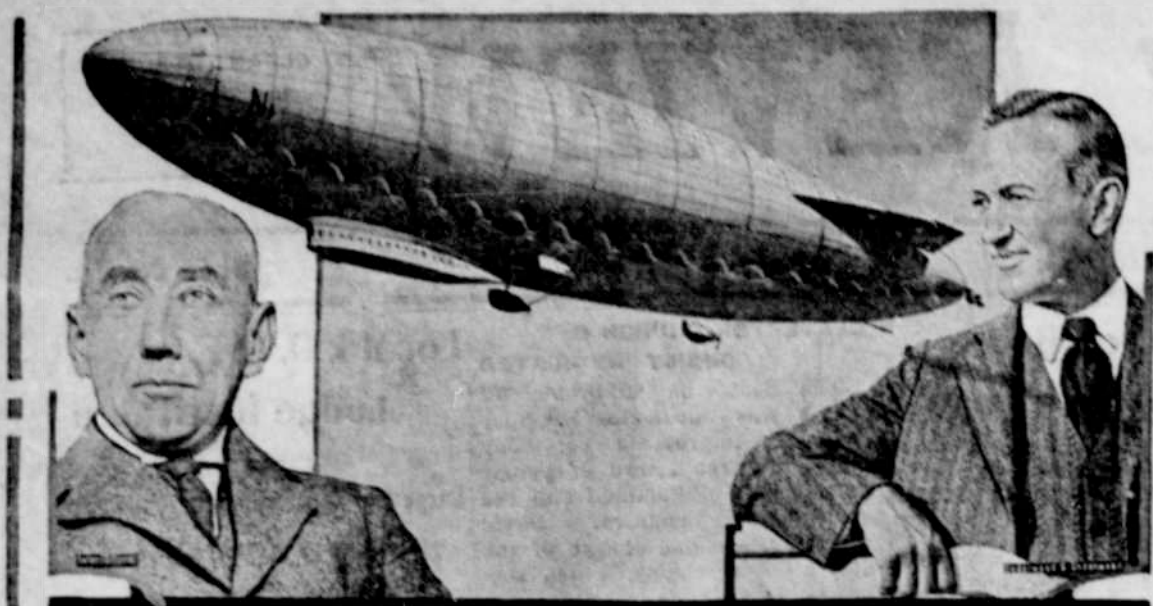


Norge Carries Amundsen Expedition Over the Pole



Wireless messages from Captain Amundsen said the airship Norge, carrying his expedition, sailed over the North pole at 1 a. m., Wednesday, May 12, Norwegian time. Next day it reached Alaska. Our illustration shows the Norge with Captain Amundsen (left) and Lincoln Ellsworth (right), his American companion.

Tear Gas Used in Hunt of Escaped Convict



When it was reported that James Price, one of the seven convicts who escaped from the Illinois penitentiary at Stateville, was hiding in a cave near Ottawa the sheriff of La Salle county and his posse drenched the cavern with tear gas before venturing within it. The man was not found there, however.

President Gets His Buddy Poppy



President Coolidge received the first "Buddy Poppy" from the hands of little Beverly Moffett, daughter of Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, in the presence of officers of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who are sponsoring the sale of the poppies for the veterans' benefit.

In Memory of Founder of Esperanto



Scene at the unveiling in Warsaw, Poland, of a memorial to Dr. Ludovic Zamenhof, the founder of Esperanto, which he hoped to make the universal language.

SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST

There are 174,347 one-teacher schools in the United States. There are 16 women in Illinois running for nominations for the lower house of the state legislature. Miss Eva Brunelli is the first woman in France to wield a conductor's baton over a symphony orchestra. Miss Rosamond Parma of the University of California is one of the few women law instructors in the country.

A cable railway is to be built up Mount Fuji in Japan. It is said that the chickadee will devour 450 eggs of plant lice in a day. Transferring wheat directly into dough without a milling process has been accomplished in France. Flamingoes in South America are rapidly decreasing because Indians rob the nests and sell the eggs for food.

MRS. ELLA HAMLIN



Mrs. Ella Bushnell Hamlin, Davenport, Iowa, who has announced her candidacy for congress from the Second district of that state. Her platform is of a radical nature and is attracting national attention. Mrs. Hamlin says: "I am in favor of eliminating the sex line and abolishing all of the women's clubs. The women themselves are raising up barriers between women and men. If the women are desirous of entering politics, let them go in with the men. I am utterly opposed to the idea of the United States joining the League of Nations and the World Court. I am in favor of developing our internal waterways to the limit." Mrs. Smith is a journalist.

HOST OF PRESIDENT



It is announced in Washington that the summer White House will be located on Rainbow lake, near the village of Gabriels, N. Y., in the heart of the Adirondacks. The camp which the President will occupy is a part of the immense estate in the fir, pine and birch woods owned by Irwin R. Kirkwood, Kansas City publisher, shown above.

Powerful Flame

The oxy-acetylene flame is capable of producing a temperature in the neighborhood of 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit, the highest temperature that is produced outside of the electric arc. The figure has not been definitely established.

