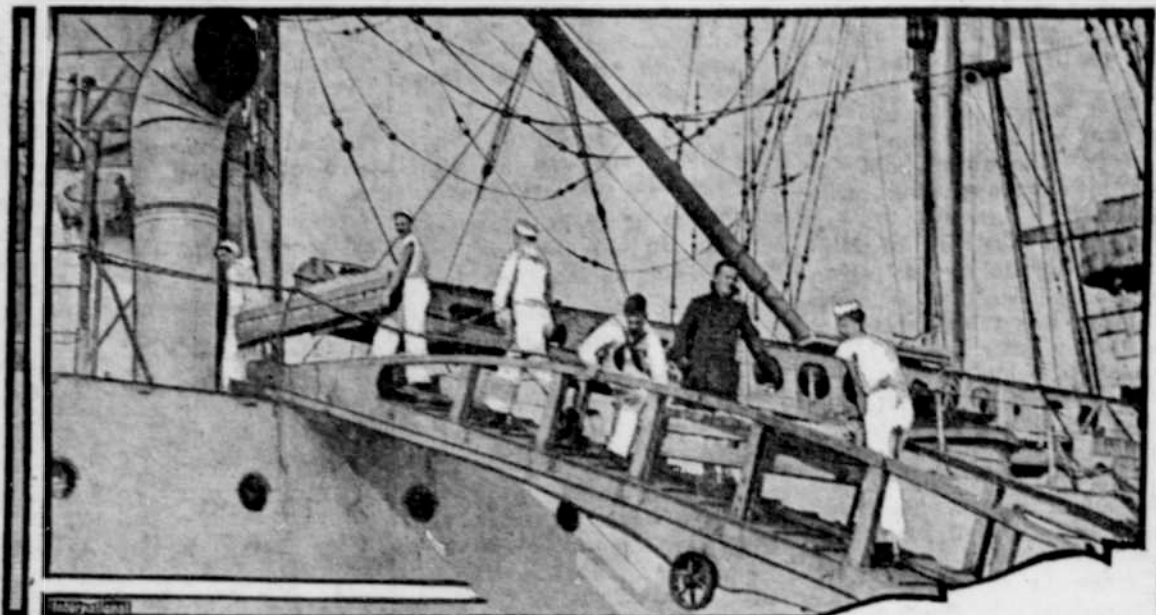


Native Sugar Mill in the Philippine Islands



Here is an interesting scene in the Philippines, which General Wood is having so much trouble governing. It is a native sugar mill in operation at Barrio Cabisuculan.

Fitting Out the Richmond for Nicaragua Trip



Members of the crew of the cruiser Richmond carrying supplies aboard the vessel when she was getting ready to sail hurriedly for Nicaraguan waters.

Clever Pony and His Young Trainer



One of the cleverest trick ponies in California is owned and trained by little Fred Foster of Los Angeles. The animal, which displays uncanny intelligence, is here seen imitating his young master.

Discussing Statue of LaFollette



The noted American sculptor, Jo Davidson (right) and Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., discussing the statue of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., being made in the Paris studio of Davidson, and which, when completed, will be placed in the Hall of Fame in the capitol at Washington.

SHORT ITEMS TO REMEMBER

Meat of fat cattle keeps better than meat from thin animals.
The bulldog was so named because of its skill at fighting bulls in the sport of bull baiting.
The growing craze for walnut furniture is slowly denuding England of its picturesque walnut trees.
Michigan has the greatest extent of water boundary line in proportion to its area of any state in the Union.

A newly patented vibrator's suit made of rubber will support two persons in water indefinitely.
An Ohio chemist finds that we eat only one-third as many foods high in vitamins as we ought at the average meal.
The average length of life of negroes in this country is forty-six years, while that of white people is fifty-four years.

FIRST BONUS LOAN



The first veteran to obtain a loan from the banks on his bonus certificate was Sgt. Edward E. Lockout of the United States marines, and an expert in the fingerprint division of the Naval department. Sergeant Lockout is the holder of bonus certificate A-1, the first one issued.

