

# Reports Floating Island in Pacific

Norfolk, Va.—A "floating" island, inhabited only by birds, and another not visible two years ago, were discovered by Capt. J. O. Evans of the British steamer *Parora* and his crew, according to a report made by Captain Evans on his arrival in Hampton Roads.

His ship has just returned from a long cruise to the Society Islands, Solomon Island and various other islands in the South seas.

The *Parora*, out of England, has been away from home six months and has been steadily on the go.

"It was on April 15 at noon that we discovered the 'floating island.' It was in the Pacific near the Society Islands," said Evans.

"There were no signs of human life, but there were great flocks of birds swarming over the place. There must have been a thousand birds at least in the flock we saw. We did not get close to the island because we did not know how deep the water might be.

"The island appeared to be only a few feet above the water. In some places it looked as if the water had

been breaking over its shore lines. "We also sighted the Tonga of the Friendly Islands, which was entirely submerged two years ago. It is now 600 feet above the surface of the sea. There is no life on this island either, except birds. I presume if anybody wanted to live there they might be frightened for fear that the island might again be claimed by the sea, from which it came.

"At Solomon Island we had a run-in with the head hunters. They attempted to get fresh with my crew and we took three of them into custody. We gave them into the custody of the civil authorities, but they were permitted to return to their haunts with a warning they must be good.

"The Tonga island appears to be shieling a volcano. When our ship passed it we could see smoke.

"The other island which we sighted near the Society Islands we called the Floating Island. I don't know anything about where it came from nor how long it will remain visible."

# Actress May Be Princess of Egypt



Prince Mohammed Ali Ibrahim, heir to the throne of Egypt, is here seen with the young lady whom, according to report, he selected to be his princess while he was visiting in New York recently. She is the former Vera King, actress, and is at present the wife of Morris T. Lederer, steel manufacturer of Cleveland, so she can't become a princess until she divorces.

# Scraps of Humor



## THE DIG

There was an amusing scene at a well known theatrical club the other day. A bad actor, but a very good fellow, accused a certain critic of having stated that his Hamlet was the worst he had ever seen.

"There's one thing," he commented cheerfully, "next time I play it you won't be able to say anything worse." "Oh, yes, I will," said the critic. "I shall say you're not up to your usual standard."—London Opinion.

## NOT SCOTCH HABIT



Customer—This material can't be Scotch tweed as you say.  
Tailor—Why do you say that?  
Customer—Why, just look how it gives.

## Rank

Whatever nonsense had in good old days of yore, No yacht club a'er bestowed on him The title, "commodore!"

## Differ in Color

Gentleman—I see you've got Shelley and Keats. D'you like to read them?  
Daughter of the House—Oh, yes!  
Gentleman—D'you know what is the essential difference between them?  
Daughter of the House—Yes; Shelley is bound in red and Keats in blue—Moustique (Charleroi).

## Pretty Well, Thanks

"Chlorine," said Chlorine's mistress, "I've heard about your hard luck and I'm terribly sorry."  
"Deed, ma'am, Ah ain't had no hard luck."  
"Why, wasn't your husband killed in a railroad accident yesterday?"  
"Oh yes, ma'am, but dat's his hard luck, not mine."—Hoof Prints.

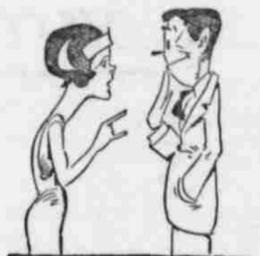
## A Consistent Career

"I can remember when the wealthy Mr. Hildem didn't have a dollar of his own," said the man who disparages. "Well," answered the misanthrope, "it is said that he is still doing business entirely with other people's dollars."

## Pretty Soft

Senator Whoosit—What have the indices added to your political platform?  
Senator Proisit—Oh, they have given me a nice rug for it!

## TIME CONSUMER



Wife—I've gotten another mirror for my room, dear.  
Hubby—Heavens! It'll take you twice as long to dress now, I suppose.

## Finance

Some people by investments win: Of this there isn't any doubt. You go and put your money in And wonder who will take it out.