More'n Enough Words Now

There is a great rush of new words for inclusion in the dictionary, but silent men retain their popularity in public life.—New York Sun.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

By PROEHL HALLER JAKLON
Drawings by Ray Walters.

I asked my mother for fifty cents to see the elephant jump the fence. He jumped so high he hit the sky. He won't be back till Fourth of July.



Times change and fashions change. But the circus, the Biggest Show on Earth, whether it open its tent flaps in your town or mine, in your father's time or yours, is ever the same old pageant of color and action. Tinselled ladies in tight-fitting gowns as they fly through space at giddy heights; clowns scamper in and out of the arena; cowboys and girls ride nimbly from horse to horse; bareback riders leap nimbly from horse to horse. The circus goes on. Here is a human pyramid constructed in a wink of strong men and strong women. Over there are seals balancing gaily-colored spheres on their noses and tossing balls to each other for the reward of a fresh fish. Jumping horses, white and pink tights, dashing vehicles—with all the rings competing for our attention, we are at a complete loss as to where to focus it. We do not wish to miss anything, and still some of the very best acts get no proper attention because we are expecting something to happen somewhere else.

Before certain acts the ringmaster shouts a loud announcement which no one understands. A blast of a trumpet and a long roll of drums to

suasive oratory served up free of charge on the outside?

There's the midget, with his unchanging grin, reaching from ear to ear, his calm manner and his dress suit, strikingly out of place in the light of day. Then the giant, looking sheepish in his ineffectual massive-ness. Next, perhaps, a Wild Man from Borneo or a pair of midget bushmen. The Fat Lady, whose proportions are unbelievable, bursts through a simple white dress, fashioned more after the dimensions of a tent than of any garment designed for more personal and individual human occupation. In ridiculous contrast is the Living Skeleton, that animated pair of waiving stiffs who exists, it seems, in defiance to nature's laws.

The others are there, too. The Swoon Swallower, the Fire Eater, the Glass Cruncher, the Snake Charmer (who flies into a rage if you as much as suggest that his pets are minus their sacs of deadly poison), the Two-headed Sheep, pictured on the outside as alive and kicking as you would want, but found actually, after we've paid our money, to be lifeless and still, enshrouded in a glass case.

From the circus of Nero's time to the gay show as we know it, the word itself has meant fun and frolic and a good time. We say "Didn't we have a circus?"

But the Roman youth was cheated out of one thrill of the circus—he couldn't go down to the tracks early of a morning and watch the circus detrain. For this is an event in the lives of little men. From the time the billboard slashes barns and fences



rivet your attention. Then, all too often, we see an act that by no means deserves this very special heralding. In the animal tent we find the same old dusty elephants, a flock of camels, a zebra or two, perhaps a giraffe with great eyes, and sometimes a hippo. The monkeys still like peanuts and the mountain lions are snarling.

And if you find a talkative attendant you can learn lots of interesting things in the menagerie. For instance, when the weather is very hot, it is the lions and the tigers, who come from hot climates, that suffer from the heat. The polar bears, on the other hand, natives of the Arctic and used to the cold, don't seem to mind the heat at all.

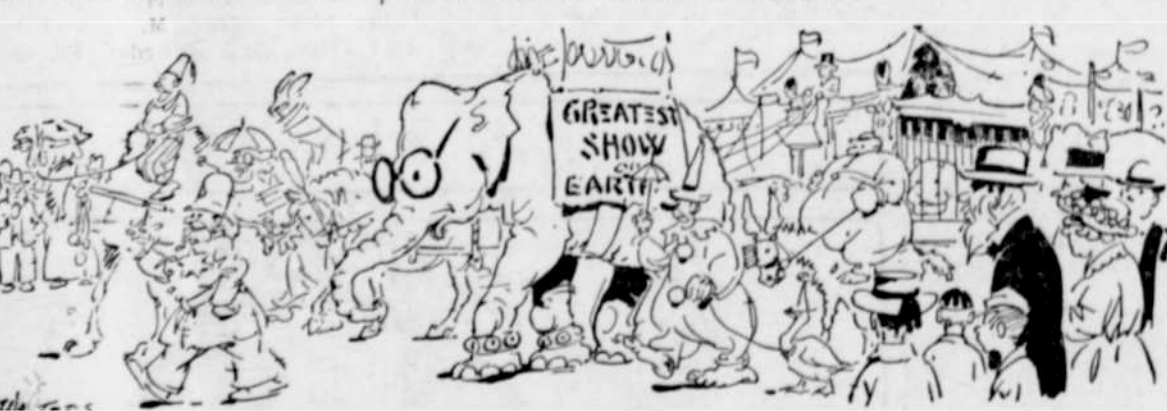
Then there's the side show with its freaks and fakes (which, many of us are skeptical enough to believe, should be spelled with an "e" in place of the "t"). And who can decide which is the more attractive—the offerings inside this tent of wonders or the hoakum and ballyhoo and per-

with gaudy posters announcing, in letters tall as a man, the great day on which the circus is to arrive, the youth of the favored town await that eventful morning when the mysterious train steams into view, comes to a halt and disgorges the queerest appearing lot of people, paraphernalia and whatnot that the eyes of youngsters ever were permitted to see.

