

Study Flight of Migratory Birds

Bobolink and Barn Swallow Fly to Argentina to Spend Winter.

Washington.—Such familiar North American birds as the bobolink and the barn swallow that had flown all the way to Argentina to spend our winter and would fly thousands of miles back home to nest in the United States and Canada, are among the many species personally observed in South America by Dr. Alexander Wetmore, ornithologist, and assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and described by him in the latest Smithsonian publication. This is an important contribution to ornithological knowledge, comprised in an illustrated bulletin, entitled "Observations on the Birds of Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay and Chile." Besides valuable technical data, it furnishes fascinating reading for bird lovers everywhere.

Sent by Government.
Doctor Wetmore was sent to the southern portion of South America by the biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture. He was instructed to gather first-hand information as to the status of migratory game and insectivorous birds. In order to throw more light on the operations of the migratory bird treaty between the United States and Canada in according protection to these species. Increase in migratory game and insectivorous birds in this country had already been noted since the enforcement of the treaty provisions, but additional data from the winter homes of some of the far-flying birds was greatly desired.

Though many birds from North America commonly go to the northern part of South America, Doctor Wetmore explains that only a relatively few species pass below the equator as far south as Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina and Chile. However, these include some of our best known birds. One who did not know their habits would hardly believe them capable of flying such enormous distances twice each year.

"Among the few of the smaller land species that perform this extended flight," says Doctor Wetmore, "the barn swallow and the bobolink are worthy of mention, especially the latter, as, though the barn swallow occurs during the northern winter months from the West Indies southward, the bobolink withdraws wholly into the Chaco. The yellow-billed cuckoo, cliff swallow, olive-backed thrush, nighthawk, and Swainson's hawk are of more or less common occurrence in the northern half of the region in question, but are not found in abundance. * * * The great body of North American migrants, however, are shore birds, some of which, as the two yellow-legs, the sandpiper, and the spotted sandpiper have extended winter ranges, while others, as the Hudsonian godwit, the upland plover, the buff-breasted,

pectoral, Baird's and white-rumped sandpipers, find in the pampas and in Patagonia their winter metropolis. With these may be mentioned the Eskimo curlew now nearly, if not actually, extinct.

Follow the Spring.
"A few individuals of these northern species arrive in the south in July and August, but their main southward flight occurs from September to November. In other words, they pass south with the coming of fall in the northern hemisphere, and below the equator follow the advance of the southern spring to their winter home, remain during the southern summer,

and with the coming of colder weather in February and March withdraw northward until they cross the equator and follow the northern spring in its advance to their breeding grounds in northern United States, Canada and Arctic America. Their itinerary thus takes advantage of shifting seasons in both continents."

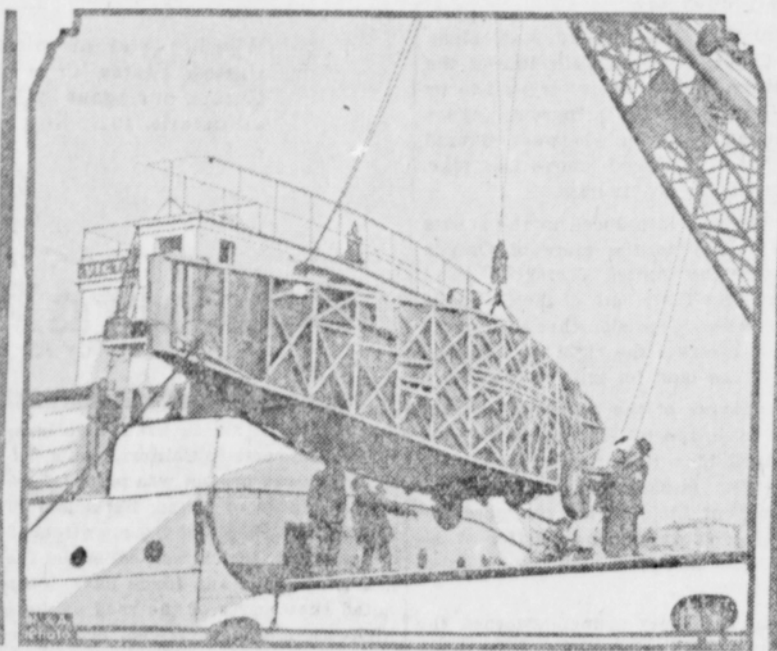
Lost His Hotel

New Orleans.—George Carr of Burlington, Iowa, registered in a "small hotel on a narrow street" and went to give Mardi Gras the "once over." He could not find the hotel after an all-day search and had to insert an ad in a local paper appealing to the manager of the hostelry to send him his baggage.

