

Proving India Has Film Beauties



Here are pictured five of the film actresses of India who starred in the first all-India production...

Modern Sailors Great Readers

Merchant Marine Library Association Supplies Books to Ships.

New York.—As the old-time sailing vessels loafed on a smooth blue sea under a tropical sky...

Sailors still lie on the hatch in the sun, but tattooing instruments, for the most part, are put away.

Libraries Changed Each Voyage. "It is not like the old days when we didn't have any books," an officer explained.

Fully half the ships that sail under the American flag never leave port without a supply of books.

It serves the coast guard as well as the merchant marine, and on little ships it provides reading for passengers as well as crew.

SELLS STOVE SHE USED TO COOK 60,000 MEALS

Widow, After 62 Years, Gives Up Gift From Husband at Time of Wedding.

Quinton, N. J.—The stove that has cooked more than 60,000 meals has turned out its last batch of cookies.

New York offices of the American Merchant Marine Library association each week. Into each of the heavy green boxes go 80 volumes, entertaining and educational...

The arrival of the library box aboard ship is an important though familiar occasion to the men of the 1,400-odd vessels on which the American Mercantile Marine Library association maintains a yearly circulation of 250,000 books.

It took the war to awaken civilians to seamen's literary needs. The social service bureau of the United States shipping board recruiting service enlisted the American Library association to supply reading matter for the training ships.

The new organization fell heir to the stock of books in use by the merchant marine, and has added tens of thousands of volumes a year ever since.

Each day's mail brings to the offices of the American Merchant Marine Library association letters from ships just arrived from many ports.

Like Our Jazz. Angora.—American jazz has gained such a foothold that experts have urged the government to establish a conservatory of music to develop home talent.

Like Our Jazz

She kept on cooking for her husband up to the very last. With him gone the old home had to be broken up.

Buried Money

Rice Lake, Wis.—Since the death of his wife last July John Vajvoda, living northeast of here, has been busy digging up money scattered in various spots on his farm.

"Several of our men are studying navigation with my help and would like to have a couple of books on the subject. I assure you that these men will take good care of them and appreciate your kindness if you will supply them."

From a Shipmaster. The master of a vessel of the American India line added to his thanks for a new supply of books the following testimonial: "On our somewhat lengthy voyages to the Far East the ship's library is patronized extensively and is a continual source of pleasure and instruction to members of the crew."

An able-bodied seaman, custodian of the "box" of the Half Moon, on a voyage around the world, expressed thanks for himself and the crew for "all the pleasure, knowledge, recreation and intellectual betterment derived from reading the contents of the small library, which was our silent but genial companion for nearly seven months."

"It is almost impossible to describe the genuine help that such libraries bring to the forsaken—almost outcast—type of men that follow the sea," he wrote. "I could go into raptures over it, but it is needless."

Plans for more reading matter are innumerable. One seaman, for the first time aboard a vessel without books, took it upon himself to remedy this condition. A box was shipped in answer to his appeal: "My shipmates as well as myself are mostly on the 'go' to dig up something to read. Time is so monotonous and tiresome at sea when one cannot be studying or reading to pass the time away. We are awfully sick for reading matter of any sort."

Another letter accompanying a returning library apologized for the absence of a few books. "Shakespeare's Works," Winston Churchill's "Within the Cup" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" the men at that time could not be persuaded to give up.

The library service goes on day and night. Its books have many adventures. One of the books may find itself on the shelf at 67 Wall street. Tomorrow it may be aboard the Tustala bound for Samoa.

At New Orleans the box is swapped for a fresh supply, and the book in question in a new collection is put on board a steamer bound for some Asiatic port. In San Francisco it again finds its way to association shelves, soon to be sent to a tanker, which passes it out to some other vessel going through the Panama canal.

Small wonder if the book eventually returns to its home port badly thumbed! It may undergo repairs before starting out again, or it may be shipped to an Alaskan coast guard cutter. These ships prefer books that need not be returned—books that they may leave in eager hands in the frozen north.

The demand for all sorts of publications for ships increases almost 100 per cent a year, and the books from much use rapidly wear out. Technical books that are most in request are purchased by the association with funds contributed by its friends.

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In Belgium nearly all motorists carry emergency kits to be able to assist any injured person found along the way.



In the JUNGLE With Cheerups and the Quixies by Grace Bliss Stewart



MR. HOOPOE'S HORN

"THIS cry I make would be all right for some folks, I suppose. Lots of little birds would be proud of it, but I'm not satisfied. It isn't loud enough to suit me," mumbled and grumbled a Hoopoe to himself, as he sat one fine day in the shade of a rock out on the Great Desert.

He looked so nearly like the sand as he crouched there that he was scarcely visible. His body of grayish brown and his black wings and tail, barred with white, were a perfect protection.

"There's Mr. Hawk sailing around and around up in the sky. He's looking for me, I guess," thought the Hoopoe, "but he can't find me, even with his sharp eyes. I'll just flatten out."



Mr. Hoopoe From the Great Desert. Replied the Bird.

my body on the sand and keep perfectly still. He'll go away in a minute without his dinner. Oh, I'm quite safe, but safety doesn't come first with me. No, sir, I want to make a noise. Perhaps if I tried and tried, I might be able to get out a decent whoop, but it isn't wise here with that pesky hawk about. I believe I'll go into the Jungle where it's cool and quiet and practice a bit."

