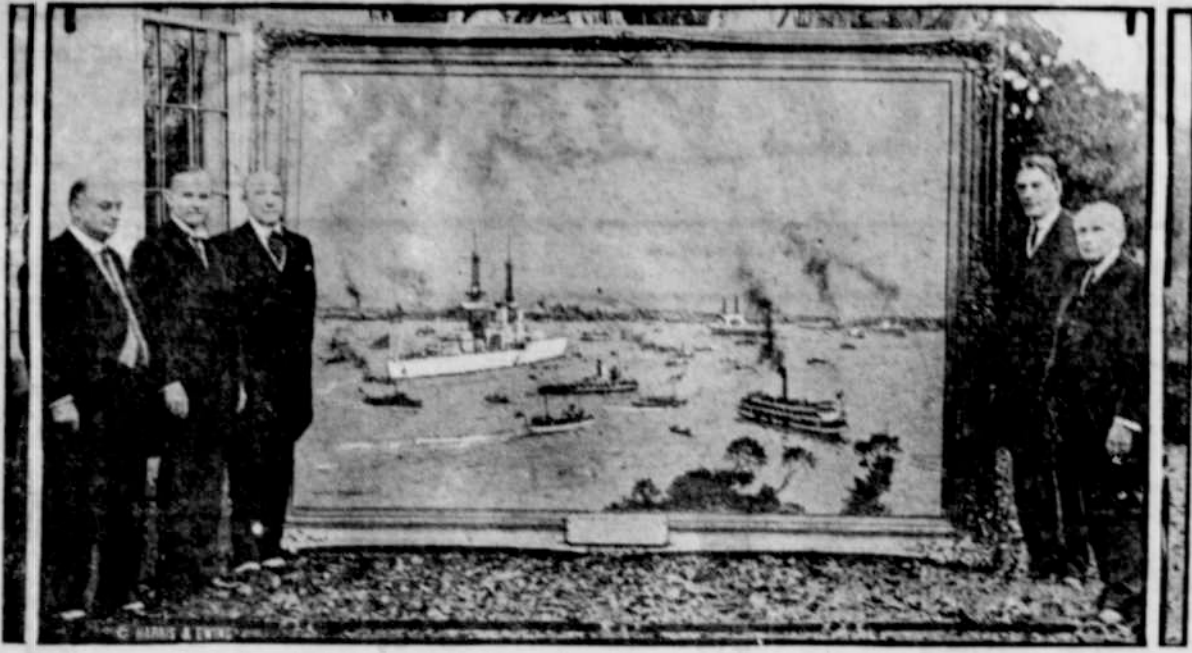


Sydney Sends Fine Painting to the President



This large oil painting, showing the United States navy at anchor in Sydney harbor, Australia, July-August, 1925, was presented to President Coolidge by Sir Hugh Denison, K. B. E., the commissioner for Australia in the United States. The presentation is made by the citizens of Sydney to commemorate the event. The artist is Charles Bryant, B. O. L., a native of New South Wales, Australia. The painting will be placed in the national art gallery at Washington. At the left of the picture (left to right): J. J. Rouse, representing the Sydney citizens' committee; President Coolidge and Sir Hugh Denison, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and Secretary of State Kellogg are shown at the right of the picture.

Virginia's Czechoslovaks in Celebration



The first minister of the Czechoslovakian republic was honored at Petersburg, Va., when Minister Zdenek Ferlinger of Czechoslovakia bestowed on behalf of his government the order of the White Lion. The Czechoslovakian colony of Virginia, in native costumes, turned out to dance in honor of the occasion, while (just to the right of the man in uniform) Governor Byrd, Richard Crane and Mr. Ferlinger looked on.

Seventeen Killed in Explosion



Seventeen men were killed and many injured by an explosion on the Norwegian oil tanker Manilla in dry dock near Baltimore. This picture was made a few minutes after the explosion, while the vessel was burning.

Minister to Hungary on Vacation



Theodore Brentano, American minister to Hungary, and Mrs. Brentano, photographed on their arrival in Chicago, where the minister is spending a vacation visiting his daughter, Mrs. H. McMeyer. Mr. Brentano intends to take a rest or two months.