ARRESTED BISHOP



Bishop Pascual Diaz, secretary of the Mexican Catholic episcopate, who was arrested by government agents on charges of sedition and sent to Vera Cruz for deportation.

Europe's Wild Boars

Wild boars are distributed over Europe, chiefly in Spain, Austria, Russia and Germany, and in northern Africa and central and northern Asia. Although once prevalent in England, they are now extinct.

Not a Bad Idea

The latest thought in automobile traffic regulations is to have your complete record written on the license. Why not apply the same plan to marriage licenses?—Shoe & Leather Reporter.

Another Long-Felt Want

Some genius should invent a device which, when a person who is alone in the house gets into the bathtub, will automatically disconnect the telephone and doorbells.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

By BASIL T. ANDREWS

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"DO YOU believe in the unwritten law?" asked counsel of the juror.
The judge rapped his gavel upon his desk. "There is no unwritten law except the common law," he announced, "and the juror will take his law from the court, not from his conscience. The duty of the juror is to bring in a verdict upon the facts. If a man shoots another it is murder or manslaughter."

The counsel bowed, the juror sat down in the box, accepted. Only the prisoner eyed the judge and smiled cynically. Hardened as he was to his duty, the judge felt disconcerted by the prisoner's gaze.
The case was a simple one. The prisoner had shot the man who ran away with his wife. He was willing to take the woman back, and she had already created a scene in the court room. But the judge was a stickler for law, and everyone knew that, if he could help it, the universal sentiment in favor of the man should not permit the jury to bring in any lesser verdict than murder in the second degree.

The judge went home that night, to be greeted by his smiling wife and little girl. The judge's home life was exemplary. Nobody dreamed of the judge's past, least of all the woman who shared his home.
Until the age of twenty-five the judge's life had been anything but exemplary. He had run away from home, loafed and generally been "a good fellow." What a singular phrase! However, there had been good at the bottom, and at twenty-five somehow the judge changed. Perhaps the change had been working in him for years, subconsciously. At any rate, he threw off the old life, settled down, studied law, became a famous lawyer and was nominated to the bench amid universal approval.

It must be confessed that the judge was not greatly troubled about his past. He thought that it was the average past of a young man. He had never been in prison, he had never stolen. The thing that sometimes caused him bitter regret was an event which had happened when he was four and twenty—in fact, it had been the reaction from this which was the determining factor in his life.

He had wronged one of his boon companions. The man's wife, who had a poor reputation, had become infatuated with the young fellow, and they had gone away together. They separated a week later. She had spoken of a divorce and asked him to marry her, but somehow the judge found that he was of finer caliber than he had thought. They separated, and he never saw the woman or her husband again. Years later, however, he heard that she had died.

It troubled him, but after all a man must live down his past and not brood over it. The judge was an exemplary husband and father. His little daughter ran to kiss him; he folded his wife in his arms.
"What will they do with that poor fellow Symons?" asked his wife later that evening.

"If I had my way," answered the judge, "he would go to the electric chair. I don't think there is much chance of that, however. Second-degree murder, if I can swing it."
"The papers think he will be acquitted."

"That depends on whether the jury are honest men or sentimental fools."
"But, my dear, he shot the man who had run away with his wife. Surely that is not a crime that deserves severe punishment?"
"I do not think it does," answered the judge. "My function, however, is not to pass upon the abstract right or wrong of a case, but simply to administer the law. What that law may be, is laid down by the legislature. I aim to keep my court an honest one, and to fulfill the law scrupulously."

His wife said no more. She knew her husband's feelings in the matter, and, while not sympathizing, recognized his integrity.
On the next day there was another painful scene in court. The wife of the prisoner stood up at the back of the courtroom and interrupted counsel.

"I was guilty," she cried. "He did right. Let him go, Judge! Why can't you let him go?"
"Be silent, woman!" thundered the judge.

And he felt the indignity of a all. Nobody seemed to understand that he had placed his own sympathies aside. No one thought that he might feel for the prisoner. No one understood that his function was simply to carry out the law.