King Alf Coming

Paris.—King Alfonso of Spain is to visit the United States next year. Perhaps, like the prince of Wales, he will play polo on Long Island.

Planes of Wilkins Party Shipped



Loading the planes of the Wilkins polar expedition on board the steamship Victoria for transportation to their Arctic station.

Old Hard-Boiled 'Non-Coms' Pass

Middle-Aged Sergeants Replaced by Younger Men in Army of Today.

New York.—The old army is passing.

The gruff, hard-boiled, middle-aged noncommissioned officers are also giving way to younger men, "gentlemen rankers," as Kipling would call them. Today, say army authorities here, the military establishment abounds with youngsters holding the highest enlisted grades up to and including that of master sergeant, the very highest. Before the World war the sergeants

and first sergeants usually were "old-timers" who had to their credit at least ten years of service; service in Cuba, Panama, Alaska, China or the Philippines. The war took an enormous toll of these men, and hundreds more retire each year on three-quarters pay at the end of thirty years' service. Few of the hardy soldiers who fought in the Spanish-American war and against Aguinaldo in Luzon are left. The army today is composed primarily of young men.

Due to Rapid Turn-Over.

This is accounted for by the rapid turn-over. The present-day soldier is not a professional military man. He enters the service just as he would enter a college, and for much the same reason.

The schools of Uncle Sam's army are among the finest in the country. Practically every line of human endeavor is taught, from the raising of horses to medical and radio science, engineering, cooking and the many mechanical trades.

Each year thousands of young men who have completed courses offered to its personnel by the army, purchase their discharges for a nominal sum and return to civil life. Nearly all of their applications are based on the offer of more lucrative positions by commercial concerns, and it is a cardinal principle of the army that it shall not stand in the way, in peace time, of an enlisted man who has the opportunity to better his position in life.

Promotion Rapid.

It is for this reason that the old army is passing. Promotion is rapid, and it is common to find a "top-kick" or a staff sergeant in his first enlistment and under twenty-five years of age. The military service loses many of its technically trained men before their enlistments expire, but the commercial world gains, and thereby the army increases its prestige as an educator and builder of men.

German letter from Europe. Some of the papers dropped Doctor Norton's name, referring simply to us, and our mail-bag began to swell as had his. Our boom has become a boomerang."

A form letter tells the last chapter of the tale. Those who send stamps now receive the reply: "Our friend informs us that he no longer has any seeds."

Roman Chauffeurs Must Keep Cabs Beautiful

Rome.—Already beset by scores of new and complicated traffic regulations, Roman chauffeurs now have to guard against a new way of getting fined—committing esthetic misdemeanors. One esthetic misdemeanor is the act of protecting the radiator in chilly weather by covering it with a sheet of newspaper or other paper. This, says Governor Cremonese, constitutes a most undecorative ornament. "It," says an ordinance, "special conditions render necessary covering the radiator, this should be effected by the proper technical means."

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID

By Arthur Scott Bailey



MR. FROG IS PLEASED

"KIDDE KATYDID doesn't sing!" Freddie Firefly told Mr. Frog hurriedly, when they met again. And Mr. Frog was so surprised that he almost sat right down in the mud. "What do you mean?" he cried. "You must be crazy! For there isn't a single person in all Pleasant Valley that hasn't heard Kiddie Katydid singing his tiresome song on a fine midsummer night."



"I'm a Pretty Clever Chap, I Am," He Chuckled.

Mr. Frog. And that's where everybody else is mistaken, too. Tonight I was lucky enough to learn that Kiddie Katydid has been fooling us all this time."

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Frog. "Then who is it that sings that everlasting chorus?"

"Nobody!" "Nonsense!" Mr. Frog scoffed. "I can be fooled once, maybe. But I'm not to be fooled twice. And you needn't think for a moment that you can make me believe any such thing. I don't care whether you believe it or not," Freddie Firefly declared.

"All I ask you to do is to tell the story to Mr. Crow."

"He won't believe it, either," the tailor retorted.

"Perhaps he will when he hears the rest of the message," Freddie answered. "I was just going to explain that Kiddie Katydid has a trick of rubbing his wing covers together to make that Katy-did sound."

