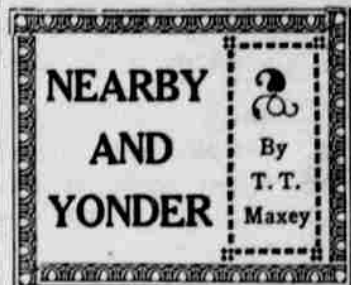


SUCH IS LIFE—In the Sweet Bye'n Bye—By Charles Sughroe



Pipe Lines

BACK in 1865, in Pennsylvania, an underground transportation system was born. Strange as it may seem, it has continued to grow until today it has about 90,000 miles of line, mainly between the Rocky mountains and the Atlantic ocean, does an unbelievably large and slippery business, operates almost automatically and continuously and yet so quietly that relatively few persons know much about it.

Curiously enough, the petroleum pipe-line system of America, like a railroad, has its main and branch lines, terminals, storage yards, stations, dispatchers, telephones and telegraph systems. Generally speaking, its transporting pipes vary in size from four to twelve inches and mainly are laid underground at varying depths or on river beds. Sometimes they follow their own routes. Their capacity varies according to working conditions. Ordinarily a four-inch line can be counted on to handle about 3,500 and an eight-inch line about 21,000 barrels per day.

Pumping stations, two to ninety miles apart, depending upon local conditions, but generally about forty miles apart, to keep the oil on the move from well to tank, to storage yard, to refinery, to market, as needed. Day and night, week days and Sundays, this gooey fluid that lubricates the nation's machinery moves, incessantly yet silently, on its way. Gauges keep the operating officials advised when leaks or stoppages occur and communicating systems bring the repair gangs who see to it that the service is quickly re-established.

In addition to being a greasy business, pipe-line traffic is chiefly a one-way business—east. Very little of it moves in the reverse direction.

PERUVIAN BEAUTY



One of the most beautiful and popular women in Washington's diplomatic set is Senora Santiago F. Bedoya, wife of the first secretary of the Peruvian embassy.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

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

The old country church was standing by the roadside deserted, as we rode by it. A few gravestones were standing askew and crumbling from the effects of frost and rain in the enclosure at the back of the structure. The fence which had once kept out marauding animals was falling into decay. The church itself was weather beaten, unpainted for years, its windows broken and its roof torn and open to the rain. It was a relic of days that are gone. The concrete road running in front of its doorway was a sufficient explanation of its abandonment. If country people go to church now, as some of them happily do, the town is only a few minutes distant, and is easily reached. We count distance by time now and not by miles.

And yet at one time the old church was the center of rural activity. Services were held in it every Sunday—sometimes even twice on Sunday and the sermons were long. It was a gathering place for social contacts, though many of those who attended its weekly services would have resented the suggestion that they were there excepting for the serious worship of God. Children were baptized in the old church; young people were married in it, every winter, no doubt, religious enthusiasm was stirred, and indifferent members were brought back through the instrumentality of the revival meeting. At week-ends some rural vocalists organized a singing school, and the neighborhood young people flocked to his tutelage, not so much because they wanted their voices trained, perhaps, as because it gave them an opportunity to be together. Friends gathered in the old church to

pay a last tribute to the dead before they found their last resting place in the church yard in the rear. I have no recollection that anyone, no matter how agonistic in life he might have been, was ever consigned to his grave without some simple service being enacted in the neighborhood church. It would have been unseemly to have done otherwise.

But that is all a thing of the past today, and the old church stands abandoned and its purpose almost forgotten. There were four country churches in the community in which I first lived, for dogma was a vital thing then, and the Baptists had no dealings with the Presbyterians, but not one of these churches is in existence today. They are torn down or turned into barns or dwelling houses. They are no more centers of activity, religious or social.

Communities lose something by the change, I believe. There is an absence of unity which once held a neighborhood together. There is not so much friendliness or exchange of courtesies as there once was. Neighbors know each other less intimately and cooperate less freely than in the old days when the country church brought them regularly together. There is more comfort, no doubt, more opportunity for amusement and entertainment in the nearby town, life has in it more thrill and more excitement, but I never see the old country church without wishing that in this regard, the old friendly days could come back again.

Bridge Links States

Phoenix, Ariz.—Replacing the ancient ferry that has served northern Arizona and southern Utah dwellers since white men first began to travel the uncharted area of the Painted desert, the Lee's Ferry bridge, highest structure of its kind in the world, is to be formally put into use with elaborate dedication ceremonies next June.

The bridge will open up a great expanse of country and eventually result in a direct Mountain states' automobile route from Canada to Mexico.

