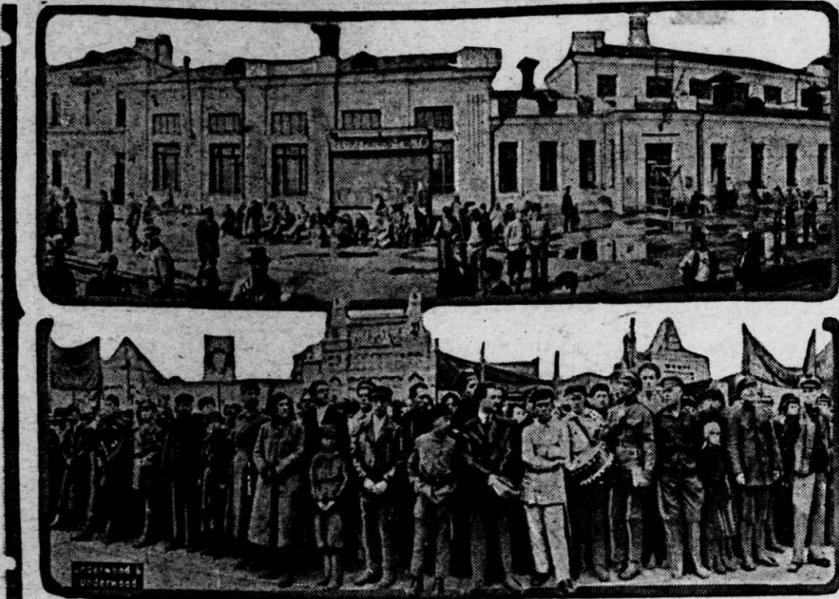


Things Seem to Be Looking Up in Russia



These photographs, just received from Russia, indicate that conditions there are gradually improving and that the people are better fed and garbed than they have been for some time. Above is a typical crowd at a railway station. Below, part of a throng of 75,000 young communists gathered to listen to speeches by soviet officials.

STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

Chicago Is Feeling Quite Grown-Up



CHICAGO.—Chicago apparently got stirred up over the fifty-first anniversary of its great fire this fall. Anyway, old-timers are planning a banquet and reunion for pioneer Chicago firms that have been in business fifty years or more.

or were having a struggle to regain what had been swept away. It was the turning point in its existence. It has even been said that the fire made Chicago.

Anyway, Chicago then had less than 300,000 people; now it has about 3,000,000. It was then 35 square miles; now it is 200. In 85 years it has grown from a frontier village to the third city in the world.

A. R. Bone, vice president and chairman of the local committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, requested members to send in information regarding business houses in Chicago that had been in existence 50 years or more. Up to date the names of more than 200 firms that have been in business at least 50 years have been received.

The proposed reunion is likely to result in an unique exhibit. It is suggested that views of the business houses of 50 years ago be shown beside photographs taken today. Books, records and goods dealt in 50 years ago are also likely to figure among the exhibits. Cards have been sent to the pioneer business houses which they have been requested to fill out in order that the data regarding these concerns may be placed on record.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE XMAS DAYS

The days were much excited. "Oh," said Monday, "I can hardly wait." "It will be my turn this year. Of course I had a good time of it last year. But this year the day is really and truly my day."

"I have been waiting for this for quite a few years now."

And that was very true. For Father Week's children, the Days, were talking of the times they each had in the joy of being Xmas.

"I remember," said Tuesday, "that one year I had an especially interesting time. For some time I had seen two little girls giving their dolls Xmas presents."

"One little girl's name was Alice and she made the little friend's doll a small knitted skirt and a cap and a long petticoat and long dress. For the friend's dolly was a baby dolly still in long clothes."

"The friend's name was Margaret. Well, I had not noticed, especially for a number of times, and there was a good long time between each occasion when I appeared for Xmas—whether Alice and Margaret still gave each other presents. For I had heard them say when they were rather grownup that they were going to give each other presents instead of their dolls."

"I wondered if they still kept it up. And the last time I appeared I made a point of seeing."

"And sure enough, Alice had given Margaret—quite a grownup lady—a lovely little dish with a narcissus bulb in it for her to watch and grow, and Margaret had given Alice a little paper cutter and a chocolate Santa Claus."

