Completing the World's Largest Monument

Workmen are here seen putting the finishing touches to the central statue of the King Victor Emanuel II monument in Rome, the largest in the world. Work on the monument was started in 1878. The statue of Victor Emanuel is of bronze plate and gold

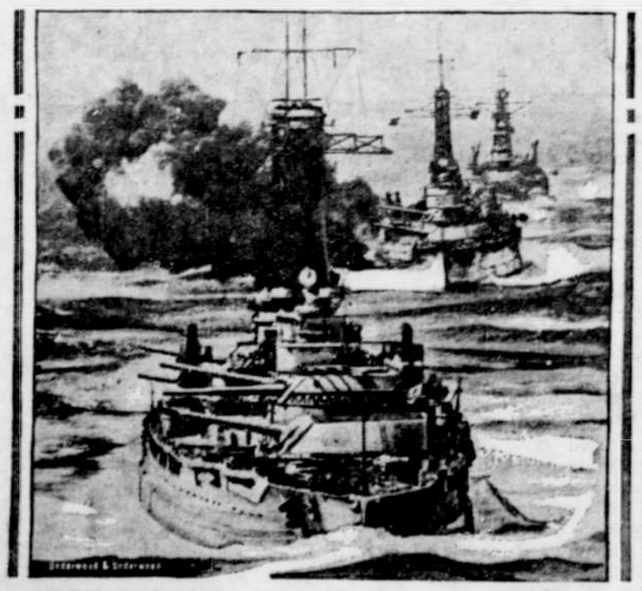
Figures in the Crisis in Rumania

Left to right: King Ferdinand of Rumania; and Princess Helen, deserted wife of Prince Carol, with her son, Prince Michael, who was declared the legal successor to the throne.

"Queen of Progress" in Miami

Miss Betty McKenny, as queen of progress, with her attendants, in the great procession which marked the opening of Progress week in Miami, heralding the new winter season.

Pacific Fleet in Battle Practice



The U. S. S. New York in the foreground, the U. S. S. Texas firing her monster guns, while in the background may be seen the U. S. S. Wyoming, during the annual battle maneuvers of the Pacific fleet.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

New French postmarks urge hygiene.

Honolulu now has six automobile passenger busses.

In some parts of India leopards have destroyed all the dogs.

Bones of cattle and sheep are an important item in China's export trade.

Dust explosions caused $3,000,000 property damage in this country last year.

Antares is the largest heavenly body that has yet been measured.

Resembling an enlarged bottle opener is a new device for opening ice cream cans.

Postage stamps have been sold in most countries throughout the world for 85 years.

Out of about 48,000,000 population in Great Britain, 28,000,000 persons received public assistance in 1919.

HEADS U. S. PRISONS

Capt. Albert H. Conner, former attorney general of Idaho and a World war veteran, has been appointed superintendent of federal prisons by Attorney General Sargent. Captain Conner's new post has been vacant for some months following the death of Supt. Luther C. White.

WHAT WILL PAPA DO?

Now what is Dr. Rufus B. von Kleinsmid going to do about this? As president of the University of Southern California he has announced that the women students at the college MUST NOT SMOKE. And his own daughter, Miss Betty von Kleinsmid, flatly declines to agree with the paternal pronouncismento. "Women have a right to smoke, if they want to," she says. "It's a personal matter."

Historic Gettysburg

On November 19, 1863, the famous battleground of Gettysburg field was consecrated as the National cemetery. Gettysburg is one of the most noted spots in America, and with it are associated events of the Civil war.

Too Lengthy a Task

"We see plenty of dog stories, but why doesn't some author write the life of a cat?" "No publisher would care to issue nine volumes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ANSWERING HER LOVE LETTERS

By ALBERT REEVES

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"DO YOU know why I like you, Miss Gray?" inquired Doris Dinsmere, seating herself in her friend's comfortable chair. "It's because you're so sensible."

"That's a mixed sort of compliment," answered Elizabeth Gray, laughing. "I think I know what you mean, though."

"I mean you're the sort of person to come to for advice," said Doris, patting her friend's hand coaxingly.