As if by magic, hundreds of hard-boiled roustabouts, working furiously, and with the precision and dexterity that comes only to those who have learned their parts through countless experiences, are at their posts, and the task of unpacking a circus has begun.

They work fast. The big parade is scheduled for half-past ten, and by that time wagons must be put in readiness, horses groomed and harnessed, and everything running with machine-like regularity.

And what is a circus if there is no parade! A buzz of excitement runs through the town. Business is tem-



Wanted Ham and Eggs

The tonic value of ham and eggs long has been recognized, but it requires an inhabitant of the Thames valley, England, to place this dish in the pharmacopoeia of restoratives of life. Collapsing on the road between Chertsey and Staines, he was removed to a bungalow by motorists, who hastened on to the nearest telephone to call an ambulance, believing the man in a dying condition. On their re-

Pride

The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be called captain. The clergyman does

Qualities for Success

Men are best measured by what they do, not by what they say. The bigger the man the bigger the obstacles he overcame to be great. Success lies in fitting oneself to the job, not in fitting the job to capacities and abilities.—Grit.

Abstraction

Uncle Hans was terribly absent-minded. One evening he sat knocking out his pipe, and presently was heard to exclaim: "Come in!"

Brave Women Honored

The bishop of London has dedicated in Holy Trinity church, Gray's Inn road, a chapel to the memory of "The Brave Women of the War." The chapel is draped in scarlet, above the altar table of black oak being a framed picture of the Virgin and Child, while the floor is paved with tiles of black and white marble. The bishop said it was a very striking thing indeed that a poor parish in a

porarily halted. Long before scheduled time, the line of march is lined with happy, carefree onlookers. Despite the crowd the street is strangely silent. Then some one shouts "Here they come!" And the parade is on. Circus men will tell you that the prestige of the enterprise depends to a considerable extent upon the length and quality of the parade. A short, shabby parade conveys the idea of a dinky, mediocre circus. "Only one band? Two starved elephants? And no calloppet?" A poor circus indeed, is the thought that runs through the disappointed crowd.

Yes, the circus is an old, old institution. Nero was a circus fan at a time when bread, instead of peanuts, hot dogs, and pink lemonade, went together with circuses. This was the Circus Maximus whose 12,000,000 square feet of area lay between the Palatine and Aventine hills of Rome, and accommodated, it is estimated, nearly 250,000 spectators.

Here the Romans sat round-eyed watching the feats of the strong men and laughed at the funny faces of clowns, dead now these 2,000 years. There were athletes and chariot races and living statuary—only tights were considered not in good taste. And how the crowd would delight when those early Christians were thrown to the lions!

But, essentially, the circus is the same. All color, noise, confusion, abandonment, chaos; so it starts, so it ends. It is the great leveler. You go in palpitating and come out exhausted—physically, emotionally. To man, woman, child, it is all the same.

There are additions and deletions; new fashions and features change out side and a few creep in to join with the changeless. Nero never saw elephants on roller skates. We are for bidden the horrible spectacle of feeding humans to wild beasts. But surely the Roman circus had nothing more terrible than that collection of freaks in our side show. For the Romans prized beauty and perfection even if their value of human life was cheap.

Even New York and Chicago and other large cities, which offer no end of amusements for their citizens, go to the circus and enjoy it immensely. But in these large places part of the glamor and romance of the circus, as most of us know it, is lost.

No one goes down to the tracks to see it come in. It is held indoors in a large building, and runs, not for one day, but for weeks. And there is no parade. City traffic is too heavy, and the dollars that every tie-up and knot in the swift movement of vehicles loses to business are too precious to be sacrificed for a mere circus parade.

But once inside the new Madison Square Garden in New York or the Coliseum in Chicago, your city circus goes has the same good time and he thrills to the same reckless performance.

Since the advent of the movies there has been some talk regarding the possibility of the slow dying-out of the circus. It is perhaps true that fewer companies are on the road now than there were twenty years ago, but many of these have been consolidated, making for bigger, grander and gaudier shows, each the greatest on Earth.

not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "my lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "your majesty" by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.—Ruskin.

poor district seven years after the war should be the first to put up such a memorial. Except for the Nurse Cavell monument in Trafalgar square that was the first war memorial he had dedicated simply to the memory of brave women themselves.—London Times.

Greatest of Tyrants

Time is the greatest of tyrants. As we go on toward age he taxes our health, limbs, faculties, strength and features.—John Foster.

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Not Shakespearean

The saying, "All the world's a stage," is generally attributed to Shakespeare, but A. J. Butler gives us the following translation of an old Greek poem written by Palladius of Alexandria centuries before Shakespeare: "All the world is a stage, a show; then learn thy part with all thy heart or bear the burden of thy woe."



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He that lives upon hopes will die fasting.—Franklin.

It is easier to catch cold than it is to let go of it.

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