"It rejoiced my heart to see them still keeping up the happy Xmas spirit."

"I remember," said Wednesday, "of the last Xmas I was doing duty. Oh, what a day it was. There was a gorgeous sunrise in the morning."

"Now when I speak of the beauties of the day, everyone knows I am not conceited, for it was Old Weather Boy and King Snow and Mr. Sun, and all the other friends who made it so beautiful a day."

"In the afternoon before the sun went down there was a gloriously rich golden amber glow over the snow, and in the very air it seemed."

"Oh, such a gorgeous light as it was, so rich and perfect. And then came a beautiful sunset, and in the evening the stars came out and the Diamond



"All in Readiness."

Brothers, the Sky's own jewelers, you know, and there was the greatest Snow Sparkling Festival there had ever been. "Some people had a tree out in their yard and on it were red and green and yellow and blue lights, and on top a star was lighted up, too."

"Well, King Snow was anxious to see what was going on. Now, as he came looking about him the lovely robe that he wears dropped some fragments and pieces about, and these flakes of snow fell on the tree."

"How lovely they did make it! "And everywhere King Snow did the same so that just a little snow was scattered here and there on everything. Such a perfect Xmas as it was!"

"Last year," said Saturday, "it got cold just before Xmas. I remember that it blew up cold and everyone was so pleased."

"And it blew up cold just in time, too." "Well," said Monday, "I must be all in readiness. Sunday will be coming back now."

"Oh," said the other days, "what fun it will be to hear what Sunday has to tell us, for Sunday has been Xmas Eve this year."

"And when you both get back and start talking of all you have seen and heard what a time we will have." "And you mustn't do all your talking before I get back," said Tuesday. "We must all hear the Xmas news."

"Oh yes," said Monday, "we will tell you all every bit of Xmas news—but I must be off now. And oh, what joy it will be to be the day again upon which everyone says: "Merrie Xmas!"

Method.

"It is not raining, little boy," said the old gentleman; "why do you carry that umbrella? You don't think it's raining, do you?"

"No, sir!"

"And the sun's not shining."

"No, sir!"

"Then why do you carry it?"

"Well, sir, when it's raining my father carries it."

Gives Up Riches to Welfare Work

Quakeress Devotes Income of \$1,000,000 Inheritance to Aiding Workers.

HER HUSBAND IS IN POVERTY

Defies Government of Holland Which Seized Her Furniture for Taxes—Declares All Government is Based Upon Force.

The Hague.—Both Holland and England are speculating on the Tolstoyan ideas of the Quakeress, Beatrice Cadbury Boeke, head of the Cadbury Cocoa works, who made over to the workers of Bournemouth village the income of 28,000 of the shares in the cocoa corporation which she inherited from her father, Richard Cadbury.

England is also speculating with profound interest upon Mrs. Boeke's conflict with the Dutch government, which she has been conducting for several years in the effort to enforce her Tolstoyan belief that all government is based upon force and should not be obeyed.

Mrs. Boeke has devoted the income of her \$1,000,000 bequest to help the workers to rise above the limitations of organized government, which she denounces as a tyranny and a bar to human progress.

Her husband, Cornelius Boeke, a sturdy Dutchman, believes precisely as she does. He has no regret at the action of his wife in donating the income of her 28,000 shares in the Cadbury works to enable the workers to work out their destinies on the lines which she has adopted.

She could not give more than the income, for under the terms of her father's will the fortune of more than \$1,000,000 is hers only for life. Upon her death the property descends to her children.

Workers Don't Grasp Ideal. The workers of Bournemouth, however, do not quite grasp the ideal of rising above the limitations of organized government which Mrs. Boeke cherishes and for which she has suffered and probably will continue to suffer as long as her conflict with the Dutch government continues.

A deputation of these workers made a trip across the channel to the Netherlands to thank their benefactress for her generosity. In their testimonial to her they expressed no scintilla of a desire to follow her in the thorny path of conflict with organized government in which she is energetically engaged.

The indications are that the workers whom she has endowed for her lifetime will continue to pay their taxes like honest, industrious English villagers; that they will obey the king and respect the law as their forefathers have done for all past generations.