Located at the upper reaches of the Grand canyon in the wild, unsettled portion of northern Arizona, the

bridge will provide for the first time a handy route of transportation between Arizona and Utah.

It will be the only bridge crossing the Colorado river in Arizona north of Topac, near Needles, Calif., and will provide an easy way for tourists from Arizona to reach Bryce canyon, Zion National park and Rainbow Natural bridge in southern Utah; the north rim of the Grand canyon and the great virgin forests in northern Arizona, and for travelers through southern Utah to visit the Painted desert, south rim of the Grand canyon, petrified forests and other natural wonders in Arizona.

It is expected to open up trade and traffic between Utah and Arizona, neighboring states that have been separated by the great cleft known as one of the wonders of the world. It will be a means toward developing commerce and of opening a vast land that is known to hardly anybody except the Hopi Indians, who roam the desert.

The three-inged, steel arch bridge, considered by engineers to be more rigid than the suspension type, is 477

feet above the stream bed, and its ends rest in precipitous cliffs which border the Colorado river. The span itself is 615 feet long, with the bridge over all being 800 feet. So far as can be determined, it is the highest automobile bridge in the world.

Because of the height, engineers encountered difficulty in devising a way to construct the bridge, as there was no way of building false supports from the bottom of the canyon. The cantilever plan was employed and the supports were constructed in the granite walls. As the bridge was built out from the wall, first on one side, then on the other side of the river, toggle joints were used to extend the huge steel beams until the two sections met in the center and were joined.

Material had to be trucked 135 miles over a seldom traveled desert road to the site. Some of the steel sections used in the construction were 56 feet long and weighed 14 tons. These had to be hauled by truck and trailer.

Four sergeants and twenty-three privates were with the Lewis and Clark expedition.

HUGGINS ON VACATION



Miller Huggins has arrived at St. Petersburg, Fla., his winter home, to enjoy golfing and fishing. The manager of the world's champion New York Yankees hastened to renew his membership in a golf club and lease a small cruiser for fishing expeditions in the gulf.

Back to Old Dances

Washington.—Turning completely away from the jazz of recent years Washington society this winter will revive the stately, old-fashioned cotillon as quite the latest and most correct thing in dancing.

Debutantes who figure largely on the season's calendar are eagerly planning lengthened frocks of frills and furbelows to match the dignified figures of the cotillon. They are consulting hair dressers concerning false knots of curls to attach to their bobbed locks.

Invitations for the first of the affairs to be given at the Mayflower hotel December 10 by the Washington Bachelors are already out. The list of the committee in charge is thickly sprinkled with honorables and generals and commanders.

All sorts of novel stunts and favors are being planned. There will be two orchestras, one imported from New York. Favors, by which the men will find their partners, will eclipse anything seen in Washington for many a day. The older members of the Bachelors' club who are versed in the ceremonious etiquette of a former day

when society shone in stately splendor instead of scintillating jazz, will lead the younger generation through the figures of the cotillon.

Not alone the cotillions, but the fact that many of the season's debutantes will emerge into the social limelight with not only one coming out party, but two, makes this season unique. Heretofore one tea or one ball was deemed sufficient to give Miss Debbie her due, but now many of the younger set are demanding both.

DIPPING INTO SCIENCE

A Few Hundred Below Freezing

Scientists do not shirk at low temperatures. In fact they are still trying to get to the real bottom of the temperature scale, so-called "absolute zero." This would mean a frigidity of some 459 degrees. At this point molecules cease to move—every thing stands still. Man could not live in anything like this temperature.

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Baby Bites Pet Dog.

Berkeley, Calif.—Little Stanley Jones, eight-months-old Berkeley boy, and his new bull dog pup, cut their full set of teeth about the same time. Unluckily for the bull pup Stanley decided to try out his new teeth on the pup and the dog adopted a similar policy toward Stanley. The boy and dog were taken to general hospital for treatment and recovered.

Money Flies, Literally.

London.—Money flies, literally, these days. In one month 10½ tons of silver arrived at the Croydon airfield in the big air freighters from Paris. The pilots carried revolvers.

Rift in Philosophy

Vancouver, B. C.—A philosophical rift with a reported membership of 2,000 Americans and Canadians has been revealed in a series of charges and countercharges of theft over the handling of the institution's funds. The colony, known as the Aquarian foundation, had attracted little notice in its sequestered location on Vancouver island at Cedar-by-the-Sea, near Nanaimo, until its sixty-year-old leader and its secretary-treasurer were arrested for embezzlement.