And all through that day and the next he felt the sympathies of the jury turn toward the prisoner, and he hardened his heart and resolved that their verdict should not be acquittal. All the while, too, he was conscious of the cynical look in the eyes of the prisoner.

The case ended at last, as even the greatest of cases must come to an end. Counsel for both sides had delivered their speeches. It was now his turn to speak. He was summing up. And he proceeded with grave deliberation. He expounded the circumstances of the crime. Nobody had made the suggestion that the man might not be guilty. The facts were proved. He hammered that in. He told the jury that they must find a verdict according to the facts—which were proven.

"Have a little pity!" cried the prisoner's wife, leaping to her feet with a dramatic gesture. "Are you a man? Is your heart carved out of flint?"
"Be silent!" roared the judge. "Remove that woman from the courtroom."

She struggled and shrieked all the while, and the courtroom was in an uproar. Every face that met the judge's was hard and condemning. He noticed that for an instant there flashed through his mind the memory of his wife and little girl. How happy he was at home! Why couldn't they understand that it was just to protect such homes that law was made?

But what was he thinking? It was in such defense that the prisoner had committed his action. The judge became confused. He stammered a little when the court being cleared of the disturbance, he took up his charge again.

"The facts are proved," he went on. "The law wisely and rightly demands a life for a life. Only in extenuating circumstances does it permit you to bring in a lesser verdict than that of murder in the first degree. If you find that these extenuating circumstances were of the nature of ignorance of the nature of the crime, or of lack of intent to kill, you may bring in a verdict of manslaughter. If you find that there was no premeditation you may bring in one of murder in the second degree. But these circumstances do not exist. The crime, the motive are clear."

It was odd how that shrewd, cynical gaze of the prisoner disturbed him. He broke off in confusion. And suddenly he seemed to sway in his seat. He remained with mouth open, and his face was ashen pale.

Two minutes must have elapsed before he spoke again, and in the meantime a deepening sense of uneasiness had settled about the court. The jury, who had already decided upon a verdict of manslaughter, waited in polite impatience. Some thought the judge was ill.
"The law," he went on, "is quite clear. Some say that there are deeper moral laws than human ones, which we ought to obey. Some claim that the voice of conscience is stronger than the enactments of the legislature. These are conflicting. It is not for me to pass upon these statements. We are all human and fallible, gentlemen. The prisoner was gravely wronged; he took the same course of action that many men would have taken. I commit the case to your care, gentlemen, with the assurance that you will judge wisely and rightly."

The newspaper men in the courtroom stared at one another and wrote as fast as their pens would fly. The judge's speech was the sensation of the trial. An account of it appeared a few minutes after the verdict, in every paper, under some heading implying that the judge had at last abandoned his inflexible determination. "Judge Parkins Approves Unwritten Law," one heading ran.
His charge had been practically an instruction to the jury to acquit. It was easy enough to read between the lines of the half-hearted message. But apart from the words there was something in the judge's manner, the tone the gesture that wrought upon all hearts.

The verdict, "Not Guilty," was returned within ten minutes after the judge's charge was finished. The prisoner left the court a free man, his wife with him, sobbing, surrounded by the eager jury, whom she was trying to thank. The judge slipped out by his private door and made his way homeward.

The decision of his legal life was broken. He had come to recognize a higher law than that upon the statute book. For he had recognized in the prisoner the man whom he had wronged so many years before.

And Keep Mum

Some men are brilliant talkers in public and others go out with their wives.—Boston Transcript.

Fishes Keep Vitality Years Without Water

One of the most mysterious powers that close observation has revealed is the capacity of certain fishes and water animals to live out of water. Some small crustaceans have been known to lie for forty years in dried mud without losing the power of actively living when the mud was moistened again. In "The Haunts of Life," Prof. J. Arthur Thomson tells us that a naturalist visiting Jerusalem took a little mud from the pool of Gihon, at the Jaffa gate, and put it in a pill-box. It lay dry for forty years but when some of the dry dust was put into a saucer full of water "it gave rise after a short time to some lively water-bees." The sea, as is well known, can travel through damp grass. There is a tropical fish, known as the climbing perch, which has the very curious habit of scrambling, by means of its pectoral fins, up stones, roots, and even the trunks of trees, in search of the insects on which it feeds. Still more surprising is the habit of a South African fish, called

Clarias, which is said to make nocturnal raids on the fields in order to eat the grains of millet.

