

SUCH IS LIFE--Don't Be Silly!



CUBS GET PITCHER



Pitcher Ed Baecht, of the Los Angeles baseball club of the Pacific Coast league, whose purchase by the Chicago Cubs in a deal involving \$100,000, was announced. The Cubs will pay \$20,000 cash and seven players whose value is above \$80,000. Baecht won 26 games and lost 12 last season.

Self-Confidence

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

The story is told of Theodore Roosevelt—I do not vouch for the accuracy of it—that when he arrived within the pearly gates he found a good deal of confusion extant regarding the musical program. The angelic voices were being tested with the result that there seemed to be an adequate showing of alto, soprano, and tenor, but there was a



woeful shortage in bass voices. Mr. Roosevelt, to whom the matter was referred, at once solved the difficulty. "I'll carry the bass myself," he said, with modest self-assurance. In life he had never seemed to hesitate to meet an emergency no matter how critical, so why not later?

I watched Jimmy at the baseball game yesterday afternoon. Jimmy is rather undersized physically, but he knows his baseball and he knows that he knows it. He never hesitates and looks toward the bench to catch the signal as to what he should do next. He keeps his eye on the ball; he knows just when to steal second—and what is more to the point—how to do it. He knows that if he gets the pitcher sufficiently "up in the air" he

Mistaken Judgment

THE DONKEY WHO BELIEVES THAT HE'S MAKING TROUBLE BY BALKING.



LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

All a person need do to get a liberal education in "rackets" is to walk up and down such New York streets as Broadway and Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues. Somewhere between Thirty-fourth street and Fifty-ninth, you will find most of them. Almost all carry the air of legitimate business.

There are, for example, the "moving sales," and the auctions. The goods in these cheap auction places are often as announced, but the customers do not buy them cheap. Then there are the sidewalk peddlers, although they usually are around the corner on the side streets. There was one who did business in "a watch, guaranteed to keep going as long as you carried it." That is just about what it did. It kept going as long as you kept walking. It was a toy watch.

One frequent stunt is to hire a vacant store for a week and put on what is really an old-fashioned medicine show. In these places the flag always is an important decoration. Lectures are delivered on the subject of building up the health of the country. Then health books are sold.

One of the best park views in New York is from the office of Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants. The office is situated high above the center-field gate, with windows front-

ing on the ball field. Below it stretches the green carpet, carefully smoothed and tended by the ground-keeper, and the heights of Coogan's Bluff rise behind the seemingly distant grandstand. It is a great situation; especially when there is a football game in progress and snow in the air. But into each life some rain must fall; they say the roof leaks.

NEW SOCIAL ARBITER



F. Lamont Bell has been named chief of the division of international conference and protocol in the Department of State, a post that carries with it the additional duty of director of official entertaining at the White House. Mr. Bell succeeds Warren Delano Robbins, United States minister to El Salvador, who had leave of absence from his post while serving at the White House. Mr. Bell has been in the foreign service since 1919.

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Della J. Akeley recently received a letter from the king of northern Uganda. There is nothing remarkable in this, as Mrs. Akeley is on friendly terms with many African rulers. The remarkable thing is that the letter was written on a typewriter.

The record for continuous playing on Broadway is held, as far as I know, by James C. Lane. In the past dozen years, he has played Broadway about 5,000 performances. Lane started with John Golden in "Turn of the Night." After that he played four years in "Lightnin'" and has played in almost all Golden shows since. He never has failed to make good in a part. John Golden claims that, given a character part, Lane becomes the character. He played a bartender and every time you saw him, you smelt liquor. His last part is that of a doctor and he no sooner comes on the stage than the audience gets a faint odor of iodine. When Lane isn't acting, he works around the Golden offices. The first time, years ago, that Golden found Lane fixing up his desk and straightening things in his private office, he asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," said Lane, "I just like to put things in order."

"How much do you want to do this job?" inquired Golden.

"Nothing," said Lane.

"You're hired," said Golden.

And Lane has been keeping things in order ever since. Golden says he plays that part so well that while he is working around the office he smells of ink. He is a good actor, in any character.

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BRITONS DODGE DEATH DUTIES

London.—Taxation is dissipating some of Great Britain's oldest and largest fortunes, transferring the ownership of vast estates and discouraging the amassing of wealth.

The death duties are the most keenly felt of all taxes, and they rank second in the list of the government's sources of income. The 1930 budget revealed that more than \$4,000,000,000 was expected from estate duties.

The huge landowners have evolved several means of defeating this taxation. The most popular is to convert existing ownership into private limited liability companies. In this way the cost of operating the companies can be deducted from the income tax

payments, the amount of taxation reduced during life, and death duties avoided.

It likewise has the added inducement of protecting the estates from reckless heirs' extravagancies. Among those titled owners who have transformed their estates into private liability companies have been the dukes of Buccleuch, Devonshire, Grafton, Leinster, Marlborough, Rutland and Sutherland; marquis of Zetland, the earls of Berkeley, Darley, Harewood, Moray, Ossory, Rosebery, Spencer and Strathmore, and Viscounts Novar, Ullswater and Wemborne.