FROM HERE AND THERE

A full-sized violin has recently been made out of 10,000 matches. About 800 languages and dialects are spoken by African natives. The squirrel's bushy tail makes a blanket for him on cold nights. Devil's Lake, N. D., has zero weather one fifth of the days in the year. A practical way of frosting the inside surface of incandescent light bulbs has been developed.

There are no chairs in Japanese rural restaurants. The restoration of Reims cathedral will require 30 years. Alaska has one person for every ten square miles of territory. The largest trout egg-taking station in the world is at Diamond Lake, Ore. Philadelphia is to have a Rodin museum, to house a fine collection of the famous sculptor's work.

PRETTY DEBUTANTE



Miss Alice Cutts, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Richard Cutts, who is one of the prettiest of the Washington debutantes of this season.

READY FOR DEBUT



Miss Elizabeth Clem, daughter of Maj. Gen. John L. Clem, retired, will make her debut into Washington society this winter. General Clem, prominent in Grand Army of the Republic circles, is famous as "the drummer" of Chickamauga.

The World's Best

The American honey bee is the world's champion heavyweight honey maker. Many honey producers remove the sweet stuff from the combs by centrifugal or gravity extractors, a process which yields a clearer product than that which comes through the crude methods employed abroad.

Delicious Draughts

"Love is like a well," sings a poet. Can he mean it is a dangerous thing to fall into?—Boston Transcript.

THE WOULD-BE CRIMINAL

By H. M. EGBERT

THE man who gets his salary from a distant city lives under the Danoclean sword. Jenkins was no exception to this rule. The leather company employed agents in several towns, and Jenkins, newly posted at Sequah, drew his forty dollars weekly out of the mailed letter with fear and trembling. What if the company should suddenly disown him? Once the letter failed to arrive, and Jenkins, who always waited for the check to pay his weekly bills, was in despair.

To complicate matters there was Mrs. Jenkins, a frail, weakly woman without the least ability to earn a living if anything happened to her husband. Jenkins had this possibility upon his mind all the time. To crown his troubles, he was a "one-job" man. He had been with the leather company, which was a soulless concern, since he entered their service as an office boy thirty years before. Shy and retiring, he did not get the ghost of a chance to earn anything if ever he lost his position.

No, that did not crown his troubles, but he had another trouble mixed with joy, the two so interwoven that he did not know where one began and the other ended. Laura, in the local hospital, had presented him with a boy, their first child. Jenkins had looked in awe, and partly in fear, at the extremely red atom of humanity, then at his wife's weak figure. He saw the radiant happiness of motherhood upon her face.

At such a moment most men would have thought of anything but material things. But into Jenkins' brain there flashed an appalling thought. He remembered that, having paid the hospital bill for only one week ahead, he had exactly twelve dollars in the world.

Suppose the check failed to arrive next day! He passed a sleepless night. In the morning he waited for the postman with growing panic. The usual letter from the leather company was in his mail. But it was typed instead of written by the cashier. Jenkins tore open the envelope, desperately hoping to see the familiar pink check flutter out. Instead there came a formal notification:

"As you are by this time doubtless aware we have decided to discontinue our agency in Sequah. You will therefore close the office pending the arrival of our representative, who will take charge of the stock and fixtures."

Jenkins let the letter flutter to the floor. He put the rest of the mail, unopened, in his pocket, and went automatically up to the hospital. It was always his habit to notify Laura when any unexpected event occurred. But when he looked at her he could not tell her. He thrust the letters upon the table, hardly knowing what he was doing, blessed her with trembling lips, and went away.

He was discharged! Fired! With twelve dollars in the world. And next day he must pay a second twenty-five for his wife's second week. He must get thirteen dollars, then, by nightfall. He staggered into the street and groaned.

He walked the streets all day, not even troubling to think about closing the office. There was money—two hundred dollars in the safe. But that did not tempt Jenkins. He could never have robbed his employers. That was not in him. But he must rob somebody. He stood still with clenched fists, heedless of the passers by.