Off flew the dissatisfied Hoopoe into the Jungle. On and on between the great trees with their big dewy leaves, in and out of the tangled Jungle Vines, across the Yellow River and through the Winding Way he went, looking for a good place to stop and begin his singing lesson.

"Here's the very spot," cried he. "It's all cleared out and there's nobody around. Oh, excuse me, sir; I thought I was alone. I hope I'm not intruding," as he caught sight of a tiny fairy dressed all in green.

"Intruding? Dear me, dear me, I should say not," chuckled the little fellow, smiling from ear to ear. "I'm Cheerups, and I just love visitors. Why, I stay at home almost all the time so as not to miss anyone. May I ask your name, sir?"

"I'm Mr. Hoopoe from the Great Desert," replied the bird, puffing out his feathers. "You'll find me in 'Who's Who Among the Hoopoes' any time you care to look, sir. I was just trying to find a quiet place for a little vocal practice. You see, I'm not satisfied with my voice. You'll agree that the quality is splendid when you hear me, but I want more volume. Will it disturb you if I begin right away?"

"Begin by all means, Mr. Hoopoe; nothing could please me better. Besides, I might be able to help you," cried Cheerups eagerly. "I am quite a judge of music. Why, I used to give lessons to the Cricket children and

Mr. Screech Owl, and once I trained a chorus of bees. Buzzy Bumblebee had a wonderful bass."

With such encouragement, Mr. Hoopoe began to sing, but it was a poor attempt. Cheerups knew right away that it wouldn't do. Such a small, squeaky sound wasn't impressive at all. No, indeed, it wouldn't do!

"Your method of singing is all wrong if it's volume you want, Mr. Hoopoe," said Cheerups. "Now just puff out the sides of your neck, then hammer your beak three times on the ground, and you'll make as big a sound as anyone could wish. Every time you strike the ground with your beak some of the air in your throat will escape, and that will make the noise."

"Three times on the ground, did you say?" asked Mr. Hoopoe, puffing out his neck and looking about to burst. Then three times he rapped the ground with his beak, and out on the morning air rang three loud clear calls.

"Hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo-hoo," screamed that delighted bird. "My, but that's fine," he gasped, when he could get his breath. "It was hard work, but it was worth it; and I'll tell everybody in the Jungle who wants singing lessons to come to you. You are a wonderful teacher, Mr. Cheerups. How glad I am that I dropped in."

Then "hoo-hoo-hoo" came fainter and fainter the sound through the Jungle, as happy Mr. Hoopoe hopped away, blowing his own horn.

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Georgia Hale



This well-known "movie" star climbed into pictures via the "extra" path, traversed by many others. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., of English and French parents, Miss Hale spent most of her life in Chicago, in the latter city having won a beauty contest in 1922.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel

and later throughout France as Alix. England received it when Henry I married Alix La Belle and promptly anglicized it, so that it occurred in a variety of forms, including Adeline, Adelaide, Adaliza and Adela.

Meanwhile in Germany, the original form Adeline remained in vogue. Under modern influence, it was contracted to Adeline, despite the prejudice to forms already evolved in France and England. It's sound fitted it well to poetry and romance and many were the ballads of early times which possessed a beautiful heroine so called.

Jasper is Adeline's talismanic stone. Curiously enough this jewel will protect her from her namesake which is not sufficiently noble to forbear an attack upon her. Not only from snake-bite, but from the sting of other venomous creatures is Jasper a defense. Saturday is Adeline's lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

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JIBEN TACK

JOBLETS REMNANT, the civil servant examiner, was putting young Jiben Tack through a course of questions to determine whether he was mentally fitted for the job of dog license inspector.

"Who invented the first steamboat?" he asked. "Ponce de Leon, wasn't it?" replied Tack evasively.

"Well, no, but I don't know as that's so important," said Joblets Remnant. "Where does the Ganges river rise and where does it fall?"

"It rises in the east and falls in the west," hesitated Tack. "Wrong; but there's smarter men

Literary Note

"The good short story," says a literary correspondent, "is harder to put together than the long novel, which is really nothing more than a series of short stories, linked together. It is easier to market an ordinary novel than it is to place a short story. The latter, to get by, must show snap and ginger from first to last. One editor wrote me: 'A three-line text frequently says more than a three-column sermon.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE WHY OF SUPERSTITIONS By H. IRVING KING

EYELASHES AND WISHES

ONE way to "get your wish" is to place an eyelash—or "eyewinker"—as it is sometimes called—on the back of your hand and blow it off. If it flies off at the first puff you give it you will get your wish. Another is to put an eyelash down your back, wishing as you do so; and still another is to place the eyelash on your finger and, as you wish, carry the finger three times around your head and then throw the "winker" over your shoulder. Some people, instead of trying to blow the eyelash off the back of the hand, try to knock it off by striking

A LINE O' CHEER By John Kendrick Bangs

BUY all the Stocks in Oil you will. With Steel and Coal your coffers fill. But as for me I speculate in F and C. Whose dividends are based on profits without ends. That come from dealings fair and clear. In goodly FELLOWSHIP AND CHEER. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bruno's Bite

Dr. W. Treska of Berlin has invented a machine to determine how hard his dog bites when he whittles down a T-bone. According to the machine the dog must exert a force of 500 pounds to the square inch to bite a bone. Tearing meat of average toughness takes only half as much energy.



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