Elizabeth Gray and Doris Dinsmere had been school friends. Five years afterward they had met in New York, where Doris was studying art, at the expense of her well-to-do parents, while Elizabeth lived in a tiny flat and worked as a stenographer.

Miss Gray was the sort of a woman who would never be quite beautiful, as Doris was, but there was more in her head than had passed through Doris' flighty one in all her life.

"You are in love again," said Miss Gray calmly.

Doris nodded. "To Charlie Ross," she answered. "We're engaged."

Elizabeth was unable to repress a little sense of pain. It was she who had introduced Charlie to Doris. Charlie had been quickly infatuated with the empty-headed little girl, who represented all that was sacred in his eyes. She thought with a pang how much he had begun to mean to her before he met Doris and ceased coming to her apartment. They had discussed things together; he had told her everything that was in his life, all his ideals. And he had been thrown off his balance by Doris, who had nothing but beauty and vivacity. She knew Doris would never make a good wife for Charlie. And the pity was that she could do nothing. Time must teach them.

"This is what I want you to do," said Doris. "He writes me the most beautiful love letters. And I—I don't know how to answer them."

"Just be natural, dear," said the older woman. "Don't try to say what you don't mean. Charlie will come to understand."

"But you don't understand," said Doris plaintively. "He thinks I am all sorts of things I am not. He thinks I am clever and—and all that. Elizabeth"—she used the word when she wanted to coax—"won't you write me a love letter to Charlie?"

"My dear child!" faltered Miss Gray.

"Oh, you must," pleaded Doris. "Or else I shall lose him. You don't know how much he means to me, and all he thinks me which I am not. Please, please, Elizabeth."

"But he will know it is not you speaking in the letter, my dear," protested Elizabeth Gray.

"Please," repeated Doris, sobbing.

Doris was very winning when she meant to be. And so her friend capitulated and, conscience-stricken, sat down to indite a letter to Charlie Ross that should sound like Doris and yet be what Doris was not.

She wrote it from her own heart. She spoke of what love means to a woman, of all the things that she knew and Doris could never know. She poured out her heart in that letter, and in many others.

For the first letter brought back a reply that touched her vividly. It showed something in the man's nature, something idealistic which even Elizabeth Gray had never known existed in the man, something to which her heart responded as the steel to the magnet. And after that the descent was easy.

Letter after letter came to him from her pen. "You must not wonder," she wrote once, "that I seem so different to you when we meet from what I seem to be in my letters. It is very difficult for me to express myself face to face."

"Charlie is devoted," said Doris happily one day. "He thinks I write all those letters, and you know, Elizabeth, that they are incomprehensible to me."

Yes, there were many things that were incomprehensible to Doris. Elizabeth Gray began to see that more and more clearly as the weeks went by. But she was too far in the slough of deception now to be able to extricate herself. Passionate letters passed between them, and she poured out all her longing and all her love to this lover who, unknowing whence the letters came, could never be hers.

"He is so serious," pouted Doris one day. "And he talks of such heavy things! They make my head ache. And I have to pretend to understand—because of this silly plot. Why did you ever let me into it, Elizabeth?"

This was Elizabeth's thanks. She smiled; she could afford to smile, for she knew from Charlie's letters that she held his heart absolutely, although he never dreamed of it. But that night she prayed for his sake that he might not marry Doris.

The prayer seemed to be strangely answered. For the next week Doris came to her, after a longer interval than usual. She sat down at her feet and began patting her hand.

"What is it, Doris?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't love Charlie," Doris burst out. "It was all a mistake. I have found the man I love, and he loves me. So you will not have any more of those horrid letters to write. He isn't the sort of man who is above me. He is Frank Bewlett."

The actor?"

"Yes," answered Doris meekly.

"What will Charlie say?"

"I want you to write and tell him" answered Doris. "Promise me. You know, you got me into this trouble, Elizabeth, and you must get me out—you must!"

Elizabeth sat down that night with a heavy heart and wrote to Charlie. Doris was going home; she loved another; he must forget her and never write to her nor try to see her again. She did not sleep that night, and went to work with a heavy heart next day.