"I'll get it!" he swore. Then he thought of the doctor who was going to charge him seventy-five dollars, in addition to the hospital fee. The sleek, smug doctor, rolling in his car, while Laura would be turned into the streets with a week-old baby! Jenkins' rage flamed in a huge deluge against the doctor. It was a fiery deluge of stark wrath that blotted out all the normal personality of the man. Jenkins found himself a criminal. He discovered, latent within his heart, a fund of cunning that he had never suspected could exist in him. He recalled that the doctor was a bachelor; he knew that he was at the hospital in the evening. He had seen through the open door of the consulting room silver scattered about the top of the buffet. With one of those pieces Laura's bill could be paid.

Jenkins resolved to act upon the thought. At nightfall he went softly toward the doctor's house. He knew that there was a back door, always open, except for the flimsy screen which covered it. He had seen that during his visits, and remembered that, once over the fence, he could not be seen from the windows. He found the fence, sealed it, and crouched covering on the other side. The house was dark, except for a

single light in the dining room. Jenkins could see the silver even now. It gleamed drowsily upon the buffet. His gorge rose. He walked steadily toward the back door. It stood wide open. It was not even clasped. This was unknown, almost, in prosperus Sequah.

Perhaps somebody was on the premises, though. There must be servants. He knew the doctor had a house-keeper. But it was not likely that she would be on the first floor. Jenkins walked in very softly and took a silver candlestick from the buffet. He knew by the touch that it was of pure metal. That alone would more than pay Laura's bill. No doubt he could pawn it somewhere in town.

He stood irresolute, holding it in his hands. Then, all at once, he heard the front door click open. Doctor Evans was coming in. There was still time to escape with his plunder through the back. But fear paralyzed Jenkins; the irresolute man had found himself again and the enterprising criminal who had arisen in him, like some Mr. Hyde, had been taken himself to the nether gloom from which he sprang.

Jenkins put down the candlestick and sprang behind the curtains. He heard Evans enter his office. Through the open door he saw him sit down at his desk. The doctor pulled out a pocketbook and heaped up an immense pile of bills before him. Jenkins could not see their denomination, but he knew that each was for five dollars, the spoils of his few hours of office work that day.

There must have been three hundred dollars there. Jenkins felt his fury rising again. The sleek, smug devil! Counting his money, while Laura would be put out of the hospital the following day. It did not occur to him that she would be merely transferred to the free ward. The man was mad at the moment. The loss of his lifelong position had bereft him of his senses. He crept forward and watched the doctor with parted lips. His hand, stretched out, closed upon the candlestick.

That set a new thought running through his head. With that candlestick he could batter out the man's brains. He could take the money from the dead hand and go. None had seen him enter, and none would see him leave in the darkness. Money, good money, was better than candlesticks.

Three hundred dollars! He had never had so much money in his life before. He clutched the candlestick in his hand; and just then Doctor Evans looked up with a start. "Who is there?" he called. Jenkins put down the weapon. He was the old man once more, the weak man, incapable of anything but the trained groove-moving thoughts.

Doctor Evans approached the dining room and suddenly switched on an electric light beside the door. It revealed Jenkins, standing by the buffet, shaking and white. The doctor stared at him, and suddenly Jenkins saw recognition in his eyes.

"Why, Mr. Jenkins, how long have you been waiting for me?" he asked. And Jenkins perceived that his design was unsuspected. Doctor Evans must have thought that the servant had admitted him through the front entrance.

"Were you anxious about your wife?" he asked. "There is nothing to worry about. She is doing very well. And, by the way, she asked me to give you this. She expected you tonight and was sure that I would meet you on the way out of the hospital. She said it was important, and wanted you to know as soon as possible."

And he handed Jenkins another letter from the leather company. Jenkins took it and looked at the envelope. This one was typewritten, too. It could not be the check. Still, a check was due. Jenkins had forgotten that. The envelope was open; Laura had read the contents.

Jenkins took out—the check and a letter. He read: "Dear Mr. Jenkins: We have decided to close our agency in Sequah. Poor business conditions, and other affairs, of which you will learn on your arrival here, have caused a re-organization of our branch system. This requires the services of a superintendent with a thorough knowledge of the business. Will you accept the post at a salary of five thousand?"

Jenkins put the letter in his pocket and shook hands with the doctor. "Thank you! I'm glad my wife is out of danger," he murmured, and rushed for the door. "What a genuine man he is!" murmured the doctor as his hand swept up his money.