## Heavily Laden

Manager, Mailing List Service—Why haven't you delivered that national list of bank vice presidents to the *Standtrap Golf Magazine*?  
Assistant—Sorry, sir, but our truck broke down.

## Excusable

"Isn't that author inclined to be egotistical about his work?"  
"Yes; but it isn't his fault. He has been reading the advertisements out out by his publishing house."

## Christened

Mary Ellen had been promised a playmate and one morning recently she appeared at a neighbor's door and said:  
"My little sister is down at the hospital and her name is a boy."

## More Strings

"Did you hear that Jones is earning \$20 a night playing his violin? Just think—\$5 a string!"  
"Why doesn't he learn to play the harp?"—Christian Register.

# Drawing Back Pay

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

The king was very ill in one of Kipling's tales of India, and his life was despatched of. They were discussing the situation—the convict and Mahmud, and weighing the possibilities of his getting well.



"He will live," the convict remarked. "He saved the life once of a man I knew. I live."

Why? Because a man may draw back pay, as it were, for his good deeds. I dug my captain, who is now colonel, out of some ground that fell upon him in France. It was part of the work. He said nothing—nor I. But seven years after—when I was condemned to death, he spent money like water on lawyers and such witnesses as would testify for my sake. It was back pay."

He was right, for the king got well.

I have known many who, long after the act was committed, received back pay for their good deeds. It is true that in one way or another men usually suffer for their evil deeds. Retribution is pretty sure though it may be long delayed, and so, too, in this world, and it may be in the next, the reward is likely to come often unexpectedly for the good that we do.

I went to Frazier's funeral a few weeks ago. He was eighty-six, and he had retained his strength and his faculties until within a week of his going. I had seen him only a few days before his death and he was as alert and as enthusiastic about his work as a boy. His retention of all his faculties was back pay for the life he had lived. He had had no dissipation. He had avoided narcotics all his life; he never overate. He had disciplined his emotions and his body and as a result he had the most delightful old

# TO LEAD PITT PANTHERS



Capt. Eddie Baker of the 1930 Pitt Panthers grid squad, who will not only do the heavy thinking for the team but will also do most of the foot work. Eddie's accurate toe work has made him the most valuable member of the team when it comes to booting the pigskin.

# SMART FALL SUIT



Irish green basket weave cloth is the material used for this extremely smart suit for early fall. The jacket of the suit is fitted to the form and the skirt is made with snugly-fitted top and circular flounce, which is graduated in length. The hat worn with this suit is a combination of green corded silk and felt. A green-and-orange scarf, tan bag and shoes and doeskin gloves complete the ensemble.

age that I have ever looked upon. It was back pay with interest.

The kind act has its own reward. Goodness and unselfishness and sacrifice are ultimately not forgotten, I am convinced. Bread cast upon the water does return even though it may be after many days.

Mrs. Gordon, when I first knew her, seemed to be playing pretty completely in hard luck. She had had a pleasant girlhood with little hardship until she married Gordon. He was a handsome irresponsible ne'er-do-well, who left her after they had been married ten years, with four children on her hands, and nothing upon which to support them but the efforts of her own hands.

She was a sportsman, who never uttered a word of complaint but set at her task with courage and determination. Some way she got the children educated—grade school, high school, and college. I saw her in her old age drawing the back pay for the work she had done years before. She had leisure, she had comfort—luxury, in fact, and more than that she had the love and the attention of her children who through her declining years were trying to pay her back for the sacrifices she had made in their behalf.

"Allah does not forget," the Hindoo says.

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# Woman Sues Post Office for Premature Suicide

Belgrade.—The wife of a workman is suing the post office authorities for having delayed the news that her husband had won a big prize in a lottery. She claims that her husband, who was a chauffeur, committed suicide through poverty and lack of work. If he had received the news 15 minutes earlier he would not have ended his life.

# LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

The Empire Trust building, on the old Waldorf site, is rising rapidly to the sky and the new Waldorf is taking form, but those of us who came to New York some time ago never will cease to miss the old Waldorf Astoria that Bolt and Oscar made famous. Kings stayed there; presidents visited there; the old ball room, at dances or dinners, saw every leader of society, finance and politics within its walls. The Dutch Treat club held its annual dinners there. Before prohibition, the Waldorf bar was almost

like the sidewalk tables of the Cafe de la Paix. Sit there long enough and you would see the world go by; although many of its citizens stopped a while. There are hundreds of hotels in New York, but not one of them has the atmosphere of that old hostelry at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue.

There are other vanished landmarks which have their place in the book of memory. The Astor house oyster bar where you sat on stools

and men opened oysters faster than you could eat them; Moquins, where you found artists and newspaper men, drinking claret and indulging in deep argument; Martins; the Hoffman house; old Delmonico's, The Brevoort, the Lafayette, Faunces tavern and a few of the other old-time places still stand, but Healy and Reinebwebers are things of the past, and so is Cap Churchills.

Churchills was a great place for morning newspaper men. Herbert Bayard Swope and I used to stop there regularly on our way uptown, usually about three o'clock in the morning, for ham and eggs and a bit of gossip. Cap Churchill was a great follower of the track and used to lay his bets on a horse for straight and show. A bet on a horse to finish first or third is still called by his name.

Then there was the famous Jacks, where you could find Rex Beach, Fred Stone and T. A. Dorgan, better known as Tad. That was the place where the trained waiters could be depended upon to throw out an entire college football team, when the boys got too rough. It was there that Hype Igoo used to play a ukulele, until Jack issued orders that it should be taken from him at a certain hour of the early morning and placed in the theater box for safe keeping. All the theatrical world patronized Jacks. Most of the rest of the world could be found there at one time or another. Rubens has taken over a lot of that trade and the night clubs and speakeasies have the rest.

The Motor parkway runs for about fifty miles down the center of Long Island. It costs a dollar to enter it in a car and, since the Wall Street crash, business has fallen off. Motorists now stop to consider that a dollar will purchase several gallons of gasoline. The parkway, with its infrequent traffic, still gets the dollar from millionaires and lovers—and for the same reason: they can get along faster on it.

I saw a cigarette smoker, the other day, go to three places before he could buy the particular brand he fancied. No other brand would do. Then he went to a gathering of friends where he smoked every brand of cigarette offered him.

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# WIDOW AIDS WIDOWS



Mrs. John B. Quinn of Ogden, Utah, a widow, some time ago conceived an idea to aid widows left destitute by the death of their husbands. She urged widows to enter her employment in the making of clothes for women. Her establishment has grown steadily and she now employs scores of women, her clientele including cities all over the state.

# To Reconstruct Moscow's Famous Red Square

Washington.—Russia's "Red Square," the scene of glamour and tragedy, is to be reconstructed, according to a report of the National Geographic society. In back of a high board fence

the work of turning the temporary wooden mausoleum into a permanent resting place of stone is already under way. Smooth flag stones will replace the ancient cobbles and permanent

reviewing stands are to be erected. Formerly the scene of public executions, of imperial proclamations and martial parades, of bloody revolutions, it now resounds with the tramp of the Red army and the footfalls of Soviet workers. High above the Kremlin wall rises a great clock tower, built the year before Columbus discovered America. Opposite this historical structure are the Trading Rows with their arched sidewalks, around which the people in all walks of life gather. Women in felt boots, clerks in leather jackets, officials, usually well dressed, with their brief cases under their arms, laborers in their dirty sheepskin coats, slipped girls dragging hand carts behind them offer a glamorous contrast.

Vendors cluster around the gates leading to "Red Square," offering all manner of articles and making sections of the square into virtual outdoor department stores. At night an open forum is established in the square. Unimportant Soviet speakers gather little knots of listeners about them to explain details of the Soviet plan of government, and oftentimes the square is filled with a mass of people while the government leaders proclaim the doctrines of the revolution through mammoth loud speakers.

With the work of reconstruction now started, all of this glamour is at a standstill, until when a new and even greater "Red Square" is completed, it can begin anew.