That evening Charlie called, and she was totally unprepared for it. He came in with a white face.

"I haven't been to see you since I met Doris," he said. "I can't forgive myself for neglecting an old friend in my happiness, as I supposed it to be. Do you know—know—?"

Elizabeth nodded. She could not manage to utter the trivial sympathy in her heart.

"Why did she do it?" he demanded. "We love each other. If you could have seen the letters she wrote me! They were not the letters of a foolish girl. There is something I can't understand in this. The man she thinks she loves now is—well, not the sort of man that girl would love."

He forgot himself in his despair. He paced the room. Suddenly he stopped before Elizabeth's desk. Elizabeth sprang up. He was looking at a half-finished letter she had been writing when he came in.

He turned and faced her. "What does this mean?" he asked, looking at the handwriting. "Doris has been here this evening. See, the ink is scarcely dry! She has been here, and she is here now."

"No, Charlie," said Elizabeth helplessly. "You don't understand. Our writing is very much alike."

"I have never seen her writing," he answered, with slow suspicion. "But I know that the writing of that letter is hers."

"It isn't, Charlie. I—"

"Then you wrote those letters at her dictation! She showed you my letters and dictated her answers to you. So they filtered through two persons—all those fine professions of love and eternal loyalty!" he said bitterly.

Elizabeth did not know what to say. And she solved her problem in a woman's privileged way by sinking down into her chair and bursting into bitter tears.

She looked up at him. "Go, now, please!" she sobbed. "Yes, think anything you please. I wrote them for Doris, if you like. What does it matter, now that your trust has been betrayed by a heartless girl?"

He stood irresolutely in the doorway; then he came forward to where she sat, her head bowed on her arms, striving to still the sobs that rent her as she thought of the bitterness that had overtaken their two lives.

"It means a good deal," he said. "Did you—did you help her to compose those letters? And were some of those thoughts yours? Believe me, I see her in her true light now, and it seems to me incredible that she could ever have written to me as she did. The woman who wrote those letters was a woman of a soul far above Doris'—"

"Hush! Do not think unkindly of her," said Elizabeth softly, raising her streaming face. "It is all over now. She would never have understood what love means."

"You inspired them," he persisted, doggedly.

"I wrote them all, Charlie," said Elizabeth, rising and facing him. "She was afraid you would look down on her. She loved you in her way—remember that. She is only a child. She asked me to help her keep your love, and I wrote them."

He held her hands. "I thank God," he answered gravely, "that at least I can keep my faith in women."

And he was gone. But Elizabeth Gray's heart was singing. For she knew that he would come back, and that her love for him would find its reward—some day.

We Are

If life is what we make it, some of us ought to be ashamed of our handiwork.—Boston Transcript.

Death in Woodland Seems Solemn Thing

I have lived by this ancient forest for nearly thirty years and only today have I found a dead bird. It lay in the lane without a fluttered feather. Its blood was unshed. It had flown away with the year. I am in wonder concerning birds that die. So rare must death be in the forest that it were a pleasing fancy to think these songsters immortal. It did not appear that a hawk had struck the little creature, nor that any animal had pounced upon it. It had dropped in flight. I found that the sun and a tree had conspired together to shadow the little couch of grass so that the flies had not found its hiding.

I could not help musing as I buried it in a coffin of leaves. So once, they say, Jesus mused, probably felt as I felt, thought as I thought, but dared to say what I cannot say. Does any god see such an end to such a little day? I seldom have seen death in the forest, but I know that it is here.—From "The Book Without a Name," Anonymous.

Worn-Out Umbrella Useful

The next time you have an umbrella that is beyond repair, put it aside for the spare parts it contains. A whole rib from it may be substituted easily for a broken rib in any similar umbrella.—Popular Science Monthly.