"For the land's sake!" cried Mr. Frog, as he leaped into the water, convinced at last of the truth of Freddie Firefly's claim. "I must hurry home at once, for dawn's already breaking. And Mr. Crow may come sailing over my place at any moment." He landed with a splash in the creek and started to swim rapidly away. But after a few strokes he paused and turned around. "You might almost say that Kiddie Katydid is a fiddler, mightn't you?" he called.

"Something like that!" Freddie Firefly agreed a bit doubtfully.

"I'll tell Mr. Crow that, anyhow," said the tailor. "It will make the story more interesting, at least. And so far as I can see, it can't do any harm." And then he hastened away, leaving Freddie Firefly to get home as best he could in the gray of the early morning.

"You may as well put out your light!" Mr. Frog shouted back, as he disappeared among the reeds. But he didn't wait to see whether Freddie took his advice. He was too much excited over the strange news. And as he swam easily along with practiced strokes he kept talking to himself.

"I'm a pretty clever chap, I am!" he chuckled. "I've discovered a great secret this night. And old Mr. Crow will be glad to hear all about it. Perhaps he'll want me to help him with his newspaper after this."

"And for all I know I'll have so much to do that I won't be able to make any more clothes for my customers."

He hadn't swum far before he had entirely forgotten that it was really Freddie Firefly who had discovered the secret and told it to him.

No doubt if anybody had reminded Mr. Frog of that fact he would have been very indignant.

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WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE

BY JOSEPH KAYE

At 21—Ruth Cross, Latest of the Women Novelists to Win Fame, Had Passed Through a Large Slice of Life.

"AT ABOUT this time I got my degree at college and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Under my picture in the college annual were these prophetic words: 'None but an author knows an author's woes!' I started gathering in rejection slips at thirteen and I kept steadily at it thereafter. "Sandwiched in between my years at the university were various years of teaching, the first year in what is now Oklahoma—it was Indian territory then. I believe there were only four white women in the town, including myself. Then I tried my hand at being assistant cashier in the one small bank. I recall vividly the 'grafters,' who were a regular feature of the scenery. They were always bringing Indians into the bank to sign away their compensations.

"Quantities of Indians were encamped round about, and a shooting fray occurred in the streets almost every day. Next I taught in Victoria, Texas, a beautiful little semi-tropical town near the Gulf coast. Then I had a year out on the plains where the wind blew all the time, sometimes so violently that the sand drifted in through the windows and lay inches deep on floor and beds and dining tables.—Ruth Cross."

TODAY—Ruth Cross suddenly shone across the literary horizon with a novel, "The Golden Cocoon." It won her immediate fame, with all that that means—more books accepted, stories, plays, and so on. In brief, she had arrived.

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A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

THE LOVE STORY

"WHY don't you write a tale of love?" somebody said to me. "And make the story beautiful as only love can be." A story full of high romance, that thrills with cheer and light—The old, old-fashioned sort of tale our fathers used to write?"

Quoth I, "I'd like to do it, but I'd never get it done. I'm so completely occupied each day in living one. And I would rather live my love than write it any day. For life is mightier than the pen, whate'er the critics say."

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE WERWOLF

THIS ancient superstition—a belief that some human beings were at times temporarily changed into wolves, still retaining their human intelligence, but taking on the wolf's ferocity—once so widespread, still lingers in Europe in the regions where wolves most abound. The best opinion is that the superstition originated in primitive times from men covering themselves with the skins of beasts for the following reasons:

Food was the principal desideratum of the savage and he clothed himself in the skin of an animal in order that he might decoy other animals within reach of his dart or his club. Also, disguised in the skin of a beast, he might, with the more safety, prowl as a scout around the camp of his enemy. Again he assumed the skin of a wolf or other savage beast in order to inspire terror or thus disguised to work revenge upon an enemy and have his work blamed upon a ravenous animal. That one of these imitation wolves should sometimes be wounded by those against whom he was practicing was inevitable and when, afterwards, the man who had been playing the part was found to be wounded and would give no explanation of his wound what more natural than for the savage to say, "I shot a wolf. Here is a man mysteriously wounded and wounded the same as I wounded the wolf. Ergo this man was temporarily changed into a wolf."

During the Middle ages many people were put to death on the charge of being werewolves and about the time that Roger Williams was founding the state of Rhode Island on this side the water tribunals in France were condemning to death men accused of being werewolves.

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George O'Brien



This popular "movie" star was born in San Francisco. He is the son of a police chief, and has led an extremely active life, starring on many Santa Clara university teams. From assistant cameraman and "extra," he rose to star in a prominent screen picture. He is twenty-five, and is noted for his smile and good looks. He is a six-footer and weighs 175 pounds.