Health and Business

Ill health is the real cause of business depression, declares Doctor Huntington of Yale. There comes a spell of general ill-health, followed by more numerous deaths, and this so depresses the population and creates such a feeling of panic that one of its results is a financial crisis, which is then in reality due to the weakening effects of ill-health.

Era of Expletives

Everybody seems excited these days; people write letters in italics; voices sweet and low have become obsolete; nothing any longer is either good or bad, everything is damn good or damn bad. And the less vocabulary people have to use, the more they use it.—William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine.

North Carolina



Wild Ponies of the Banks.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)
While many Southern states are feeling the burden of a huge cotton crop at low prices, North Carolina, which not only raises cotton but has also come to manufacture cotton goods on a large scale, can see the other side of the picture.

North Carolina is passing through a renaissance. Due to her steadily intensifying shift from cotton fields to mill centers and from once-idle streams to throbbing dynamos, she has suddenly rediscovered herself on the threshold of industrial power.

The legendary North Carolinian who in the '30s called his three daughters Robin, Tar and Turpentine, would today be naming them after cigarette brands, furniture trademarks and cotton-goods patterns.
Charlotte situation between the big hydroelectric developments along the Catawba and Yadkin rivers, is a plexus of this new industrialism. In the last 25 years the number of textile mills operating within a 100-mile radius of that city has been increased fivefold, with a present spindleage of 10,000,000.

An hour's ride beyond Charlotte is Gastonia, one of the largest textile centers in the United States. Of its 20,000 people, about three-fourths are workers in the 42 mills whose tall stacks cut the sky. Yet, in the town's broad, tree-shaded streets, lined with cottages on well-kept, flower-fringed plots, one feels no oppressive sense of concentrated industry, but rather the restfulness of some model suburb, widespread to sun, air and surrounding countryside.

With mill workers' cottages rentable at \$3 a month, with water and electric light free, and a mild climate, necessitating little fuel, which is obtainable at cost, it is not uncommon for mountain families to work at Gastonia long enough to pay off their farm mortgage and then return to the Blue Ridge. Gaston county contains 18 textile mills, which represent one-sixth of the state's total spindleage and consume almost one-third of her cotton crop.

Winston-Salem's Factories.
Another center of importance in North Carolina's new industrialism is Winston-Salem. It has been designated "the twin city" since its component towns were merged in 1913, but no twins ever showed greater dissimilarity than old Salem and youthful Winston. Here one has the stately Eighteenth century side by side, the Twentieth century side by side, the more street or so acting as the hyphen.

Salem signifies that "peace" which was sought by the persecuted Moravians who founded it in 1753. And that "peace" has never forsaken old Salem. Cross a few streets and one is amid Winston's humming beehives of industrialism, where 15,000 wage-earners are turning out their daily trainloads of manufactured tobacco, furniture and textiles on a scale that leads Uncle Sam to rate Winston-Salem as the South's second industrial city.

A circle enclosing Winston-Salem with the denim center of Greensboro and the furniture center of High Point delimits an industrial patch 30 miles across, representing an annual products value of more than \$300,000,000. Winston-Salem's stamp-sticking machines consume annually the most expensive meal in the world—a matter of \$100,000,000 worth of Uncle Sam's familiar blue imprints. That is the sum of her federal tobacco taxes, which represent one-half of those paid by North Carolina.

From the tobacco standpoint, North Carolina's civic twins are really Winston and Durham. At Durham the first perfected cigarette-rolling machine was used, and her fame for the "makings" dates back to the Civil war.

Durham finely symbolizes education springing out of industrialism, for it is the seat of Duke university, which is destined by recent bequests to become one of the country's greatest centers of learning. Social welfare springing out of education is as finely symbolized by the nearby state university at Chapel Hill.