Where Birds Gather

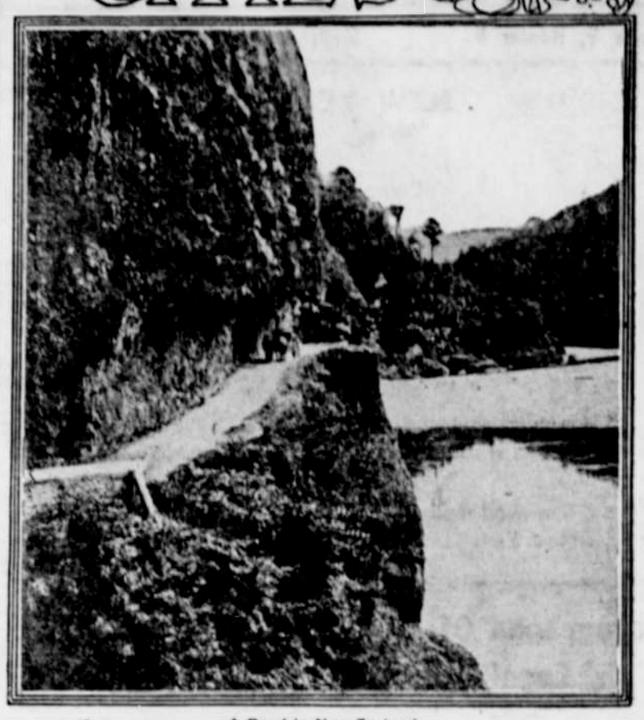
Bird lovers declare that there is no place in the United States where a close observer can see more varieties of birds in the course of a year than in and around Cape May on the Jersey coast.

Jud Tunkins

Jud Tunkins says a wise bird knows the value of silence. Only a foolish quail whistles to let the hunter know his whereabouts.—Washington Star.

Locks should be oiled frequently. Oil the key and turn it several times in the lock.

NEW ZEALAND CITIES



A Road in New Zealand.

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

NEW ZEALAND, more than 6,000 miles from America, comes spiritually closer as a result of a recent speech of its premier in London. He declared that to New Zealanders the American Revolution seems a beneficent thing from which New Zealand's present freedom flowed.

One needs but to see the two principal cities of the far-away island commonwealth to realize that America and New Zealand have very much in common.

"As hilly as San Francisco or Rio de Janeiro," "as land-locked as Seattle," "as windy as Chicago" are phrases used by travelers to describe Wellington. They will help Americans to construct a picture of the capital city of New Zealand.

Wellington has the best situation geographically of all New Zealand cities for its harbor opens on Cook strait, the natural water roadway that splits New Zealand's land roughly into two parts. Situated on the southern tip of North Island, the city is almost exactly at the geographical center of the dominion, and in a position from which steamers can reach the ports of both islands by the shortest voyages. Because of this strategic central situation Wellington took from Auckland in 1864 the capital of the dominion.

Although Wellington undoubtedly has the best location with regard to New Zealand, it has not yet overcome Auckland's advantageous position for the South sea trade and the fact that both the big New Zealand ports can be reached with about equal ease from Sydney. Wellington's population is short of 120,000, but it is growing with great rapidity and may yet overtake that of its larger sister city to the north.

As is the case with Sydney, Auckland, Hobart and Melbourne, Wellington owes much of its prosperity to its excellent harbor. Shipping enters through a relatively narrow bottle neck to find a great, broad lakelike body of water opening out beyond.

Spreading Over the Hills.

The city of Wellington lies on the southwestern side of the harbor. Only a narrow strip along the coast is level and a considerable part of this has been reclaimed by filling in a part of the harbor. On this level plot near the water is the business section of the city and the government buildings.

Wellington obviously has been cramped by its hills; but just as obviously it has struck out to conquer them. Few cities have had to go in so deeply for engineering enterprises in order to expand. The hills rise steeply to heights of 700 feet and more. For years the city builders of Wellington have been carving and terracing their slopes, filling in gullies, tearing away ridges and building innumerable retaining walls and bridges and the work still goes on. Streets outside the level plot wind snakily along slopes, working ever higher and higher. As in Rio de Janeiro one man's house looks down upon the roof of his neighbor's below, and in turn is looked down upon by his neighbor's above. On some of the hills houses have been built all the way to the crest, and each year sees on other hills a revision upward of the "high house mark." Special cable and electric tram lines run up several of the hills.

