

A Few Little Smiles

ABBREVIATED
 "Aunt Dinah, what are the names of your twin children?" asked a caller. Aunt Dinah swelled with pride. "Da boys' name am Alphabet, an' de girls' name am Alphabetta," she said.
 "Could I see them?"
 "Yas'm, I'll call 'em," said Dinah. And shuffling to the door she cupped her hands and called, "Alfalfa! Alfalfa!"

WOULD REGRET IT



"If a man steals, he'll live to regret it."
 "Jack stole a kiss from me last night."
 "Well, what I said, goes."

Muzzle Her

A dame we would like
 To get out of his,
 Is the one who phrases:
 "Guess who this is!"

Brothers

David Garrick, the actor, was once stopped in a London street by a man in very ragged clothes. "Hallo, Garrick, don't you know me?" said the man. "I am afraid I do not," replied Garrick.
 "But we used to act together at Drury Lane," replied the tattered one. "Is that so?" exclaimed Garrick. "In what play?" "In 'Hamlet.' I took the part of the cock and crowed behind the curtain."

Trying to Please Him

"Ah, monsieur! I call to see Mr. Smith," said the foreign visitor.
 "You can't, he's not down," replied the valet.
 "But you tell?" said the visitor. "I come yesterday and you say I cannot see because he is not up. Now you say I cannot see because he is not down. What you mean? You will be in ze middle?"

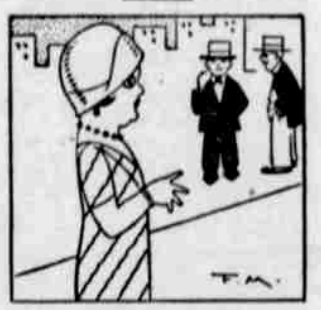
Ignorance

The Master—What is ignorance?
 His Pupil—Ignorance is when you don't know something and somebody finds it out.

Willing Worker

"My appeal is to the plain people."
 "Go any there. Don't you want us to get out the good-looking vote?"

DRESSES SWELL



"Did you say she dresses well?"
 "No, dresses swell—she's fat."

Humble Pyrotechnics

The firefly brings a gentle glow.
 He makes no glorious din.
 He sees his duty here below,
 And tocs the best he kin.

Exigencies of Art

"It seems to me," said the man who had returned after a long absence, "that Crispin Gulch is clinging to the old lawless traditions to a remarkable extent."
 "Yes," answered Cactus Joe, "and it's gettin' terrible tiresome. But we've got our business interests to protect. When we ought to be livin' luxurious we have to keep up appearances necessary to prestige as location for pleasure dramas of the untrammeled West."—Washington Star.

Intermediate

Farmer (to friend)—I hear, Bert, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?
 Bert—Well, it ain't bad. It's a bit harder than hoein' turnips an' a bit easier than diggin' potatoes.

That's the One

Johnson—I hear Smith is looking for a cashier. Is it true? He engaged a new one only a month ago.
 Jackson—That's the one he is looking for.

:: On Trail of Ghosts ::

Shanghai.—Three Shanghai men who don't believe in ghosts have left the city for Hongkong, where they plan to investigate the alleged ghosts of Sung Huang hill, in Kowloon, the place where the last emperor of the Sung dynasty is said to have hidden himself from his pursuing enemies.

The three nonbelievers are H. Richmond Curley, J. B. Borman, and Alexander V. McDonough. They claim that their curiosity has been aroused by the persistent reports from Hongkong of the strange carryings-on of the "ghosts of Sung Huang hill."
 "Ghosts don't exist and we propose to prove it to the satisfaction of all persons in Hongkong and Kowloon who think otherwise," Curley, spokesman for the trio, declared.

Stories Accepted.

Chinese residents of Shanghai who formerly lived in Kowloon take much stock in the ghost stories of Sung Huang hill. In all seriousness they will tell of strange noises and groans in the dead of night; of wild cries of tortured men and women, and of white robed forms flitting mysteriously about the place.

Lee Chal-ling, an intelligent, educated Chinese of the international set-

tlement, formerly a tea merchant in Kowloon, swears to the truth of the following story of the haunted hill, which, he says, he personally witnessed:

In 1924 three children disappeared while playing in the vicinity of the place. A group of Chinese determined to investigate. Their leader was a powerfully built, fearless Cantonese named Lo Hal-ching.

Lo Disappeared.

Lo led the party to within 35 feet of the place. He was about 10 feet in advance of the others when there came a piercing scream from the rear. All heads turned. They could see no one. Turning back, to their consternation they could find no trace of Lo. He had disappeared completely. The party fled in all directions.

Two days later Lo's headless body was found in the bay. The mystery never has been solved.

The latest story from the haunted hill has it that a prominent Chinese woman was lured to the hill by a young man and an old man. A charm seemed to have enveloped her and she followed them blindly. A bewildered servant was with her. The servant relates that his mistress followed the

two men to the edge of the precipice, where the men disappeared.

The woman then exclaimed to her servant that there was something strange behind them. The servant looked. There was nothing. He turned back and his mistress was gone. Her body was found in the water.

BIRTHDAYS

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
 Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

"HOW old is Mrs. Brown?" someone asked me a short time ago. We have known the Browns a long time—40 years or more—and Mrs. Brown was middle-aged then. I had to answer that I didn't know. Age and birthdays are subjects which Mrs. Brown does not refer to. Even her children are uncertain as to just when she was born. She is eighty-five if she is a day. She is ninety very likely, but she doesn't look it and she is giving nothing away. She quit having birthdays forty or fifty years ago. There are no milestones of progress in her journey of life. She goes right along without regard to time or distance. If anyone should be rude enough to ask her how old she is, I am sure she would evade the question or ignore it. It is her own business and she doesn't care to have people know about it.
 Now Mrs. Groves takes quite an-

Dad Claims Boy, 5, Is Youngest Auto Driver

Columbus, Ind.—Donald Ford, five, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ford, is one of the youngest auto drivers in Indiana, his father claims. Before he reached his fifth birthday last February the boy was able to start the engine of his father's car, but lacked length to manipulate the clutch and brake pedals.

