

## Prepared for Rioters in Warsaw



Here are two members of the police force of Warsaw, Poland, in their new equipment designed for combating political rioters. The steel helmet, cuirass and shield are supposed to be bullet-proof.

## KEEPING THINGS DARK

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

In "Mister Antonio," you may recall the mayor of the town was a most exemplary citizen when he was at home. He walked discreetly; he went to church regularly, and in word and deed he set, before the young people of the community in which he lived, an example of virtue and probity which only the morally ambitious could ever

hope to attain. It was when he went to the city where he was not known, and where he could keep things dark, that he cut loose, so to speak. He was not averse to a little liquor and a gay night or two, but he did not want anyone in his home town to find it out. He had an ambition to be thought well of, so that when he was guilty of a moral delinquency it was always behind closed doors.

It isn't what you do that really matters, a good many people seem to believe, it is what you are caught at. If things can be kept dark no one should worry.

I learned to smoke when I was a boy of seventeen on the farm. My older brother hurrying to get off to a dance a dozen miles or so away offered me a couple of nickel cigars if I would run out the buggy and hitch up his horse. I accepted the offer and later smoked the two cigars without batting an eyelash. It did not make me sick, but in spite of that fact, I've never cared a great deal for smoking. I imagine that during the last fifty years I have smoked on the average as often as once in six months.

Gordon is principal of a high school in northern Illinois. One of his students, it happened, saw me once taking my semiannual smoke and reported back to headquarters. Gordon jumped me about it the next time he saw me. It was wrong he told me; I was setting a bad example to young men. He seemed shocked.

"Don't you smoke?" I inquired.  
"Yes," he replied; "but I never let my boys see me."  
"Well, maybe I smoke once in a while," I replied, "but I'm not a hypocrite."

There had been some drinking following the Pi Eta dance, the neighbors had called the police and two of the fellows had been taken down to

## SAW CUSTER'S END



Chief Mazpie is said to be the only survivor of the Indians who fought General Custer in the battle of the Little Big Horn. He has lost track of his age. He never sleeps indoors or on a soft bed, eats no sweets and takes daily exercise chopping wood, like the former kaiser of Germany.

the city cooler to spend the night. Their names were in the paper the following morning, and I called the head of the house to talk over the affair.

"I'm awfully ashamed of the affair, dean," he acknowledged to me. "I did my level best to keep the fellows quiet, but in spite of what I could do they would be noisy. I hate like the dickens to have a thing like that get out. It's bad for the organization."

I admitted it, but the thing that interested me was the fact that Allen was not particularly concerned with what had happened. His concern lay in the fact that he had been unable to keep it dark.

(© 1936, Western Newspaper Union.)



## LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By WALTER TRUMBULL

There are, in Greater New York, 1,806,990 telephones. They are used for 8,000,000 calls per day. That is understandable enough, as a great part of the business of this largest city in the United States is done by telephone. There was a day when somebody in the home usually went to market. Now most of them telephone. Brokerage houses do most of their business over the wire, although lately the switchboard operators in these places of investment and chance have not been so busy. Stores, hotels, newspapers, businesses of every description find constant use for the telephone.

You don't run over to a friend's or neighbor's place any more; or, if you do, you first telephone to find out whether he is in. The working boy used to have to wait until evening to call on his girl. Now he can telephone her in his noon hour and generally does. Women make half-hour social calls over the phone. An interesting bit of news can be relayed instantly. All human emotions, which can be transmitted by the voice, travel over the wires.

I sometimes have wondered what would happen in a city such as New York if some day the telephone system suddenly were destroyed. I can think of nothing which would paralyze or isolate a city quicker. The result for a time would be panic and chaos; although the telegraph and radio might take up some of the burden.

A man who stammers tells me that he never has any difficulty in pronouncing any word if he closes his eyes. He worked that out from the discovery that he never stammered when talking in the dark.

Some one once compiled a list of persons who never had ridden on the elevated lines and headed with Lil-

lian Russell. There are a number of persons in this town who never have ridden on the subway. One person who doesn't use the subway is Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. He is so tall

## COAT FOR AFTERNOON



Galyak, which resembles moire silk because of its silky texture, is used in a dyed bisque shade for the afternoon coat shown here. The coat is trimmed with a soft shawl collar and wide flaring cuffs.

and so well known that his presence in the subway would be a signal for every one on the train to crowd into one car. The result is that he has to take taxis and, in the present state of New York traffic, is frequently late for appointments.

The one place Colonel Lindbergh never is late in is in the air. Like other flying things, he isn't so good on the ground. Put him in the air and he has the sense of direction of a homing pigeon. Put him on the ground and he becomes common clay. He isn't half as good in sensing direction.

And, speaking of homing pigeons, the thing with the greatest sense of direction is the bat. A pigeon will circle around a moment to get its bearings. A bat will go straight for home in an arrowlike flash. The bat is the only creature that depends largely on hearing for its food and well-being. If you want to rid some cave or old barn of bats, start a talking machine going in there. The bats will leave and never return. Their ears are so sensitive that a good loud record is torture to them.

Some of the steamship companies are employing what appears to me to be a clever way of making new customers. During vacation time they take older boys from prosperous communities in the inland states and give them such jobs as they can fill. The boys get an idea of the pleasures of ocean travel and a glimpse of foreign ports. Then they go home and talk about it, each one an unconscious but enthusiastic salesman. They assist in making their home towns travel-minded.

(© 1936, Bell Syndicate.)

North Carolina has 198 public water systems serving 300,000 persons, or 30 per cent of the state's population.