**Paper From Wood Pulp**  
Charles Fenerty experimented for many years and in 1841 made public his invention of the process for making paper from wood pulp.

**What Barnum Missed**  
Liberal reward for return of female pet bull.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Indian Singers Had to Produce Results

One reason why people do not like Indian music is that they do not understand the words. Another reason is that they do not know why Indians sing. The net result is that very few stay to the end of a concert of Indian music, sung by Indians, unless it consists entirely of love songs. We have a natural sympathy with love songs in any language and it is easy for us to imagine that the Indian, brave and strong, is a magnificent lover. But the words of these songs, as they are presented by American composers, are purely "white man." Courting songs, in fact, were considered bad form, to say the least, among the old Indians.

The Indians never sang for exhibition, although there were standards of excellence for the singers who sat around the drum and provided music for the dancing. In the old days a really great singer could produce great effects by his singing. The question was not the quality of his voice, but whether he could bring rain by his singing, make the crops grow, or cure

the sick. The acid test of a song was: Will it work? A man might have received the song in a dream or bought it from some other medicine man, but he must have within himself the power to make it do what it was intended to do. Otherwise he became ridiculous. In the eyes of his little world and sang no more.—American Mercury.

**"Seein' Things at Night"**  
Taking man's night vision as a standard for purposes of comparison, it has been found that a lion is slightly better able to see at night, a bear still better equipped for night vision, while an owl is the best equipped of all. Closely rivaling the latter are two representatives of the cat tribe, the tiger and the ordinary domestic cat.

**Or Give In?**  
Wrestling makes a man stronger, but should a man wrestle with his conscience?

Through Siberia



Trans-Siberian Railway Along Cliffs of Lake Baikal.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

WHEN the Trans-Siberian railway and its feeder lines farther west are functioning for travelers few more interesting journeys may be made than across Russia and into the heart of Siberia. A hundred miles beyond the Volga, blue heights appear on the eastern horizon, and the train quickly enters the foothills of the Ural range, their gently rounded slopes descending into charming valleys, pasture alternating with open woods which distantly suggest those of the "parks" of Colorado—woods not thick, because the climate is dry, but scattered in picturesque clumps over hill and dale.

As the line pierces deeper into the mountains, the gorges are narrower and are filled with a denser forest, out of which bare summits rise to heights of three or four thousand feet. It is a lonely land, with few and small villages, but it is rich in gold and silver, copper, coal, and platinum—from here came in pre-war days nearly all of the world-supply of that metal—with an extraordinary variety of rare and valuable stones.

The train takes about seven hours to traverse this picturesque region, stopping here and there at a busy mining town, and passing an obelisk which, at the summit level, marks the frontier of Europe and Asia. Thereafter it emerges suddenly (for the Asiatic slope is shorter and steeper than the European) on the boundless plains of Siberia, here bare and almost waterless as are those of Arizona, but drier.

But presently one comes, at the thriving town of Omsk, which was in 1918 the headquarters of Admiral Kolchak in his campaign against the Bolsheviks, to the first of the four great Siberian rivers, the Irtysh, which, having risen far away to the south in the hills of western Mongolia, is here on its northern path to join the Obi and send its waters into the Arctic sea.

**Scenery East of the Obi.**  
To the Obi itself, an even fuller stream, one comes in eight hours more, and sees a flotilla of steamers moored to its bank. From this point onward the country is rougher and thinly inhabited, for much of the land is the sort of forest swamp which the people call taiga.

On each side of the railway track the woods have been cut back to leave an open space of 50 to 100 yards wide, so that sparks or coals from the locomotive will not start a conflagration. This open, wide grassy belt is in summer covered with a luxuriant growth of tall flowers on each side of the line, giving the effect of what gardeners call a "herbaceous border," with the railroad track for the gravel walk between the two flower beds.

Behind stand the pines, with their tall, straight, reddish trunks, contorted boughs, and dark-green foliage, beautiful as are those of the Scottish Highlands. After many hours' journey through this delightful parterre, the traveler sees beneath him in a valley, 300 feet deep, the grandest of all the Siberian rivers, the Yenisei, with the city of Krasnoyarsk lying on the slopes between the station and the stream.