In her letter to the workers announcing the gift, Mrs. Boeke thanks them "for the many privileges the unearned income resulting from your united work has enabled me to enjoy."

She enjoins them to administer the shares "for social, industrial and philanthropic purposes."

Her recommendation is a step in her struggle to bring about a better state of society. And her conception of the way in which a better state of society can be brought about is indicated by her long struggle with the Dutch government.

Her refusal to recognize the authority of that government when it comes, for instance, to the important governmental function of collecting taxes, and her husband do not consider the Dutch government—or any other government, for all governments in

their conception are "based upon force"—has a right to levy upon them their legitimate share in the upkeep of the state.

So they decline to pay. And the Dutch government has twice applied to them the processes designed for the coercion of taxpayers who will not or cannot pay.

Their Home in the Wood. Their modest home at Boschhul (the House in the Wood), near Utrecht, has been made furnitureless because of Mrs. Boeke's opposition to "government based upon force." And the end is not yet, because Mrs. Boeke still persistently refuses to pay taxes.

Mrs. Beatrice Boeke was found by a representative of the New York World in her small house, "Boschhul," at Billhoven. Prepared though the visitor was to meet an unusual personality, he was totally unprepared to find a devout Quakeress whose conscientious scruples have pitted her in an amazing struggle with the state along uncompromising and extreme Tolstoyan lines.

What George Cadbury's widow said of her husband, that his practical "devotion to the needs of the world was inspired by his interpretation of the will of God," might equally be said of his niece, now the penniless wife of Cornelius Boeke, who is working as a carpenter at Billhoven.

But whereas Sir George saw the world as a millionaire and a practical man, his niece and her husband have evolved a code which makes it revolting and impossible for them to obey the laws of the Netherlands.

Once already her furniture has been sold, as she and her husband refused to pay taxes to a state "built upon force."

A second time an unknown friend saved Mrs. Boeke from a similar calamity by paying her taxes without her consent, and thus prevented the

Find Dead Pigs, Frogs, Etc., In Kentucky "Breweries"

Prohibition agents, raiding ten distilleries in Breathitt county, Ky., found a strange assortment of animals in the fermenters. The stills had been made from iron gasoline tanks, and this alone would have made the product poisonous, officers said, but they found, when pouring out the beer, dead pigs, lizards, snakes, a dead pig, and a number of other animals and reptiles. The agents destroyed 3,500 gallons of still beer in 95 fermenters.

state from taking away her simple furniture once more.

But the state has not ended its struggle with her. Once more a creditor, the state has declared her and her husband bankrupts. A solicitor has been appointed for them by a judge. But the Boekes refuse to have anything to do with him because he too represents a "coercive state."

The outcome of this unusual duel between one small family and the entire state is still in doubt, but it is attracting wide public attention.

GOATS MAKE WOMAN RICH

California Clubwoman Invests \$500 and Turns Furs into a Profit of \$20,000.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Here's the financial autobiography of Mrs. Grace Coe Goucher, prominent clubwoman and divorcee, as she told it upon the witness stand in the Superior court: "Sewed in my corset I carried around \$500 a year. Then I got an idea—I started to breed blooded dogs. I sold out and went into the goat business."

"The goats went to go into furs and my fur trade netted me \$20,000. After that I speculated in real estate, and today I have \$64,000." She charges her husband with cruelty. The main fight is over property.

Discovers Secret of Cold Light



Cold light, for which scientists have been searching for centuries, has been produced at last by Max A. Ritterath of Los Angeles. Ritterath has invented a device which instantly cools light and brings the most intense rays of arc lamps and other powerful lights down to room temperature. This is accomplished by diverting the infra-red rays, which are the "heat rays" of all white light, into a spiral stream of water which carries them—and the heat—away. In recent tests seven arc lamps were concentrated upon a piece of motion-picture film, the light passing through Ritterath's device. Ordinarily any one of the seven would have ignited the film in two seconds. In an hour, using the new cold-light device, the whole seven had not succeeded in warming the film above the temperature of the room.

Tar Hollow Not Crazy for Education

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.—When the Scioto river took a few extra twists near Columbus, it started a real problem for the educational heads of a county 50 miles away. The twists made possible the squalid conditions in Tar Hollow, north of here which health and school authorities of this county cannot break up.

