

Planting the Tree of Pan-American Journalism



Walter Williams, president of the First Pan-American Congress of Journalists, puts the first spadeful of dirt about the tree which was planted in the grounds of the Pan-American union to commemorate the meeting held in Washington.

The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID

By Arthur Scott Bailey

THE TWO GRASSHOPPERS

KIDDLE KATYDID had a neighbor who was a good deal like him. Indeed, a careless person had to look sharply to discover much difference between them. But there was a difference. There was, especially, a certain way in which one could always tell them apart. One had only to take the trouble to look at their horns—or feelers. For Kiddle Katydid had horns as long—or longer—than he was. But his neighbor, who was known as Leap-



"I'm Tempted to Move Away," Leaper the Locust, wore his horns quite short.

er the Locust, wore his horns quite short. Although they saw each other often, Kiddle and this neighbor of his were not on the best of terms. The trouble was simply this: they couldn't agree on the question of horns. Whenever they met they were sure to have a most unpleasant dispute before they parted. Really, their quarrels were as bad as those that Jimmy Rabbit and Frisky Squirrel once had over the matter of tails. And many of the field folk said it was a shame that the Grasshoppers' trouble couldn't be settled somehow. Strange as it may seem, that re-

mark always made Leaper the Locust terribly angry. And it enraged Kiddle Katydid as did nothing else. The difficulty was that the field people—as well as Farmer Green's whole family—had fallen into the lazy habit of calling those two by the same name. They spoke of Kiddle Katydid as "the Long-Horned Grasshopper," while they termed his neighbor "the Short-Horned Grasshopper."

"It's had enough to look somewhat like Leaper the Locust, without being tagged with the name of Grasshopper, along with him," Kiddle Katydid spluttered.

"Honestly, I'm tempted to move away from this neighborhood," Leaper the Locust began to tell every one he met. "If that chap would only trim his horns to the proper length I wouldn't mind it so much. But he's actually proud of them. He's always waving them over his head, so people will notice them."

They both declared—Kiddle Katydid and Leaper the Locust—that they couldn't abide the name "Grasshopper." And they took pains to warn people in the neighborhood that they wouldn't answer to that name, no matter how loudly any one might shout it at them.

After that a few of their neighbors took great delight in crying "Grasshopper! Grasshopper!" whenever one of the two happened to be within hearing. But no matter which of them it might be—whether Leaper the Locust or Kiddle Katydid—he pretended not to hear, and went right on eating.

But at last something happened that made both those jumpy gentlemen change their minds. From not wanting to be called Grasshoppers, they decided suddenly that they liked the name. And each claimed that the other had no right to it.

This odd state of affairs arose when they learned that a stranger had come into the valley bearing a message marked "For Mr. Grasshopper."

"That's for me!" Kiddle Katydid cried, as soon as he heard the news.

"You're mistaken!" Leaper the Locust snapped. "The message is clearly intended for me. And I shan't let anybody else open it."

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Madge Bellamy



Voted by artists as the most beautiful American girl, handsome Madge Bellamy, the "movie" star, has brown eyes and brown hair. She is a native of Texas.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?

By MARGARET MORISON

DETAILS

THE Year-In club was made up of a dozen men who had known each other for a lifetime. Every thirty-first of December, they gathered at dinner, to wait until twelve o'clock struck and another January first began. Among them were the most successful merchant in the city, a doctor with an international reputation, a famous writer, a politician who was spoken of among the knowing as "presidential timber," and a banker.

On one occasion over their cigars when, as was their custom, they turned to reminiscence, the question came up of what each considered the turning point in his career.

The millionaire merchant began: "The turning point in my career," he said, "I could name for you to the year and the day and the hour. It was the moment when I took for my trademark the word 'Quality.' After a while, no factory ever tried to offer me inferior goods at a reduced cost, no salesman of mine ever was fooled with seconds at half-price. It meant the habit of attending to details."

"In fact," the politician across the table took up the discussion "generalizations—to make a generalization myself—are really worthless. It's only details that count at all in last analysis. That's true in politics. We get to think that the big men, so-called, the people's representatives, are all that count; but let these representatives forget for a moment that they only represent and go counter to the people, and see what happens. The first time I was asked to run for governor, I said I'd accept if I could have a voice in my own platform. So I went through the state and talked with the rank and file, the butcher, the baker, the garage man and his wife; until I found out what he and she wanted. It took pains, but I had gained guidance for two terms of office."

He paused, and then, as twelve began to strike, they all got to their feet and raised their glasses. "To the New Year and the men who have the habit of attention to details!" he ended.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?
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How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

FREQUENTLY in literature or speech of a rhetorical nature we come across an expression like this: "He is another Phaeton and will certainly be struck down," or "He is overconfident. He will overreach himself, it is a Phaetonlike ambition which he cannot fulfill." The reference is always to an undertaking that is far beyond the powers of a person who insists upon attempting it.