The father has rebuilt an old car in such a manner that it will fit the tiny driver, and now hardly a day passes without Donald taking a spin. And he knows his stop-and-go signs, his father says.

other view of the question. She is proud of her age, she takes every occasion to flaunt it in one's face. She is constantly reminiscent giving with exactness always the time and place and date.

"That was in 1849," she will announce when relating some tale of early life in the Middle West, or referring to some occurrence of her childhood. "I must have been five or six years old then—five I guess it was." Then she goes on with her story leaving one to make the easy mathematical calculation which determines her present age.

She dotes upon birthdays and never lets her friends forget when hers is approaching so that there may be cakes and candles and remembrances of various sorts. She invites in her friends and sits in state while receiving congratulations on her health and her youthful appearance and the fact that she does not look anything near her age. She recounts all that has happened to her during the past year. A birthday to her means progress—progress in making friends, in experience, in mental development. It brings her nearer to the end of life which to her is an adventure full of interest and possibilities.

Little Jean is to have a birthday soon, she was telling me today.

"Do you know how old I'll be?" she asked.

"Four," I ventured.

"Five," she corrected me proudly.

"Do you know how many days it is still?" she inquired eagerly. I could only guess.

"Do you know what day of the week it is?" she went on. I ventured to suggest Friday and luckily was correct.

She was eager for the time to come when she could announce that she was a year older than she had ever been before. She was going to school the next year. Birthdays for little Jean meant new experiences, new friends, new adventures. There was the mystery of gifts which she was sure she would receive. There was the eagerness for independence, for greater freedom, for growth, for added responsibility. It was a great thing to have a birthday. Hope and ambition welled in her little heart.

Would that each birthday brought to each of us the same enthusiasm the same ambition!
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Father Sage Says:

Happiness may resemble either a mountain or a mole-hill. It depends on the distance you are from it.

Giant Letter Sent by Air Mail



The largest letter ever sent by air mail was received by Postmaster General Harry S. New in Washington from the chamber of commerce of Muskegon, Mich. The letter contained a vote of thanks from the business men of Muskegon to the Post Office department for establishing an air mail route from Chicago to Muskegon. The letter measured 8 1/2 by 6 feet and required \$11.50 postage. Mr. New is standing beside it.

Murder in City of New York "Unusual"

Albany.—Murder in New York state, in the view of Senator John Knight, chairman of the subcommittee on statistics of the Baumes crime commission, "is a relatively unusual crime."
 This view, expressed by Knight in a report of his commission, was taken after two years of investigating by

the body into the crime situation in the state.

"To be exact," said the report, "murder constitutes about one-half of 1 per cent of the felonies prosecuted in New York state. The great gist of crimes that constitute 99 per cent of the work of the criminal courts pass almost without notice, a few sensational cases capture interest and to a great degree determine the popular conception of justice."

"The general problem of making the United States less lawless," was seen as "bound up in what is done in these prosaic prosecutions, rather than in the Leopold-Loeb, Hall-Mills and Snyder-Gray cases in the generation," the report said.

Figures covering the crime record in New York city include 308 cases of murder and manslaughter in 1925; 259 in 1926 and 278 in 1927.

The assault and robbery cases reported were 1,063 for 1925; 1,173 for 1926 and 1,541 for 1927. Relative to burglary cases, the subcommittee's figures show that while there were 4,913 in 1925, the number diminished in 1926 to 3,774 and climbed again to 3,880 in 1927.

The Baumes laws provide life sentences for those convicted of four felonies.

Takes Out Squeez'

New York.—There's such a thing as being altogether too sure about unsatisfactory new shoes. A furniture merchant put his in his show window with placards telling what he thought about them. The shoe dealer obtained an injunction.

French Noble Honored

New Orleans, La.—Wherever cotton is traded the world over business men are alert to daily development in a New Orleans street which bears the name of a French nobleman famous as a public benefactor.

Carondelet street, where the New Orleans Cotton exchange is located, extends fifty-one squares from Canal street to Robert, west end. The first six blocks from Canal to Poydras street encompass the city's financial district, where the daily turnover runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Midway in these six blocks is the cotton exchange, at Carondelet and Gravier streets. From this building Secretary Henry G. Hester sends out his reports which affect the market wherever the staple is known.

The French nobleman for whom the street is named was christened Francisco Luiz Hestor de Carondelet, Seigneur d'Haize St. Pierre de Nostles. Born in Flanders in 1747, he came to Louisiana in 1791 for a six-year stay. During this time he served as governor. Then he went to Peru

from Louisiana to serve as viceroy.

Baron Carondelet recognized the advantages that would accrue to New Orleans from construction of a canal linking the Mississippi river with Lake Pontchartrain. Giving much of his personal fortune and lending his slaves for the work, Baron Carondelet was the dynamic force behind the movement for the canal, although a yellow fever scourge prevented the consummation of his plan. Canal street, now ranked as one of the famous thoroughfares of the world, marks the site of the nobleman's undertaking.

For his many benefactions Louisiana welcomed him as governor. New Orleans paid him tribute with Carondelet street, Baroness Carondelet street, now Baronne street, and Canal street, named for his work.

Budding "Lindy" Seeks Fame



SPOILS OF VICTORY



Lloyd Hahn, American premier after as he appeared at his home, Falls City, near Omaha, before his departure for the Olympic games at Amsterdam. Hahn is shown with some of the trophies he has collected as his victory emblems in the past few years.