AN ABBREVIATED STORY

PHRENOLOGY

WANDERING about viewing the sights of the Round Corners county fair, Steuben Veskit noticed the booth of Professor Kismet, phrenologist.

"Here's my chance to find out if there's really anything in the science of phrenology," he thought. And he went into the booth and requested Professor Kismet to feel his bumps.

"H'm," began the professor, "your stabilistic curve is almost concave—that means that your will power is not only null, but void. Your attic protuberance is negligible—which indicates that your art sense is almost absent, that no one who knows you well would trust you to pick out wall paper for them. Fifty cents, please."

"If you expect half a dollar for that, you can keep on expecting till you're black in the face," hissed Steuben.

"Oh, well, let me be fair," he thought. "Professor Kismet may be a mere charlatan, and I wouldn't like to think that I ever condemned a thing hastily."

And he went in and uncovered his head for Madame Swastika, who began: "You have an unusually prolific jollitic activity, which indicates that you are good nature itself. Furthermore, your upstanding pinnacles are supernatural, showing that you are the soul of honor and the acme of justice. You are an almost infallible judge of human nature and are generally known as a prince of good fellows. Five dollars, please."

"With pleasure," said Steuben Veskit, handing it over. "You have proven to me that phrenology is based on sound scientific principles."

And, bowing himself out, he went and lost eighteen dollars playing the shell game.

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WHO SAID

"When I am at Rome I fast as the Romans do; when I am at Milan, I do not fast."

THESE are the words of advice given to St. Austin by St. Ambrose, one of the fathers of the early Christian church. St. Ambrose's advice was, in effect, that his co-worker should enter a middle course and give no unnecessary offense which might lessen his influence among the people with whom he was working. Continuing his advice, he said:

"So likewise you, whatever church you come to, observe the custom of the place, if you would neither give offense to others, nor take offense from them."

When one considers the age in which St. Ambrose lived his attitude was, indeed, tolerant and savored little of the spirit of asceticism which made many people of that day the torturers of their fellowmen who did not agree with their opinions.

St. Ambrose did not set out to be a priest. He was the son of an office holder at Treves, and as a young man he studied for the law in Rome. He practiced law at Milan and was at one time governor of north Italy. His kindness and wisdom in handling the affairs of the province under his administration so endeared him to the people that they unanimously called him to be bishop of Milan, though he had not yet been baptized into the church. He withheld acceptance of the office for a time but finally yielded and set himself in strong opposition to the Arians—a sect which denied the equal sovereignty of God and Jesus Christ.

Many religious works are extant which are from the pen of this man. St. Ambrose died in the year 397, aged about sixty-four years.—Wayne D. McMurray.

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Collects Cigarettes for Business



The tobacco specialist in the Department of Commerce, Benjamin D. Hill, collects cigarettes from all over the world, not as a hobby, but as a practical aid to American manufacturers in keeping them advised on foreign markets for their products. Between ten and twelve billion American cigarettes are sold abroad each year.

ALL AMERICA IS SEEKING FRINGED GENTIAN SEEDS

Requests From All Parts of Country Exhaust Supply Offered by Wild Flower Lover.

New York.—America, the Beautiful, would be carpeted from coast to coast with the blue-eyed fringed gentian if thousands of flower lovers writing to the New York Botanical garden could be given the seeds they seek, says Dr. M. A. Howe, acting director.

The director told a sad tale of an idyl wrecked by advertising.

Two years ago Dr. George F. Norton published an article in the Journal of the New York Botanical Garden. "Then do thy sweet and quiet eye look through its fringes to the sky, blue—blue—" he quoted the poet, and made the offer: "I shall be glad to furnish free of charge a small lot of seed of the fringed gentian to any flower-lover who will select a meadow

that will not be burned over nor pastured, and scatter the seeds there."

The fringed gentian, one of the favorite wild flowers, then was beginning to grow rare. When Doctor Norton chanced upon thick patches of it near Stanwich, Conn., he got the idea of gathering the plentiful little seeds in its dried pods, and distributing them to flower-lovers who would go about rehabilitating bare meadows with blue aristocrats.

"The seeds are tiny—half a thimbleful contains about 2,500, I suppose," said Doctor Howe, "enough to plant a fair-sized patch of land. So it was not difficult to mail out the small lots Doctor Norton was offering the initiated. Last fall at gentian seeding time, he repeated the offer.

"This year the unexpected happened. Newspapers made news of his offer. Requests began to pour in—from California, Washington, Arizona, even a