The expression comes to us from the pages of Greek mythology where Phaeton was a mortal whose mother told him that his father was Phoebus, the Sun god. Piqued by doubt, he asked proof of his heavenly birth and his mother sent him to the East to the palace of the Sun to make inquiries. There, on his throne, Phoebus acknowledged Phaeton was his son, and to prove his parentage offered to fulfill any wish that he might express.

On learning that Phaeton's desire was to drive the chariot of the Sun which gave light and heat to the world, Phoebus exhorted him to change his wish. None but he, the Sun god, he told him, could take the perilous drive without mishap. Phaeton, however, insisted, but hardly had he fiery steeds dashed with the chariot through his father's gates than they took him headlong over the course, scorching the heavens and the earth. The world, the legend tells us, would have been set on fire and entirely destroyed had not Jupiter struck the chariot with a thunderbolt which destroyed it and then hurled the gallant but overambitious Phaeton out of existence!

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE HAIR AND THE MOON

CUT your hair "in the new moon," if you wish it to grow well. This superstition is general all over the United States and Canada, and is but another example of the survival of the most ancient cult of luna worship.

It is the same survival of a primitive idea which makes some farmers of today, who would scout the idea that they were superstitious, plant everything except tubers, on the increase of the moon. All folklore and all mythology testify to the vital relation which a person's hair bore in the estimation of our ancestors to the spiritual relation which subsisted through it between the human being and the gods.

Several of the distinguished scientists of ancient Rome wrote of the matter as of something not to be doubted. Now, if, when the hair is cut, the moon, symbol of the great moon-goddess Isis, prototype of all the moon-goddesses, is waxing as the operation takes place, by the doctrine of luna sympathy, the hair, also will wax and grow again, thick and luxuriant. Whereas, if you cut your hair on a waning moon, you stand a risk of becoming bald-headed, through this same luna sympathy—the hair being especially susceptible to the influence of the gods.

GIRLIGAGS



"I see where somebody says the income tax is not as popular as it used to be," says contemplative Constance. "It seems to be possible to take something from nothing, after all."

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Uncle Sam as Woman's Boss

Not Recognized Before Civil War as Government Employees.

Washington.—A woman was recently elected mayor of Seattle. Another announced her intention of accepting the candidacy to succeed her husband as governor. The mandate committee of the League of Nations included a woman delegate. In Washington, D. C., a woman is in general charge of applying the law to bootleggers.

Yet only little more than 50 years ago a woman, to procure employment from the government, had to conceal her sex. She had to apply for her work, the copying of land warrants for the general land office, in the name of a male relative. It was done at home and she received \$1,200 a year, the salary received by men for that service.

In 1862 a woman was allowed a clerk's desk in the Treasury department—to substitute for a man. She was accorded the privilege of replacing her husband, who had fallen ill, in order that the family might be supported. She did her husband's work and received his salary—not because she was as competent as he, but because she registered as a man.

To the Treasury department also belongs the distinction of first employing women in their own right. Gen. Francis Ellias Spinner, appointed United States treasurer by President Lincoln, conceived the idea as a means of saving the government money in those expensive war times.

"A woman can use scissors better than a man," he told Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, "and she will do it cheaper. I want to employ women to cut the treasury notes."

Women Flocked In.

Following the consent of the treasury chief, scores of needy women, whom the war had left bereft of supporters, flocked to General Spinner's little room in the nation's bank. Here he slept, to be within call in case of trouble. Here every woman was sure of a hearing.

She did not receive an official appointment nor had she any official existence. She was merely handed a pair of scissors and paid \$800 a year out of the fund provided by congress for temporary clerks. Cutting treasury notes into quarters was considered "light work," but, as each note trimmer discovered, a few hours of it wearied the shoulders and blistered the fingers.

Appreciating this opportunity to support themselves, however, more and more women beset the general for jobs. Believing that the nimbleness of their fingers and their patience would be assets in the manipulation of fractional currency, he opened this field to them and also the detection of counterfeiters.

The results pleased him. Speaking of women as counterfeit detectors, he said: "A man will examine a note

systematically and deduce logically from the imperfect engraving, blurred vignette or indistinct signature that it is counterfeit—and he wrong four cases out of ten. A woman picks up a note, looks at it in a desultory fashion of her own and says, 'That's counterfeit.' 'Why?' 'Because it is,' she answers promptly—and is right eleven cases out of twelve."

Many Criticisms Heard.

Notwithstanding the satisfaction of the employer, criticisms were received from indignant persons all over the country, individuals shocked by the radical action of the treasurer. Even at home he encountered opposition. Hugh McCulloch, successor to Secretary Chase, scorned the presence of a tea pot on each window ledge. "There are too many tea pots in the treasury of the nation," he complained—after which remark the innocent kettle became the universal emblem of woman's unfitness for government service.

"Nobody ever heard that the costly cigars and tobacco which filled the man clerk's 'nooning,' to the exhilaration of body and soul, was a like sign of his inability to perform prolonged service without the aid of stimulants," said Mary Clemmer Ames in her book, "Ten Years in Washington," "but the tea pots were ridiculed out and ceased to distill the gentle beverage for the woman worker at her noonday lunch."