Discord broke into open strife when Edward A. Wilson, president of the foundation and known as Brother XII, opened another colony nearby on Valdez island, called the Mandieth settlement.

He followed this by accusing Robert England, secretary-treasurer and reported ex-American secret service

agent, with embezzling \$2,800 of the institution's funds.

England, released on bail, retailed by accusing Wilson of misappropriating \$15,000. Wilson was released on \$20,000 bond only to be met with injunctions and trespass charges.

The colony is said to have been founded by a dozen wealthy Americans and Canadians for the study of philosophy.

While the community is small in the fall, it numbered many times its present residents during the summer, when hundreds of students, mostly from Wilson's ex-home, learned the codes of the sect. The visitors included both men and women.

R-store House Where

Gen. T. J. Jackson Died

Richmond, Va.—The little house near Guinea in which Gen. T. J. ("Stonewall") Jackson died has been restored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as a shrine to the famous southern leader.

General Jackson was shot at Chancellorsville when he and a party of his horsemen, mistaken in the darkness for members of the federal cavalry, were fired upon by Confederate soldiers. Jackson was wounded by three bullets and as the reins dropped from his hands, his horse, frantic with terror, almost carried its rider into the federal lines before it could be stopped.

His last order before being borne from the field on a stretcher was to one of his staff: "You must hold your ground, General Pender; you must hold out to the last, sir."

Father Sage Says:

Youngsters of today learn so rapidly that it is almost impossible for the schools to keep up with them.

Many Titles, but Only Half a Throne



Here, seated, is Ras Tafari, who boasts of some three dozen titles, including "King of Kings" and "Shadow of God Upon Earth." This newest emperor in the world is negus of Abyssinia and emperor of Ethiopia. He has ruled Ethiopia for the past twelve years, since the death of Menelik II, in the capacity of regent. The Empress Zauditu, faced recently by the alternative of an armed revolt headed by Ras Tafari, consented to share her throne with him, thus Abyssinia is the only country in the world where the emperor and empress are not at the same time husband and wife.

Spanning the St. Lawrence

TIME was when the wonders of the world numbered seven, but that time has gone forever. Today, wonders are numerous. One of them is the giant boulevard of steel which engineers have hung across and high above the waters of the majestic St. Lawrence river and is known to the world as the Quebec bridge.

This structure is peculiar in design in that the central span, 640 feet long and weighing 5,000 tons, hangs suspended between the two end spans at a height of 172 feet above the water, instead of resting upon piers. This middle span was built ashore, floated to mid-stream on scows and then lifted bodily into place and securely fastened. This job went down in history as one of the greatest engineering feats of all time.

Without a sight of the bridge or a photograph of it, it is well nigh impossible for one to form an adequate conception of its tremendous size. One of its caissons goes down more than 100 feet below high water; one pier rises 160 feet above its foundation; the center to center width of the main trusses is 88 feet; the center to center distance between the two main piers is 1,800 feet, and the total length of the steel work 3,239 feet.

Its construction set the owner—the Canadian National railways—back to the tune of about \$15,000,000, but it shortened the haul between Halifax and Winnipeg by about 200 miles, and that was far more important.

Mint Farming

ACCORDING to one of Uncle Sam's publications some 17,500 acres of peppermint, including about 2,000 acres of spearmint, are farmed in the United States. Two-thirds of this acreage is in northern Indiana, about one-fourth in southern Michigan—the combined area comprising the largest-known peppermint-producing section in the world, the remainder in Washington, Oregon and New York.

Certain muck and peat soils seem best adapted to this culture. Planted in rows, harrowed when young and later weeded by hand, it is harvested with mowing machines. Harvest time ranges from late July to early September, according to weather and crop conditions. Two to three tons of herb per acre is an average yield. The hay is distilled in vats—about 325 pounds of hay producing a pound of oil. One traveling through a mint-farming section during harvesting time will note that the country round about it is permeated by a noticeably sweetish odor.

The oil brings the money. It is sold by the pound. The yield may range from next to nothing to 100 pounds per acre—the average being from 25 to 75 pounds. The price may fluctuate from \$1 per pound in over-supply seasons to \$25 per pound in short-crop seasons—the general average being about \$2.50 per pound.

Formerly, certain quantities of July mint leaves were used in making a very celebrated concoction rather widely and fondly known as mint julep. Today, the oil is chiefly used in flavoring extracts, medicines and cosmetics. Such of the crop as is exported normally goes to England, Germany and France.

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Refugees From the Bleak North



LOOK PA THERE'S A BATHING BEAUTY!

LOOK T'Y FUNNY DUCK!

WHERE?

