

Found Wonder City

San Francisco.—Three prospectors slipped in off the desert in a battered old auto recently with a story that begins where Jules Verne and Rider Haggard stopped. It had to do with a buried city laden with millions of dollars' worth of gold and highly preserved bodies of no less than 700 men and women who grew to a height of six feet six inches and upward.

This Golconda of modern times remains somewhat of a secret as far as definite location is concerned, but it is partly under the Colorado river at a point along the California-Arizona line, according to the sponsors of its existence. It is reached by a shaft about 28 miles in length, paved with blocks held together by red cement, and lies three miles under the surface—according to the prospectors.

They are C. J. Howard of Houston, Texas; his wife, and Reuben King of Denver and San Antonio.

Howard, acting as spokesman, attempted to persuade Prof. A. L. Kroeber, head of the anthropology department of the University of California, that the university should finance an expedition to unearth all this vast wealth. The scientist informed Howard that the university has no funds for such a purpose. Professor Kroeber, as a matter of fact, was inclined to discount the veracity of the stragglers he heard about the underground city of Babylonian elegance, but hastened to add that "nothing is impossible."

"We are only desert rats," explained Howard, "but we know we have located more buried treasure than has ever been uncovered in this country. There will be a lot of soreheads when we find the help we need and prove we have the goods."

"We know we are telling a story hard to believe, but are willing to take anyone with money to the buried

COAST COACH



Al Sharpe, former coach of Yale and Cornell football teams, who has assumed charge of the Washington university football team which is shaping up well.

city and let him see the treasure with his own eyes.

"About three years and eight months ago we were prospecting for gold along the California-Arizona desert country. One day I was working in a 20-foot shaft when my pick broke through to an abandoned mining shaft. It was paved with square beveled stones fastened with red cement. They looked very old. I followed the shaft for 28 miles and came to the buried city."

Howard described in detail how he entered a great circular chamber with a table extending almost entirely across its diameter, at which were seated "the almost nude bodies of 72 persons," six feet six inches or taller, with "blue eyes," which were open, and with "flesh white and firm, having been preserved in an extraordinary manner."

In another room, which Howard opined might have been the bazaar, were the bodies of 200 women.

The city had trapdoors and all kinds of plain and fancy levers and mechanism, Howard declared.

He said they cached \$18,000 in gold dust which they retrieved, and King went to Cheyenne to try to finance the expedition. By the time the trio went back to the cache the cabin in which it had been secreted had been washed away by the flood of a freshet, he said, thus delaying them in getting their story to the world from which they hope to obtain finances.

Nothing Going to Hurt This Baby Orang



A picture of maternal protection and solicitude is shown above in the pose of "Maggie," the huge orangutan, and her baby born recently at the Philadelphia zoo, the first to be born in America. At no time is the tiny infant away from her mother's protective arms.

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



AN APT PUPIL

After a particularly frightful shot, his partner turned to him and inquired:

"How long, may I ask, have you been playing golf?"

"Oh, about five years," was the reply.

"Really," said the first acerbically, "I had no idea it was possible to acquire such appalling ignorance of the game in so short a time."

AGAINST THEIR POLICY



Insurance Agent—Madam, is your son engaged in a hazardous occupation?

Lady—Why no indeed, he's a college student.

I. A.—Well, you know this company doesn't pay anything on suicides.

Wrong End

"I'll get a shingle," I heard Rapper Mary boast; but course I knew 'twouldn't be where she did need it most.

Must Fall to Rise

"Daddy," said his little daughter as they watched an airplane, "do you think they will ever get to heaven flying away up like that?"

"Not by going away up, my dear," was the reply; "they are more likely to do it by coming down."—Vancouver Province.

A Mighty Seat

Two young boys were telling about great deeds, when one who was a professor's son spoke up and said his father occupied the chair of applied physics at Cambridge.

"Dat's nutting," replied the other, "mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing."

Making It Up

Customer (to watchmaker)—I told you that my watch lost half an hour every day, and now that you have repaired it, it gains half an hour every day.

Watchmaker—Well, don't complain. It's only working to catch up lost time.