Congressmen, necessarily concerned with increasing their constituency, vented their eloquence in the deprecation of women workers, so that the males might be favored. Arguing that a woman was not a clerk but an employee, they decreed she could never, regardless of her services, earn more than \$800 a year. On the other hand, no man, were he only a messenger executing the instructions of a woman, could receive less than \$1,200.

Defenseless, women dared not complain. As one worthy official told them, they "were only here by sufferance and could all be turned out tomorrow."

A few appealed to the secretary of the treasury, but his retort that "\$400 is enough for any woman to receive for her work" soon silenced them. In the Department of the Interior the secretary constantly demoted women workers to make place for the men.

Ball Continued to Roll.

Even the women's friend in congress, Representative H. L. Dawes of Massachusetts, opposed all projects to raise their pay because, by making their humble positions desirable to men, they would be compelled to leave the government service altogether.

Despite antagonism, their first friend, General Spinner, remained their ally.

"The experiment of employing females as clerks," he wrote in his report of 1868, "has been, so far as this office is concerned, a complete success. The truth is that many of the female clerks now do as much work, if not more, and do it as well, if not better,

for \$900 per annum, than some of the male clerks are able to do who receive a yearly salary of twice that amount."

"The female clerks, with but few exceptions, are subject to greater risks of loss by reason of discounts or by passing counterfeiters, for which each one is peculiarly liable and responsible, than nine-tenths of the male clerks, whose principal occupations are books and accounts. Right and fair dealing, therefore, demand that their pay should be assimilated more nearly than it now is to that of the other sex for like services and responsibilities."

A generation later, when the woman's movement was progressing, General Spinner wrote: "The fact that I was instrumental in introducing women to employment in the offices of the government gives me more real satisfaction than all the other deeds of my life."

General Spinner had started a fertile movement indeed. Today there are 7,993 women in the storehouse of the nation's billions, 500 more than the male number. From the harsh employer of a handful of unrecognized women, Uncle Sam has developed, in little more than half a century, into the bountiful boss of 79,575 women, and the chief of a woman's public service that includes two governors, three congresswomen, an assistant attorney general, a state Supreme court judge, many minor judges, three state secretaries, about 150 state legislators, two diplomats and two state superintendents of public instruction.—New York Times.

MEMORIAL OF A THEFT



This sign has been erected to the memory of the thief that stole a tree from one of the pots that ornament the walk in front of a dairy in Los Angeles.

Laundries Boom

Fresno, Cal.—The laundries are busy as the result of black rain. Soot from the San Luis Obispo oil fire, 90 miles away, fell with the rain, soiling light clothing.

down the mountain. He kept Engelhardt from freezing to death through physical exertion until met by the rescue party led by Dodge.

Pierce saved the lives of Mrs. Anna Cushing and six-year-old Frances Harworth of Alameda, February 26, 1923. The girl had fallen from a sea wall into San Francisco bay and Mrs. Cushing went to her aid. Both were struggling in the water when Pierce, attracted by the screams of Frances' playmates, plunged in, brought the child to safety and then Mrs. Cushing.

The De Molay heroism award was recently created by the grand council.

Tip to Flappers

Egham, England.—Miss Selina Furnival, who is one hundred years old, attributes the lack of wrinkles in her face to abstention from cosmetics. She looks like her mother, "the belle of Bath," one of the famous beauties of her time.

The last January eclipse of the sun was the first total eclipse to be seen in the British Isles since 1734.

THREE ARE GIVEN MEDALS FOR DEEDS OF HEROISM

Rescues From Fire, Snow and Water Basis for De Molay Life-Saving Awards.

Kansas City, Mo.—Heroism medals for saving lives have been awarded to three members of the Order of De Molay by the grand council of that organization. Those honored are William H. Elkins of Baltimore, Md.; Arthur F. Whitehead, Norfolk Downs, Mass., and Samuel Pierce, Alameda, Cal. Announcement was made by Frank S. Land of this city, founder and grand scribe.

Elkins saved the life of Mrs. Barbara Wagoner, Baltimore, when the excursion steamer Three Rivers burned in Chesapeake bay, July 4, 1924. With the fire raging on all sides, he lowered himself from the top deck of the steamer to the lower deck, hand-over-hand down a rope, with Mrs. Wagoner clinging to his waist.

On the lower deck life preservers were secured and they jumped into the water, where he supported her until picked up by boats from the Allegheny.

Whitehead and a companion, Joe Dodge, rescued Max Engelhardt, keeper of Tip Top House, Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, when he was overcome in a blizzard, October 13, 1923. Engelhardt, fearing the house would be blown down, wrote a short note saying he was starting for the bottom of the mountain and left in the raging storm. Several hours later Whitehead and Dodge arrived at Tip Top House, found the note and, fearing for the keeper's life, started out to find him. After a search of several hours they found him in a snowbank with just his head and one hand protruding. Dodge went for aid, while Whitehead, half carrying and half dragging the old man, started