the scene as the second salvo of bombs struck the vessel and the surrounding water.

## Built for Both Lakes and Canal



Steel barge 101, tied up at a dock in New York, was the first grain-laden vessel to carry a cargo from New York to Duluth without transference to a canal barge at Buffalo. Barges like it are built to weather the lake storms, but are small enough to pass through the canal.

## Baking Shop in a High School



Lane Technical School of Chicago is the only high school in the world to maintain its own baking shop, and some of the future bakers of Chicago are being trained there. The baking is so good that the students of the school spend many of their pennies for the output of this shop.

## DARING GIRL ARTIST



Eager to sketch cliff dwellings and to catch the exquisite colorings of canyon walls, Miss Dora Montague of Salt Lake City allows herself to be swung from dizzy heights on a narrow board seat. The photograph shows her sketching while swinging over a sheer drop of hundreds of feet in Zion National Park, Utah.

## MAY VISIT WHITE HOUSE



A recent portrait of Mrs. Charity Malvina Remsberg of Santa Ana, Cal., sister of President Harding, who, it is said, is planning to accept her distinguished brother's invitation to pay a visit to the White House.

## New Yorkers Get Lost in City.

Many of the lifelong residents of New York know little of the city's rapidly expanding transportation system. They are acquainted with those minor sections they use daily, but if they have occasion to travel to unaccustomed quarters they are as puzzled as the stranger. It is usually the newcomer, the resident of a few months or years, who even pretends to know the subways or the streets of any considerable section of the town.—New York Sun.

## Beard Stands for Health.

Dr. Arthur MacDonald, of Washington, has taken the role of the patron saint of the beard and is the author of a lengthy treatise giving many reasons why man should wear a beard. He claims that the beard offers immunity for many diseases which we are now subject to, including coughs, colds, toothache, relaxed uvula, desquamation and all the rheums. Besides this is the item of the saving of time usually spent in shaving.

## Through the Skylight in the Studio

By RUBY DOUGLAS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Tom Foster opened the door of the little apartment he shared with his sister. He had left some important papers in the pocket of another suit and had been forced to return home from the office to get them.

He stepped back in amazement at what greeted his eyes. Then he closed the door behind him and looked about the little room that served jointly as his sister's bedroom and their living room. Almost every drawer had been pulled inside out and the contents were lying all about the room.

"Burglars," he said to himself. "And I can't tell what is in Hazel's belongings. I wouldn't know if anything were stolen. I'll take a look at my own things." Yes—his own chiffonier drawers had been rummaged also, but not to such an extent.

"Looks like the work of women thieves," he said.

He looked about for other signs of the burglars' work, but everything else seemed to be in good shape. There were bits of bric-a-brac, a good small rug or two and some silver in the sideboard, but evidently the thieves had not cared for that sort of loot.

There was a skylight in the room; it was a studio apartment in a building adjoining other edifices of the same character.

Tom got out the little stepladder that he and Hazel used as a chair when they had extra guests. He climbed up and out onto the roof to see if he could get trace of the thieves. He decided that they must have been in the rooms within a couple of hours, since Hazel always remained to have breakfast before going out to teach.

On the roof he came upon a startling picture. A very lovely young woman was drying a mass of gold-bronze hair in the sunlight. She held a book on her lap under the curtain of hair and she evidently had not heard him come up through the skylight.

"I'm sorry," Tom began.

"Oh," the girl cried, startled. "I did not hear you come up."

"And I did not dream there was any one here. I am looking for thieves," announced Tom.

"Thieves?" The girl threw back the clouds of hair and looked inquiringly at the intruder.

"Yes; I happened to return home and have found the drawers in our apartment all ransacked. Have you, perhaps, seen any strangers on the roof?"

The girl shook her head. "No. I have been here for an hour drying my hair, but I have seen no one." She held him how sorry she was and he found himself telling her all about his sister and incidentally about himself. He had forgotten all about the burglars and was observing the wonderful lights in the girl's hair and the same tones in her large, soft brown eyes.

"Could I, perhaps, give you a little assistance in divining a reason—finding a clue?" she asked, when they had returned to the subject of the sneak thieves.