Because the river cut off part of a school district west of Columbus, the state awarded the district the Tar Hollow strip in this county, and because of this, Tar Hollow defies all clean-up efforts and lives happily in dirt, poverty and ignorance.

Tar Hollow, in a glen deep in the hills of northwestern Ross county, is five miles from a passable road. Its residents live in miserable shacks and cabins, in dugouts and in "lean-to" sheds.

Many have never been out of the Hollow in their lives—even to go to Hillsville, a village five miles away. Marriage laws are disregarded, school laws are flagrantly repudiated. Ruggedness and filth complete the picture. Corn husks are used for beds, dirt is the only flooring.

W. A. Yaple, county school attendance officer, and Dr. G. E. Robbins,

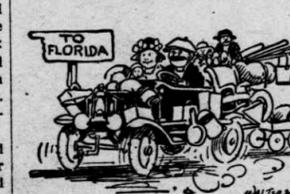


county health commissioner, went to Tar Hollow and found these conditions existing. But they can do nothing. Because the land belongs to a school district in a county 50 miles away, local authorities cannot force these people to send their children to Ross county schools.

Tar Hollow folks, squatters on the land, became aware that the work of county school and health officers had been hampered some way. Since then, they have flatly refused either to send their children to school or to clean up their insanitary habitations.

In desperation, the matter has been put up to state officials. Some contend it may be necessary to pass special legislation before the conditions can be straightened out.

Floridaward the Flivver Makes Its Way



JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Somebody in Maine or Minnesota discovered a few years ago that he could load his family into the family flivver and drive to Florida for the winter at an expense about equal to the railroad fare for one person.

Now motorcars, from the quiet-running sedan to the rattling, banging flivver with frying pans, coffee pots, buckets and other utensils attached all over them, from radiators to spare tire racks, descend upon Florida in droves every fall from all parts of the Union.

As early as October 15 it was estimated that during the daylight hours one tourist car was crossing the bor-

der over the three main highways every 15 minutes. Some of the vehicles include contraptions never before seen on four wheels. One favored by many of the travelers is a chassis with a one-room house upon it, equipped with everything from stationary wash basin to rocking chairs.

The flivver with camping equipment suspended from every possible part of the car to which a bit of wire or cord can be attached, is the most common long-distance traveler. A "hay burner" lantern, one of the variety usually seen about farmhouses, may be attached to the radiator cap. On the running board is the inevitable small tent that may be erected within a few minutes when the tourist finds a likely place to stop for the night.

Every city and town in Florida along the motor routes within the last few years has established a camp site, and in the case of those on the outskirts of the larger places these are equipped with electric lights, water and sewage. Every camp now is under the supervision of the state board of health, and one sanitary engineer devotes his entire time during the winter to the inspection of them.

Are There Vast Potash Beds in Texas?

LAWRENCE, KAN.—Potash beds large enough to supply the entire American demand for fertilizer and perhaps provide a surplus for export are likely to be discovered in western Texas, according to H. V. Hoots, now an instructor in the department of geology in the University of Kansas. For the past year Mr. Hoots, as a member of the United States geological survey, carried on investigations in the prospective fields.

In a territory extending approximately 125 miles north and south and an equal distance east and west, along the New Mexican border, strong indications have been found of what is perhaps the largest salt bed in the world.

Surveys indicate approximately 15,000 square miles of prairie country underlaid with a bed of rock salt that ranges from 40 to 1,500 feet in thickness. This salt bed lies at a depth of 900 to 2,300 feet, making it convenient for mining operations. The conditions which are favorable to the formation of salt are favorable also to the formation of potash.

Four test wells are to be sunk this winter to get accurate figures about



the underlying strata. One well already is under way.

Minor test wells at Means, River, Bryant, Burns, McDowell and St. Rita have produced the raw potash, but not on a production basis.

"If this potash field proves what is expected," said Mr. Hoots, "it will mean that the United States has found an internal source which is needed so much not only as a soil fertilizer, but also in the manufacture of soap, glass, explosives and medical supplies. Comparatively little potash is now being obtained in the United States, and what there is now comes from western Nebraska, Sevier lake, California, and the Great Salt Lake region in Utah.