COMFORT NO OBJECT



"This shop fits you perfectly, madam. You'll find it very comfortable." "Then give me a size smaller, please."

Correct!

There are meters of voice and meters of tone. But the best of all meters is meet 'er alone!

Going and Coming

The Booking Agent—Did your "Uncle Tom's" tent show have a long run on the road?

The Tent—Not a very long run. But we had a nice little hike getting back.

When the Sap Flows

Marks—There are summer, winter and autumn resorts, but never any for spring.

Parks—That's because spring is good enough for anyone anywhere.

The Beginner

Club Pro.—Have you played much golf?

Novice—Well, a fairish bit, of course.

Club Pro.—H'm let's see how you shape up. Take your stance.

Novice—Which club is that?

Subtle Suggestion

Wife—Will you help me with the dishes tonight, John?

John—Yes, but why not tell me you need a new set and be done with it?

SUCH IS LIFE —Showing Pop Up—By Charles Sughroe



SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

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

They are slipping the hospital gown upon the patient just previous to rolling him up to the operating room to be an anesthetized. There is a look of concern on his face as he is presented by the cartoonist. He is worried, not about the operation, but about the seriousness of it.

"Listen, Doc," he says to the surgeon standing over him, "is this operation going to be something worth while to talk about?"

It is a matter of grave concern, this operation business. Surgical operations have grown so common and so simple that there is often little opportunity offered for lurid description and thrilling conversation. Half the pleasure of the experience is taken away when it furnishes nothing worth while to talk about. There was a time when having one's tonsils out was enough to stir the neighborhood to its emotional and conversational depths and when the removal of an appendix was as stimulative of talk as the events connected with a cyclone. Not so in these days. It takes almost complete deletion of one's viscera today to arouse any excited talk. A friend of mine last year lost his appendix, had his stomach patched and

a few minor repairs made in his pancreas all at one sitting, and it didn't cause a ripple in the community.

We are not satisfied these days to talk about the ordinary or the commonplace, we demand the unusual and the sensational. An ordinary operation or event or crime does not stimulate thought or interest any more. We insist upon the glaring headlines. Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Simpson were conversing in low tones behind their hands with their eyes turned furtively toward their neighbors. They had something very interesting, very risqué, no doubt, to talk about. There was a scandal in the neighborhood—something unusual had happened, somebody had gone wrong, the irregularity for which they had been looking, or hoping almost, perhaps, had been discovered, and they had something worth while to talk about.

It is a curious characteristic of human beings that we more often than otherwise find pleasure in talking about the abnormal, the disagreeable, the event discreditably to the person concerned.

In one of the high schools of the state, I saw it mentioned lately they are giving to the young women (who need it less than men, I believe) a course in conversation. The young people are taught to find in the commonplace affairs of everyday life matters which lead themselves to being talked about, and they are shown how to work these topics up sufficiently to make them interesting. It is a good idea. We teach young people almost everything these days. Why not give them a little idea of conversation so that it will not be necessary to have an earthquake or a cyclone or an operation for gall stones in the community before they will be able to think up something worth while talking about.

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To Follow Old Trail

Kansas City, Mo.—Widespread interest in the covered wagon train which will set out from here next spring for Sacramento, Calif., is being indicated by letters received by the

Chamber of Commerce and Capt. Charles E. Davis, sponsor of the train from many parts of the country.

The letters, which contain information relative to covered wagons, ox teams and old trails, come from old "bull whackers" (ox team drivers), historical societies and persons interested in the reproduction of the life of 1840.

The covered wagon caravan is expected to start from the old Westport Landing and travel to Sacramento to take part in the eightieth annual celebration of the gold rush of '49.

Captain Davis' contention that many historical societies do not have sufficient information about the covered wagon days has been proved in part by discovery that the Kansas State Historical society has been unable to assist in giving information about the covered wagon caravans.

One of the letters received was from J. E. Long, sixty-five years old, Claremore, Okla., who said he had not handled a team of oxen for several years, but believes he can hit a dy with a nine-foot whip, such as used by "bull whackers."

Long said plenty of oxen teams could be obtained in southern lumber camps.

Another bit of information received in the letters is that some of the covered wagons were equipped with speedometers.