"Would you—come down the ladder and see?" he asked.

"Of course," she said, proudly. "I am visiting my aunt in the apartment below and I am almost dying of ennui. Out West where I live there is something doing all the time, so that I jump at the chance to have even so little excitement as this." She laughed as she followed Tom down through the skylight.

"It does look like sneak-thieves looking for something in particular," the girl said when she had viewed the contents of the emptied drawers.

Just then they heard footsteps on the stairs outside.

"Sh—" said Tom, his fingers on his lips.

They stood motionless while the footsteps drew nearer.

Presently a key was inserted in the lock and Hazel stood before them, her arms full of packages, a bag in one hand.

"Tom," she cried.

"Hazel," her brother replied. "There have been burglars here!"

Hazel looked at the girl with her hair all about her. "Oh," she said.

"No—no," Tom began, seeing her mistake. "This is a young lady I found drying her hair on the roof when I went up to look for the thieves."

"Helen Rogers," the girl explained. "I stepped down with your brother to offer my assistance."

Then, to the amazement of both Tom and his companion, Hazel Foster threw herself on the couch and emitted peal after peal of merry laughter.

"Hazel, what's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Yes—what amuses you?" Helen added.

"Oh, it is too funny for words. I suddenly got an invitation from Mrs. George Sanders to go with them for a week to the shore to brush up little Grace's music and I dashed home to put some clothes together. I never realized that the room would look like a cyclone or that Tom would be at home before I could explain. I even searched in his drawers for serge odds and ends of things I keep in there."

Hazel began to laugh again, and

this time she was joined by the other two.

"And there are no burglars after all!" said Helen, disconsolately.

Hazel looked at her, astonished at her tone. "You regret it?" she asked.

Helen shook her head. "No—of course not. But I was just telling your brother how deadly dull it is here visiting my aunt and this had given me hope of a little diversion at least."

"Why don't you—but oh, I'm going away on the afternoon train. I was going to ask you to come in to see us," Hazel told her.

"It is good of you. I'd love to come."

Tom quickly came to the subject. "Hazel won't be gone long, Miss Rogers, and perhaps, if you don't mind, you could happen up on the roof after dinner in the evening and I—well, I could be looking for further burglars," he laughed.

Hazel looked at her brother. It was unusual for him to have so resourceful a mind. He was not given much to doing anything but attending to his business. "And by the time I get home you will be better acquainted," she said.

"Would you?" Tom asked. "Would you be able to do that?"

Helen nodded. "Yes, Aunt goes about a lot to meetings, and I can easily get to the roof. And—"

"Oh, yes; and after I return I'll make the acquaintance of your aunt if you like and you may come properly to see us," Hazel told the girl. "And now I must hurry and pack. Sit down—do."

Tom had to get back to his office with the papers he had been forced to return for, and Helen said she would stay and help Hazel pack if she needed her. "I'd love to put back the things and tidy up while you're getting ready!" she exclaimed, girlishly. "It's almost like being back home with my chum Mary, I miss her so."

This little admission quite touched Hazel, and the two girls worked together for an hour.

When Hazel Foster returned from her vacation at the shore she found that something warmer than friendship had developed in the relations between her brother and Helen.

"And I'm so glad," she whispered to Helen after many things had been said. "I—I've been wanting to tell a certain man that I'd marry him, but I didn't know what on earth to do with Tom if I did."

"I'll take care of him if he asks me," Helen confided.

"He'll ask you, all right. He may be waiting to know what to do with me."

## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Why the Patron Saint of England Fought With and Slew the Monster.

St. George's day—April 23—is observed in commemoration of the patron saint of England, who, according to ancient legends, was a prince of Cappadocia, says London Answers. Some writers differ and have doubts concerning St. George, the record having it that he was a native of Cecilia, and was born in a fuller's shop. However, St. George has long been regarded as the protector and patron of the English, and is commonly represented on horseback, in full armor, with a formidable dragon writhing at his feet.

The drawing, which has become so familiar to us on our coins, and more recently on our pound notes, is founded on the tradition that Aja, the daughter of an ancient monarch, was once met by a dragon, which attacked her and threatened to devour her.