## Sacrificed Offending Right Arm

Sallinas, Wash.—No regret—not a particle. Only surprise that anyone should question her act.

Those were the admitted feelings of Alta Fickie, twenty, who deliberately sacrificed her right arm to satisfy her conscience.

Confined to the county hospital here with her right arm amputated above the elbow, she had not emerged from the apparent religious ecstasy that impelled her to place her arm beneath the wheels of a train. Te queries concerning sorrow she might feel she quietly answered:

"Sorrow? Sorrow for what?" Efforts to delve further into the motive were fruitless. Miss Fickie merely repeated what she told astounded questioners.

"My arm was offensive to me and I cut it off."

Then she told again of the "murderous impulses" which centered in her right arm, and justified her act

by quoting Scriptures—"If thy right hand offend thee,"

Members of the girl's family—her father, Alfred, Visalia rancher, and

her sister, Mrs. Edna Ricks of Tulare—attributed the act to results of a nervous breakdown, suffered by Miss Fickie three years ago.

## Where Ignorance Is Bliss

THE MAN WHO  
IMAGINES HE LOOKS  
LIKE A COWPURCHER



## Indian Robber Chief Laughs at Police

Bombay.—One of the most colorful characters in all of the Indian resistance to British rule is Raja Shivaji, the young Bhil robber chief of the Khandesh district, who has been the bane of 750 police in three districts for a year.

This young Indian Robin Hood has

carried a price of 5,000 rupees on his head for months—a reward offered by the inspector general of police in Bombay—but the money has gone a-begging.

Shivaji has become the veritable king of the jungle in the vast mountain fastnesses and wooded valleys

of the Satpura range. He levies taxes on the villages and compels them to pay annual tribute. If they refuse, he raids the villages and carries away money or property equal in value to his assessment upon them.

The outstanding acts of this mountain desperado, who still holds the admiration and respect of other Indians, include the killing of a police constable during a raid about a year ago, a public thrashing administered to another policeman, and a raid accompanied by arson in a marwar's house in the village of Igatpur Taluka two months ago. All of these exploits were carried out in the most daring and sensational manner.

The slaying of the police officer came when Raja Shivaji was surprised and surrounded by a raiding party in the heart of a thick forest. The officer was the first to see the rebel chieftain and made a dash for him. Raja Shivaji at first made a sham attempt to escape, but actually concealed himself in the tall grass. When the pursuer drew close he shot him through the heart and escaped.

The thrashing took place in the presence of a large crowd gathered in a village of Point Taluka on a bazaar day. Raja Shivaji attended the bazaar and casually heard of the presence of a head constable.

He hunted the policeman through the market place and when he confronted him, as if by common consent, the whole market place became emptied of villagers, although they remained as witnesses from the sides. The two met alone, and when Raja Shivaji had completed his thrashing he added the indignity of sticking a dried fish in the policeman's mouth by way of an outrage to his Brahmin superstition. The policeman barely escaped with his life after being forced to listen to a sermon on the iniquity of tyrannizing poor villagers.

In nearly all the villages he has kinemen and the inhabitants are evidently aware of his whereabouts. Most of his secret haunts also are known to the natives, but not even the village children would breathe a word about them.

## LEADS GREAT TEAM



Tom Conley, captain and end, of the famous Notre Dame eleven.

Arson squads are being formed throughout Oklahoma in an attempt to reduce the number of incendiary fires.



## TWO TOO MANY

"An' so I sez to that there Englishman, I sez, 'Jest who do you think you are?' An' quick as a flash he answered back and sez, 'Sir, you are speaking to the third Earl of Hampshire and the son of the Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Surrey.' 'Right then I see the jig's up. I'm a game guy, but darned if I was going to take on all three of 'em.'"

## AIRPLANE NEEDED



"Oh, that this letter to my love had wings!"  
"Why didn't you write it on flypaper then?"

## Restraint

That frankness is a virtue taught by ages, this you'll have to own; if you said everything you thought They might remove your telephone.

## Marriage Altered Him

In the smokeroom of a club two business men just past middle age were criticizing the young men of today.

Said one: "Look how reluctant the young men are to marry and settle down."

"That's so," replied the other. "They seem to fear marriage. Why, before I was married I didn't know the meaning of fear!"

## Full Pay, I Suppose?

One of the lady tourists to a western reservation was a human questionaire, and at inquiry No. 1,000 even the long-suffering guide was losing his patience.

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "who is that great tall Indian standing by himself over there?"

"Madam," answered the weary guide, "that is Sitting Bull. He is on his vacation."—U. P. Magazine.

## Out of Date

Aunt Lucy—If you keep such late hours you'll ruin your pretty, natural complexion.

Phillippa—They're not wearing natural complexions now; they're all covered up.

## LEARNED TO KICK



"That old soldier said that during the siege of Paris in 1870 he lived entirely on mule meat."  
"And the old cuss has been kicking ever since."

## To Be Wished

How few misfortunes would surprise The men who arrive on land or sea If each were indeed as wise As he believes himself to be.

## First Things First

"How is it you don't come to Sunday school, Katie?"

"Oh, please, miss, I'm learning French and music now, and mother doesn't wish me to take up religion till later."

## Prayed First

"Do you always look under your bed before you say your prayers at night?" asked the flapper niece.  
"No, darling," replied the old man, "first I say my prayers."

## He Triumphed, Anyhow

"Is it true that several people in the parquet fell asleep during the first-night performance of your new comedy?"  
"Yes, but they laughed in their sleep!"

## Very Handy

"Your son is accused of stealing. Have you anything to say for him?"  
"Well, I'm glad he's begun to do something to support himself."—Optimist.