Land of the Sky.
But all is not industrialism in North Carolina. In the west is Asheville,

the gateway to what North Carolinians have well named the Land of the Sky. Never was an altitude of a half mile above sea level so unobtrusive, in all but the tonic atmosphere. Set in a vast bowl, Asheville is encircled by mountains whose 20 highest peaks top all altitudes in the Eastern states.

It was on the Biltmore estate, near Asheville, that, with the founding of a forestry school, the first steps in American forest conservation were taken. Today there are established in this region, for the protection of watersheds and hardwood reserves, the Cherokee, Nantahala, Unaka and Pisgah national forests. With a boundary which encloses more than 1,700,000 acres, the government had acquired, up to July, 1925, somewhat less than a fourth of this area. In the Pisgah, established in 1916 as a game preserve, native bear and deer roam, trout streams are stocked, and herds of bison and elk have been replanted.

Surrounded by the modestness of Asheville, one scarcely realizes that only 50 miles away mountaineers are living a ruggedly simple existence behind hand-hewn timbers and on small "switchback" farms, with revolutionary looms and spinning-wheels alongside their chimney pieces of native rock.

It was a far-seeing woman from among the "boiled-shirt" life of Asheville who persuaded these remote, almost forgotten, mountain folk to set their long-lost looms going again. Today there are half a dozen handicraft centers scattered through western North Carolina. Mountain illiteracy in North Carolina is passing rapidly. In the last 15 years the state-wide ratio has dropped from 185 to 135 illiterates in every 1,000. Of late years about 4,000 one-teacher schools have been scrapped for modern-type buildings, and North Carolina's educational budget has risen to \$11 per capita, or exactly midway between the per capita cost of \$8, as averaged throughout the Southern states, and \$14 throughout the nation.

The Coastal Region.

A totally different part of the state is the coastal region with its low lands, its numerous sounds and channels and its off-shore islands of sand—"the Banks." For centuries wild horses have been roaming the Banks, and current tradition has it that they are descended from Barbary ponies which were brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. From time to time these "banker ponies" are rounded up and driven into corrals made of lumber from old wrecks. It is a scene with a far Western tang, flying hoofs, swinging lariats, and the flash of branding irons. After they are branded and calling out the likeliest animals are auctioned off. They bring now only \$5 a head. A few years ago these putative descendants of Raleigh's "little Barbary ponies" were bringing from \$50 to \$125 apiece. The auctioneer in explanation, complains: "Tew much gasoline about nowadays!"

On the ocean side of the Hatteras banks one finds the greatest wreck area on the Atlantic coast. Along the beach are the skeletons of what were once ships, now blanched victims of the sea and sand, their upstanding ribs resembling files of gravestones, their forests of protruding spikes being the grisly grass of the desert-like expanse. At one point there are 14 wrecks within 100 yards.

Off the great apex of the Banks are those dreaded quicksands, the Diamond shoal. They are the more to be dreaded because off Hatteras, due to the enormous tonnage of steel hulls embedded in the Diamond, there is a magnetic deviation sometimes amounting to eight degrees.

The farther northward one follows the Banks, the more remote and resourceless seems the life of the people. Often it appears to be mere existence, as of castaways who have taken root on this two-mile width of sand bar, 40 miles off shore.

Feline Amenities

First Lady—You'll have to use more powder, my dear; you're getting quite burnt. Doesn't suit you.

Second Ditty—How cruel you are, darling, and I was just thinking how sweet you looked with those freckly spots.—London Opinion.

Interesting New Orleans

Names of New Orleans streets present a mixture of French, Spanish and American influences of other days and impress strangers instantly as one of the oddest of the interesting features of the old city.

The city itself was not named as many think for the French city of Orleans, but for the duke of Orleans. Chartres street bears the name of his son, the Duc de Chartres. Royal

street is said to have been named for Madame Royale, eldest sister of the king.

Small Loss

A respected citizen of Kennebunk, Maine, has suffered of late from a slipping of the intellect which has caused much concern among his family and friends. One of the latter, meeting the afflicted man on the street, asked after his health. "You know," he replied, "I've lost my mind. But I don't miss it."—The Outlook.