Some of the wagon wheels, the informant wrote, were as much as eight feet in diameter. The speedometers on the wagon consisted of a stick fastened on a spoke so it would strike a part of the wagon. A member of the party would keep record of the number of times the stick struck the wagon.

At the end of the day's journey, the number of miles covered would be computed from the number of revolutions the wagon wheel had made.

Thus the number of miles from one

place to another was learned and maps were made showing the distances between landmarks, trading posts, water holes, rivers and other important places along the trails.

LUCKY SHOP GIRL



Cecil Sainsbury, twenty-one-year-old grandson of the millionaire founder of the great English provision firm of that name, recently married Hilda Plunridge, a shop girl of New Malden, Surrey. They are shown above on their honeymoon at Lake Windermere.

Unusual Library

Boston.—What is authoritatively said to be the world's largest collection of unusual little books does not lie under dust-protecting glass, within the depths of some great museum or library. It is gathered in a little house in Brookline.

The collection is the property of James D. Henderson, a Boston real estate dealer, and consists of approximately 700 "volumes," few of which are more than three inches high. Many are small enough to rest comfortably on a two-cent postage stamp.

In fact, a dozen among the collection may lay valid claim to ranking among the world's smallest books. Mr.

Henderson demonstrates that 12 volumes may be supported at once in a single tablespoon.

The books used for this literary feat are a Koran; an English dictionary of 12,000 words; a Galileo book, said to be the smallest in the world with a movable type; a Testament; the Mite, which up to 1896 was rated the world's smallest book; a Robert Burns; a Petit Poucet; the French constitution, in a gold-stamped leather binding; a Gita, written in Sanskrit; a Tasche Kalender; a Toras Mosche, judged the smallest of Jewish books; and a book of Scottish Irish songs, with the music included.

FOR FALL DAYS



Velvets, broadcloths and woolen mixtures are the favored fabrics for fall coats.

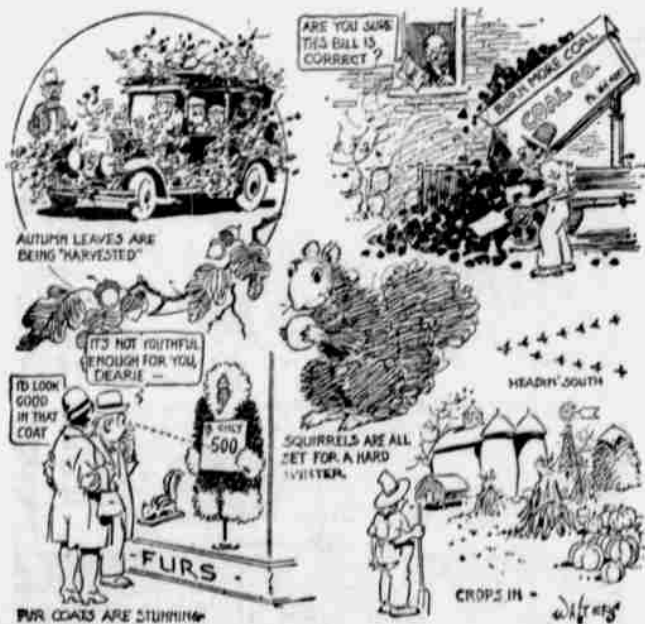
Colors are an extremely important item in chic. Light and dark shades of blue and dark browns, beige and black being the most popular at the beginning of the season.

Toris Dawson appears in a very new and charming version of the fall mode in the film, "Heart Trouble." It is of gray broadcloth smartly cut and trimmed with platinum gray fox. A wide suede belt of gray lends an air of youth and dash that is most pleasing.

Father Sage Says:

A girl never tries to extinguish the spark as long as a man has money to burn.

"Old Man Winter" in the Offing



AUTUMN LEAVES ARE BEING "HARVESTED"

IT'S NOT YOUTHFUL (EXCEPT FOR YOU, CLEARLY)

TO LOOK GOOD IN THAT COAT

FURS

ARE YOU SURE THIS SUIT IS CORRECT?

SCORPIONS ARE ALL SET FOR A HARD WINTER.

CROPS IN