Another plan is transferring property to a younger member of the fam-

ily. If the transfer is made six months before death, the estate is not subject to death duties.

The standard rate of income tax increased from 20 per cent in 1925 to 22½ per cent in 1930. The lower incomes, however, virtually were not affected by the increase and in some cases actually pay less.

Life insurance premiums are an important factor in relieving the amount taxable. An amount equal to 10 per cent of the premium paid can be deducted from the tax otherwise payable. The maximum amount of premiums subject to this relief, however, is a sum equal to one-sixth of the total income.

HERE'S CHAMPION BIRD STORY

Hagerstown, Md.—Four years ago it was just a bird the cat dragged in. Today it's the talk of the town. Not only does it trill the airy endanzas of its feathered kin, but actually sings—words as well as music. "Maryland, My Maryland" is one of the favorite numbers in its repertoire. And, while its natural voice is a lyric soprano, it can on occasion negotiate tenor—or bass.

Moreover, it talks! All the neighbors have heard it.

Nor is that all. It takes a keen delight in animal and barnyard imitations, mimicking the "bow wow" of the family watchdog and the rolisterous challenge of the sheik of the hen house.

The early history of this accomplished musician and all around entertainer is veiled in mystery. Its record dates back to a predatory stroll four years ago of Mrs. L. B. Betts' pet cat. Kitty pounced upon what appeared to be a small blackbird and was on her way to dispose of it at her leisure when a delivery boy turned the bird, more dead than alive, over to Mrs. Betts. She nursed it back to health.

The little creature was not long in expressing its gratitude in song. Under the tutelage of its mistress, she says, it has learned to sing two stanzas of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Mrs. Betts' prodigy is never at a loss for conversational topics. And when there is nobody to talk to it amuses itself whistling. If a boy of the neighborhood drops in the bird is accustomed to inquire casually, "Are you a baseballer?" or to ask, "Will your dog bite?"

Being nameless, the bird on occasion appears concerned over its origin and not infrequently startles an unsuspecting visitor with the plain-

tive query, "Say, am I a starling?" In its lighter moments it greets its audience with the invitation "Kiss your mother," followed up with a series of oscillatory sounds.

The bird is believed to be a species of blackbird or starling. It has a long, pointed bill and dark, purplish, spotted wings. Its neck is devoid of feathers.

After Fish for the White House



When the fishing on the Rapidan ended for the year, the Rainbow Angling club of Azusa, Calif., voted to supply President Hoover with the finest trout of his adopted state. Miss Doris Manley, the club's girl fishing champion, was selected to catch the trout for the White House table, and is seen above doing her duty.

Scraps of Humor

BADLY PUT

"My dear Mrs. Maxton," cried the inclined-to-be-stout lady, "fancy meeting you here! Tell me, how are things in your part of the world?"

"Oh, rather pleasant," returned the unexpected acquaintance. "But I must tell you, my dear, we've got a new doctor, instead of old Sawbones, as you used to call him."

"Fancy that now! Do tell me, my dear—is he a nice man?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, delightful," breathed her friend. "A charming man. He's always so cheerful, and he takes life so easily!"

NOT THE MONEY



"So you threw Jack and his millions over?"

"No, Jack only. I'm suing him for breach of promise."

Read It and Weep

Sweep up what's left of Oscar Burr; He threw a tire At sixty per.

Extra Edition

Bancrest—I hear that Henmore Farms Dairy stamps all its eggs with its name and the date laid, so you can tell just how fresh they are.

Piebust—Yes, the last dozen eggs I bought from them were the freshest I ever had—I got them a week ahead of the date of issue!

The Sham Battle

Captain Sniff—Sergeant Bjones, don't you know you are exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy over there 300 yards away?

Sergeant Bjones—Yes, sir, but I am standing behind an imaginary rock 20 feet high.

Just Like One

A—Why, in the office they call me the "Busy Needle," because I always get through the work in hand.

B—Yes, I know you do; but not until you've had a good push.

POOR SALUTE



"They gave the royal visitor the usual salute of many guns, didn't they?"

"Yes; but the occasion was not a success."

"How's that?"

"He wasn't hit once."

Autumn Leaves

How mournful seem the autumn leaves! Our souls are most distressed When some one in our favorite books Has put them to be pressed.

Pleased

"Are you pleased with the educational progress your son is making?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cortnessel. "After seeing him in the football game, mother 'lows there won't be any trouble with tramps when he's livin' home."—Washington Star.

Reason Enough

Lawyer—Why do you want a divorce?

The Woman—Oh, I am just crazy to have another wedding, that's all.

Cheering

"Didn't those hideous campaign caricatures make your wife angry?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "After studying them carefully she has concluded that I am not nearly as homely as I might be."—Washington Star.

You Know His Type

Blinks—He does the best he can according to his lights.

Jinks—His bulbs must be all burned out.