At this fearful moment St. George passed by, slew the dragon and rescued the lady.

The legend has probably come to us from the East, and belongs to the age of the Crusades, when St. George is said to have been honored with the name "Victorious." The ancient Christian emperors bore emblems of this knight upon their standards, and attributed a miraculous power to these sacred banners.

St. George was supposed to have influenced the English warriors at the siege of Antioch and it was at that battle that "St. George" became the English war-cry.

## Modern Crusoes.

Crusoes of today are not so few as many people suppose. Notwithstanding that in these times almost every part of the seven seas is traversed by ships, lonely castaways are being rescued every year. Now an instance comes from the Pacific, and now from the South Atlantic. Yet there are castaways who are discovered too late. Recently a United States "wind jammer" rounding Cape Horn had occasion to send a boat ashore to look for water on one of the desolate islands off the Patagonian coast. They found more than water. In a roughly-made little wigwam built in a sheltered spot near the shore, they discovered the remains of a seaman of unknown nationality. By the wreckage strewn about, it was conjectured he was the sole survivor of some vessel that had gone down in that neighborhood.

## Monk First to Wear Spectacles.

A Florentine scholar invented eyeglasses. It was in 1285 that the idea first struck him, for aiding his failing eyesight, with two lenses attached in front of his eyes by two wires hooking on behind his ears. His name was Alexander de Spina. He was a learned monk who lived in Florence. While at work on a beautifully illuminated missal, in 1285, his eyesight grew dim, and intent upon finishing his task, he constructed the first pair of spectacles. The rest was easy.

## Mary Miles Minter



This is charming Mary Miles Minter, the winsome and famous film favorite, photographed as she sailed for Europe. Miss Minter goes abroad to rest and see the sights.

## THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

## IN A STRANGE TOWN.

"I am not a Virginian—but an American."—Patrick Henry.

IT IS always a bad idea to knock the other man's home town. Especially poor policy is it when you are making your living there. Yet there are always young men—and women, too—who seem to take peculiar satisfaction in passing uncomplimentary comments on the city or town of their adoption. They don't seem to remember that the man or woman who is at home in that town is in a position of host and that to make scathing remarks about the town is almost as rude as to make scathing remarks about the house of the man whose guest you are. Especially is this so when the town is small. The stranger in a town like New York or Chicago really harms no one but himself when he continues to pour forth his disgruntlement over the city of his temporary sojourn. No one takes offense. At most they are bored or amused. But when a stranger in a small town assures the natives that it is away behind the times, that the buildings are atrocious, the streets the worst paved in the country, the restaurants and hotels the worst run, the women the plainest and the movies the oldest he is giving real offense, besides, of course, making himself very unpopular.

It really indicates nothing more than a person's own narrowness to "knock" another town in this way. If the man from a large city goes to a small one he should take it for granted that things would be different. If a Northerner goes South he should bear in mind that Southern climates make people more indolent and he should remember that if he remains there long enough he, too, will possess something of that indolence. And if a Southerner goes North he should remember that the natives of the northern cities have really nothing to do with the raw climate and that the very progressiveness which has brought him North to do business robs daily intercourse of some of the charming courtesies that makes Southern life so different.

The real man of the world soon forgets any local prejudices he may have, or rather he is wise and well bred enough to forget them. He realizes that it is through no fault of the natives of the town where he sojourns that he has to remain among them and that theoretically at least he is free to leave the town if he does not like it. Just at present there are a good many shifts in business and industry. The end of the war and demobilization of the soldiers and the closing of certain war industries and the beginning of other peace industries have made it inevitable that a good many young men should find themselves in a new environment. City men find themselves in the country or village, and country and village men find themselves for the first time in the big cities; Easterners find themselves in the West, Westerners find themselves East, Northerners awake to the fact that great opportunities await in the land of cotton and Southerners on disembarking in the northern ports discover that there are opportunities for them there that they have not at home. If you are one of these young men in a new environment show your good sense and good breeding by not knocking the town of your sojourn.

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EASILY ADJUSTED. 1st Friend: Mabel, does your dog match your new brown suit? 2nd Friend: All but a little white spot on the end of his tail, but I'm going to have that trimmed off.