The status of Wellington as capital of New Zealand has brought a considerable group of public buildings to the city. At first these buildings were of wood due to an earthquake scare near the middle of the Nineteenth century. The old government building is one of the largest wooden structures ever built. In recent years brick, stone and concrete have been used to a greater extent in erecting large structures. The new buildings which house parliament and the town hall are monumental buildings of marble.

The city of Wellington is deeply in business for its citizens. It owns its water works, electric power and light plant, ice factory, street railway lines, cemeteries, public baths, slaughter houses, and has a municipal monopoly for the distribution of milk.

Auckland "Lonely" but Lively.

Auckland, which was called "Last, loneliest, loveliest," by Kipling, may still seem lonely to those who never visit it; but with its 160,000 inhabitants and all the trappings of a modern American or English city it has interests and activities of its own which make the average Aucklander give scant thought to his geographic isolation.

There are other factors that work to banish thoughts of loneliness from the minds of Aucklanders. The port has become the busy center of trade with the South sea islands; and the ships of some of the chief Pacific steamer lines from San Francisco and Vancouver put in at Auckland on their voyages to and from Sydney. As a result of this service Auckland theaters and concert halls are supplied with the theatrical talent and musical artists who are interesting the rest of the world.

Auckland gives another example of the lavish way in which nature has dealt out wonderful harbors to Australasia. The main Auckland harbor, opening to the east—Waitemata harbor—furnishes about six square miles of deep, land-locked water; and this opens upon Hauraki gulf with an area of hundreds of square miles. A ship must steam 30 or 40 miles north from Auckland before it meets the swell of the Pacific.

In addition Auckland has a back-door harbor in reserve. The city is built on a hilly isthmus only six miles wide, with its main harbor on the east, and an almost equally commodious protected body of water, Manukan harbor, on the west. The site of the city is the narrowest point of North island, one of the two large land masses of New Zealand; but to transfer ships from one harbor to the other—six miles apart—would necessitate a trip of more than 400 miles. At present Auckland's back-door harbor is used only for coasting steamers along the western side of the island.

Auckland's business section lies along the water front on the south side of the harbor, and along Queen street, whose well-paved, level surface hides a creek bed of early days. Substantial business blocks, some six and seven stories high, give the streets an aspect of an American city of a decade or so ago.

Old Volcanic Cones.

The residence sections of Auckland ramble up the slopes of hills that rise a short distance from the harbor. The entire isthmus is covered with old volcanic cones of various sizes, the highest, Mt. Eden, reaching an altitude of 640 feet. This eminence is a favorite objective for sightseers, dividing popularity with One Tree hill, which is included in a magnificent 300-acre park. From either height one gets a magnificent view of slopes covered with cottages and gardens, the business section, the busy water front, the great harbor dotted with forest-covered isles, and beyond the inner water gate to the Pacific. To the west one may see entirely across the island and make out the blue waters of the sea that stretches off to Australia.

Auckland is almost the exact antipodal point of Gibraltar, and has a climate not unlike that of Sunny Spain at its best. The temperature seldom rises higher than 82 degrees Fahrenheit in summer (December, January and February) or falls much below 40 degrees Fahrenheit in winter (June, July and August). The maximum temperature in Auckland in August is about 60 degrees. Palms grow in the parks beside the trees common to more northern climes. Grass remains green the year round, and Aucklanders carry on their outdoor life through winter and summer alike.

Curfew in Scotland

Curfew is still rung in the Lanarkshire village of Leadhills, perhaps the last place in Scotland where the "knell of parting day" is tolled. The great landowner at Leadhills is Lord Linlithgrow, who has some excellent grouse moors there, which give very heavy bags. Leadhills is also famous for another curiosity, a church and manse in one building, and the church is said to be the highest in Scotland. This structure, which serves a double purpose, was an ancient residence of the earls of Hopetoun, now marquesses of Linlithgow.

Parrot Causes Suit

"Jones is a rotter, Jones is a rotter, Jones is a—" was the cause of a libel suit brought between two neighbors in London recently. Neither neighbor spoke the words but Jones charged that Bennett, the owner of a parrot, had taught the bird to shout it to the world.