Thirty hours more bring the traveler to the fourth river at Irkutsk, that capital of eastern Siberia for which the contending Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik armies fought so long in 1917 and 1918. It is the Angara, bearing down a tremendous torrent of clear green water from Lake Baikal, which the train reaches before long.

**Around Lake Baikal.**  
Lake Baikal is one of the great inland seas of the world, nearly as long as Lake Superior, though not so wide, for in clear weather the eye can reach from the one shore to the other. It fills a bowl-shaped depression 400 miles long, between high mountains dipping steeply into its waters; and on its coasts there are only wood-cutters and fishermen, with a few hunters. Till long past the middle of last century, some while before the Trans-

continental railroad was built, there was no way from the west into the lands of the Amur river and Manchuria except by a ferry across the lake of some twenty or more miles in the summer, or by sleighing over its icy floor in winter, and the travelers of those days loved to describe the midnight drive under a brilliant moon.

Now the line runs for many miles along its southern shore on a shelf cut out of the steep mountain side, high above the waves, with frequent tunnels through projecting cliffs. So much for the western portion of the Transcontinental railway, the one great factor in the social and economic life of Siberia which those who wish to understand the country must keep always in mind.

Now let us turn to western Siberia in particular, and to the Altai mountains. Altai is the name given to the southwestern part of a great mountain mass which divides the lowlands of Siberia from the plateau of central Asia, sending forth on one side the great rivers that flow north to the Arctic ocean, and on the other, the southern and drier side of the range, smaller streams that lose themselves in the lakes or marshes of Mongolia.

Most of this vast mountain land is unexplored, and only a small part has been surveyed for the purpose of locating the mineral wealth it is believed to contain. From the very beginning of history all these regions north and east of the Black sea and the Caspian had remained unvisited and unknown from the days of Homer down to those of Marco Polo.

In the fifth century Attila led his Hunnish hordes across Germany into Italy and Gaul, followed by Avars and Bulgarians and Magyars, and in the Thirteenth century there came the tremendous invasion of the Mongols under Genghis Khan.

**To the Altai Mountains.**  
A logical point of departure for the mountains is the town of Novo Nikolaevsk, a mushroom growth of the years since the opening of the Transcontinental line, for it stands at the meeting point of two great lines of trade—that of the Obi, which brought down the minerals and the grain and the butter from the south, and that of the railway which carried these products eastward to Irkutsk and beyond to the Pacific, westward to Russia and Germany. It reminds one of the new cities in the newest parts of America, with its big warehouses rising fast along half-finished roads, while the untouched prairie, dotted here and there with scrub birches, lay just outside the houses.

From Novo Nikolaevsk one journeys southward 200 miles to Blisk, formerly a place of some importance, to which all the butter coming from the vast pastures which lie all round was brought, and to which timber from the vast mountain forests beyond was floated down the River Bija, which, joined a few miles lower down by the River Katun, issuing from the Altai, forms the Obi. It lies at the edge of the steppe, here rising nearly 200 feet above the stream.

From Blisk one must travel to the mountains by horse-drawn conveyance over roads none too good. The first day's journey is over the rolling grassy steppe; the second brings one into soft valleys between the lower hills, valleys filled with flowers of many brilliant hues, such as one might find on the lower slopes of the Alps in July, for here the snow does not melt away till May.

The way is not without its difficulties. These are rocky tracks along the crumbling edges of deep ravines, and there are swamps where stones hidden in the mud sometimes all but capsize the luckless vehicle into the water.

All these and many other drawbacks to the Altai journey are outweighed by the views one gets from the heights, as well as by the wild charm of the woods and the sparkling torrents that foam down the glets.

The Oldest Game?

Invented in ancient Greece more than two thousand years ago, a game was exhibited recently in London consisting of 14 small flat pieces of ebonite of various shapes which, when properly arranged, form pictures of an elephant, an ostrich, charging soldier, a barking dog, and several other figures.

This game was probably used educationally for the training of the powers of observation or memory in children, and, although mentioned in ancient manuscript, all trace of it had been lost for the last 1,500 years.

Peanut Growth

The peanut plant develops its flowers above ground, but after flowering has occurred the flower-stalks bend down and push the fruit (nuts) into the earth, where they develop. After the nuts have reached their full growth they are dug up very much in the same way as potatoes.